



Blue woman sitting

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

CONTAINING

INTERESTING AND ORIGINAL LITERATURE

AND

RECORDS OF THE BEAU-MONDE.

EMBELLISHED

WITH

FINELY EXECUTED PORTRAITS FROM EMINENT MASTERS,

FORMING A

Picture Gallery of the Female Nobility of Great Britain.

VOL. III.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1826,

CONTAINING

- ✓ THE COUNTESS OF SURREY, FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.
- ✓ LADY GEORGIANA AGAR ELLIS, FROM A PAINTING BY J. JACKSON, R.A.
- ✓ THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY, FROM A PAINTING BY G. HAYTER, M.A.S.L.
- ✓ AMELIA ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, FROM A DRAWING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.
- ✓ VISCOUNTESS TULLAMORE, FROM A MINIATURE BY W. F. WILKIN.
- ✓ LADY ISABELLA ANNE BRYDGES, FROM A MINIATURE BY MRS. MEE.

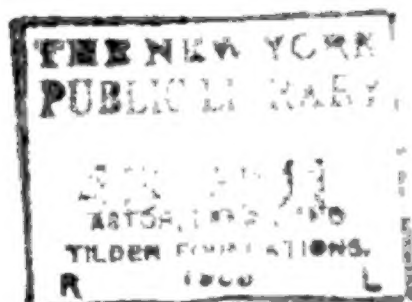
AND

✓ **TWELVE COLOURED ENGRAVINGS OF THE FASHIONS.**

LONDON:

**PUBLISHED BY GEO. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA LANE;
AND OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH.
MDCCCXXVI.**

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W. W. J. H.
J. W. J. H.
J. W. J. H.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

MOST respectfully, most gratefully do we acknowledge the high and lasting obligation conferred upon us, by so many of our noble Patronesses, in kindly enabling us, by the loan of their valuable Portraits, to persevere in the plan of forming a PICTURE GALLERY OF THE FEMALE NOBILITY OF BRITAIN; a Gallery which, not only in the present age, but by remote posterity, will, with its *Illustrative Memoirs*, be regarded with delight and enthusiasm—will be referred to as a proud and sacred memorial of beauty, virtue, and talent.

Next to our Noble Patronesses themselves, thanks are due, and are cordially tendered, to the Artists who, by their friendly services, have promoted our views in obtaining Portraits, and (to ensure fidelity of representation) in obligingly superintending the progress of the engraver. That Artists, as well as the Noble Personages whose Portraits we have had the honour of introducing to the world, are eminently gratified with the beautiful and highly-finished style of engraving adopted in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE*—the only Periodical of note that now presents its Subscribers with Portraits—we are authorized to affirm. It was the remark of one of the most distinguished painters of the day, when recently inspecting some of our proof impressions, that “he should be very happy to see any of the productions of his pencil transferred to copper in a similar style of execution.”

The First, Second, and Third Volumes of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE* (New Series) already published, are enriched with Portraits, accompanied by *Illustrative Memoirs*, Historical and Genealogical, as follows:—

1. Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, the Countess of Denbigh, Lady Ducie, Viscountess Ebrington, Lady Eleanor Lowther, and Miss Jane Porter.

2. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Lady Alicia Peel, Lady Grantham, the Countess of Charleville, Lady Emily Fielding, and Lady Emily Pusey.

3. The Countess of Surrey, Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, the Countess of Jersey, Amelia Anne Marchioness of Londonderry, Viscountess Tullamore, and Lady Isabella Anne Brydges.

Of our *Plates of Fashionable Costume*, drawn and tinted from nature, and, with their letter-press explanations, forming at once a present picture and a durable record of *Female Fashions*, French and English, it is in this place unnecessary to speak.

Nor are we desirous of expatiating on the Original Papers connected with the *Belles Lettres*, by upwards of fifty of which the present volume is adorned. Their

intrinsic merit is sufficiently attested by the fact, that, no sooner is a Number of *LA BELLE ASSSEMBLÉE* published, than its contents are, without permission or acknowledgment, transferred to other periodicals.

In the critical department of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE*—Literary, Musical, Pictorial, &c., independently of the Theatres—more than two hundred different subjects have been noticed, in the present volume. This can be affirmed of no other Monthly Miscellany extant.

That they, by whose support and patronage we are honoured, are satisfied with our exertions, we possess the most substantial proof; and with that flattering stimulus for the future, we at present rest content.

. PROOF IMPRESSIONS of the Portraits in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE* may be had of MR. COLNAGHI, Cockspur Street, and of the principal Printsellers in London, on 4to. Colombier, India Paper, 5s., plain 4s.

EMBELLISHMENTS IN VOL. III.

- No. XIII. Portrait of the Right Hon. Charlotte, Countess of Surrey, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.
A whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress, appropriately coloured.
A Ditto, in a Walking Dress.
- No. XIV. Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, from a Painting by J. Jackson, R. A.
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A Ditto, in Evening Costume.
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A whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Costume, of Urling's Lace, appropriately coloured.
A Ditto, in a Morning Visiting Dress.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XIII., FOR JANUARY, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS of SURREY, engraved by J. THOMSON, from a Painting by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A PRIVATE communication shall be forwarded to the translator of "*Italian Tales—No. I.*"

For the kind wishes of the author of "*The Soldier's Bridal*," our best thanks are very cordially returned. We regret our inability to insert the poem.

"W. B." will perceive, that we have not found it necessary to give his versification of the "*Chinese Ode*:" it would not improve the effect.

The appearance of "J. B. B.'s" verses in another publication at the same time as in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, formed an odd coincidence. Under the circumstances of the case, their author, we are sure, has forgiven us for the somewhat angry feeling which we felt ourselves justified in expressing.

As the fair author of "*The Sultana and her Slave, a Turkish Fragment*," cannot meet our wishes, we will endeavour, if permitted, to meet her's. She is ever in the possession of our most friendly regards.

Need we say that we are at all times most happy to hear from the Bard of Yoxford? What progress is he making with his new poem?

The Rev. author of "*The Derwent*," &c. is another of our esteemed friends whose communications always afford us sincere pleasure.

We hope soon to receive another contribution from the author of "*The King's Stag*."

We have had the pleasure of disposing of the papers of our good friend, "W. C. S." as requested.

The Verses of "AMATOR" are not likely to make his fortune with the fair.

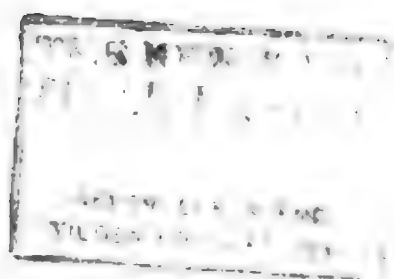
The "*Elegy on the Death of a White Bear*" is, we presume, the first effort of an Esquimaux poet.

"*A Snow-Storm*," by "LUCINDA," is a very *seasonable* effusion, but not equally *agreeable*.

We shall be glad to hear again from "B. N."

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

JANUARY, 1826.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR JANUARY, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS OF SURREY.

TWELVE months ago, we had the honour of commencing the *first* volume of the *New Series* of LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE with a memoir illustrating the portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth, *youngest* daughter of the Marquess of Stafford, and wife of Viscount Belgrave, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; and it is now our equally grateful duty to commence the *third* volume with a memoir illustrating the portrait of the Right Honourable Charlotte, *eldest* daughter of the *same* noble Marquess, and wife of the Earl of Surrey, eldest son of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, painted by the *same* accomplished master of his art.

In our memoir accompanying Lady Elizabeth Belgrave's portrait, we entered so largely into the genealogical and heraldic history of the ancient Anglo-Saxon family of the Gowers, Marquesses of Stafford—a family whose pedigree is distinctly traced beyond the conquest—that, without going over the ground again, we may safely content ourselves with referring the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE to that memoir for particulars. We have the more satisfaction in this, as it will enable us to display—we hope not without a lively interest—some proud records of the illustrious race of Howard, distinguished in literature as in arms, enrolling amongst its sons the gallant victor of Flodden Field, and “Surrey of

the deathless lay”—him whose fate has received, and will yet receive, the deploring sigh of many a fair and gentle bosom.

His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name;
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

The feudal splendour of the Howards, under the Plantagenet and Tudor reigns, now mellowed by the progress of civilization into the mild elegance of a more enlightened age, heightens the national respect for a family, whose pride has been to sustain its well-earned motto—*Sola virtus invicta*—Virtue alone is unconquerable. To have married the heir-apparent of the honours of such a race is an enviable distinction, worthy of a daughter of the Gowers—worthy of Lady Charlotte Leveson, who, in the year 1814, became the wife of the Right Honourable Henry Charles, Earl of Surrey, son of the Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England.

Collins, on the authority of Harvey, Clarencieux King-at-Arms, derives this family from Aubur, Earl of Passy, in Normandy, whose grandson, Roger Fitz Walerane, won the castle of Hawarden, in Flintshire; whence his son William, born in that castle, took the name of *Howard*. On the same authority, Sir Henry Howard,

the great great grandson of this William, the son of Roger Fitz Walerane, was the father of Sir William Howard, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas from the year 1297 to 1308. Sir Egerton Brydges, however, allows no credit to this derivation. The Howards are generally understood to be of Saxon origin: by some writers, their descent is drawn from the celebrated *Hereward*, chief conductor of the forces which, for a time, defended the Isle of Ely against the army of William the Conqueror: but this also is uncertain; and whether they derive their cognomen from an eminent office or command, or from the name of a place, will probably remain for ever unknown.

Sir William Howard, the learned judge abovementioned, had large possessions in Wiggenhall, in the north-west parts of Norfolk, and in many other places in that neighbourhood. He is pourtrayed in his robes of office, in a window of the church of Long Melford, in Suffolk, with two other judges; and, beneath, appears this inscription:—“*Pray for the good state of William Haward, Chef Justis of England, and for Richard Pycot, and John Haugh, Justis of the Law.*”

Sir William's eldest son, Sir John, by his first wife, Alice, daughter of Sir Edward Fitton, Knt., was one of the gentlemen of the King's bedchamber in the 34th of Edward I. (1305); and, on the accession of Edward II. in 1307, he had orders to attend his coronation at Westminster. Three years afterwards he was engaged in the war against the Scots; from 1309 to 1322, he was sheriff of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, then an office of great power and trust; in 1317, he was also governor of the castle of Norwich; in 1321, he was repeatedly employed in raising forces, and in conducting them to march against the Scots; in 1323, he went upon the expedition into Gascoigne; in 1325, he was one of the commissioners for arraying men in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, pursuant to the statute of Winchester; in 1326, he was also “one of the commissioners of array in the county of Norfolk, and had command to arm 500 men (foot soldiers and archers) with hactoons, bacinets, and gauntlets of iron, and to conduct them to the port of Orwell in Suffolk,

thence to go over seas against the French;” and, in 1328, he was commissioned with Thomas Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, to suppress certain riots in Norfolk and Suffolk.

We mention these circumstances, less from their intrinsic interest than to shew the high consideration in which the house of Howard was held five centuries ago; and to point the reader's attention to the gratifying fact, that, whilst hundreds of noble and dignified families have, within the same period, sunk irretrievably into oblivion, the race of Howard still flourishes in all the freshness of its prime.

The Sir John Howard, of whom we have been speaking, married Joan, sister of Richard de Cornwall; and having greatly increased the family possessions, died, and was succeeded by his son and heir, in the year 1331.

His said heir, Sir John, was, in 1335, constituted Admiral and Captain of the King's navy in the north; and, in the following year, he had an assignment of £153. 7s. 6d. for the wages of himself with his men at arms, &c. in that service. He was sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1345; and, in 1347, he obtained a grant for a weekly market, and for a yearly fair on the eve and day of St. Mary Magdalen, at his manor of Wiggenhall in Norfolk. In the latter year, he was again appointed Admiral of the whole fleet to the northward. Being a banneret, he assisted at the siege of Calais, having in his retinue one banneret, six knights, thirty-six men at arms, and thirty-five archers on horseback.—By his marriage with Alice, daughter of Sir Robert de Boys, of Fersfield in Norfolk, the whole inheritance of the Boys family came into that of Howard.

Sir Robert Howard, his eldest son, who died in Sir John's lifetime, was, in the 2d of Richard II. (1378) committed prisoner to the Tower, for retaining Margery de Narford from Alice Lady Nevil, her grandmother, with whom, on her petition to the King and council, she had been appointed to remain till the cause of divorce between her and John de Brewer should be determined in the court of Rome. Dying in 1388, he was buried with Margery, his wife, daughter of Robert, Lord Scales, of Neucells, “in a chapel appropriated to his name, on the south side of the chancel of

East Winch church, Norfolk, where an arched monument was erected to their memory, with divers escutcheons of the arms of Howard, impaling the arms of their wives; but in 1631, the following inscription was only remaining thereon—*‘Anima-bus Domini Roberti Howard militis, et Margerie uxoris sue.....’*”

Sir John Howard, his son, was, in 1388-9, retained to serve King Richard II. during his life. In 1405, he was commissioned, with Sir Gerrard Braybrook, “to array all men in the county of Essex able to bear arms, and to muster them, and march in defence of the sea-coast against the French.” He was sheriff of the counties of Essex and Hertford in 1400, 1415, and 1419, and of Cambridge and Huntingding in 1402; and, in 1407, he was one of the knights of the shire for the county of Cambridge. He died at Jerusalem, in 1437, but his remains were interred at Stoke Neyland, in Suffolk, where many of the family have since received the rites of sepulture. By his first wife Margaret, daughter of Sir John Plaiz, of Tofte, in Norfolk, and of Stansted-Mountfitchet, in Essex, he had a son, Sir John, who died in his life-time on a journey to the Holy Land; having married Joan, daughter of Sir Richard Walton, of Wyvenhoe in Essex, by whom he had a daughter, Elizabeth, who became heir to her father and her mother, and who married John Vere, Earl of Oxford; by which marriage the title of Lord Scales centered in the Veres, Earls of Oxford. Sir John Howard, whom we have mentioned as dying at Jerusalem, and receiving sepulture at Neyland, married, secondly, Alice, daughter and heir of Sir William Tendring, of Tendring, near Stoke Neyland; and, by that lady, he had two sons.

Sir Robert, his eldest son and successor, married “Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas de Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and coheir of Richard Fitz Allan, Earl of Arundel, and cousin and coheir to John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. By this marriage, the inheritance of those great families became, at length, vested in this of the Howards, and by Isabel, the other coheir, in that of Berkeley. The said Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, was son and heir to John Lord

Mowbray, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heir to John Lord Segrave, and of Margaret his wife, daughter and heir of Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, and Marshal of England, the eldest son of King Edward I. by his second wife Margaret, daughter to Philip the Hardy, King of France; and on February 12th, 1385-6, was invested with the office of Earl-Marshal, being the first who bore that title—his predecessors in office being simply styled Marshals.”—Sir Robert’s only son,

Sir John Howard, an eminent Yorkist, held various posts of high trust in the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III.; having previously in his youth distinguished himself in the wars against France. Edward IV. in the first year of his reign, made him constable of the castle of Norwich, and sheriff of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk; and, in “consideration of his great services, granted him, in special tail, some of the forfeited manors of James Butler, Earl of Wiltshire in England, and Ormond in Ireland.” In the 2d of Edward IV. (1462) he was, with the Lords Falconbridge and Clinton, appointed to keep the seas. Having 10,000 men in the fleet, he landed with them in Brittany, where they took the town of Conquet, and afterwards made themselves masters of the Isle of Rhée, on the coast of Poitou. In 1468, in compensation for his prudent management in an embassy, that year, to Louis XI. of France, on behalf of Francis II. Duke of Brittany, he was appointed Treasurer of the King’s Household, with a grant of the whole benefit that should accrue to the King, by the coinage of money throughout the realm, as long as he should hold that office. In 1470, bearing the title (under date of October 15) of Lord Howard, he was made Captain-General of all the King’s forces at sea, for resisting the attempts of the Lancastrians under the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Warwick, &c. In 1471, he was constituted deputy-governor of Calais and the marches adjacent; and, in 1472, he had summons (under the date of August 19) to the parliament at Westminster, among the barons of the realm, and during the whole reign of Edward IV. “During this reign, in short,” observes Sir Egerton Brydges, “he held all those offices, which prove

rank, fortune, and activity. He was called on to furnish men and arms; he had commands by sea; he was in all commissions for treating with France; he had grants of castles and lands; and, above all, the frequent recurrence of his name in the history of Philip de Commines, wherever he treats of the transactions between our king and the French monarch, demonstrates the consideration which he possessed in the eyes of foreigners." In 1475, he was elected Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; in 1476, he was commissioned, with William Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, to treat with the French for prolongation of the truce between both realms; in 1477, the King conferred on him the office of Constable of the Tower of London, during life, in reversion; in 1478, he was again Captain-General of the fleet against the Scots, with 3,000 men at arms; and, in the same year, he was sent on a special embassy to the King of France.

Richard III., as appears by the following statement, gave many substantial proofs of his favour and esteem for Lord Howard; a distinction which could not have been purchased by his participating in any of those evil contrivances, or barbarous actions, by which the brief reign of that monarch was sullied.

Notwithstanding his (the King's) nephew, Richard, Duke of York, upon the extinction of the male line of the Mowbray family, in the person of John, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, &c., 1475, had been invested with his dignities and titles; and afterwards, on January 15, 1477-8, though then only in the fourth year of his age, solemnly wedded to Lady Anne, that nobleman's only child and heir, he on June 28th, 1483, the first of his reign, when his said nephew was certainly alive (although Mr. Jekyl, in his *Barones Extincti*, MS. says the contrary), conferred on his lordship the office of Marshal of England, and also the name, title, and honour of Earl Marshal of England, together with all offices and profits thereunto belonging (the which John, late Duke of Norfolk, deceased, held to himself, and the issue male of his body, and, for want of issue male, remainder to the King); to have and to hold to him, the said John, Lord Howard, in full male; with power to grant to any person, or persons, the office of Marshal of the King's Bench, of Marshal of the Exchequer, and office of Marshal's crier before the steward, and Marshal of the King's household. He was further empowered (in the King's presence or absence) to bear a golden staff, tipped at each end with black, the upper part thereof to be adorned with the royal arms, and the lower end thereof with those of his own family; and for the better support of the dignity of the said office, got a grant to himself and his heirs (aforesaid) for

ever, of £20 annually, payable half yearly, out of the fee-farm rent of the town of Ipswich, in Suffolk. Also, on the same day, was advanced to the dignity of *Duke of Norfolk*; and Thomas, his son and heir, created *Earl of Surrey*. He was, on the 30th of that month, constituted High Steward of England for the ceremony of Richard's coronation; and attended there on July 6th, following, with his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey, who bore the sword of state; the Duke himself carrying the King's crown, and walking next before him.—On July 25 ensuing, he was constituted Lord Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitaine, for life. Upon which day he likewise obtained a grant, in special tail, of divers manors and lordships in the counties of Suffolk, Kent, Cambridge, Cornwall, Somerset, and Wilts. Also, the year after obtained another grant, in special tail, of several other manors and lordships in several counties.

Short, however, was his enjoyment of these honours and these possessions;—as, in the ensuing year, he fell, with his royal master, in the battle of Bosworth-field; whence his remains were conveyed to Thetford, and interred there in the abbey church.

Henry VII., though he was neither King *de facto* nor *de jure*, when the Duke of Norfolk bore arms against him, caused him to be attainted in his first parliament. The brave Duke, as old Hollinshed states, and as every reader of Shakspeare knows, had been warned by some of his friends to withdraw from the cause of Richard: on the night before he was to set forward on his fatal expedition, this quaint couplet was placed upon his gate:—

Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,

For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.

His Grace, however, was not thus lightly to be deterred from the performance of a sacred duty: he persevered—fought—and fell—sealing his loyalty with his blood.

The Duke of Norfolk had been twice married. His first wife was Catherine, daughter of William, Lord Molineux; his second, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Chedworth. The former was buried in the south part of the church of Stoke Neyland, between the high altar and the choir, where a monument, enriched with numerous escutcheons of arms, was erected to her memory, exhibiting the figure of a lady, habited in a gown and a hood, with the following inscription beneath her feet:—
"Under this stone is buried the body of the right honourable Woman and Ladie, some time Wife unto the right high and mighty Prince, Lord John Howard, Duke

of Norfolk, and Mother unto the right honourable and puissant Prince, Thomas Howard, Duke also of Norfolk. Which Lady departed this present Life, Ann. Dom. 1452."

The Duke's second wife, who survived him, was also buried at Stoke, before the image of the Virgin, to whom the church is dedicated, on the side of the high altar.

Of Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk, a long account, transcribed from his monument, at Thetford, is preserved by Weever, in his *Funeral Monuments*,* and by Bloomfield, in his *History of Norfolk*.† In the 15th of Edward IV. (1475) he was retained to serve in the wars, with six men at arms and sixty archers; and, in the following year, he was constituted sheriff of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. He was created Earl of Surrey, when John, his father, was created Duke of Norfolk, by Richard III.; and, in the same year, he was elected a Knight of the Garter in the room of Lord Hastings. At the battle of Bosworth, he led the archers, which had been stationed by King Richard as a bulwark to defend the rest of the army. His martial prowess, and his undaunted carriage when made prisoner, are finely sketched by Sir John Beaumont, Bart., in his poem of *Bosworth Field*.‡ Reduced to the last extremity—

—— To Talbot he presents his blade,
And saith, "It is not hope of life hath made
This my submission; but my strength is spent,
And some perhaps of villain blood will vent
My weary soul: this favour I demand,
That I may die by your victorious hand."—
"Nay, God forbid, that any of my name,"
Quoth Talbot, "should put out so bright a flame,
As burns in thee, brave youth! where thou hast err'd,
It was thy father's fault: since he preferr'd
A tyrant's crown, before the juster side."
The Earl, still mindful of his birth, replied,
"I wonder, Talbot, that thy noble heart
Insults on ruins of the vanquished part:
We had the right: if now to you it flow,
The fortune of your swords hath made it so.
I never will my luckless choice repent,
Nor can it stain mine honour, or descent;
Set England's royal wreath upon a stake,
There will I fight, and not the place forsake."

* Vide page 833, 834, et seq.

† Vide vol. I. page 431, et seq.

‡ Sir John Beaumont also makes honourable mention of John, the first Duke of Norfolk, in the same poem—*Vide Weever's Funeral Monuments*.

And if the will of God hath so dispos'd,
That Richmond's brow be with the crown inclos'd,
I shall to him or his give doubtless signs,
That duty in my thoughts, not faction, shines."

Henry VII. committed this nobleman to the Tower, caused him to be attainted, with his father, and kept him three years and a half in prison; but, at length, satisfied that he was "a person of great prudence, gravity, and constancy," he received him into his special favour, and made choice of him for one of his privy-council. In the 4th of Henry VII. (1488) he was restored to his title of Earl of Surrey, and to all those lands which were of his wife's inheritance, and was sent with a strong power to suppress the rebellion in the north. Subsequently, he was also restored to the Order of the Garter, and was honoured with many military employments. In 1496, he was, with Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, keeper of the privy seal, commissioned to treat with James IV., King of Scotland, about a marriage between that prince and Margaret, daughter of the King of England; a commission in which he was again engaged in 1501; and when, after many tedious formalities, the affair had been settled, his was the honour to present the royal and blooming bride to a husband whom he afterwards defeated and slew. The feast, the carousal, and the dance—the gorgeous tournaments—the varied scenes of splendour and magnificence, all worthy a chivalric age, by which this marriage was celebrated—are described at length in Pinkerton's *History of Scotland*,* &c., but we have not room even to touch upon their glories.

The Earl of Surrey was present at the ratification of the peace made with France, at Estaples, in 1492; and, in 1499, the plague then raging in England, he conducted the King and Queen to Calais, for the purpose of their holding a conference with Philip, Duke of Burgundy. He was one of the witnesses to the King's ratification of the marriage of his son Arthur, Prince of Wales, to Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand, King of Spain. In 1501, he

* Vol. II. page 44.—At the end of the new edition of Leland's *Collectanea* (vol. IV. page 258) may also be found a minute account of the Princess's journey and wedding, by John Young, Somerset Herald, who attended her.

had the great office of Lord High Treasurer of England conferred upon him. Previously to this—in 1499—he had made partition with Maurice, surviving brother of William, Marquess of Berkeley (who died without issue) of the lands which came to them by inheritance, by right of their descent from the coheirs of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and, in 1506, he obtained from the King a special livery of all the manors and lands whereof the Duke, his father, had died seized.

In the 1st of Henry VIII. (1509) his patent for the Lord Treasurer of England was renewed; and, in the ensuing year, he was constituted Earl Marshal of England during his life, had the honour of standing godfather to Henry, the first-born son of the King, and was employed in several negotiations with foreign powers. He was next engaged to levy troops, and to repel the Scots. In 1513, when the King went upon an expedition into France, he was left at home, as Lieutenant of all the north parts, to defend the country against its neighbouring enemy. When the King embarked at Dover, he took the Earl by the hand, saying—"My Lord, I trust not the Scots, therefore I pray you be not negligent." The Earl replied—"I shall do my duty, that your Grace shall find me diligent; and to fulfil your will shall be my gladness." Deeply affected at being left in England, he observed to some who were about him—"Sorry should he be, if he did not see the King of Scots, that was the cause of his abiding behind; and if ever they met, he should do that in him lieth to make him as sorry, or die."—Surrey kept his word.

We now arrive at the battle of Flodden Field, in which Surrey triumphed and Scotland's monarch fell; but, for all the details of that memorable conflict, we must refer the reader to the different histories of the time.—King James, with an army of from 60,000 to 100,000 men, had entered England, and taken Norham Castle. The Earl, hastening his force, which consisted of 26,000 men, appointed his son, the Lord Admiral, to come by sea, and meet him at or near Alnwick, in Northumberland. The Admiral arrived in due time. Surrey sent a herald to James, offering battle; and, to his father's reproaches, the Admi-

ral added, that, "having in vain sought the Scottish fleet by sea, he was now ready to assert the justice of Andrew Barton's fate in the van of the English army." James accepted the challenge; but, afterwards, supposing the hill of Flodden, on the edge of the mountain Cheviot, to present a more advantageous post for his army than that which it then occupied, he removed thither. Surrey, endeavouring to provoke the pride of James, sent another herald to reproach him for leaving his ground, and to challenge him to abandon his heights, and to meet him in the plain. The King, however, somewhat aware of his former imprudence, refused to admit the second herald. Surrey's challenge, in itself a rare curiosity, was as follows:—

Right highe and mightie Prince, so itt is that latelie I sent unto you Rougecrosse, pursevant at Armes, and by him advertised your Grace that I, and other my Sovereigne Lord's subjects, were come to repreme and resist your Invasions of this the Kinges my Sovereigne Lordes realme. And for that intent I offered to give you battell on this half, Friday next coming, which my message your Grace tooke pleasure to heare, as I am enformed. And by your herauld lsey ye made answere that you were right Joyous of my desire, and would not faile to accomplishe the same and to abide me there, where you were at the tyme of my message so shewed unto your Grace. And albeit it hath pleased you to change your said promise, and put yourself into a ground more like a fortresse or Campe than upon any indifferent ground for battell to be tryede, wherefore considering the day appointed is so nighe approaching, I desire now of your Grace, for the accomplishment of your honourable promise, yow will despose your self for your parte, like as I shall doo for myne, to be to morrowe with your host in your side of the plaine of Milfeild, in likewise as I shall doo for myne, and shalbe with the subjects of my sovereign Lord on my side of the playne of the said feild to give yow battell betwixt xij. of the clock and liij. in the afternoone, upon sufficient warning by yow to be given by viijth. or ix. of the Clock in the Morning by the said Purservant. And like as I and other Noblemen my company binde us by our writeing subscribed with our hands to keepe the same tyme to the intent above said: Ift may like your Grace, by your honourable Letters subscribed with your hand, to bind your Grace for the accomplishment of this desire, trusting that yow will depench our said Purservant immediatly, for the long delay of so honourable a Journey wee think should sound to your dishonor. Written in the feild in Woller haughe, the 7th day of September at five of the Clock in the afternoone.

THOMAS SURREY.

THOMAS HAWARD, THOM. DACRE, CLIFFORD, HENERIE SCROOPE, RALPHE SCROPE, RICH. LATIMER, WILLIAM CONYERS, J. LOMLEY, R. OGLE, W. PERCYE, E. STANLEY, WILLIAM MOLYNEX, NARMADUKE CONSTABLE, W. GASCOIGNE, W.

GRIFFITH, GEORGE DARCY, W. BULMER, THOM. STRANGWAYS, &c.*

To this, James returned a verbal answer. "It did not become an Earl to dictate to a King. He expected victory from the justice of his cause, not from the advantage of the ground." Surrey, however, by many skilful manœuvres, brought his force behind the Scottish army, and compelled them to engage. James then, it is said, went to the field with all the gaiety of a knight going to a tournament. The battle was fought on the 9th of September, 1513. James, pierced with an arrow, and mortally wounded on the head with a bill, perished on the field;† and, besides, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and many clergy, knights, and gentlemen, and from 8,000 to 10,000 men, twelve Earls, and fourteen Lords were slain.

The Earl of Surrey, after securing the quiet of the north, returned to the Queen, at Richmond, bringing the dead body of King James with him, which was buried at Sheen, in Surrey.—Queen Catherine's announcement of the victory, despatched to Henry VIII. who was then before Tournay,

* For this challenge, we are indebted to "*Original Letters, Illustrative of English History: Including numerous Royal Letters; from Autographs in the British Museum, and One or Two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations. By Henry Ellis, F.R.S., Sec. S.A., Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum.*" Vide vol. i. p. 88.

† King James, according to the French gazette, was killed within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and none of his division were killed, though many were made prisoners. Sir Walter Scott, in his poem of "*Marmion*," after alluding to the influence which Lady Heron is supposed to have had over the King, has the following lines:—

"Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring, and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on English land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance."

The turquois ring here alluded to was taken from James's finger when his body was found, and is now (with his Majesty's sword and dagger) deposited in the College of Arms, London. It has been seen by, and on the finger of the writer of this sketch.

is a very curious document, but it is far more beautiful than curious:—*

Sir: My Lord Howard hath sent me a Lettre open to your Grace, within oon of myn, by the whiche ye shal see at length the grete victorie that our Lord hath sent your subgette in your absence; and for this cause it is noo nede herin to trouble your Grace with long writing, but, to my thinking, this battell hath bee to your Grace and al your reame the grettest honor that coude bee, and more than ye shuld wyn al the crown of Fraunce; thankend bee God of it: and I am suer your Grace forgetteth not to doo this, which shal be cause to send you many moo, suche grete victories, as I trust he shal doo. My husband, for hastynesse, with Rogecrosse I coude not sende your Grace the pece of the King of Scotts coto, whiche John Glyn now bringeth. In this your Grace shal see how I can kepe my premys, sending you for your banners a Kinges cote. I thought to send hymself unto you, but our Englishmens herts wold not suffre it. It shuld have been better for hym to have been in peax than have this rewarde. Al that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, wold fayne knowe your pleasur in the buryeng of the King of Scotts body, for he hath writen to me soo. With the next messenger your grace pleasur may bee herin knowen. And with this I make an ende: prayng God to sende you home shortly, for without this noo joye here can bee accomplished; and for the same I pray, and now goo to our Lady at Walsyngham that I promised soo long agoo to see. At Woborne the xvj. day of Septembre.

I sende your grace herin a bille founde in a Scottishe mans purse of such things as the Frenshe King sent to the said King of Scotts to make warre against you, beseeching your to sende Mathewe hider assone this messenger cometh to bringe me tydings from your Grace.

Your humble wif and

True servant,

KATHERINE.

When the King returned to England in the ensuing month, he made a special grant to the Earl, and to the heirs male of his body, of an honourable augmentation of his arms, to bear, *on the bend thereof, in an escutcheon Or, a demi Lion rampant, pierced through the mouth with an arrow, within a double tressure flory and counter flory Gules*; which tressure is the same as surrounds the royal arms of Scotland. On the first of February following, he restored him, by patent, to his father's dukedom of Norfolk; at the same time, made him a grant, in special tail, of numerous manors in the respective counties of Shropshire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Hertfordshire, Oxfordshire, Kent, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire; and, on the 2d of March, he granted him a

* Vide Mr Ellis's work, before quoted, vol. i. page 88.

new patent for the office of Lord Treasurer of England.

To the biographer, free to amplify and expatiate on his subject, how delightful it is to contemplate an exhaustless fund of rich materials; while, on the other hand, with the same glowing mass before him, but restricted in space, how painful it is to dismiss, in a few lines, facts that would require pages, even volumes, to display with effect. The latter is the predicament in which we find ourselves with respect to this interesting sketch of the Howards: having somewhat enlarged upon the earlier periods of their history, we now find ourselves compelled rapidly to skim over, and only glance at, as it were, the persons and events of later times.

Thomas, the restored Duke, of whom we have been speaking, performed (in 1521) the office of Lord High Steward on the trial of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; and, in pronouncing sentence of death on that ill-fated nobleman, he was so much affected as to shed tears. He made earnest suit to the King, that he might, on account of his great age, resign his office of Lord Treasurer. His Majesty was unwilling to part with so able a minister; but the Duke's importunity at length prevailing (December 4, 1522) he instantly, on receiving the staff from the father, told him he would deliver it where he should think it best bestowed; and then calling his son, the Earl of Surrey, at that time at bowls on the green (Richmond) he gave it him.—Dying at his castle of Framlingham, in Suffolk, in 1524, he was buried in the church of Thetford priory;* whence his bones were removed, at the dissolution, to Framlingham.

By his first wife, daughter of Sir Frederick Tilney, of Ashwell-Thorpe, Norfolk, he had eight sons and two daughters: of the former, Thomas, his eldest and successor, was created Earl of Surrey in his life-time; Edward, the second, K.G., signalized himself in several foreign expeditions; and Edmund, the third, was Marshal of the Horse at the battle of Flodden Field. Of the daughters, Elizabeth, the eldest, married Thomas, Viscount Rochford, and was mother of Queen Ann Boleyn. By

his second wife, Agnes, sister and heir to Sir Philip Tilney, of Boston, in Lincolnshire, he had two sons and four daughters: William, the elder son, was ancestor of the extinct Earls of Nottingham, and of the present Lord Howard of Effingham.

Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, who signalized himself at the battle of Flodden Field, and who was created Earl of Surrey on the day of his father's restoration to the dukedom, had been elected K.G. in the 2d of Henry VIII. (1510). In 1511, he commanded one of the ships which fought and took the famous pirate Sir Andrew Barton; and, in 1520, independently of many military and state services, before and after, he was constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1522, a general terror of a Scotch invasion pervading the north of England, he was made Lieutenant-General; and, in executing the duties of that office, he made a conspicuous figure for many years—sometimes repelling the Scots, at other times successfully invading their territories.*

In 1529, the Duke of Norfolk was one of the noblemen who were appointed to demand the great seal from Cardinal Wolsey; in 1530, he was one of the subscribing peers to the declaration sent to the Pope, that his supremacy here would be endangered if he did not comply with King Henry in the cause of his divorce from Queen Catherine; and, in 1532, he attended his royal master to Calais, on his visit to the King of France; on which occasion he was, with his sovereign, elected Knight of the Order of St. Michael. In 1533, upon the surrender of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, he was constituted Earl Marshal of England; and, in 1540, he was appointed Lieutenant-General of

* The particulars of these events will be found in Pinkerton's *History of Scotland*, vol. ii.; and, in the first volume of Ellis's *Original Letters Illustrative of English History* (page 223, et seq.) are four letters which cannot fail of being read with much interest: the 1st from Lord Surrey to Cardinal Wolsey, at the time he was collecting his army against the expected invasion of the Duke of Albany; the 2d announcing farther preparations, and pathetically imploring the Cardinal to provide for his children, in the event of his fall in the expected conflict; the 3d from Lord Surrey to the King, reporting the defeat of the Duke of Albany; the 4th the King's letter of thanks to that Earl for the victory.

all the King's forces beyond Trent. He was employed in several foreign embassies and great state affairs, and received many grants and honours from the King; notwithstanding which, he ultimately fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of his wife (Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham) the envy of his contemporaries, and the suspicion of a fickle monarch. The King was so far incensed against him, that he gave orders to seize his goods, and to advertise his ambassadors in foreign parts, that he and his son (Henry, Earl of Surrey, the far-famed ornament of his family) had conspired to take on them the government during his life; and, after his death, to get the Prince into their hands. The chief allegation against the Earl of Surrey was, that he quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor with those of Howard; a practice which, under the sanction of the heralds, had long been common with his family. He defended himself nobly on his trial; but he was, by a common jury (not being a Parliament Lord) convicted of treason; and, in consequence, he was beheaded on Tower Hill in the year 1547.*—His father narrowly escaped, through the King's death; but he was kept in prison till the accession of Queen Mary, when he was liberated, and had his lands restored. After assisting in the suppression of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion (being more than eighty years of age) he retired to his seat of Kenning Hall, in Norfolk, where he died in August, 1554, having seen the reign of eight Eng-

lish sovereigns. He had been twice married: first, to Anne, one of the daughters of King Edward IV.; secondly, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. To all his estates, Thomas, his grandson (son of Henry, Earl of Surrey, by Frances, daughter of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford) was heir.

Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, married, *first*, Mary, daughter and heir of Henry Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel; *secondly*, Margaret, daughter of Thomas, Lord Audley; *thirdly*, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Leyburne, and widow of Thomas, Lord Dacres, of Gillesland. At the coronation of Queen Mary, he officiated under his grandfather as Marshal of England. On his unfortunate exertions in favour of Mary, Queen of Scots, for which he suffered upon Tower Hill, our limits permit us not to touch. By his first wife he had one son, Philip, Earl of Arundel, by descent from his mother: by his second, he had three sons and two daughters; of whom Thomas was afterwards Earl of Suffolk, and Edward was ancestor to the Earl of Carlisle.

Philip, Earl of Arundel, was, in the Parliament of 1579-80, restored in blood; but, from the circumstances of the times in which he lived, he was attainted in 1590, and died in the Tower in 1592.

Thomas, his only son and heir, by Anne, sister and coheir of George, Lord Dacres, of Gillesland, was, in 1603, at the age of eleven, restored to the Earldoms of Arundel and Surrey, created Earl Marshal in 1621, and Earl of Norfolk in 1644.

Henry Frederick, his elder son by Althea, daughter and coheir of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, married Elizabeth, daughter of Esme Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, K.G. His first son, Thomas, restored by Act of Parliament in 1680, became fifth Duke of Norfolk, but died unmarried; his second son, Henry, was the sixth Duke; and his fifth son, Bernard, was the ancestor of the present Duke. Of the intervening inheritors of the ducal honours, the subjoined brief notice must suffice:—

Henry, the sixth Duke, was created, in 1689, Baron Howard, of Castle Rising, and, in 1672, Earl of Norwich. He succeeded his brother Thomas in 1677. On the suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, he presented the celebrated

* "The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey," observes Sir Walter Scott, in one of his notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, "was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age." The exquisite ballad of *Geraldine*, introduced by Sir Walter in the poem here mentioned, is founded, the author tells us, "on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated *alchemist*, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclined upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper." For particulars relating to this nobleman's life and character—literary, moral, and political—the reader is referred to Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Lord Orford's *Royal and Noble Authors*, Lodge's *Holbein Heads*, Chalmers's *Collection of English Poets*, the *Biographia Britannica*, &c.

Arundel marbles, collected by his grandfather, Thomas, son of Philip, Earl of Arundel, to the University of Oxford.

Henry, his son, by Anne, eldest daughter of Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, was the seventh Duke. He was created Baron Mowbray, during his father's lifetime. Dying without issue, he was succeeded by his nephew,

Thomas, eighth Duke, who also dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother,

Edward, ninth Duke; who also dying without issue, the Earldom of Norwich and Barony of Castle Rising became extinct; and the titles of Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England, Baron of Fitz-Allan, Clun and Oswaldestre, and Maltravers, devolved upon his second cousin,

Charles, the tenth Duke, lineally descended from Charles Howard, fourth son of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel, Norfolk, &c. He married Catherine, daughter of John Brockholes, of Cloughton, in the county of Lancaster, Esq., by whom he left an only son,

Charles, the eleventh Duke, who married, first, Marian, daughter of John Coppinger, of Ballyvolane, county of Cork, Esq.; secondly, Frances, daughter of Charles Pittroy Scudamore, of Holm Lacy, in the county of Hereford, Esq. Dying without issue on the 16th of December, 1815, he was succeeded by his third cousin,

Bernard Edward, the present and twelfth Duke, whose immediate descent is as follows:—

Bernard Howard, Esq., eighth son of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel, and brother of Thomas and Henry, fifth and sixth Dukes, married Catherine, second daughter and co-heir of George Tattershall, of Finchhampstead, in the county of Berks, Esq., and widow of Sir Richard Lechford; by whom he left three daughters and one son,

Bernard, who married Anne, daughter of Christopher Roper, Lord Teynham; by whom he had a daughter, Anne, abbess of the English nuns of the Bastille, at Paris, and four sons:—1. Bernard, died unmarried in 1745;—2. Henry;—3. Thomas, in holy orders, Canon of St. Peter's, Douay;—4. Charles, D.D., Superior of the Seminary of St. Gregory, at Paris, died in 1793.

Henry, the second son, born in 1713, married, in 1764, Juliana, second daughter of Sir William Molyneux, of Willow, county of Notts. Bart., Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, by whom he had three sons and four daughters:—1. Bernard Edward, the present Duke;—2. Lord Henry Thomas, born in 1766; took the surname of Molyneux in addition to, and after that of Howard, by royal

sign manual, in 1812; and that of Howard, in addition to, and after Howard Molyneux, in 1817; appointed Deputy-Earl Marshal of England in 1816, and obtained, in 1817, a royal sign manual, granting to him the rank and precedence of the younger son of a Duke; married, in 1801, Elizabeth, third daughter of Edward Long, Esq., and died in 1824, leaving one son, Henry, born in 1802, M.P. for Steyning, in Sussex, and four daughters:—3. Edward Charles, born in 1774, died in 1816, leaving a son, Giles, in the Life Guards, and two daughters, of whom Elizabeth married, in 1822, the Hon. Charles Petre;—4. Mary, born in 1767, married in 1786, Robert Edward, tenth Lord Petre;—5. Juliana Barbara, born in 1769, married, in 1788, Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre.

Bernard Edward Howard, the present and twelfth Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England (the functions of which high office his Grace was empowered to execute in person, notwithstanding his being of the Roman Catholic religion, by Act of Parliament, which received the royal assent on the 24th of June, 1824) Earl of Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, Baron Howard, Fitz-Allan, Clun and Oswaldestre, and Maltravers, F.R.S. and F.S.A.; premier Duke and Earl next the Blood Royal; was born in the year 1765. He married, on the 23d of April, 1789, Elizabeth Belasys, second daughter of Henry, second and last Earl of Fauconberg; by whom he had issue,

Henry Charles, Earl of Surrey, born on the 12th of August, 1791. This nobleman, who had the honour of being chief-supporter of the royal train at the coronation of his present Majesty, married, as already intimated, on the 27th of December, 1814, the Lady Charlotte Leveson Gower, born June 8, 1788, eldest daughter of George, Marquess of Stafford, K.G., &c., by whom he has issue:—

1. Henry Granville, Lord Fitz-Allan, born November 7, 1815;—2. Edward George, born January 20, 1818;—3. a daughter, Mary Charlotte, born December 13, 1822.

In closing this memoir, we can only repeat our regret at the narrow circumscription of our limits.

RAMBLES IN THE LAND OF HAFIZ.

'Tis there the bulbul weds the blushing rose,
And turtles, cooing o'er their callow young,
Attune the groves to sweet harmonious gladness.

PERHAPS there is no country in the world that affords more subjects of interest to the general traveller, and the eye of taste, than this land of the historian and the poet. The virtues of the great Cyrus, the idol of our school-boy unsophisticated heart, throw a kind of holy light around it; illuminating, as it were, the researches of the antiquary, whether he conduct us to the caves of Zoroaster, or to the altar of the sacred fire, long hidden mid the depths of neglected solitudes. Compared with the religion of proselyting ambition, since transplanted there, the adoration of the sun was a pure worship; and a poet of our own country sings, with a voice of pity-moving inspiration, the conquest and oppressions of the Gueber race. In after-times, the victor Caliphs, and the yet more chivalric dynasty of Shah Abbas, infused a romantic style of adventure into the characters of the people, which still lives in the tales recited by the Persian story-teller, and the poems of Hafiz. But when we regard this ancient kingdom, thus made familiar to us by the lessons of our youth, and its amusements too, whether it were the pages of Xenophon or the Arabian Nights; when we visit it with an eye to its new relations with Europe, Persia becomes a point of consequence, commercially, and politically; and when we combine those observations with the delightful enthusiasms attached to memorials of the celebrated poet, we find themes of interest well worthy the attention of the most accomplished travellers. Comparing the remarks of such persons, according to their peculiar characters as men, and particular pursuits in visiting those scenes, is, perhaps, one of the most pleasurable, as it certainly is one of the most useful ways of reading; and, when the observer has himself seen the objects of his rumination, the satisfaction is complete. Thus influenced, a rambling spirit of comparison led me over the cities of the land (for accident

had made Persia my route from India) and the following is the result of my visits to the two great capitals—what I saw, and what I heard there.

Teheran is the chosen residence of Fut-tah Ali Shah, the existing monarch; a prince, who is himself a poet, a man of peace, and a sworn ally of England. The city (now the great rival of Ispahan, the former capital) occupies a central situation in the northern part of the Persian empire; having the nether extremity of the Caspian sea, just behind the mountains, at its back. It stands on a fine plain, directly at the foot of this branch of the Caucasus, here called Elburz; and which bulwarks the land on that side, like some vast wall of enchantment, rearing its interminable stony precipices into the very clouds. The extensive flat country round the city is studded with picturesque villages; each under the shade of its grove, and the protection of a little embastioned fort; while the general fertility of the adjacent fields amply shews the spur to industry given by the presence of the monarch, ambitious for the improvement of his people.

Half a century ago, this capital was only a village itself; but, under the auspices of the present reigning family, it became what it is; indeed, for a position of general *surveillance* towards the most formidable enemies of the Shah, he could not have chosen a better. The situation, however, is more beautiful also, than always salubrious. The numerous copious springs which flow from the adjoining heights saturate the low ground in the neighbourhood of the town, and, oozing into all its subterraneous apartments at certain periods, send up such perpetual damp vapours, that the air is considered unwholesome, till the more genial season of complete dryness arrives. Soon after that, the excessive heat, reflected from the stony fens in the rear of the city, makes its palace uninhabitable by the monarch; and he betakes himself to

some one or other of his summer residences, in more temperate elevations, amongst the hills. The winter at Teheran is severe; but the spring delightful to the eye, the very humidity of the soil, that is its ultimate bane, producing the most luxuriant early verdure.

The city is fortified: indeed, it is only in happy England—a fortress, in itself, walled by its rocks, and moated by the sea!—that a traveller finds towns entirely open to the adjacent country. Teheran is surrounded by a deep ditch, and a wall of eight thousand yards in circumference, strengthened by towers, and four embattled gates. Neither domed mosque, nor lofty cupola of any sort, breaks the equal line of the town, as it lies, apparently almost level with the top of its far-stretching walls. The residence of the Shah does not interrupt the parallel, it being situated in what is called the *ark*, or citadel: the former appellation, in the language of the country, meaning the place of security; and the ark of Teheran stands distinct from the city, but closing in on its northern rampart. The streets of the town, like most others throughout Persia, are extremely narrow; and successions of loaded camels, mules, asses, and not unfrequently one or two of the royal elephants, sometimes crowd along, to the imminent hazard of life or limb to man and beast; yet, where any place happens to present a little vacant room, mostly under the arcades, or awnings attached to shops, there the professional story-teller is seen, seated amidst his attentive, but constantly changing auditors. From the prince to the peasant, in this country, all have an insatiable appetite for that species of amusement; and, just as the bards of old were heir-looms attached to the chieftain families of the north, so we find these prose narrators of legendary tales perpetual fixtures in all the palaces of the east. But it is most particularly of the common wandering Asiatic troubadour, passing from shed to shed, I am now speaking; many of whose tales, related to the greedy ears of the lowest mechanics, may often be found of more elevated subjects than fairy favours, and the wonders of enchantment. I have heard them recount legends of heroic lovers, and deeds of valour, which a little antiquarian trouble

might very possibly trace back, from one fabulous name to another, to the real personages—Cyrus, Darius, or Alexander—and discover them to be the veritable actors in the tale. In passing one of these men, bearded and turbaned like a sage, during my first walk through the streets of Teheran, I halted a moment near him; but as the crowd, who were to reward him with their little copper bits of money, drew back with some reverence at my intrusion, he waved his hand to me with an air of great self-importance, and said in a mongrel sort of Latin: “Proceed, Saib! whither you go, beyond that wall, you will see what may make you in your own country, what I am here!” I could perceive that the eye of the story-teller smiled with something of a waggery, he meant me to understand. I hastily asked, in the same language, whether he had been in Europe. He replied, with resumed solemnity, “My name may be found there amongst the travelling sages of Abul Hassan Khan; but proceed on your own business, and leave me to mine.” He then turned with an impressive gravity to his black-capped audience, and recommenced, just at the very point of his story where my appearance had given interruption. I bowed to the group, and all making me the salaam of the country, I proceeded, as their orator had commanded.

Taking my course through the narrow streets, I saw on each side, what seemed long gloomy walls of different heights, with here and there a low door opening into them. Wealth, under these despotic rulers of the east, must not be ostentatious; the visitor, therefore, is led within that gaol-like screen, before he can distinguish between the mansion of the rich or the hovel of the poor. Several courts, proportioned to the affluence of the owner, are thus shut in from the cognizance of the outward eye, and round which the apartments for ceremony, or domestic purposes, are disposed, from the usual plan of a Persian gentleman's house. These courts being open in part to the sky (a complete explication of that described in the Gospels, where the sick man is let down through the roof, to meet the healing touch of Jesus!) a free air is breathed through the whole habitation. Sometimes we find merely nicely-paved areas, with little foun-

tains playing in the centre; but most generally they are planted with flowers, and perfume the atmosphere around to so wide a distance, that the traveller, riding alone through the dismal, unwindowed streets, is often lost in wonder whence such sweetness can proceed. The reception saloon, or *guest chamber*, always opens from above, by a large balcony, upon these interior gardens. The room varies in size and decoration, according to the rank of the owner; but the chief articles of furniture are the *namuds* or carpets (shaped like the hearth-rugs of England) on which the host and his visitors sit, with the addition of a few embroidered pillows, to assist in the ease of the attitude. On a distinct side of the court, and screened by lattice-work, is usually the abode appointed for the women. In Persia they call it the *anderoon*. In describing the royal palace, some idea of this lower prison for eastern beauty shall be given: but as a preliminary, the monarch himself ought to be portrayed; and perhaps the point of time cannot be better chosen, than when it will also include one of the grandest festivals yet existing in that land of, once, the most splendid rites.

It bears the name of *Nowroose*, meaning the *Welcome of the Spring*; and the custom of its celebration is so ancient, as to be dated from the farthest depths of antiquity. Tradition also calls it the Feast of the Waters; and hence a late traveller, passing through Persia in his way to Babylon, would attribute the institution of this "annual welcome of the regeneration of nature" even to Noah himself. And, on consideration, it is no very extravagant conjecture, in a country so nearly bordering the actual descent from the ark. The day of opening the solemnity was the 21st of March. The morning broke, worthy the scene it was to commemorate, balmy and bright. It was about eight o'clock when the friend who was to be my passport into the august presence, which presides at the rite, summoned me. We proceeded, I in expecting silence, through the narrow streets of the town, to the gate which led to the *ark*, or citadel. We crossed a bridge, and another gate conducted us into the royal fortress. I found myself in a large square, surrounded by a military

guard mounted on camels, and their swivel guns ready to salute the Shah on his entrance. Persons of all ranks, even to the poorest, were assembled in that really immense quadrangle: on the opening of the *Nowroose*, none of the people being excluded from the face of their king. Here we dismounted from our horses, and followed a state officer deputed to the office. He led us through a dark vaulted passage, and then by a very small door-way, into one of the most magnificent spectacles I ever beheld—a spacious square area, which was to be the chief scene of the ceremony. Its walls were the superb compartments of the royal residence (for this was called the *Sacred Court of the Palace*) and in the area itself were all the beautiful interchanges of plantation, with the refreshing coolness of sparkling waters, rows of fine poplars dividing this immense interior garden into a variety of avenues; while marbled fountains, and long canals, with bordering vases of the most brilliant flowers, and upheaped fruits of every kind, as if Plenty's self had emptied her cornucopia there, completed the novel, fairy-tale-like spectacle.

The persons assembled here to greet their sovereign were of the highest ranks, and stood marshalled in their places by an officer bearing a sort of sceptre in his hand. The nobility, or great khans, were arrayed in their most magnificent coats of honour, denominated *kalauts*, and the gifts of the Shah, *as marks of his favour*. (Does not this yet remaining usage in the East explain Jacob's gift to his son Joseph; and why it so cruelly drew on him the envy of his brothers?) These most distinguished persons stood in parallel rows down the sides of the widest vista, which led direct to the front of the chamber (or rather balcony) of the royal presence. This projected from the main structure of the palace at that end, being an open saloon, supported by pillars, and containing the superb throne, on which his majesty was to sit, and receive the homage of his sons and subjects. At some distance, another order of personages were arranged, bearing a most solemn contrast to the gorgeous habiliments of the khans; I mean the mollahs, astrologers, and other sages, clothed in their appropriate duskier apparel. But my eyes were arrested from these, by the entrance of the

Shah's sons. First appeared Abbas Mirza, the prince royal, taking his place in the open saloon, to the right of the yet vacant throne; his brothers, young men, followed in the same quarter; while the princes still in their boyhood took a station to the left. They were all richly clad in one fashion: brocade vests, and Cashmere girdles, from the folds of which glittered their jewel-hilted daggers. Above the vest each wore a robe of gold stuff, lined and collared with the finest sables; and the rarest shawls formed the turban round their black Astrakan caps: bracelets of rubies, mingled with emeralds, clasped their well-formed manly arms, just over the elbow. Indeed the personal beauty of these young men was an object of wonder in itself; it exceeded any thing I had ever beheld; and, on comparing notes with others, I find myself far from single in pronouncing the perfection of their persons more like an image of fancy than reality. To give the impression by any sort of description is impossible: but in a few words, I would say, a faultless contour of features, large dark eyes, full of lustre and intelligence; graceful stature, and noble mien, were conspicuous in all. They stood, composed, dignified, and apparently reverential of the sacred duty that brought them there. But they did not remain long in that silent pause of the general expectation: a sudden volley from the guns of the camel corps without, with the clangor of trumpets, and, above all, the appalling roar of the state elephants trained for the purpose, gave thundering notice of the great king's entrance into the outer court. Short, now, was the time before every eye was fixed on the open saloon, to watch his appearance there. He entered it; and during the while he was approaching the royal seat, with an air and step truly that of a sovereign, the whole assembly with one accord continued bowing their heads to the ground. He placed himself on the throne. A dead silence then ensued—presenting a sublime, and even awful effect; to an Englishman a very strange one! but its analogy with scenes and solemnities of the patriarchal ages extended that impression to me. The stillness of that immense multitude was so profound, we heard the slightest rustle of the trees, the softest trickle from

the fountains. This pause of every thing lasting for more than a minute, gave me an opportunity to observe the figure of the monarch as I would have done a picture. He appeared one blaze of jewels, literally dazzling the sight; but the component parts of this "glorious array," for I may call it so, were as follows. A lofty tiara of three pointed elevations, long the peculiar badge of the Persian empire, and entirely composed of closely-set diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds, so ingeniously arranged as to form a surface of the most brilliant prismatic light. Several feathers of the heron plume intermixed their gently-waving shadows over the resplendent aigrettes, which shot up their rays also from the rich circlet of the diadem, and each pended from their bending points a pear-shaped pearl of a prodigious size. The royal vesture was of gold tissue, nearly covered with a similar disposition of jewellery; while two strings of pearl, probably the largest and finest in the world, crossed from shoulder to shoulder athwart this gorgeous breast-plate; the whole vest sitting close to the body, from the neck to the waist, displayed the king's admirable shape (still nobler than his sons') to the greatest advantage. From the bottom of the waist, the garment descended in a sort of skirt to the instep, all shining with the same costly embroidery. But for splendour, blinding excess of it, nothing on earth can ever exceed that of his armlets and girdle; these actually seemed to blaze with fire, when the sun shone on them. They were the spoil of India, brought thence by the Persian conqueror Nadir Shah, about eighty years ago, when he added all the provinces of Hindoostan north of the Indies to his empire; and the peculiar names of these brilliant trophies very fairly show their estimation. One armlet is called the *Fountain of Light*, the other the *Sea of Glory*. The throne which supported this superb form of majesty consisted, first, of a platform or stage of spotless white marble, raised a few steps from the floor, and carpeted with shawls and cloth-of-gold. The cushions were entirely cased in net-work of pearls, with immense tassels of the same. The first dazzle of my eyes passing away during the continued solemn pause, I observed the countenance of the monarch.

His face was exceedingly pale, with a most majestic line of features; and his eyes large, dark, and thrillingly piercing. There was something in the constantly-repeated action of bowing, that appeared as if the conscience of the people before him had feared that scrutiny; and now they stood

as if transfixed by it. A beard, black as jet, and so long as to reach far below his chest, fell over the effulgent belt which held his diamond-hilted dagger. I stood in gazing expectation like the rest.

P. J.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.

A GERMAN TALE.

“Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.”—SHAKESPEARE.

It was on a beautiful morning in the month of May, that a small party of dragoons, after advancing in a brisk trot along the road to Dresden, checked their horses as they gained the pine wood that clothes the ascent leading to that picturesque city, and rode gently to the summit of the hill. The sun shone in cloudless majesty; a gentle breeze from the south-west came loaded with spring's sweetest odours, and the glad birds were carolling joyously on the forest boughs.

Leopold Raigersfeldt, who commanded the troop, though in the service of the Elector had never yet visited the capital of Saxony. Enchanted with the accounts he had received of its elegance and gaiety, he indulged in anticipations of pleasure which were not a little heightened by the beauty of the scenery around him, and the exhilaration which a brilliant day in the most lovely season of the year seldom fails to produce in the hearts of the young. On quitting the confines of the wood, he found himself on the brow of a hill overlooking the narrow but most delightful valley through which the Elbe flows. On the opposite eminence crowning the rocky ledge which bounds the fissure wherein the sparkling river has worn its passage, appeared the splendid city of Dresden, with its towers, palaces, and bridge; and, as he descended the hill, the prospect, already so magnificent, was improved by the development of the verdant meadows which expand below the city on the left bank of the stream. It was altogether the most charming combination of the works

of nature and of art that he had ever witnessed. He paused for some minutes in unmixed admiration; then, once more giving the spur to his horse, he cantered, at the head of his party, along the broad road, and over the bridge, into the city.

At his entrance, Leopold was struck by a strange expression on the countenance of the inhabitants. The shops were for the most part shut, and the people, assembled in small groups, stood silently gazing upon each other. Nothing of that animation was visible that usually characterizes a holiday, and even the glittering trappings and brilliant accoutrements of the troopers he commanded failed to attract more than a vacant glance from the loungers, who are generally so much delighted with the pomp and pageantry displayed by mounted soldiers. The young dragoon felt depressed by the deep gloom which met his eye, contrasted by the clear blue sky and glorious sun above him, and by the calm felicity of the woods and valleys he had left behind. Advancing farther into the city, the dull heavy tones of a bell, slowly and solemnly tolled, smote upon his ear. It was a funeral knell—but the more melancholy, as it rang for the living, not for the dead. Preparations for an approaching execution were now distinctly visible. Even the private soldiers, rough as they were, and accustomed to scenes of slaughter, could not behold these formal arrangements unmoved. They were restrained from asking any questions by the presence of their commander; and having received their billets at the gate of the Golden Hart, they dispersed

silently to their respective quarters, and Leopold entered the inn with a pensive brow and a heart saddened by the dismal images which presented themselves on every side.

If Captain Raigersfeldt had heard the fate of the once highly-honoured Count Altdorf at a distance, he would probably have been but slightly affected. The struggles and intrigues, the rise and the fall of political combatants, are seldom interesting to men who pursue glory only on the field of battle, and never seek for victory except over the enemies of their country. Humanity might have wished the sentence changed to the milder doom of banishment; but the subject altogether would have soon faded from the mind of one who troubled himself very little with the affairs of state. Happening, however, to arrive at Dresden on the very morning when an unfortunate and persecuted individual was to be sacrificed to the brutal revenge of an enraged faction, feelings of the deepest commiseration sprang up in Leopold's generous breast, the tide of his emotions was entirely changed, and he became at once absorbed in the fate of a man who was an entire stranger to him except by name.

Altdorf had made himself peculiarly offensive to the aristocracy, whilst he disdained to court the applause of the vulgar. A daring and ambitious spirit had given an advantage to his enemies which they pursued with unrelenting hatred; and his most determined foe, the potent Baron Von Schwerenburg, having subdued the scruples of his weak master, they hurried their victim to his trial, and condemned him to the block. The citizens of Dresden, who had at first united with the nobles in their endeavour to remove an unpopular minister, were not prepared for the utter disgrace and ruin of the man whose measures they had disliked; yet, ashamed to confess their secret sentiments in his favour, they looked about with an astounded air, sorrowful, but not daring to object to a sentence which their enmity had so greatly contributed to produce. Altdorf was thus left entirely to his fate; and though the multitude who thronged the streets were deeply shocked by the melancholy and undeserved catastrophe which awaited him, not a voice

was raised, not a hand exalted to save him from an untimely and ignominious death.

Captain Raigersfeldt's apartments were situated in the front of the inn overlooking the street. He would have been better pleased with accommodations in the rear of the building, but he forbore to request an exchange, from an unwillingness to give way to his feelings, or to indulge the sensibility which he thought unbecoming to him as a man and as a soldier. A sickening sensation came over him as the tramp of footsteps announced the approach of the expected procession. The soft wind, which had been so delightful in the country, became hot and oppressive; and the golden beams of the cloudless sun were obscured by volumes of dust. Leopold had often seen men march to certain death, and had escaped himself by little less than a miracle. The sound of the battle-cry and the sight of danger were gratifying excitements to the soul of a young and dauntless warrior. He had also been present at the summary executions of the Prevost Marshal, and had assisted in the condemnation of spies and traitors. Though little delighting in such scenes, he had borne them without shrinking. Had he been called upon in his military capacity to allay a tumult, and secure the just administration of the laws, he would not have flinched from the duty; but he felt exceedingly reluctant to be an idle spectator of the short yet mournful pilgrimage of a nobleman to the scaffold. He threw himself down upon the couch, but an inexplicable feeling impelled him to the window, and his eyes fell upon Count Altdorf's care-worn form. Every nerve in his body thrilled, and he felt that he would have given worlds to save him. An infinity of suffering was imprinted upon the haggard countenance of the criminal. His adversaries, apprehensive of a re-action in his favour, had not allowed him time to be reconciled to the awful change about to take place. It was evident, however, that he struggled with his despair, and endeavoured to abstract his soul from earthly things; yet, ever and anon, wild glances shot forth from his flaming eyes, and his limbs quivered in convulsive agony. Still he preserved some degree of composure, until, just as they reached the Golden Hart, a trifling occurrence obliged the

cavalcade to halt. Altdorf turned his head; he found himself standing before the gates of his own palace, a magnificent pile of building which rose on the other side of the street. A cry of mortal anguish escaped his lips—"My child! my child!" he exclaimed, in that fearful tone of desperate grief which thrills upon the soul. The sympathizing bystanders wept: "His daughter!" they repeated, "his beautiful and luckless daughter!"

The train moved on, and Raigersfeldt, who had clenched the bar of the window in the intensity of his feelings, sustained a new shock as the idea of the lovely and miserable creature who had wrung a sound of such deep sorrow from her father's heart crossed his mind.

A few days, however, in so gay a city as Dresden, sufficed to obliterate the remembrance of Count Altdorf's tragical fate. The favour which Von Schwerenburg enjoyed at court rendered it impolitic to speak of his unfortunate rival; and Raigersfeldt, upon his introduction to the polite circles, found the subject banished by common consent. Naturally of a lively disposition, the melancholy impressions which he had received were soon effaced, and he entered with spirit into the amusements of the place.

Though boasting a host of beautiful women, the charms of all the fair dames of fashion were eclipsed by those of the lovely Adelaide Wilmar; and Leopold, according to the custom of dragoon officers, hastened to pay his devoirs at the brightest shrine. Our gay hussar was particularly handsome: he brought with him also a name distinguished for gallantry in the field—no small recommendation to woman's smile; his manners were unaffected and elegant; and, thus gifted, even the proud Adelaide received his attentions with evident gratification. Languid and listless, the efforts of the surrounding cavaliers were insufficient to disperse the cloud upon her brow. She denied the passionate attachment which she had formerly professed for dancing, and declined the waltz. At this moment an old general officer led Raigersfeldt into the circle, and presented him to the now-pensive coquette. Struck with his appearance, and delighted with novelty, she suddenly became all animation; the crowd gave way

to one so highly favoured; Leopold had the triumph of leading her to the centre of the floor, and they were soon whirled around to music's sweetest and most witching strain. It was no wonder that the young soldier lost his heart. For ever at her side on the promenade, in the drive, at the ball, he seemed to exist only in the sunshine of her bright blue eyes. Truly it was a most delicious dream—to touch that soft white hand, to gaze upon that fair face, those perfect features crowned with clusters of golden curls, and to hold this treasure in his arms, whilst multitudes, sickening with envy, looked on! There were moments, however, in which the enamoured youth did not feel perfectly satisfied. He never was allowed an opportunity of speaking to his beloved in private. Could he hope that one nursed in such gaiety and splendour would share the limited fortune of a younger brother, and relinquish all her rich and noble suitors for his untitled name? He doubted it, and the feeling was painfully humiliating to a proud spirit.

Weeks rolled away. One morning, as he was riding at the head of his troop through a narrow street, the horse of a soldier in the rear became restive, and his movements alarmed a female closely enveloped in black. Leopold observed her terror, even through the thick veil which covered her from head to foot. He admired also the symmetry of a figure which no muffling could disguise. He anxiously desired to render her assistance, but ere he could dismount she had fainted. A bystander caught her in his arms, and some compassionate people removed part of her sable drapery to give her air. Never had he gazed upon a countenance so touching. She was pale as death, but the dye of the rose could not have improved a skin so dazzlingly fair; and her finely-arched brow and glossy raven tresses were beautifully contrasted with the ivory tint of her face and neck. As she was borne into a house he inquired her name. "Miss Altdorf," replied the person whom he addressed: "it is the first time that she has stirred out, poor thing, and, unaccustomed as she has been to walk, no wonder that she is easily frightened." The cry of the unhappy father, which had so deeply affected

him, returned upon Leopold's soul: he wondered that he ever should have forgotten it, and he sought his home full of sympathy for the fair creature who seemed so ill adapted to encounter the evils of life.

In the evening he repaired to a grand entertainment given at the house of one of the cabinet ministers. Adelaide Wilmar was there, looking even more surpassingly beautiful than ever; and there also he met, for the first time, Count Ottocar, the son of the Baron Von Schwerenburg. His appearance seemed to produce a deep sensation, and Captain Raigersfeldt observed him with no common degree of interest. He was strikingly handsome; and, though apparently following every mood of a proud and wayward mind, without the slightest regard to the forms and usages of society, a highly polished manner and an indescribable grace won applause for conduct and actions which in another must have met with universal reprobation. Leopold was somewhat surprized by the coolness with which he saw his place beside the fair Adelaide unceremoniously taken by this presumptuous nobleman; and, though a little stirred with indignation by the tender glances which the lady transferred to her new partner, the rising ire was checked by a few sentences which fell from two gentlemen in his immediate vicinity. "So, Ottocar," said the first, "has rallied, and come amongst us again. I thought he had turned monk: he threatened his father, I remember, to bury the family honours in a cloister, when he refused the life of Altdorf to his eager solicitations."—"One might have guessed," said the second speaker, "that he would not hold the humour long. Victorine Altdorf, it seems, is forgotten for her gay rival: the times are changed since Adelaide Wilmar was fain to divide her admirers, ay, and follow in the train of that bewitching beauty."—"What has become of Victorine?" inquired the senior speaker.—"She lives somewhere in the city," returned the other, "in great obscurity. The property, you know, was seized, and her father, a mere nobody, raised by his talents, left

not a single connexion in the world. Her summer friends have forsaken her, and I question even if Adelaide, she who used to disguise her jealousy under the mask of affection for one who invariably bore away the palm of beauty, has ever spoken to her or inquired for her since her fall from greatness."—"Ottocar seems fairly in the toils of the enchantress," observed the elder gentleman; "what are the chances that he should be caught?"—"Those which promise cloudless weather on an April day, constancy to the wind, and steadiness to the gossamer that floats on every breeze," was the response. "If Ottocar have a heart, and that is a point I doubt, it is given to Victorine."

The music had not ceased, but Adelaide's capricious partner, already tired, abruptly disengaged himself, and left the lady alone in the dance. He retired to a remote corner, and, leaning against a pillar, seemed for a time wholly unconscious of the passing scene. Awakened from this lethargic reverie, he called for wine, and drank off successive bumpers, as the obedient servants refilled the golden goblet. Exhilarated by the draught, he entered the crowd again; talked, and laughed, and sang, apostrophizing every pair of bright eyes and every dimpled cheek that met his view. Adelaide alone remained unnoticed. It was in vain that, by a thousand feminine arts, she sought to attract him. His brow became contracted, he flung scornfully from her, and signs of impatience, nay, even of anger, manifested themselves whenever she addressed him. Piqued at last, she turned away with a half-mortified, half-contemptuous air, and looked round in search of Raigersfeldt. He was on the point of retiring, and had nearly gained the door when he caught a smile, a second, an inviting glance, an imploring look. But they detained him not: he passed through the glittering vestibule, descended the marble staircase, and wandered at random through the city, thinking only of Victorine Altdorf.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JOUY'S TRAGEDY OF BELISARIUS.

It is to the pen of the author of the "Hermit in Prison" that the public are indebted for *Belisarius*; a tragedy which, differing as it does in many respects from that of "*Sylla*," by the same author, bears, nevertheless, all the characteristics of that celebrated writer. The same command of language, elegance of diction, and harmony of versification which are met with in *Sylla* abound also in *Belisarius*. The former, it will be remembered, had a success, on its first appearance at Paris, almost unprecedented—a success, doubtlessly, as much to be attributed to its political interpretation as to its dramatic merits. The story of *Belisarius* is, by far, not only more dramatic, but more tragic than that of *Sylla*; and yet, upon the appearance of the play at "the first French theatre," though received with enthusiasm, the audience were by no means numerous. The sultriness, indeed, of the weather, may in some measure account for that *pro tempore*; but, as the Parisians are known to be so little daunted by shower or sunshine, where pleasure is in any way concerned, it would seem rather to be attributable to some less apparent cause. It is not, however, in its being more dramatic, *per se*, that we would rank *Belisarius* above *Sylla*. Generous and great as seem to have been the mind and the sacrifice of him who, having dared all for universal empire—having deluged Rome with blood but to make her the more value freedom, throws up at once, while on the pinnacle of glory, his power and his office; yet that apparent greatness of mind and generosity of soul are so enveloped in crime, and overshadowed by cruelty, that we feel but little disposed to dwell even upon such redeeming virtues. So the sailor, however he may hail the star mid the departing tempest, cannot but remember the danger with which he has been so lately surrounded. In *Belisarius*, on the contrary, the spectator sees every thing to pity, and yet nothing to condemn. Combined with a generosity of no common cast, is displayed a love of liberty and a loftiness of sentiment peculiarly and truly Roman; and when, in opposition to the upbraiding of his consort and the prayers

of his only daughter, he sternly refuses to ratify her nuptials with one, the enemy of his country—boldly assembles around him his late compatriots—and, lastly, falls at their head in the moment of victory, the mind owns a feeling of admiration, of pleasure, and of pity it were idle to look for in the tragedy of *Sylla*.

Let us now, however, turn to an analysis of the tragedy itself. The piece opens with a distant view of the Roman and Bulgarian armies encamped by the side of a wooded marsh. Marcian and Leon, Romans and friends of *Belisarius*, enter. The former relates to the latter the imprisonment of *Belisarius*, obtained by the joint artifices of *Narses*, the jealous rival of the fame of *Belisarius*, and *Theodora*, wife of the Emperor. Marcian proposes their marching, accompanied by *Antonina*, the wife, and *Eudoxa*, the daughter of the captive general, towards the camp of the Bulgarian leader, *Thelesis*. This is immediately determined upon. The youthful general hastens to receive the illustrious fugitives, and, at the head of a formidable army of barbarians, prepares to march upon *Byzantium*. The success hitherto attendant upon his arms has already opened to him the road, and *Justinian*, though in years, is compelled to put himself at the head of his army, by this time not a little discouraged by the absence of their imprisoned general. In advancing with the last of his forces, the Emperor is engaged in a defile where defeat seems certain. While the situation of *Justinian* is thus critical, the Bulgarian Prince is encouraged by the continued arrival of refugee Romans, accompanied by *Antonina* herself, who, burning to avenge the affront offered to her husband, consents to the nuptials of *Eudoxa* and *Thelesis*, who are mutually attached to each other. While this is taking place in the camp of the Bulgarians, a sudden revolt at *Byzantium* frees *Belisarius* from prison, whose liberty *Theodora* is obliged to promise to the people as the sole method of appeasing the sedition. *Theodora*, however, compelled to this act of justice, determines upon one of cruelty at that time almost unexampled: having deprived

D

him of sight, she drives from the city, whose walls so lately echoed with his glory, the illustrious but ill-starred general. Belisarius soon finds his way to the hostile camp, and, with a generosity altogether Roman, not only opposes with the whole force of his virtue the projects of vengeance pursued by Antonina, but at once determines upon for ever withholding his consent to the marriage of his daughter with one in arms against his native land. He indeed does more, for by his intimate knowledge of the country, the then seat of hostilities, he points out to Justinian a secret pass to which he is entirely indebted for his preservation. The issue of the first battle places the Emperor, by night, in the presence of Belisarius, who, touched by the remorse of his Prince and the dangers that press upon his country, forgets the fearful injustice of which he is the victim, pardons the author of his ills, consoles, encourages him; and, in short, gives him even the hope of yet saving the empire, whose fate now perhaps depends upon the event of another battle. Belisarius assembles around him the refugee Romans, inspires them with shame for having formed the project of joining the enemies of their country, leads them back under their own banners, himself the bearer of them, and, despite the still vengeful feelings of Antonina, fights, triumphs, and expires in the very moment of victory.

We will now proceed to give a translation of some of the most striking passages, and though we are aware that much of their fire and force will be, from necessity, weakened, yet we trust our readers will be able to form therefrom some idea of the sentiments and spirit of the original. We commence with the speech of Antonina, in act i. sc. 3, in reply to Marcian, who begs her to rely upon the people for the preservation of her husband:—

ANT. The people! trust not to their coward aid!

The sport of passions which incessantly
Impel them onward—headlong slaves, in turn
Haughty, subservient, lavish now of love
And now of hatred, they adopt a hero,
And then, capricious, sacrifice him; now
Urging his triumph, now his punishment.
This self-same people, in their idle anger,

Have seen my husband drag his fettered chain:

And deem'st thou that, more conscious of the blow

That threats him now, they interpose the more
Their power to save his life?

The soliloquy of Belisarius, act ii. sc. 2, is very fine. Indeed, it is in soliloquies that M. Jouy particularly excels. Witness the tyrant's sleep scene in Sylla:—

BEL. (*Alone*)—There, go, my child—and is then this the sole

Support on earth thy justice, Cæsar, 's left
To one all-wed to misery? The child,
The infant child of an old soldier, begs,
Model of friendship, in my name, the bread
Of pity!—But, where am I? Oh! ye gods,
What fearful destiny is mine! dread object
Of hatred, of injustice! and ye, too,
My wife, my daughter!—What strange terror thus,

As I draw near you, comes but to embitter
Hope's sweetest draught? In vain to thee,
thou god

Of day, pure, noble, brilliant, heaven's first work,

I lift mine eye-lids—tears alone, not sight,
Burst through the bloody veil; ah! no, for me
Must beam no more the noon of day—beneath
Sol's radiant fires, ye gods, how deep a night!
Banish'd th' expanse of nature, and for ever
Alone amid the world, yet still alive,
I've seen day's sunbeam set! and what am I?
A very spectre flitting round a tomb!

The remainder of this speech we must, from its length, omit, and place before our readers the interview between Antonina and Eudoxa, act ii. sc. 5.

ANT. (*Endeavouring to withhold her daughter*)—Eudoxa!

EUD. (*Escaping from the arms of her mother*)—Let me go—it is my father!

All, I know all—my father!

ANT. My dear husband!

BEL. Embrace—

EUD. My mother!

BEL. Calm thyself, my child!

MAR. Oh! painful sight!

ANT. The thunderbolt has struck me.

EUD. Here at thy feet I die!

BEL. (*Pressing his wife to his bosom, while his daughter embraces his knees*)—

And I again have found you;—happy hour!

Entrancing joy! but yet I see you not,

I cannot see you—dreadful punishment!

E'en now, my Antonina, dear Eudoxa,

'Tis by your loud laments alone, alas!

That my heart bids me recognize you—come,
Come near me, then, re-animate my soul ;
Speak, and your voice shall be to me as vision.

ANT. Your weeping daughter 'tis that
clasps your knees.

BEL. (*Raising her up and pressing her to his bosom*)

Come—nearer—my Eudoxa !

MAR. (*Aside*) Hapless spouse !

We would give also the speech of Antonina whilst exciting Belisarius to avenge his sufferings ; but our limits allow of only the last lines :—

ANT. I call for vengeance. Thelesis implore—

Nay, I adopt him for my king, my son :

'Tis in the centre of his camp I choose

My country ; I excite his warriors, guide

Their fury, and ere long their victor arms,

In expiation of our fate, shall set

A terrible example, and instruct

The universe.

From this we pass on to the scene between Thelesis and Antonina, act iii. sc. 2.

THE. My camp, obedient to my sovereign voice,

Is all-prepared t' acknowledge as its queen

Eudoxa. But this silence, whence—

ANT. I must—

THE. Thy wavering words methinks would
fain portend

My offer as rejected.

ANT. Sire, receive

My grateful thanks—upon these nuptials

Were fix'd my hopes of glory, but constrain'd—

THE. What, and whence come thy fears ?
who is't to-day

That dares oppose my wish, my will ?

BEL. 'Tis I !

THE. And who, too, this rash stranger ?

BEL. Like thyself

A soldier.

THE. And thy name ?

BEL. 'Tis—Belisarius !

In the third scene of the same act, Thelesis offers to place the sacred diadem on the brow of Belisarius ; to which the Roman pathetically answers :—

BEL. And will the royal diadem restore
Sight to these eyes ? And do they speak of
thrones

To one who seeks a sepulchre ?

And a few lines farther on, where Thelesis relates the successes of the Bulgarian arms :—

THE. Success has crown'd our every effort ;
our's

Is Italy ; and heaven assists us.

BEL. Rome,

In chains, is still the mistress of the world.

THE. High o'er Byzantium's walls, ere
long, may wave

My standards.

BEL. Narses will be found to guard

His post—her ramparts.

THE. I go not so far ;

E'en whilst I speak, or death or victory

Bids thee avenge thyself upon the traitor,

Let us unite our efforts.

BEL. By defeat

Our standards are but render'd the more sacred ;

And when in tears our country asks their aid,

Eternal infamy be his who quits them !

We now turn to the power of duty over love, in the breast of Eudoxa, scene 4.

BEL. (*Alone*)—To what disgrace, ye gods,
am I reduced !

'Tis not enough I suffer ; Fate, which still
Pursues my footsteps, strikes alike at those
The dearest objects of my love ; and must
I lose my daughter ?

EUD. (*Hastening up*)—Ah ! What's this I
hear ?

BEL. Opposing to my rights his generous
deeds,

His power, 'tis Thelesis would snatch thee
from me.

EUD. Never !

BEL. And must I still impose on thee
A cruel sacrifice ? but yet 'tis one
Ordained by honour.

EUD. Be it then fulfill'd !

'Tis well—I murmur not ; to thee my heart
Is ever open.

BEL. He presents a crown,
I but a desert.

EUD. Nature has decreed,
And I remain with thee.

BEL. But Thelesis
Would pay you adoration.

EUD. Thelesis—
E'en though I weep—I quit : these tears of
love,

In vain do I condemn them.

BEL. Let them flow,
Here, e'en into my bosom, dearest pledge
Of thy fair virtue. I have seen thy brothers
Fall in the plains of Africa—they died
To save their country ; thou to-day hast done
Yet more ; Eudoxa's sacrificed her love.
True to his exile, by one mighty effort,
The daughter of a proscrip't spurns a diadem.

Scene 6 of the fourth act introduces

us to where Justinian recognizes the injured veteran :—

BEL. I know our ill-starred fate ; Narses' imprudence

Has compromised to-day Byzantium's safety ;
Nor shall he e'er, save he perchance rejoin
Tiberius, from these deep defiles again
Return ; he knows not where his footsteps
wander.

(JUSTINIAN, *aside*, while listening to Belisarius,
who, as he speaks, draws near to him)—

Is this a false, a flitting dream ?

BEL. But thou,
Whoe'er thou art, that fliest the victor arms
Of the Bulgarian, here, come here ; I yet
Can bless my hapless destiny, since thence
There beams a hope that I've the power to save
A Roman.

JUS. Bitter grief ! 'tis he, I know
His voice, his features.

BEL. What is that I hear ?
Perchance it may—

JUS. 'Tis he—'tis Belisarius !
Let me then hence away—the very sight
Distracts my soul.

BEL. Who's he would fly me thus,
Unless it be the Emperor ?

JUS. Just heaven !
This moment sees fulfilled thy fatal vengeance.

BEL. You see me innocent.

In scene 8 the Emperor and Belisarius renew their friendship, and mutually implore forgiveness, while the last scene finds the latter about to put himself at the head of the Roman army.

In act v. sc. 7, there is a fine, but too "lengthy" description put into the mouth of Tiberius—of the reception of Belisarius by the soldiery, and of his success. Belisarius, at the end of the speech, appears, and Eudoxa exclaims :—

My father is triumphant, Thelesis
Is spared too.

Belisarius, however, is mortally wounded, and expires in the presence of Justinian and Thelesis, and in the arms of his wife and daughter.

We quote the close of that interesting scene, though we feel quite confident that we cannot do it justice by any translation. The part of Belisarius was played by Talma ; and neither the acting of that great tragedian, nor the force and pathos of the passage, can be felt by any but those

who were so fortunate as to be present at its representation :—

BEL. (*To Thelesis*)—Yes, there is one thy heart

May dearly cherish : be a friend to Rome ;
Then shall my spirit in the realms below
Hear, without shudd'ring, that a happy marriage

Unites thy blood, thy destiny, with that
Of Belisarius. Friends, draw near : adieu,
Justinian, Thelesis, Tiberius, my dear Marcian !—

My wife—my daughter !—

EUD. Heaven ! I invoke thy aid !

BEL. Oh ! if you love me still, beyond the tomb

Honour my memory, but avenge me not.
Remember, while you listen to my last,
Last words of death, that I bequeath to you
Th' immortal heritage of a glorious name,
From age to age to flourish ; let us then
Thank heaven—our Rome has conquer'd—
fare—farewell

All I e'er loved—Eudoxa—I have lived—

(*He draws out the arrow and dies*).

As in all French plays, the strict preservation of the "unities," and the monotony of the rhyme, are no slight drawback to such as are fond of Shakspeare and of nature.* In all other respects the play has great merit.

H. B.

Nov. 12, 1825.

* "Ask but a man," observes M. Jouy, in his Historical Preamble to the tragedy of Sylla, "on the banks of the Thames the definition of the '*beau idéal*' in the business of the stage, and he will answer you, variety, motion—a rapid succession of situations, tender or bold, noble or vulgar ; philosophic contrasts resulting from the meeting together of all sorts of characters, the caprices of fortune, or the eccentricities of the human heart. At sight of such a chaos, the inhabitants of the banks of the Seine smile with disdain : with them the beauty of the drama consists in its singularity and regularity. An action clear, single, yet always increasing ; an apt distribution of parts, and a nicety of art in the conducting of the piece, coupled with a progressive interest, the whole force of which is in a manner so combined, as to turn, if I may make bold so to express myself, upon a single point, and upon a single personage ; a sustained elegance, a style ever chaste and noble : such are with us the conditions from which dramatic beauty is deemed inseparable."

SKETCHES, No. I.—ROSALINE.

Thou stand'st before me silently,
The spectre of the past ;
The trembling azure of thine eye,
Without a cloud o'ercast ;
Calm as the pure and silent deep,
When winds are hushed and waves asleep.—MOM.

"HE will not come, mother;" said Rosaline despondingly, as she glanced her eye towards a time-piece which stood on a table by the side of her bed. "Fear not, my dear," said Mrs. Mason; "we shall yet see him, unless prevented by illness: his heart cannot be so hardened as to refuse the request you made to him in your letter."

Rosaline Mason had married, in her eighteenth year, the young and admired Henry Clifford, to whom she was devotedly attached. For some time they lived happily, for Clifford was really fond of, and proud of his beautiful wife; but Rosaline soon found that he was living in a far more expensive and fashionable style than their finances warranted. Clifford, however, was deaf to all her remonstrances, and averse to the means of retrenchment she proposed. The consequence was, he became deeply in debt, and when the tradespeople to whom his money was owing grew clamorous, vexed and irritated by their demands, he flew, as a last resource, to the gaming-table. Here, as usual, fortune smiled at first, but eventually he became the loser to a large amount. Disappointment and anxiety soured his temper. He justly dreaded to meet the reproaches or the tears of Rosaline, whom his harsh demeanour wounded severely, and therefore he was but seldom to be found at home. One night he came there unusually agitated, and hastily informed Rosaline that he had staked his all and had lost—that he was now a beggar, and was resolved to leave England immediately.

Rosaline was overwhelmed with dismay. She wept, she prayed that he would take her with him. "I have shared prosperity with you," she said, "and I am now ready to partake of adversity with you. I will work. O, the toil will be sweet if I can but win back your love and affection!"

But Clifford was deaf to all her entreaties. "You have suffered but too much for me already," said he; "your small fortune, secured to yourself, united to that which your mother possesses, will preserve you in competence. May you be happy, and forget me!"

Alas! how little did he know of the heart of Rosaline. To a beautiful, but secluded spot in Devonshire, Rosaline retired with her mother. Seven years passed away, during which Clifford, as a volunteer, had served in various engagements in the Peninsula and on the Continent. Rosaline had written to him repeatedly, urging her request to be permitted to share his fortunes; but all his answers put a decided negative on her proposition, so that at last she desisted from further entreaty. About this time a rich but distant relative of Clifford's died, and bequeathed to him the bulk of his property. Clifford returned to England, and satisfied his creditors. He took a handsome house in town, and became again the complete man of fashion. This was indeed a trial to poor Rosaline; for now, she thought, "Unless I am quite banished from his heart, he will solicit me to share his welcome change of fortune." But week after week passed away, and month after month; still Clifford made no such offer. He did, indeed, write to propose to her an addition to her income, which Rosaline immediately rejected. As he on his part imagined that he had become an object of indifference, if not of dislike to Rosaline, or she would have now urged the request she had formerly made to him, no more letters passed between them; but Rosaline, heart-broken, dejected, and spiritless, declined gradually. She was herself conscious that she was passing away, but the consciousness excited no regret. "When I am upon my death-bed I will send for Henry," she said.

Alas, that time arrived but too soon. She was given over by her physician, and being well assured of the great change that was awaiting her, she wrote a few lines to Clifford, and entreated to see him speedily, before she whom he once loved should cease to be one among the living.

Rosaline had risen from her bed, and had placed herself in an arm-chair beside the window, which looked into a beautiful garden. The tears were in her eyes, for the time had passed when she had expected Clifford would be with her, and she feared that if he had received her letter it was unremembered by him. She sat supported on each side by pillows: her form was worn to a shadow, but her countenance was full of resignation and of pious hope. There was a slight colour on her cheek, while a few ringlets of her dark brown hair were still shading her high and noble brow. She leaned her head on one hand, while in the other she clasped her husband's picture. Suddenly she roused herself. "I hear the sound of carriage wheels approaching," she said; "Heaven grant that it may be Henry!" Mrs. Mason left the room to inquire, and in five minutes more Clifford had clasped his still-beloved Rosaline to his heart. "Oh that this joy had been mine sooner," said Clifford. "Fool that I was, to deprive myself of your sweet society! now, indeed, I am deservedly punished."

"I will not tell you now," said Rosaline, "what a blank this world has been to me, since you compelled me to leave you; nor that, had I known you would have received me, how gladly I would have followed you—for that avails not now—let us speak of something else.—See," she said, "yon glorious sunset, and the rich and golden gleams thrown by the declining orb over the face of nature. Oh, such an evening and such an hour as this, I first heard your vow of love. Our favourite oak-tree, and the elm grove, how fresh they all are in my recollection! Happy, happy times when I wandered there, why did ye pass away so quickly?"

"Rosaline," said Clifford, "I have been a thoughtless erring being, unmeet to be joined to worth like thine; yet, amid all my follies, I ever loved you, and was sensible of your virtues. But I was too proud

to sue for a reconciliation."—"No more," said Rosaline: "I had dreamed that life was easy to part with, but now I almost wish to live, since you love me still; but it cannot be"—and she wept. "Take this," she continued—"the ring you gave to me in our day of happiness; keep it for my sake, and remember that she who wore it never swerved even in thought from her affection to you." "Alas!" replied Clifford, "how ill have I merited so much kindness and affection."—"You find me sadly changed," said Rosaline; "and you, too, are much thinner, and your cheeks are quite pale. Ah, Henry!" and she smiled faintly, "the gay pleasures you pursue are no friends to your health. Would to heaven the world had fewer charms for you!" "You must not converse any longer, dearest," said Clifford; "you are already much exhausted."—"Oh, yes! now, for soon I shall not be able. Nay, do not grieve. I think of our eternal reunion. Only a few more years, and you will be reunited to me, and *then* no more parting!"

Rosaline conversed a short time longer, and then she retired to rest. Clifford, however, in spite of her entreaties, resolved not to leave her through the night. At first she was rather restless, and he could hear her murmur his name at times; but towards morning she dropped asleep for several hours. Perceiving the curtains move slightly about seven o'clock, Clifford flew to the bedside. Rosaline was awake, and inquired what time it was. On being informed, she said—"I cannot see you clearly, love; raise me up." Clifford obeyed—she threw her arm round his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. "I am much worse—I cannot live long," she said. "Forgive me all I have done amiss at any time towards you; lay me in the churchyard of my native village." Clifford wept. "You grieve," she said: "strengthen him, O God! preserve him, bless—bless him! We shall meet again—in happiness." She uttered the last word very faintly—her hand feebly pressed Clifford's—there was one slight sigh—all was over—and when Clifford again looked on the countenance of Rosaline, the pure spirit had left its earthly tenement, and he held a corse in his arms.

MRS. H—.

CHINESE COURT HISTORY.

Literal Prose Translation of a Chinese Ode, taken from a work published in China during the Reign of Kein-lung, entitled "Songs of a Hundred Beautiful Women."

SOO-HWENG was the wife of Tow-taow, otherwise Jo-lun, and a person of superior attainments. During the viceroyship of Ho-hun, Tow-taow was a mandarin at Tsin-chow, but was banished, for life, to the desert Shu-mo. Soo-hweng, who never ceased to lament him, wove an ode, in the form of an intricate knot, which she presented, in his behalf, to the Emperor. It measured seven cubits five inches in width, and was of five different colours. It contained two hundred and eighty characters, and could be read in every direction.*

THE ODE.

When my husband was banished, I accompanied him to the foot of the bridge. I tried to suppress my grief, but could not say farewell!

Why, since your departure, have I not received letters from you? Remember, our couch even now, in spring, is cold. Through grief, I have suffered the staircase, you raised, to decay; and the windows, with white curtains, are soiled with dust.

* The correspondent who has favoured us with this curious and beautiful *morceau* will perhaps be surprised to learn that we have been some time in possession of a MS. volume of extracts (which may possibly, ere long, see the light), translated, literally, from "THE SONGS OF A HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL WOMEN;" and that, amongst those extracts is the identical Ode here given, translated more diffusely, preserving the poetical images more distinctly, and, in some instances, evidently conveying more correctly the spirit and meaning of the original. On the whole, however, we prefer, for its simplicity, the version by our correspondent. He tells us that the lady wove the Ode: this is the recorded statement; but, as the author of the other translation to which we have alluded observes, this, from the number of the characters, and their running in every direction, appears impossible. It is more likely, that the *material* on which the Ode appeared, in an "intricate," as one translator renders it, or, as the other, an "endless" knot, was *woven*, and that the *characters* were *wrought with the needle*. From the drawing which is given in the MS. volume of extracts, it appears that the principle of reading the Ode in different directions resembles that of our well-known triangular charm against agues, &c.—"ABRACADABRA."—ED.

When you left me, I was bewildered: I wished to become the shadow of the moon in the sea; or a cloud that flits over the lofty mountain. The clouds behold my husband's face, as doth the sea-moon, in her monthly journey. They can discover him, though at the distance of ten thousand *lee*.*

Since we parted, the green rushes by the river's side have faded; and, who would have believed, that, ere we met, the *mei* should blossom again and again?

Every flower unfolds itself to meet the spring, yet our hearts expand in vain. My thoughts are employed upon your return alone; so that the willow, at the door, bends to the ground; and there is none to sweep away the falling flowers.

The grass, before our cottage, grows rank; your flute hangs untouched in the hall—My husband no more sings to me a honey-moon song!

For three springs have I heard the wild fowl utter their cries, in crossing the river. My spirits faint ere my favourite *kin*† becomes released! Grief ends my song!

O! husband! forget not your wife! whose affections are firm as a mountain; and who thinks of you incessantly! She weaves this letter, and presents it to His Imperial Majesty, beseeching him to grant you a speedy return.

The Emperor pitied Soo-hweng, and recalled Tow-taow from exile.

Woolwich, Dec. 9, 1825.

W. B.

* *Lee*, a Chinese measure of distance.—The other translation before us thus gives the above passage:—

"In my heart at times, I desired to become the reflection of the moon in the sea;

"When, again, it was my wish to become the clouds that top the mountains.

"The lofty clouds, year after year, behold the face of my husband;

"As doth the sea-moon when making her monthly course:

"They are even near him, whether receding or approaching,

"And can discern him, though at the distance of a thousand, or ten thousand *lee*."

† *Kin*—*QUERE*, a musical instrument?—In the other translation we find:—

"My spirits are broken, ere the strings of my favourite *kin*;

"And before my song has ended, my repining has arrived at its height."

MAKING LOVE.

"WHAT an odd title!" exclaims some matronly Dowager, as she glances over our pages. "Let me read it first, my dear," (to her young, beautiful, and sentimental daughter, who reclined on a *chaise longue* near her,) "I hope it is quite proper." The aforesaid young lady unwillingly transfers *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* to her mamma's possession, while she mentally murmurs to herself—"Heigho! I wish the Colonel were here; I would gladly exchange *reading* of love, for *hearing* it."

Aware, as we are, of the arresting nature of our subject, that it engages the sympathies of all, and comes home to the practice of each—nay, start not, young ladies, in anger, at this declaration; if you do not talk love, you look it: every smile you bestow, every curl you arrange is—oh, how eloquent!—we wish, in the onset, to request our readers to qualify their expectations. We do not propose to furnish such irresistible rules for courtship, that, if duly attended to, may become a specific for gaining a husband or a wife. All we hope to achieve is, that our lucubrations may operate, in some small degree, as an antidote to celibacy, and induce such general amenity and courtesy of behaviour, that they

"May love, who never loved before,
And they who now do love, may love still more."

It is the age of theories, modes, or fashions: we dress, we walk, we eat, according to the form prescribed us by the highest authorities on those several subjects. Now we would venture to ask—why should we not make love by stipulated provisions? We anticipate a loud and violent protest against our system by all the sentimentalists, but we do not mind them. Let them, with upraised eyes and shuddering frames, charge us with profaneness, for thus attempting to level the divine passion to a thing of calculation and legislation; we will, in defiance of their pious horror, go on to say, that we exclude from our code of love-laws all right or title to the use of bows and daggers, as really degrading, not elevating the passion of which we treat. The sharpest weapon we license, in cases of extreme emergency, is, not a poignard, but a "neat

crow-quill," rivers of ink, not Serpentine Rivers.

We do not intend to methodize our subject; a few desultory remarks and general rules are what we propose. Love at first sight, in all its varieties and eccentricities, we are devout and unconditional believers in. Far be from us the attempt to explain this phenomenon, for such it sometimes is; we only and simply contend for its existence. In reference and obedience to this opinion, we advise such a strict and uniform attention to appearance and costume in both sexes, at all times and seasons, as may afford the possibility of attraction and sympathy. For slovenliness and negligence, we admit not an excuse, and know not a palliation. Let any one observe the frequent appearance of the passengers of a stage-coach or steam-packet—How are they attired? Why with such a studious disregard of all becomingness, that it seems impossible for love to penetrate the disguise. Yet, despite the disadvantages of cloaks, shawls, *barcelonas*, and *papillottes* (by the way, ladies, these should never be visible out of your dressing-rooms) there are many instances on record of attractions being perceived and recognized, acquaintances formed, and hands united, through these casual encounters; and there is little doubt there would be many more if travellers consulted taste as well as comfort in their equipment.

To the residents of a metropolis it seems mockery to expatiate on the influence and pleasure of moonlight rambles and shady groves. Love, with us, has more opportunity of awakening and improving beneath a brilliant chandelier in a glittering throng, than of owing its existence to trees and moonshine. The present mode of visiting is rather adverse than otherwise to matrimony: it is too diffuse, too hurried, and too constrained. Still, till dancing shall be exploded, while Almack's sanctions waltzing, and private parties emulate the example, there can be no dearth of opportunities for falling in love, and making love. A ball-room is Love's peculiar festival. Beauty (made more beautiful) music, and perfume, all lend their auxiliary powers to

dazzle the senses and subdue the heart. A determination to amuse all, and be amused with all, is experienced. How natural, then, that this general wish should concentrate and individualize, and end in the desire to prolong the art of pleasing beyond the passing hour. Many a heart that has rested in its proper position, through days and years of quiescence and calm, may be roused into action, and danced away irrecoverably in a single quadrille.

The style of ball-room conversation, too, is precisely of the *calibre* likely to develop the capabilities of pleasing, and to communicate gratification. Light, varied, and superficial, it glances on the mind without fatiguing. A very moderate exercise of the mental faculties avails to decide on the merits and beauties of a favourite waltz, opera, or poem; these are the subjects which have a prescriptive right to be canvassed in a ball-room; and they are each replete with contingent and connecting links in love's mazy chain. These interchanges of opinion and sentiment on the minor events and circumstances of life, sometimes lead to the accomplishment of the most important. We would recommend to those gentlemen whose memories are tenacious, to store them with some of the choicest gems from the exquisite caskets of Byron and Moore. An impassioned and popular passage, quoted with all due emphasis, in a deep, tender tone, works sometimes with talismanic power on a fair auditor. It would dilate our paper too much, were we to enter the fascinating walls of the Opera-House (which a noble-

man of the present day has denominated the "hot-bed of love") or to wander with our readers in the umbrageous and stilly walks of Kensington Gardens. *En passant*, we advise those who wish to make love, or hear love, under the most delicious auspices and associations, to visit these delightful scenes. Love-letters, ridiculed as they are, have more effect than perhaps is generally ascribed to them: they steal into the soul, and carry conviction, frequently when words spoken would fail. We are not apt to believe a person has deliberately sat down to pen falsehoods; and in proportion as we believe in the truth of the sentiments expressed, we yield to their power. Women are peculiarly accessible to epistolary influence: their vanity, pretty creatures! (not that we will allow they have an atom of that foible more than the gentlemen) is flattered by a recorded testimony of their beauties—a tangible tribute to their charms. They become of more value, even in their own eyes, and not unfrequently, out of very gratitude, love the individual who discovered to them all their merits.

Under no circumstances do we authorize, even to a confidant, the display of love-letters. It is unjustifiable—it is a poor and paltry violation of confidence, which, to administer to a weak feeling of triumph on our parts, may ultimately be productive of many a bitter pang to those who trusted in us. But we find we are growing serious; we will, therefore, for fear of prosing, offer our *congé* to our readers, and wish them all success in making love!

Original Poetry.

LINES WRITTEN AT BORDEAUX.

By H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq.

(Author of "Portland Isle," a Poem, &c.)

Oh! 'twas a cloudless sun that shone
On all around thee, sweet Garonne,
When first, thy sombre waves upon,
Floated my little bark!

On either side outspread were seen
Hill, valley, vineyard, fair and green,
Whilst ever and anon between
Frowned foliage yet more dark.

No. 13.—Vol. III.

Th' umbrageous elm's young leaf was there,
While branching apple, towering pear,
Strove with the fig and vine to share

That bright sun's cloudless ray.
All owned its magic influence, all—
From the light harebell on the wall
To the proud poplar straight and tall—
Bowed to the God of day.

Well do I love the trelliss'd vine—
Yet do they wave for me or mine,
Those light festoons? what hand shall twine
Them round the minstrel's brow?

E

Well too I love the fig's broad shade,
But love in vain—no slumbering maid
Demands of *me* its leafy aid—

Where, Delia, where art *thou*?

Perchance 'tis thine alone to stray
Where, in the breeze, no myrtles play—
To chide thy lover's long delay,

And drop the silent tear.

But why, dark thoughts, why thus intrude,
Why, winged by Fancy's fairy brood,
Thus bid my tedious solitude
More tedious still appear!

Idly I strive to burst the chain;
Too strong, it will not part in twain,
Or but awhile to meet again.—

In vain "to horse, to horse!"

I hear thee shout 'mid night's still gloom,
Thou warrior of the sable plume,
Where, slumbering in a foreign tomb,
Is shrined thy princely corse!

Instant o'er Creçy's well-fought field
My spirit soars—"Yield, Gallia, yield,
Thy fate is fixed, thy doom is seal'd—

'Tis Edward's self that speaks!"

Yet, ah! nor Valour's victor glance,
Nor Beauty's smile, e'en though of France,
Can soothe my soul—'mid song and dance

'Tis home, 'tis home she seeks.

Fair are thy daughters; fair, Bordeaux,
Thine own Garonne's majestic flow;
And fair thy willows green that grow
Its verdant banks along.

But I must quit th' enchanting scene—
Thy daughters fair, thy willows green,
Must be as though they ne'er had been
Youth's brightest scenes among.

Yet shalt thou be forgotten? Not
While courts the muse my humble cot,
Shall aught that decks so sweet a spot
Remain by me unsung.

Nor shall—though 'tis an unknown hand,
A stranger from a stranger strand,
That strings the lyre at thy command—
That lyre in vain be strung.

Years may roll on, long years, before
Again I tread Garonne's gay shore—
Still after-days shall sometimes pour
Fond memory's radiance round;
Not bright, 'tis true, as manhood's blaze,
Not warm as youth's meridian rays—
Yet fair as fiction's beam that plays
Round childhood 'twill be found!

July 4th, 1825.

STANZAS.

FAIR planet, silv'ry queen of night,
Thy influence to my soul is dear;
Oft, when I gaze upon thy light,
I turn to shed the soul-felt tear.

'Tis then that mem'ry, sadd'ning, tells
Her tale of love, of hope so fleet—

'Tis then the heart in anguish swells,
As though 'twould burst and cease to beat.

'Tis then the burning thought will seek
To twine its influence round my heart;
'Tis then the trembling sigh will speak
Of what thou wast—of what thou art.

'Tis then the dream, by fancy wrought,
A moment o'er my vision steals,
To teach the soul, when hope is nought,
How deeply ev'ry pang it feels.

'Tis then—but, oh, how vain to trace
Each poignant feeling of despair!—

'Tis then I look on thy pale face,
And deem I read e'en pity there.

E. M. P.

THE INVALID IN THE COUNTRY.

(From the French.)

Ah! 'tis the village fête! Beneath the shade
E'en now the sports begin, and youth and maid
Strike up the joyous dance. O fly!
Ye whose light steps the cheering strain invites;
Amid these blissful scenes, these calm delights
Of life, have I been sent to die.

"Seek the blythe grove, the country's balmy air;
Beneath its azure skies inhale
The evening breeze, the morning gale,
And smiling Hope be thy companion fair!
No zephyr but to thee new strength will
bring;

Thy languid frame, renewed, shall bound in
health—

Thy spirit revel in the world's best wealth—
Fly to the country, breathe the joys of spring!"

The hope is vain; it may not warm my breast:
When the tired spirit sighs to be at rest,
Death is its only cure. Too well I feel—
What all with anxious care would fain conceal—
Soon the grave claims me—no unwelcome guest.

Yet I obey; and I will seek the shade,
And wear out life amidst the forest glade;
To the sweet flowers, the azure vault of heaven,
To the green fields, shall my last sigh be given.
I come; mid scenes like these, from mortal
stain

My spirit's freed; Nature, with all her train,
Bursts in fresh beauty on my dazzled sight,
And lifts my soul to future worlds of light.

Oh sweet the feeling which, to gild
Our life's departing ray,
Declining man to Nature yields,
With her to close his day.

ANNA LAURA.

—
LINES, ADDRESSED TO S. S.,

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF COLOUR, ON PRESENTING
HER WITH AN ORANGE, IN THE ISLAND OF
BERMUDA.

[The writer of these verses, a person of colour resident in Bermuda, who has occasionally favoured us with his effusions, thus introduces them to our notice:—"The enclosed original lines, independent of their merit (if they have any) will, I know, excite some interest amongst a numerous, respectable, and sometimes wealthy people on this side of the Atlantic, where genius is so rare—where merit is generally appreciated, as in Thames Street, by *tare* and *tret*—rum, sugar, and molasses—but where there are occasional wandering lights and shining gems that Europe herself would not be ashamed of. I have often wondered why the extreme beauty, native grace, and solid sense of the young coloured women of a superior class (far superior to the untravelled and uneducated *white*, who always degenerates) in these regions, have not attracted the attention, or inspired the muse of those reflecting minds, who look upon things as they are, and behold with the eye of a philosopher and a Christian, nature in all her shades and colours, whether black, brown, or fair.—N."]

I GIVE thee, love, this orange bright,
The same sweet shade as thine—
And when it meets those lips of light,
Ah, tell me thou art mine.

The nectar that within it dwells
Can no new sweetness close,
Not honey of the young bee's cells,
Or dew upon the rose.

How beauty can the soul disarm,
Though on a sable throne;
And how the *yellow* maid can charm,
Beneath the torrid zone!

Here powerful nature holds her sway,
Here her proud sceptre shines;
And though the gem's of tawny ray,
It bursts from diamond mines.

For thee I'd tempt each distant shore,
Or brave the storm-fraught seas,
Be thrown where India's billows roar—
Relinquish wealth and ease.

Ah, why that sigh, that downcast look,
Which soft confusion speaks?
'Twas Love his powerful quiver shook
Beneath *pomegranate* cheeks.

O, what is wealth, or honour's breath,
Or all that life beguiles?
No more, alas! than transient death,
Without sweet woman's smiles!

Smiles that alone can cheer the course
Of life's dull wearying day—
Smiles that alone form joy's rich source,
And gild life's evening ray.

N.

—
THE RETURN.

OH! sweet is the record of pleasures departed,
When we visit the scenes of those pleasures
once more;
To each flower, to each rock, to each stone is
imparted
A language which echoes the language of
yore.

But ah! not for me is the joy; for there meet
me,
Wherever I turn, the dark groupings of care;
The voice of my friends is not eager to greet me.
Where are they? I call—and the echo says
"Where?" E. C.

—
A SERENADE SONG.

UP! 'tis the prime
Of the merry spring time,
While the matins are ringing
And thrushes singing—
While through dewy bowers,
Bestudded with flowers,
The gales of the morning their sweets are
bringing.
Light of my eyes, light of my eyes,
Thou art my morning! arise, arise!
Up! in thy blushes, and come, fair maid,
Green are love's bowers, but soon they fade.

Up to the hills,
Where the crystal rills,
Through wild thyme streaming,
In light are gleaming;
While the amorous bee
Serenades flower and tree,
And still bears his song where new beauty is
beaming.
Light of my eyes, light of my eyes,
Thou art my morning! arise, arise!
Up! in thy blushes, and come with me,
Sweet are love's hours, but soon they flee.
E. C.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—EVENING DRESS.

OVER a pink satin slip is a dress of *crêpe-lisse*, of the same colour, spotted with black velvet: this dress is ornamented at the border with three flounces, placed at equal distances, and plaited *en dents de loups*, edged with a rich silk *cordon* of black floize silk. The sleeves are long, and of white *tulle*, finished at the wrists by double points in the old English style; these points are formed of white satin, edged round with black silk *cordon*. The sleeves are surmounted with Spanish *mancherons* of pink satin, which also are edged with black. The hair is arranged in the antique Egyptian style, and over the summit of the head towers a full plume of white ostrich feathers. The necklace worn with this superb dress is of twisted rows of pearls, rendered peculiarly rich by the great number of rows.

No. 2.—WALKING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of *gros de Naples*, of a milk-chocolate-colour: this pelisse is made in quite a novel manner; the skirt closing imperceptibly, and being finished round the border by three rows of triple flounce ornaments, formed of Vandyke points set on stright; each row headed by a broad braid of satin. The sleeves are made to sit rather close to the arm; and the *mancherons* are of an entirely new fashion, forming a double point resembling that of a *fichu*—each point being trimmed with a full quilting of narrow *gros de Naples*. The sleeves are finished at the wrists with stiffened English points, turned up *à l'antique*; beneath this ornament, next the hand, is a broad gold bracelet, fastened with a large ruby clasp. The bonnet is of black velvet, with bows of the same, edged round with a trimming of jonquil and bright geranium: strings, of ribbon of the same colours, tie the bonnet in walking, or float

loose in the carriage: under this bonnet is worn a small tasteful *cornette*—a beautiful specimen of Urling's lace.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

WE may now pronounce the winter to be really set in; and accompanied, too, as she usually is, in the month of December, with "vapours, clouds, and storms." We have had but little of the last, it is true, but they have been felt on the perilous ocean. The light of day lasts only for a short period, and even then it is cheerless, peeping faintly through fogs and rain. High health and blooming beauty are not exempt from the influence of this unwholesome kind of weather; so that the well-dressed female pedestrian is now seldom seen, except when a single fine day may shine forth to dissipate the general gloom. The well-filled carriages, however, belonging to some of the higher orders, and the gay dinner and evening dress-parties, afford ample scope for our investigations of fashion.

The month of January, too, though often cold, is more calculated for walking than that of November or December; and we are informed that pelisses of fine cloth are likely to prevail much in the morning promenades. We have seen a specimen of one of these, which we much admired: it was of royal blue, trimmed round the border with a broad row of light sable—a muff of the same valuable fur being worn with it. Large, warm wrapping shawls, also, of the most beautiful patterns and varied colours, prevail much as out-door envelopes over a high dress of some wintry material. Pomeranian mantles of the cloth called British cachemire (why, we know not, as it is totally unlike cachemire) are much in favour for walking: they are well made;





EVENING DRESS.

The dress is of pink satin, with a dark, patterned skirt, and a white shawl draped over the shoulders.

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but we can perceive very little difference in them from those of last year, except in the *name*. For the carriage, Venetian cloaks of velvet are in high estimation; those of very dark blue are most admired: some of these tasteful cloaks are of tartan silk, trimmed with light sable. Muffs are very general, and round mantelet pelerines of fur prevail much.

Leghorn bonnets, large, and of a very close shape, seem yet in favour for walking; they are trimmed very simply with a handsome richly-shaded ribbon, of bright but dark colours, suited to the season, with strings of the same; black veils are worn with them. Satin *capote* bonnets are, however, more suitable than straw or Leghorn, and have been seen amongst the higher classes of our fair *promeneuses*. The carriage hats that are of satin are often lined with velvet; but nothing is now so much admired as a hat of black velvet, with a broad band and bow of the same, the ends finished by a rich loop fringe. This tasteful and becoming hat, which is slightly bent over the forehead, is worn plain for walking; but, in the carriage, a superb crimped willow plume, either black or white, is added, and falls gracefully over the left side. Young persons often have their black velvet bonnets lined with pink: it is most fashionable, however, to have the lining black—a mode we have ever been averse to, and are surprised that ladies who study their good looks should adopt it, as it casts a dusky hue over the fairest skin, and the brunette, by this dark shade, looks pallid and loses much of her animated attraction.

While we point out the fashions, we cannot forbear giving a word of advice to our countrywomen, justly styled the most charming in the world: and, taking a peculiar pride in this acknowledged superiority, we like not to see their charms obscured by following a fashion, which has nothing to plead in its favour, except its being so general as to have become *common*. Ought not that consideration to induce its rejection? Where rosettes of pink satin or striped ribbon are worn on black velvet hats, as they sometimes are, or coloured flowers, the pink linings are peculiarly suitable, and impart a cheerfulness to the dark, and sometimes heavy appearance of

black velvet; indeed these bonnets are becoming like the Leghorn hats—people in very middling circumstances, but a degree above the lower classes, hesitate not to give three guineas for a handsome velvet bonnet, because it will last long, and make up many times. Hence it has been intimated to us, that, at the west end of the town, many ladies of rank are likely to prefer, this winter, hats and bonnets of black satin, highly glazed, or those of figured *gros de Naples*; their velvet hats being coloured, and of those striking colours that would evince their date, and cannot be worn by a fashionable female more than one season.

Dresses of shawl patterns are much in favour for morning *deshabille*. Their pattern and texture so closely imitate the Indian fabric, that they almost deceive the eye of the connoisseur: those which have the ground of a bright Indian red are preferred; and when this article is smartly made, it forms a dress, very often, for indoor costume during the whole day. The lighter patterns on a white ground are confined to the *dejeuné*, and are in the wrapping style. Black is, as usual in the wintry months, worn by many ladies of distinction, especially of a certain age, either in silk, lace, satin, or velvet, according to the style of dress. Young ladies wear pink, or other lively and good candle-light colours. Watered *gros de Naples* is a favourite material for winter gowns. The evening dresses are worn lower than last month, and are more off the shoulders: when the sleeves are long they are transparent, and are very wide and full. The gowns that are worn in half dress, with sleeves of the same material, and pelisses, have the sleeves fitting closer to the arm than we have seen them for some time; and this is truly an improvement. The flounces are in sharp scalops, and are placed on the skirt in arches. Poplin dresses of dark colours are partially worn; and the real tabinets will, we hope, acquire more favour, as no article can be better adapted to winter wear, or can sit so well, in the present fashionable full way of making the skirts of all dresses. Ball dresses are of coloured gauze, as are many evening dresses: they are often trimmed with *rouleaux* and bows of white satin, or

three flounces, *en dents de loups*, like those represented in our engraving of an evening dress. The *corsages* are half-high, and are of satin, with a *bouffant* drapery of gauze or net across the bust. White *barège* dresses have been seen on some young persons at dinner-parties, trimmed with coloured satin ribbon, with a sash the same colour as the trimmings, seemingly tied on one side with a very full rose, cut in points, concealing the narrow string that really confines the sash.

Dress hats are still preferred to turbans at evening parties; but the former, when of black velvet, are much smaller than they were worn two months ago; there is also a slight difference in their shape, so that at the first glance they might be taken for elegant hat-*toques*. This is an improvement; as their size before took off the idea of full dress, and they seemed an innovation on the rules of a theatre, by impeding the sight of one stationed behind such a head-dress in the dress circle. These elegant little hats have not that inconvenience: they are sweetly graceful and becoming, and are suitable to both the middle-aged and the youthful female. Most of these hats are in black velvet; others are of white satin, or transparent crape. Turbans of velvet, either black or coloured, with full plumes of white feathers, are frequently seen in full-dress parties; or diadems of diamonds, with a bird-of-paradise plume, adorn the heads of the more distinguished ladies. Very young persons, at evening parties of less ceremony, or at the theatres, entwine a few flowers among their tresses, with the most elegant taste and simplicity; and married ladies, who have fine hair, twist *rouleaux* of gauze or crape round their heads, either white or coloured, forming a kind of demi-turban. Bunches of double damask roses also, placed on each side of the hair, with a *fichu-negligée* of fine lace or blond, form a very favourite and most becoming *coiffeure* at the theatres, or small private concert. The feathers in the dress-hats almost cover their small brims: there are generally three feathers. Small blond caps are in great favour for home costume: they are ornamented in front with four roses, of different colours; each of the roses surrounded by blond. Velvet turbans, of

crimson, royal-blue, or black, have often a broad band next the hair, entwined with pearls. Spanish hats, of black velvet, turned up in front, with an ornament of brilliants, and surrounded by a plume of white feathers, are expected to prevail much at dress parties this winter.

The favourite colours are royal-blue, *ponçeau*, celestial-blue, Christmas or holly-green, Indian-rose, amber, and pink.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THIRTY years ago there existed as much difference between the dress of the Parisian *belles*, and our provincial dames, as we may imagine between that of the Chinese and the inhabitants of Mexico and Peru. With us, however, this difference becomes every day less perceptible, by means of the different purveyors for the toilet taking continual excursions from the various provinces into Paris. It is particularly on the approach of winter, that season so favourable to fashion, that we find them arriving in crowds, in every quarter of the capital: fashion-mongers, dress-makers, milliners then come to find out the name of a gown, how to place a flower, how to arrange the hair: thus informed, they return to the country, and disseminate the modes among their astonished customers.

Mantles continue the rage for out-door costume: those most in favour are of silk Scotch tartan, or velvet. On quitting the theatres, ladies generally envelope themselves in a mantle of cachemire, of a new-fashioned brown, named the *Lord Byron*, and differing but little from chestnut-brown. Some cloth cloaks are of a dark green, or of very dark blue; and fur pelerines over high dresses of merino are very general at the different promenades. The new pelisses fasten down the side of the skirt, in an imperceptible and very ingenious manner, and appear more like round dresses than pelisses. They have generally three rows of flounces, and the bodies are laid in plaits. Many ladies who desire to ap-

pear singular, and find the comfortable warm pelerine of fur too common, wear their's of black velvet, lined and wadded: these have two long ends which reach the knees, and the ends are confined under the sash.

The hats are chiefly black, or of very dark colours; a new reddish kind of brown, neither dark nor light, called *cachou-nut-colour*, is not only fashionable for dresses but for hats. This colour is trimmed with blue; and many hats of *cachou-colour* are made half of satin and half of velvet. Dark green hats of plush silk, lined with white or rose-colour, are also in high favour. The black hats are, for the most part, ornamented with different colours, either in ribbons or flowers. Bonnets of Raymond-blue satin, with a crown *en calotte*, are a novelty in the bonnet department: they are trimmed with bias folds of satin, lined with velvet, and ornamented with two plumes of cocks'-feathers, forming a *V* in the front of the crown. Velvet hats of *cachou-colour* are lined with satin of the same colour, and bound with *rouleaux* of Raymond-blue satin: on these hats, one broad bias band, half velvet half satin, is extended from the crown to the brim; and on this bias are placed daisies of blue satin, double yellow roses, or marabout feathers. There are many green satin hats of two shades, one of which is very dark: the only trimming on these hats are three rosettes, without ends, formed of the two shades, alternately. Curtain-veils of blond are as much in favour as ever, particularly over satin bonnets. I do not admire the present fashion of tying down velvet hats with velvet; it is heavy and unbecoming when brought under the chin next the face. White feathers, in two separate plumes, are worn in carriages, on black velvet hats, one on each side.

Merino dresses are much worn in half dress, of lively colours, with two flounces, cut in sharp points, of the same material; the body is *en gerbe*, and the sleeves only moderately wide. You will be glad to hear, that among our most elegant females, the enormously full sleeve, either *en blouse*, or *en gigot*, loses ground daily: these comfortable winter dresses are made partially high, and are finished by a broad *colerette-pelerine* of fine lace, pointed at the edge in

the Spanish style: a rosette of ribbon, the colour of the dress, fastens this tasteful collar in front, next the throat. An evening dress of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*, with one very broad flounce, is much admired; the flounce is pinked at the edge in scalops, and a head is formed of the same piece as the flounce, standing up like a quilling; this is also pinked in scalops. I saw a lavender-coloured dress of *gros de Naples* a few days ago, at a morning visit of ceremony: it was trimmed with *rouleaux* of satin, but in so novel a way, that the *rouleaux* produced a very charming effect: they were full, and well wadded, and were four in number; they were placed quite close together, and then laid in points, sharp and very distinct, on the border of the dress, forming united *chevrons*; next the shoe was a large *rouleau*, concealing the hem. A *canezou-fichu*, of fine India muslin, was worn over the gown, trimmed round with full quillings of *tulle*. White muslin and cambric dresses yet prevail as *dejeuné* costume, and often in the morning walks, as spencers are much in favour during the mild temperature of the weather. When dresses are of coloured velvet or satin, long white sleeves are invariably worn, either of *tulle* or Organdy. Black velvet dresses, and those of blue crape, are much worn at the first representation of a new drama, and at other evening dress-parties. Rose-coloured poplins with silk spots, like those of Ireland, called there *spangled* poplins, are in high estimation, having received the peculiar patronage of the Duchesse de Berri: they are, at present, worn in full dress. A new article is in preparation for winter dresses, which is fine merino, embroidered in different colours, at the edge of the flounces, and as an ornament above each flounce.

Some young persons now part their hair from the forehead, *à la Madonna*. This fashion is becoming but to very few faces. Dress-hats, turbans, *toques*, and *berréts*, are of black velvet, in general, though Raymond-blue is sometimes preferred.

On the first opening of our new *Théâtre des Italiens*, the ladies were dressed with infinite care and taste; the most remarkable head-dresses were *à la Madonna*; the hair arranged in braids and bows, with knots of ribbon either of blue satin or

ponçeau. A certain beautiful Duchess had her fine fair hair separated on the forehead in two clusters of curls: the back part of her head was completely Greek, and formed, in a horizontal direction, a cone, whence were brought out three plaits of hair. Dress hats of white satin had three white feathers. The *berréts* now resemble *toques* and turbans, more than the original head-dress of that name: they should be quite flat; but they are at present ample, and extend much on each side: sometimes they resemble a knight's helmet, instead of a *cardinal's cap*, and are placed very much on one side: they are generally of figured

blue velvet, or of Scotch tartan; the latter having sometimes three flat feathers placed on them, of the respective colours found in the pattern.

Small blond caps, ornamented with flowers, are worn in half-dress.

The fans that have been long in use, either of ivory or Chinese shell, are revived: the *jocko* fans were found to give too much wind.

Muffs of the skin of the grey wolf are much in favour.

The favourite colours are Hayti-blue, Raymond-blue, cachou-nut-brown, rose-colour, and grass-green.

Monthly View

OR

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

WE commenced our last monthly view with the notice of Ackermann's "Forget-Me-Not," and the other elegant annuals, which it has become the fashion to present as tokens of love and affection at the exhilarating season of Christmas and the New Year. It now becomes our duty to mention other publications, which, though not of an exactly similar character, are equally well adapted, for those who can dispense with the splendour of embellishment, to form memorials of friendship, and all the gentle feelings of the heart.

Are any of our fair friends out of humour with themselves, or with others? We hope not. Yet, should it happen so, let them take up the "*Mirror of the Months*," and read a few of its pages—and, as able physicians, we will answer for the beneficial result. A selection is unnecessary, further than as it may be deemed most *seasonable* to turn to *that* month which may happen to be the *present* month at the time of perusal; for *that* month, according to the author's theory, is precisely the *best* of the whole year, simply because it is *present*. On this principle, we commence with a very brief excerpt—sorry that it must be brief—from the month of January:—

Hail! then hail to thee, JANUARY!—all hail! cold and wintry as thou art, if it be but in virtue of thy first day. THE DAY, as the French call it, par excellence; "*Le jour de l'an*." Come about me, all ye little schoolboys, that have escaped from the unnatural thralldom of your task-work—come crowding about me, with your untamed hearts shouting in your unmodulated voices, and your happy spirits dancing an untaught measure in your eyes! Come, and help me to speak the praises of New Year's Day!—*your* day—one of the three which have, of late, become yours almost exclusively, and which have bettered you, and been bettered themselves by the change. Christmas-Day, which *was*; New-Year's-Day, which *is*; and Twelfth-Day, which *is to be*—let us compel them all three into our presence—with a whisk of our imaginative wand convert them into one, as the conjurer does his three glittering balls—and then enjoy them all together, with their dressings, and coachings, and visitings, and greetings, and gifts, and "many happy returns"—with their plum-puddings, and mince-pies, and twelfth-cakes, and neguses—with their forfeits, and fortune-tellings, and blind-man's-buffs, and snap-dragons, and sittings up to supper—with their pantomimes, and panoramas, and new pen-knives, and pastry-cooks' shops—in short, with their endless round of ever new nothings, the absence of a relish for which is but ill supplied,

in after-life, by that feverish hungering and thirsting after excitement, which usurp without filling its place. Oh! that I might enjoy those nothings once again in fact, as I can in fancy!

Advancing further into the year, what can be more beautiful than the following? It is from the month of May.—

In the orchard, the loveliest of all fruit-blossoms, the apples, are now in full perfection. These flowers are scarcely ever examined or praised for their beauty; and yet they are formed of almost every other flower's best. They are as fresh as the rose, and more delicate; as innocent as the vale-lily, and more gay; as modest as the daisy, and less prim. And surely they are not the worse for being followed by a beautiful fruit, any more than a beautiful bride is the worse for being a rich one. I have been "cudgeling my brains" (which, to speak the truth, I am seldom called upon to do) for a likeness to this lovely blossom; and I can find none but that which I have used already. The apple-blossom is like nothing, in nature or art, but the Countess of B——'s face; which is itself not wholly in either, being a happy mixture of the best parts of both—the sweet simplicity of the one, and the finished grace of the other; and which—but I beseech her to take it away from before my imagination at once, if she has any desire to see these pleasant papers come to a conclusion: for if it should again open upon me from among the flowers, like Cupid's from out the rose, I cannot answer for the consequences on the remainder of this history; for, though I am able to find in the apple-blossom no likeness to any thing but *her* face, if once I am put upon pointing out resemblances to *that*, it shall go hard but I will prove it to be, in some particular or other, the prototype of all beautiful things—always excepting Sir Thomas's portrait of her; which, however *she* may be like it, is *not* like *her*. Her face is like—

'Tis like the morning when it breaks;
'Tis like the evening when it takes
Reluctant leave of the low sun;
'Tis like the moon, when day is done,
Rising above the level sea;
'Tis like—

But hold!—if my readers, in consideration of the brief limits which confine me, are not to be treated with other people's poetry, they shall, at least, not be troubled with mine; to which end I must bid adieu to the above-named face, once and for ever.

We can only say, that we have read nothing so delightful of its class, since the
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publication of "Our Village," by Miss Mitford; to which indeed, in spirit and in style, in its fresh and lively perception and display of the charms of inanimate nature, it bears a strong resemblance. We need not give it higher praise. The volume, too, is as elegantly printed as it is exquisitely written. One other passage, redolent with sweets, and we have done. They who love not the rose may pass it over—it has no charms for them:—

What, then, can be more enchanting to look upon than this newly-opened rose of Provence, looking upward half shamefacedly from its fragile stem, as if just awakened from a happy dream to a happier reality? It is the loveliest rose we have, and the sweetest—*except* this by its side, the rose-unique, which looks like the image of the other cut in marble—the statue of the Venus de Medici beside the living beauty that stood as its model. *This*, surely, is the loveliest of all roses—*except* the white blush-rose, that rises here in the centre of the group, and looks like the marble image of the two former, just as the enamoured gaze of its Pygmalion has warmed it into life. You see, its delicate lips are just becoming tinged with the hues of vitality; and it *breathes* already, as all the air about it bears witness. Undoubtedly *this* is the loveliest of roses—*except* the moss-rose that hangs flauntingly beside it, seemingly the most careless, but in reality the most coquettish of court beauties; apparently the sport of every coxcomb zephyr that passes, but in truth indifferent to all but her own sweet self; and if more modest in her attire than all other of her fair sisterhood, only adopting this particular mode because it makes her look more pretty and piquant. Her "close-fit cap of green," the fashion of which she never changes, has exactly that becoming effect on her face which a French blonde trinning has on the face of an English blonde beauty. But I must refrain from further details, touching the attractions of the rose family, or I shall inevitably lose my credit with all of them, by discovering some reason why each, as it comes before me, is without exception preferable to all the rest. And, in fact, without wishing to be personal in regard to any, I must insist that, philosophically speaking, that rose which is nearest at hand is, without exception, the best of roses, in relation to the person affected by it; and that even the gaudy damask, and the intense velvet-leaved Tuscan (each of which, in its own particular ear be it said, is handsomer than any of the before-named,) must yield in beauty to the pretty little innocent

blossoms of the sweet-briar rose itself, when none but that is by.

We rarely notice republications, unless merely to announce their appearance; but we have been so much struck by an "Introductory View of Contemporary Poets," prefixed to a new edition, "corrected, enlarged, and re-arranged," of Carey's "*Beauties of the Modern Poets; in Selections from the Works of Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell, Barry Cornwall, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Croly, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Montgomery, Hamilton, Crabbe, Colman, Hervey, Bird, Rogers, Alaric Watts, Miss Baillie, Mrs. Opie, &c. &c. with many fugitive Pieces of distinguished Merit*," that we must introduce the volume to our readers. Neatly printed, and with an engraved frontispiece from Coleridge's sweet ballad of "Geneviève," this excellent selection is addressed "To the fair, the young, the good—to the lovers of poetic worth—to all who can estimate and enjoy the beautiful and sublime effusions of inspired intellect." It is, however, to the "Introductory View" that we are most desirous of attracting notice. It is short—we could have wished it to be long as a summer's day. The chief poets, here characterized by a pen glowing at once with truth and imagination—with the very soul of poetry itself—are Byron, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Montgomery, Crabbe, and Barry Cornwall. For the last, alone, can we find room:—

If the strains of Crabbe arouse the string of pain, those of the poet we are about to name awaken that of pleasure—of pleasure in its best, its sweetest, its holiest form; for, who can dwell on the poetry of Barry Cornwall—who can hear the pure yet passionate breathings of his lute of love—without a thrill of intense delight? His images of love are all chaste as an infant's dream—his descriptions of the gentle, yet mighty tyrant that reigns over the feeble and the strong, are such as virgin eyes may read, and virgin hearts, in their first bloom of innocence, may remember, without one self-reproving blush; for it is a love not lighted by the brightness of an eye-beam, or the witchery of a smile, but kindled on Virtue's own fair shrine—a love that is sublimated, and refined from every base, sensual, and selfish admixture—a courageous, a self-denying, and life-endur-

ing love—a love that will bear all things sacrifice all things, and be faithful even unto the death.

Having disposed of the gentlemen, the writer of this animated sketch thus offers a well-deserved tribute to the fair:—

It is with no tame feelings of exultation that we now turn our attention to the female talent of our own age and country. A new era has dawned upon us—a bright era of female cultivation—of female excellence. The time is gone by, when we were nauseated with puling *Elegies on Dead Lap-dogs*, and silly *Lamentations on a Lover's Absence*. In the march of mind—the race of greatness—WOMAN has not been left behind. She has asserted her claim—a claim that has been felt and acknowledged—to a place amongst the illustrious of the land, the noble and the powerful of spirit.

At the head of these fair aspirants to fame, we behold HEMANS—true child of genius and taste, of pathos and power! In *Her*, we see and adore the rare union—how seldom found!—of masculine strength of thought with feminine sweetness and sensibility. Pure and bright as the heaven whence she derives her inspiration, her magic page tells us of all things dear and holy; and, while we read, we are tempted to regard its author as "the connecting link between woman and angel!"

And then we have that young wonder in the fairy land of enchantment, L. E. L., whose *Imprévisatrice* and *Troubadour*, proving the tenderness, the singleness, the depth of woman's love, may be said to "breathe perfume, and to distil balm." They are, indeed, rich and exquisite productions.

After mentioning the names of Baillie, Opie, &c., as of no slight renown, and alluding to others, in the delightful sunshine of domestic life, which might vie with the proudest, the writer inquires—

What is to be said of the numerous yet-remaining host of Britain's contemporary bards—of Southey, Wordsworth, Scott, Rogers, Croly, Sotheby, Milman, Hamilton, Hervey, Alaric Watts, Bird, Wiffen, Neele, &c. Alas! we have room only to mention their names—but their names alone, awakening thoughts of all that "can soothe, or charm, or elevate the soul," shed lustre upon an age the fairest, the brightest, the most glorious of our annals!

We have already intimated that the selection is unexceptionably good, embracing much of the finest poetry ever

written in the English language. Amongst the fugitive pieces we find many charming effusions copied from the pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*; particularly "The Twilight Hour," and "The Lover's Address to the Spirit of his Mistress," by L. S. S.; "The Butterfly's Lot," by A. L. H.; "The Tear," "Lines to Stella," &c. Mr. Harral's poem of "Claremont" also appears to have been very carefully re-written and enlarged for the present publication.

Next we have a little volume entitled "*A Legacy for Young Ladies, consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse, by the late Mrs. Barbauld.*" From the preface, written by her niece, Miss Aikin, we learn that "these pieces were found among her papers by the members of her own family," and that "those in the form of letters were all addressed to different ladies whom she favoured with her friendship." They consist principally of light and imaginative sketches, interspersed with pieces of a more grave and serious character, but all tending, more or less, to the inculcation of moral truths and the refinement of taste. Of the former class, our meed of praise is more peculiarly due to the "True Magicians," "The King in his Castle," the "Letter of a Young King," and the "Allegory on Sleep." Gracefully and elegantly written, we could scarcely recommend a prettier new-year's gift to a young lady than Mrs. Barbauld's "Legacy."

Most of our readers have heard of the celebrated garland of Julia, prepared for her by her lover, the Duke de Montausier. It "consisted of a number of flowers painted in miniature, on vellum, by a celebrated artist, and arranged in a book with a madrigal underneath each, either from the pen of the Duke himself, or from the hand of some of his friends. It was splendidly bound, and on the morn of New-Year's-Day secretly conveyed into the chamber of his admired, and left on her toilette. Julia, on perusal, was highly delighted with the present, and the Duke's suit prospered." In imitation of this beautiful trifle, an elegant little present, entitled "*The Poetic Garland, illustrated by Figures from the Botanic Garden,*" has been produced. Sixteen engravings of flowers, exquisitely

tinted from nature, and each illustrated by rhymes of no vulgar order, complete this desirable assemblage.

"*A Wreath from the Emerald Isle, a New-Year's-Gift for 1826,*" as a first attempt of the kind in Dublin, is creditable to the talents of the editor and the spirit of the publisher. It consists of essays, sketches, tales, &c.

A volume of "*Christmas Tales,*" ten in number, partly original, partly translated, is extremely well adapted to its purpose—that of affording rational amusement during the vacation.

"*Time's Telescope for 1826*" sustains the respectable character acquired by its predecessors. It is an amusing and a useful volume.

We have been highly pleased, and in many instances instructed, by the contents of a volume entitled "*Varieties of Literature; being, principally, Selections from the Portfolio of the late John Brady, Esq., Author of 'Clavis Calendaria,' arranged and adapted for Publication by John Henry Brady, his Son.*" Collections and Remarks from the author of "*Clavis Calendaria,*" could not be otherwise than acceptable; and we are happy in the opportunity of offering our tribute of praise to the editor for the judgment with which he has arranged and displayed the loose papers of his respected father. The volume before us embraces a Collection of Proverbs, or rather of curious illustrations of proverbs; Miscellanea, from various Authorities; the Editor's Pocket-Book, consisting of gleanings of a similar character; Curious Derivations, alphabetically arranged; and a somewhat elaborate research into the derivation of the names of places in different parts of England. This last portion of the work, which is from the pen of the editor, displays much useful antiquarian research. We have not a doubt that the reception experienced by the present volume will be such as to encourage Mr. Brady to resume this subject in a second series.

A correct representation of the manners of modern fashionable life, whether in a novel or a drama, is so rare, that, whenever it appears, it ought, by way of encouragement, to be cherished, and petted, and praised even beyond its intrinsic merit.

We have many respectable romance-writers, men and women, who can strongly paint the passions of the human mind in all their various modes of operation, under every possible circumstance that can be imagined; but a novel-writer—a writer who can vividly sketch the manners and customs of elevated life—is less frequently to be found than even a first-rate poet. The fact is, that persons of fashion—persons who daily and hourly mingle with, and form a component part of the higher circles—are alone qualified, if duly gifted by nature in other respects, for the arduous task of portraying their contemporaries and associates. Unfortunately, notwithstanding some splendid exceptions, few of our votaries of fashion attempt, in a literary sense, to “hold the mirror up to nature.” “*Granby, a Novel*,” in three volumes, is, we are industriously told, the production of a man of fashion; and, from the internal evidence of the work, we are disposed to yield implicit evidence to the assertion. As yet, however, we have not been apprized of the name of the individual who is entitled to claim the honour of its birth. Whomsoever he may be, his talents are not of a restricted class—his pencil, sometimes light and airy, hitting off a comic scene with the grace of a Chesterfield; at others, dark, stern, and forceful, exciting interest and imposing awe. In the mere story of *Granby* there is little that can be deemed extraordinary; but, as a picture of characters and manners—of the characters and manners of high life—it must rank with the first. In the scene, too, between *Granby* and *Tyrrel*, the author displays a knowledge of human nature, and a power of enforcing that knowledge, which excite the deepest interest and command the most entire respect. The work is altogether true to nature, and we earnestly recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

The Baron de la Motte Fouqué's romances of the “*Magic Ring*,” “*The Hero of the North*,” “*Eginhard and Emma*,” “*Waldemar the Pilgrim*,” “*Thiodulf's Wanderings*,” “*Bertrand de Guesclin*,” “*Undina*,” “*Sintram*,” “*The Minstrel Love*,” and several others, are as well known and as much admired in Germany, as those of the writer nicknamed the Great Unknown, are in England. Excepting the

three last, however, we were little acquainted with them in this country previously to the appearance of the translation now before us, that of “*The Magic Ring*,” in three volumes. The beauties and peculiarities of this romance, which have elicited such extraordinary admiration in Germany, are understood to be found in the author's accurate imitation of the quaint rude style of the old romances, in the melody of his verses, and in his allegorical representations and historical allusions. It is possible, that upon the Continent the effect of the work may be heightened by its allegorical allusions, &c.; but, generally speaking, readers in this country are not very fond of allegory; and, without any reference to those allusions, it will, as a rich and glowing tale of chivalric fiction, be found strong in interest. The translation, too, is most able; in style, the simple touching beauty of the original having been most happily preserved. We have no room here to enter into an analysis of the story; but, desirous that the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* should enjoy some portion of the high gratification which we have derived from its perusal, we refer them, for an extended review of it, with extracts, to the *Supplementary Number* of our preceding volume.

“*The Plays of Clara Gazul, a Spanish Comedian, with Memoirs of her Life*,” come before us in a somewhat questionable shape. That they are what they profess to be, no one will believe; but that they are productions of eminent talent—of a shrewd and sarcastic observer of the events, feelings, and prejudices of the times—will be most readily allowed. The author is not, in every instance, over choice in her (or his) phraseology: the lover of political and moral satire, however, will find these dramas constitute a racy and piquant assemblage. The first of them, “*The Spaniards in Denmark*,” relates to the Marquis de la Romana and the unfortunate Porlier, and exposes the vile system of *espionage* resorted to by the government of Buonaparte; the second and sixth, “*A Woman is a Devil*” and “*Heaven and Hell*,” the scenes of which are laid in Spain, form severe attacks upon, and exposures of, the licentiousness of the clergy and the superstitions of the Romish church;

the third, "African Love," is a very spirited sketch, the moral of which may be found useful in more countries than one; and the fourth and fifth, "Ines Mendo," Part I. and Part II., the scenes of which are laid in Spain and Portugal, strikingly illustrate the effects and consequences of prejudice. Altogether, the work is of a remarkable character.

We really long for the production of a sterling English comedy; but, under the present unjust and debased system of theatrical management—a system to which few authors can be found to submit—we are apprehensive that our longing will remain for a long time unsatisfied. Last month, our theatrical critic noticed, in terms of approbation, a new piece, which has since been published, under the title of "*Love's Victory; or, the School for Pride, a Comedy in Five Acts, founded on the Spanish of Don Augustin Moreto, by George Hyde.*" Mr. Hyde, it will be recollected, is the author of "*Alphonzus, a Tragedy in Five Acts,*" which was reviewed in our preceding volume.* That was a spirited and highly promising production; and we are glad to find that the opinion, expressed last month, of the stage merits of its successor, is borne out by the publication;—in other words, that the *Comedy* is not unworthy of the author of the *Tragedy*. The plot† is evidently constructed from materials of too slight a nature; but the respective characters are well sustained; and the dialogue—that of a gentleman and a scholar—is smart, lively, and generally natural.

"*Poetic Hours; consisting of Poems, Original and Translated; Stanzas for Music, &c. &c.*," by G. F. Richardson, were written, the author informs us in his preface, "chiefly at an early age, and under circumstances little favourable to poetical pursuits." If this be correct, the greater is the credit due to the youthful bard. Many of the pieces we have seen before: all of them, we can venture to pronounce, are respectable; several are tender, elegant, and even beautiful.

Considering the eminent success of the "*Percy Anecdotes,*" we are not surprised at meeting with a companion to that plea-

sant little publication. Part I. of "*Laconics, or the Best Words of the Best Authors,*" has just made its appearance; and, from its literary merit and typographical neatness, promises to be equally popular with its predecessor. In this half-crown brochure we find nearly nine hundred pithy extracts from the most distinguished writers of ancient and modern times. Five delicately-executed miniature portraits of Montaigne, Selden, Chesterfield, Cowley, and Swift, constitute the frontispiece to this Part; each of the Parts is to be illustrated in a similar manner; and it is understood that the entire work will be comprized in about twelve monthly Parts. We are much pleased with its general execution; but as, like many other people, we sometimes wish good to be better, we venture to suggest, as an improvement, the substitution of heads for numbers, to the respective articles. The adoption of this plan, with a correct index, would render "*Laconics*" a very useful book of reference.

"*A Sketch of Ancient Geography, compiled from the best Authorities, and arranged after the Manner of the Abbé Gaultier's Modern Geography, by a Lady, for the Use of her own Family,*" is a coarsely-printed, but otherwise respectably-executed volume. The compilation is highly creditable to the lady's judgment.

NEW MUSIC.

The only novelty that has been brought out since last month, is an arrangement of an opera of Auber's at Drury Lane. The overture was very beautiful: the introduction commenced with the violins tremolando, alternately relieved by the wind instruments and harp-arpeggio accompaniment. The allegro vivace was in the Spanish style, but original and well relieved. A very pathetic air of an uncommon character was sung by Miss Kelly, forming part of a scena. A duet, between Miss Povey and Horn, is rather in the style of that in the *Freischütz*, between two ladies, but inferior. Another excellent duet, "What passion," for two tenors, is in the beginning of the second act; and an allegro molto has a very rapid imitation in the style of the last movement of "*Jeri sul*

* Vide page 127. † *Ibid.* 272.

tramontar," in the *Gazza Ladra*. The finale to the first act, for chorus and principal voices, was excellent, particularly the stretto di finale at the end. There was likewise a strange sort of scena sung by Horn, with the accompaniment of a distant orchestra in waltz-time, but the effect was more novel than pleasing. On the whole, as a musical composition, the opinions of the dilettanti were favourable.

The juvenile pianiste, Master Aspul, is peregrinating the country on a concert speculation; he is now at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he has given five concerts with very fair success.

"*The Day in the East is appearing,*" a Cavatina, sung by Miss Paton in "Lilla," by G. Weigl.—Goulding and Co.

"*Farewell the last fond Hope that clung,*" an Air, sung by Miss Paton in Do. Do.—Goulding and Co.

The first of these airs is extremely novel in effect, and excellently adapted to the words; but the style is so peculiar, and the time so catching—in short, such very close singing and accompaniment would be requisite to produce an adequate effect, that we could scarcely venture to recommend it. There is a triplet passage frequently introduced in the same manner as the X voice of the trio "Ah, what! oh, Horror," in the *Freischütz*, which produces a very peculiar effect. The establishment of the publishers of these songs in general print very correctly, but we are sorry to observe a number of blunders in this instance, and most, if not all, proceeding from the engraver. The second of the airs, a very plaintive simple melody in G minor, is more practicable to the generality of amateurs. It is sufficiently original to interest the performer, without any appearance of the author's having racked his invention for new passages.

"*It is the Lady of Kienast Tower,*" a Ballad, sung by Miss Love in Do. Do.—Goulding and Co.

The poetry of this song is an old German legend, versified by Mr. Planché in a corresponding style. The air is simple and pleasing, and well adapted to the character of the ballad.

"*What is Love?*" a Song, the Poetry by Miss Barber, composed by J. Barnett.—Cramer, Addison and Beale.

This is a truly elegant composition, perhaps a little too heavy for the subject of the poetry: there is a constant recurrence of particular transitions which give it a plaintive effect, which to our ideas is delicious. The style of the song is decidedly German: there is a fine marching bass passage commencing at the words "It is a flower," quite in Mozart's style.

"*Follow to the Elfin Bowers,*" a Duetto, by Do.—Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

We do not altogether like the duet so well as the solo we have just noticed: there are a number of very meritorious points about it; but it is encumbered with numerous crudities and hard hits, as vocalists call them, which say, very evidently, Mr. B. sat down with a determination to write something grand, and as Dame Nature was not "i' the vein," he spurred her till she kicked. It is in some points very difficult; so much so, as scarcely to be worth the necessary application.

"*Young Damon of the Vale is Dead,*" "*Norman the Gamekeeper of Ravenswoods,*" and "*We feel for a Friend, as we feel for a Brother:*" by Mrs. Hunter Enright.

Both in their composition and the arrangement of their accompaniments, these songs evince considerable musical skill, taste, and talent. We are pleased with them *all*, but more particularly with the last-named air, which is characterized by graceful, chaste expression, and true pathos.

PIANO-FORTE.

"*Fresh and Strong the Breeze is blowing;*" with Variations for the Harp or Piano-forte: by Mrs. Hunter Enright.

In noticing these variations on the well-known and beautiful air in "Inkle and Yarico," we have it again in our power to pay a passing tribute of praise to the fair composer, two or three of whose songs are noticed above. The second, fifth, and sixth variations are our favourites. The conclusion, or return to the original theme, is also skilfully managed, and exceedingly sweet.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE opening of the Italian Opera is to take place in a few days. *Il Crociato* will be the first opera of the season, and its performance will be more complete than it was last year, as some pieces and chorusses which were then omitted will be reinstated, and executed by a new band of more skilful chorists. A new *Prima Donna* (Signora Bonini) is expected from Italy, and will most likely appear in the *Crociato*, with Signoras Caradori and Corneja. Signor Veluti will resume the part he performed with so much success in the last season, and it seems to be expected that his voice and talents will have lost nothing of their attraction. Amongst the other singers, we have heard the names of Curioni, Porto, and Deville, the last of whom was here two or three years ago.

The *corps de ballet* is almost wholly renewed. It is under the able direction of M. D'Egville, whose chorographic career has been marked by so many successes, both on the Italian and English stages. He has, we hear, two or three grand ballets in preparation; and also, in the course of a few weeks, he has composed a short divertissement, which is to follow the long opera of *Crociato*. The principal dancers are Coulon, Theodore, and most likely Leblond; Mademoiselles Brocard and Evelina, and, as reports say, a very handsome set of young and clever figurantes. The dilettanti are in high expectation, and within a few days there has been a great sale of Opera-glasses.

There has been lately another visit of the Opera-House by several architects, and, by their official report, it appears that its perfect solidity is thoroughly ascertained, and that it wanted only some trifling repairs on the outside, which were done immediately.

DRURY-LANE.

Miss Kelly has excited some attention by her performance of *Lady Teazle*: something like a paper war has resulted from the attempt, the merits of which, however, we shall not here discuss—confining ourselves to observe that actors and actresses too frequently display themselves in the columns of a newspaper, when the silence of reserve would best become them. Miss Kelly, as *Lady Teazle*, presents us with an entire new reading of the character: we do not wholly condemn the experiment, for, as it must reasonably be expected, with whatever this lady may attempt, there will always be the emanation of highly-gifted genius, and the deepest observation into human character. There is, notwithstanding, an artificial elegance about *Lady Teazle* which Miss Kelly does not

well delineate—she is not an actress to preside at the mysteries of fashion; there is a prevailing intensity of passion, an exquisite buoyancy of heart, which ever and anon, despite of herself, wars with the demeanour which the rules of *haut ton* imperiously demand. This fault, if fault it may be called, was apparent throughout her *Lady Teazle*; if we except that scene in which she detects the perfidy of *Joseph*, and the natural purity of her heart, which had been but dazzled, not destroyed, develops itself in its most beautiful action: this scene was worthy of the actress. Of Mr. Wallack's *Charles* we cannot speak in the highest terms: he has sprightliness, but there is nothing imaginative in his vivacity—he unbends like a freed school-boy, and not as a man of elegance and wit. Perhaps Downton is somewhat too broad, too redundant for *Sir Peter Teazle*; he nevertheless displayed some excellent acting. Let us never again be punished with the sombre Mr. Archer as *Joseph Surface*: we thought of nothing but “poppy and mandragora” during the whole of his scenes. Williams was just respectable as *Sir Oliver*.

An opera called *Leocadea* has been produced, but as it sustained no very lengthened career, we are spared the labour of unravelling its plot: this we do not regret, for however effective such incidents as are found in this opera may be, for the development of the strongest passions, still they are of too repulsive a nature, even at this time, for the stage. Miss Kelly's acting as *Leocadea*, an abused female, was in the highest degree impassioned and beautiful; and the music by Auber was eminently talented; however, in its first representation, the piece was determinedly opposed, and has since been withdrawn.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Road to Ruin possesses the charm of novelty in the arrangement of its characters. Jones as *Goldfinch* must ever amuse; there is a quickness, a flexibility of manner, recommended by an intellectual brilliancy, which almost renders puppyism agreeable: these requisites, however, only make against him in the personification of *Goldfinch*, the companion of stable-boys and the wit of a sporting assembly. Jones wants a breadth of acting, as it were, a grossness of style, for this elegant of the race-course: his *Goldfinch* has, however, all the attributes of this admirable performer, which doubtless render the character widely different from the original notion of Holcroft. Cooper can only be called a correct *Young Dornton*—indeed, there is a prevailing soberness about him which one might construe into hypocrisy; a fault,

certainly not attributable to the offending son. Farren may succeed with the next generation in his portraiture of *Old Dornton*: we are afraid the present indulge certain impressions rather too difficult for Mr. Farren to efface. Mrs. Glover appeared for the first time as the *Widow Warren*—a part in itself disgustingly offensive; but, under the care of the actress in question, she became a comparatively agreeable woman. Let not our readers start, and knit their brows in doubtful belief of the evidence of their eyes, when they shall read—*Sophia*, Miss Goward.—Now, Miss Goward in a third-rate chambermaid is very tolerable—but *Sophia*! gallantry forbids us to proceed.

The *Scape-Goat*, a new one-act sketch, has been produced. The plot consists of the disobedient acts of *Charles Eustace* (Cooper), who, in despite of the philosophic dicta of his tutor, *Ignatius Polyglot* (Farren), has contracted marriage with a fair unknown. The natural goodness of the pedant overcomes his abhorrence of his pupil's crime, and he promises to assist him in disclosing his error to his father, who has unfortunately just arrived. *Charles* has received his wife and child (for there is a cherub of three years old in the affair) in the summer-house, but is compelled to remove *Mrs. Eustace* thence, and to place her in his master's room. This is observed by *Betty Maggs* (Miss Jones), a vindictive destroyer of cobwebs; the house is alarmed, and the poor tutor bears the odium of a seducer: he is, however, relieved from this misfortune, and after several clever incidents, the father becomes assured of the awful truth—and, as he cannot put aside the marriage, like a true philosopher, sanctifies it with his consent. Farren's *Polyglot* was chaste, although highly eccentric—a rare occurrence. Cooper played with a great deal of animation; and Miss Jones, as *Molly Maggs*, evinced her right to better business, and a more frequent introduction in the pieces of the establishment. Her sister, Miss A. Jones, sustained a trifling part with an effective modesty and gentleness. The piece was well received.

A Mr. Serle, who has been gathering laurels in the land of the Gaul, challenges our attention, as having appeared in *Hamlet*. There is a correctness—a respectability in all the efforts of this gentleman, which cannot but obtain for him the good wishes of the critic, although it is far from presenting the elevated and philosophical creation of Shakspeare. Mr. Serle possesses a good voice, an elegant figure, and a tolerably expressive face; we may add to these advantages a prevailing judgment which never permits him to commit himself: he is a careful

actor, which assertion will show how far he is from a man of first genius—a plodding discretion being wholly incompatible with exalted talent. His soliloquies abounded in deep meaning, and there was “the pale cast of thought” associated with his dialogue scenes; notwithstanding, there wanted great intellectual strength to render it otherwise than a respectable, or at most a promising performance. We do not like the term “promising,” generally—it is so frequently applied where it is never borne out; as it regards Mr. Serle, we think differently: he may succeed better in a less ambitious sphere, and become a useful and intelligent actor.

A pleasant operatic sketch, *'Twas I*, may be classed among the novelties of the month; it is of French origin, and consequently rests its pretensions upon *équivoque*. The incidents are, however, comparatively few, and perhaps insufficient for an English audience. A young Apollo-like farmer (*Duruset*) is flirting with a pretty village girl (*Madame Vestris*) when they are discovered by *Madame Magg* (Mrs. Davenport) a malicious old personage of the neighbourhood. Unfortunately, the girl is a candidate for the wreath of innocence, and the farmer, fearing that his want of prudence may militate against the interests of the maiden, by dint of scheming indulges the same playfulness with his wife as he before rehearsed with the candidate for rustic honours; so that when *Madame Magg* recounts what she has seen between the farmer and the girl, in order to deprive her of the wreath, the farmer's wife, not suspecting the real truth, gives evidence that it was herself whom her husband was addressing, answering to every charge, “*'Twas I*!” by this means *Madame Magg* is defeated, and ultimately drummed out of the village as a censorious person. *Madame Vestris* played with much archness; but to the acting of Mrs. Davenport the success of the piece must be attributed: notwithstanding, we do not think it is “long-lived.”

A melodramatic play, in five acts, by Miss Lee, from one of her *Canterbury Tales*, called *The Three Strangers*, has met with partial success. The play commences with *Count Siegendorf* escaping with his wife and child from the *Baron Stralenheim*, and, by aid of the *Marquis de Horland's Intendant*, hiding himself in an uninhabited part of that nobleman's chateau. Whilst here, a furious storm arises, which compels three strangers, unknown to each other, to take shelter at the chateau: these travellers are the *Baron Stralenheim*, *Conrad* (*Siegendorf's* son) and a *Hungarian*. The *Baron* becomes aware of the situation of *Siegendorf*, and sends for an armed force to secure him. Chance dis-

covers to *Siegendorf* a secret door, by which he enters the chamber of his foe during his sleep. *Siegendorf* sees on the table the unfinished letter which is to consign him to a prison for life. *Siegendorf* suppresses the idea of immolating his enemy, and merely abstracts a rouleau of gold from his writing-desk to aid him in his flight. In what follows, all that is seen by the audience is the *Hungarian*, introduced by *Conrad* to his father; put to sleep in the same chamber, from which communicates the secret passage to the *Baron's* quarters. At midnight, when all is prepared for the escape of *Siegendorf*, *Conrad* rushes in with the news that *Stralenheim* is murdered in his chamber; the *Hungarian* is not to be found, and the flight of the *Siegendorf* family concludes the first act. A solemn mass, for the repose of *Baron Stralenheim*, is being sung in the chapel when the *Hungarian* appears. *Siegendorf* wishes him to be seized as the murderer, when *Conrad* opposes it, and ultimately avows himself to be the assassin. Warde played *Siegendorf* with a fine manly energy, in high character with the part, as did Charles Kemble *Conrad*. Mrs. Chatterley played *Siegendorf's* wife with respectability. The literary talent of the piece is far superior to the common run of play writing, and the scenery bestowed on the production is of the most exquisite kind; notwithstanding which, we fear the success of *Three Strangers* will be somewhat limited.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

PANORAMA OF MEXICO.

WE have repeatedly found occasion to remark, in substance, that of all the various classes of pictorial representation, there is none so admirably adapted as that of panoramic painting, to impress the spectator with a full and lively conception of local reality. In panoramic views, illusion is, perhaps, rarely carried so far as in those which are constructed on the dioramic principle; but, the entire effect of the former is produced by legitimate principles of the art, whilst that of the latter is the result of innumerable ingenious contrivances in mechanism, &c.; and, in contemplating a whole, as the term imports, we altogether lose the idea of gazing upon a mere picture. A person, who has seen a correct panoramic view of any town, city, or range of scenery, has an idea of its general and particular appearance, nearly, if not quite as accurate as though the realities of art and nature had been actually before him.

Mr. Bullock, by his grand assemblage of the natural and artificial productions of Mexico, its antiquities, &c., exhibited in the Egyptian

Hall, Piccadilly, at once excited, and, to an eminent degree, gratified our curiosity respecting that country. That exhibition has been most judiciously followed up by Messrs. Burford, of Leicester-square, who, from drawings taken upon the spot, by Mr. William Bullock, in the summer of 1823, have recently opened a view of the city of Mexico and the surrounding country in their existing state. The view of this remarkable city, built upon the Lake Tezcuco, and occupying a site of about eight miles in circumference, is taken from one of the towers of the cathedral. The appearance of the lake, now visible on only one side of the city, is very beautiful; and the circumjacent mountainous scenery is rich and varied, grand and imposing. Iztaccihuatl, or the White Woman, a mountain of Puebla, 15,700 feet in height, is a singularly striking object. Probably the aspect of the city itself—its clean, bright-looking streets and houses, its churches, monasteries, and palaces, retaining much of the gorgeousness of Moorish architecture—is one of the most remarkable in the world. The Casa de Torres, or amphitheatre for the exhibition of bull-fights, in one direction, the cathedral in another, and then again the religious processions, surpassing those of Rome itself in splendour, all illumined by one of those glorious sun-lights in which Turner would rejoice to luxuriate, seem almost like a vision of enchantment. If our anticipation be correct, this will prove one of Messrs. Burford's most attractive pictures.

BURMESE STATE CARRIAGE.

The Rath, or Burmese imperial State Carriage, the arrival of which, in this country, was noticed in our preceding volume, has been some time on exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The communication of our correspondent* was a little overcharged with respect to the chasteness of its design, and the exquisite finish of its workmanship; but it is really, all circumstances considered, a very surprising production—evidently that of a people far advanced in the knowledge of the arts. The body of the carriage is of sassafras wood, light but strong; the wheels, apparently slight, are of iron-wood. The pagoda-formed roof, of seven stages, diminishing in graceful proportions, may be pronounced elegant. The throne, covered with velvet, and enriched with gold and precious stones, is truly splendid. It fits into the carriage as a seat; but, being moveable, it is occasionally taken out for the purpose of giving audience when the king may happen to stop at any

* Vide page 181.

place on his journey. The emeralds, amethysts, &c., with which the carriage is studded and hung, are said to amount to 20,000 in number; and in value, the whole is estimated at £12,500.

There are several musical instruments of the Burmese, and many other objects of considerable curiosity in the room; such as idols, military weapons, &c. There is also a set of Lieutenant Moore's Views at Rangoon, noticed in our preceding volume.* Altogether, we were exceedingly gratified with the exhibition, which possesses the not-universal advantage of a respectful and well-informed attendant.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Domestic Architecture.—A work under the title of "Half-a-dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture, in a series of designs for Gate-Lodges, Gamekeepers' Cottages, and other Rural Residences, by T. F. Hunt," will be found eminently deserving of notice by those who aim at beauty and convenience in

* *Vide* page 273.

their grounds. From these designs alone—though Mr. Hunt is likewise well known as an architect—we venture to assert, that their author is a person of superior taste and talent. The descriptions, estimates of expense, &c. accompanying the twelve plates, much enhance their value.

General Stewart.—From a painting by Mr. Scrymgeour, a young Scotch artist, Reynolds has just finished a fine whole-length engraving, in mezzotinto, of General David Stewart, of Garth, an officer who has distinguished himself equally by his sword and his pen. As a picture, this production reflects great credit on both painter and engraver; and it has the yet superior merit of faithful resemblance.

Naval Sketches.—That admirably clever artist, George Cruickshank, has just completed, in four parts, three caricature sketches, with tail-pieces, descriptive of the life of a man-of-war's-man. They who are acquainted with this artist's delightful style—and who is not?—will readily conceive that he could not have been furnished with a subject more suitable, more striking, more attractive. He has indeed rendered it ample justice.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

It is now understood that the design of sending out a new Arctic Expedition in the spring, will not be persevered in.

Captain Clapperton and Mr. Dixon, with their party, visited Sierra Leone, on their progress towards the Benin River. They were then all in excellent health and spirits.

After the next publication of the Quarterly Review, Mr. Coleridge, it is said, retires from the editorship of that publication; and, as there is no literary talent south of the Tweed, we import Mr. Lockhart, distinguished as the son-in-law of a great man, and as one of the supposed editors of Blackwood's Magazine, to succeed Mr. Coleridge in the conduct of a work essentially English in its principles and character.

The officers of the Royal Society were, as usual, elected on St. Andrew's Day. His Majesty has placed two annual medals, of the value of 50 guineas each, at the disposal of the council, as rewards for valuable discoveries. Mr. Barlow, of the Military Academy, at Woolwich, and M. Arago, the French astronomer, have received the Copley medals, for their labours on the subject of the magnetic variations.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Academy, on the 10th of December, the following re-elections and elections took place: Sir T. Lawrence, President; H. Thompson, Esq., Keeper; H. Howard, Esq., Secretary; Professors,—of Painting, T. Phillips; of Sculpture,

J. Flaxman; of Architecture, J. Soane; of Perspective, J. M. W. Turner; of Anatomy, J. H. Green, Esqrs. Gold medals were awarded to Messrs. Wood, Deare, and Basset; silver medals to Messrs. Webster, E. Fancourt, J. Wood, Slous, S. Loat, E. Williams, S. C. Smith, G. Presbury, J. Deare, Gallagher, and C. Parnormo.

Sir T. Lawrence is painting a portrait of the infant Duke of Bordeaux, as a present from Charles X. to George IV.

The French Academy has proposed, as the subject of the new poetical competition, "The Completion of the Louvre by Charles X."

Mr. Burnet has recently completed an engraving from Allan's picture of Mary, Queen of Scots, reproved by John Knox.

The twenty-five pictures, representing the principal events of the life of St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusians, and composing the gallery of Lesueur, the French Raphael, have lately been engraved by Malbeste, a French artist; and the prints have been published, with explanations, and lives of St. Bruno and Lesueur, by M. Charles Pogens, a member of the Institute.

M. Gerard's picture of the Death of Lord Byron is now exhibiting in the Musée Royale, Paris.

The King of the Netherlands has made extensive purchases from the recent exhibition of paintings at Haarlem.

The Parisian Diorama of Rouen has been superseded by a view of the environs of Paris, from the bottom of Meudon.

There is at this time a very attractive exhibition on the Boulevard of the Temple at Paris. A painter, who witnessed the late fire at Salins, has portrayed that conflagration on moveable scenes; and, by lights of different degrees of intensity, the illusion is rendered singularly striking.

The King of France has presented to the Count de Chabrol, Prefect of the Seine, a collection of the medals of his reign, as a mark of satisfaction for the encouragement given to the fine arts by the administration of the city of Paris.

The shocks of the earthquake which were experienced in the West India Islands, on the 23d of September, were sensibly felt at the same date, day, and hour, at Algiers.

An establishment has been commenced in London, for the manufacture of what is called mosaic gold; a composition described as possessing all the properties of gold in a superior degree, at the cost of two-pence per ounce in the ingot!

It has been calculated from experiments, that Perkins's single-barrelled steam-gun may discharge balls at the rate of 250 per minute; and that a peck of coals may do infinitely more execution than 1,000 lbs. of gunpowder!

The Enterprize Steam Packet arrived in safety at the Cape of Good Hope on the 12th of October, after a passage of 57 days.

A patent has been granted in Scotland, for making hats, caps, &c. of whalebone.

Under the auspices of the King of Sardinia, some interesting antiquarian discoveries have been made on the site of the ancient town of Tusculum.

The diminution of the duties on the importation of foreign silk goods in this country, seems to have given a stimulus to the manufacture on the continent. Bolzani, an Italian, has undertaken to revive the culture of silk-worms in Prussia; and he has induced a number of female silk spinners to emigrate from Italy to that country. At Paris, M. Bonnard has invented a new process for winding and spinning the silk at one operation, with the utmost degree of fineness, from the cocoons of the silk-worms.

The attempt to naturalize rein-deer in this country has failed: the five deer, which were imported by Mr. Bullock in the autumn of 1823, are all dead.

A Madras journal describes a moth, found near Arracan, measuring 10 inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. The wings of this species of moth (the *Noctua Strix*) have been known to measure 12 and even 13 inches, from tip to tip. There was one some time ago, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, that measured 11½.

The veteran Goëthe has just republished his romance of Werter.

A person at Neuilly, in France, professes himself to be in possession of "a unique MS. containing an explanation, by true and positive analogy, of all the dreams which can occur to

any body." For the verbal interpretation of a dream he charges 20 francs: for a written one 40.

Works in the Press, &c.

Early in January will be published, beautifully printed in one small volume, demy 8vo., *Hours at Home*, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. As the contents of this volume will consist entirely of poems on moral or domestic subjects, it is presumed, that at this season of the year it will form an acceptable present to young ladies.

A new edition of the *Dramatic Works of Shakespeare*, with engravings; notes, original and selected, by Mr. Singer; and a *Life of the Poet*, and a critique on his writings, by Dr. Symmons.

A General View of the Russian Empire, by Dr. Lyall.

Mr. Harral's *Supplementary Volume of Letters*, by Anna Seward, developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various subjects, and embracing numerous anecdotes of her contemporaries, is in a state of considerable forwardness. An *Essay on Miss Seward's Life and Literary Character* precedes the Letters; and the work will further be illustrated by Notes, a Portrait of Miss Seward, a Fac-Simile of her Hand-writing, &c.

In three volumes, *Woodstock, a Tale of the Long Parliament*; by the author of "*Waverley*."

Epistles to a Friend in Town, Golconda's Fête, and other Poems; by Mr. Chandos Leigh.

Early this month will be published "*The Prospect, and other Poems*." 1 vol. foolscap 8vo.

A second volume of *German Popular Stories*, illustrated by ten etchings, by Mr. G. Cruickshank.

A Translation of B. G. Niebuhr's *History of Rome*.

In two vols. 8vo., *The Free Speaker; Opinions on Human Character and Society*.

The third volume of the *Works of Canova*, in Sculpture and Modelling, engraved in outline by Henry Moses.

The third and fourth parts of Lord Northwick's *Selection of Antient Coins*, drawn by Del Frate, a pupil of Canova's, and engraved by Henry Moses; with descriptions by Dr. Noehden.

Two volumes of the *History of Painting in Italy*, from the period of the Revival of the Fine Arts to the end of the Eighteenth Century. Translated from the Italian of the Abate Luigi Lanzi, by J. Roscoe, Esq.

Henry the Fourth, an Historical Novel, "being a specimen of Shakspeare's Plays, furnished, in imitation of the *Waverley* novels, with the manners and customs of the age in which each drama's plot is laid."

A second edition of the *Remains and Memoirs of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe*; with his portrait, and an engraving taken from the monument erected to the memory of Sir J. Moore, in St. Paul's cathedral.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—The lady of Charles Tyndall, Esq.—The lady of Robert Harvey, Esq.—Lady Lucy Clive.—The Hon. Mrs. Bland.—The lady of Capt. W. H. Smith, R.N.—Lady Harvey.—The lady of Lieut.-General Dilkes.—The lady of Dr. Havilland.—The lady of Major Wallace.—The lady of Capt. Mulcaster, R.N., C.B.—The lady of the Lord Bishop of Chester.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Allan.—The lady of R. W. Shirley, Esq.—Lady Levinge.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of W. G. Kirkpatrick, Esq.—The lady of Edmund R. Daniell, Esq.—The lady of George Cholmley, Esq.—The lady of Sir D. Ogilby.—The lady of the Hon. Charles E. Law.—The lady of Henry Down, Esq.—The lady of J. Bishop, Esq.—The lady of R. Mudie, Esq.—The lady of Stephen Eton, Esq.—The lady of Sir T. W. White, Bart.—The lady of T. Walford, jun., Esq.—Lady Grey.—The lady of Dr. Williams.—The lady of Capt. Cox.—The lady of Lieut. Geo. Browne, R.H.A.

MARRIAGES.

At Aldeney, Cheshire, Robert Philips, Esq., of Hybridge, Staffordshire, to Letitia, youngest daughter of William Hibbert, Esq., of Hare-Hill, Cheshire.

At Rosehill, Hants. Colonel Thackeray, to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Northesk.

At Wells, Somersetshire, the Rev. T. B. Coney, Rector of Chedzoy, to Jane, eldest daughter of J. P. Tudway, Esq., M.P.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, J. C. Wright, Esq., to Theodosia, eldest daughter of Thomas Denman, Esq., M.P.

At Redenhall, Gloucester Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple, to Elizabeth, widow of F. F. North, Esq., of Rougham, Norfolk, and of Hastings.

At Naples, Sir James Carnegie, of Southesk, Bart., to Charlotte, second daughter of the Rev. D. Lysons, of Hempted Court, Gloucester.

Baron Loventz, to Miss Mills.

At Cheltenham, George Best, eldest son of Sir G. A. Robinson, Bart., to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Robert Douglas.

At Broadwater, the Rev. G. E. Whyley, A.M., Vicar of Eastern Bray, Beds., to Jane, eldest daughter of Michael Morrah, Esq. of Worthing.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lord Headley, to Miss Matthews.

At the Dowager Lady Saltoun's, near Inverness, W. M. Grant, Esq., to the Hon. Miss Eleanor Frazer.

At Easby, near Richmond, Yorkshire, Lieut.-Col. Henry Hane, to the Hon. Harriet Frances Dundas, second daughter of Lord Dundas.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, James Alexander Manning, Esq., to Augusta Mary, daughter of the late General Sir Charles Shipley, Governor of Grenada.

At Sandon, in Staffordshire, Stuart Wortley

Esq., jun., to the Lady Georgiana Ryder, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby.

Major Horatio George Broke, of Broke Hall, Suffolk, Bart., to Frederick Sophia, eldest daughter of James Mure, of Great George Street, Esq.

The Hon. and Rev. A. P. Percival, to Charlotte Anne, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. A. G. Legge.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. D. H. F. Hatton, of Weldon, Northamptonshire, to the Lady Louisa Greville, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Robert F. Greville, and Louisa, Countess of Mansfield.

DEATHS.

On the 1st of December, at Taganrog, on the sea of Asoph, His Imperial Majesty Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, aged 48.

At Vienna, His Serene Highness Duke Charles Eugene of Lorraine, aged 74.

At Paris, aged 94, Desfontaines, the dramatic poet.

At Liverpool, aged 35, W. A. Hamilton, Esq., only surviving son of the late Vice-Admiral Thomas Hamilton.

At Woolbeding, aged 75, Lady Robert Spencer.

Aged 76, Lady Eyre, widow of the Lord Chief Justice Eyre.

At Paris, the Hon. Michael Brown, youngest brother of the Earl of Kenmure.

At Paris, aged 14, William Frederick Francis, eldest son of Sir William Rumbold, Bart.

At Oxford, Sir Edward Hitchings, Knt.

At Bencoolen, Lieutenant William Rolfe, R.N.

Julia Ann, youngest daughter of the Hon. Washington Shirley.

At Madrid, G. R. Chinnery, Esq.

At Taunton, aged 81, Catherine, widow of William Demsey, of Brinsop Court, Hereford, Esq., and sister of the late Sir Charles W. Malet, Bart.

At Cheltenham, the Dowager Lady Smith, relict of the Right Hon. Sir Michael Smith, Bart.

Paul James Le Comte, Esq., of Park Farm, Addington, Surrey.

Aged 72, the Rev. J. Plumtre, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

Near Nantes, in France, Colonel Byrne.

At Florence, Mrs. Henry Powlett, relict of Colonel Henry Powlett.

At Prome, in India, Captain C. Auber.

At Belvoir Castle, aged 44, Her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, eldest daughter of the late, and sister to the present Earl of Carlisle.

At Plymouth, Martha, wife of Captain W. R. Smith, R.N.

Aged 80, the Rev. Thomas Stedman, M.A., Vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury.

Maria Louisa, the infant daughter of the Hon. A. A. Hely Hutchinson.

Rear-Admiral Bingham.

In Lower Grosvenor Street, aged 90, the Dowager Marchioness of Bath.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XIV., FOR FEBRUARY, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable LADY GEORGINA AGAR ELLIS, engraved by J. THOMSON, from a Painting by JACKSON.

A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Carriage Dress.

A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Home Costume.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER to Vol. II. of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE (New Series) published this day, contains fine re-engraved PORTRAITS of THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRIETTA FRANCES, LADY GRANTHAM, and THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SUSAN, VISCOUNTESS EBRINGTON—the former from a Family Miniature, by *Miss Kendrick*, the latter from an *Original Miniature* by *Linnel*, in the collection of the Earl of Harrowby.

The SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER contains also a *Title Page and Index to the Volume*;—an *Address to our Subscribers*;—*A Summary of Fashions for the last Half Year*;—and a *Sketch of the Progress and State of Literature for the last Six Months of the Year 1825*; comprising *Reviews* (with Extracts) and *Critical Notices* of the following Publications:—

Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest;—Nichols's Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of James I.;—The Reign of Terror;—Miss Benger's Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia;—Butler's Life of Erasmus;—Sherburne's Life of Paul Jones;—Wolfe's Remains;—Finlayson's Mission to Siam;—Humphreys's Picture of Greece;—Bulwer's Autumn in Greece;—Benson's Sketches of Corsica;—Hayter's Introduction to Perspective, Drawing, and Painting;—Miss Lee's Three Strangers;—The Baron de la Motte Fouqué's Magic Ring;—Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales;—Memoirs of Monkeys, &c.

In the *Illustrative Memoir of the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis*, page 49, col. 2, 34 lines from the top, for *George James Welbore Ellis, M.P. for the borough of Seaford*, read—*George James Welbore Ellis, Member, in the last Parliament, for the borough of Heytesbury, and in the present for that of Seaford, &c.*

Six lines lower down, for *he has issue a son, Henry, &c.* read—*he has issue a son and heir, born February the 25th, 1825, and baptised by the name of Henry on the 31st of the following March, by his Grace the Archbishop of York. His sponsors upon that occasion were Viscount Clifden, the late Earl and the present Countess of Carlisle.*

The continuation of "*Rambles in the Land of Hafiz*," is unavoidably postponed till our next.

"*Sketches, No. II.—The Birth-Day*," by "Mrs. H.," if possible, also in our next.

Our fair friend, the author of "*The Ivory Box*," may be assured that its contents shall, ere long, be laid before the public.

Best thanks to "E. R." We are not at all aware of the omission to which she alludes.

Very soon we hope to introduce "*Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown*."

"*England's Ancient Bards—No. VIII.*" has arrived.

The poetical effusions of our obliging Correspondent, "*Theophila*," shall, agreeably to request, "be returned without a copy being taken." Of this the writer is most distinctly and positively assured.

To two or three of our friends, whose favours require private communications, we shall attend without delay.

Arrangements of the press oblige us to omit, this month, in our poetical department, "*Stanzas to a Friend in Affliction*," by M. G. L. and several other articles.

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FEBRUARY, 1826.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY GEORGIANA AGAR ELLIS.

THIS distinguished lady, whose portrait we have now the honour of introducing to the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE*, is the second daughter of George, Earl of Carlisle, by the Lady Georgiana Cavendish, eldest daughter of William, the late Duke of Devonshire. Her ladyship was married, on the 7th of March, 1822, to the Honourable George James Welbore Agar Ellis, M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., only son of Henry, Viscount Clifden, a gentleman who has long been justly regarded as an accomplished and munificent patron of the arts.

The family of Ellis, whose ancestry has been traced to a very remote period, was settled at Kiddall Hall, in the county of York, as far back as the time of the Conquest. The Rev. John Ellis, clerk, rector of Waddesdon, in the county of Buckingham, who died on the 3d of November, 1681, at the age of 75, married Susannah, daughter of William Welbore, of Cambridge, Esq., by Susan Troage, his first wife. Mr. Ellis's lady died at Cambridge on the 29th of April, 1700, aged 75. The issue of their marriage were as follows:—

1. John Ellis, of St. James's, Westminster, Esq., Comptroller of the Mint, Under Secretary of State, &c. died unmarried, 1738, aged 93;—2. William;—3. Philip, a Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, and Bishop of Segni, near Rome;

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— 4. Welbore; — 5. Samuel, M.D.; — 6. Charles;—7, and 8, two daughters, one married to the Rev. — Gawton, the other to — Jones, Esq.

It is remarkable, that of the sons of the Rev. John Ellis, one (John) was Under Secretary of State to King William III.—another (William) was Secretary of State to James II. in his exile—a third (Philip) was a Roman Catholic Bishop in Italy—and a fourth (Welbore) was a Protestant Bishop in Ireland.—William, the second son, who received the honour of Knighthood, and went to Ireland as secretary to James Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, Lord Lieutenant in the reign of James II., acquired considerable estates in that country. He died, however, at Rome, unmarried, about the year 1737.

Welbore Ellis, D.D., his brother and heir, was one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. He was created Bishop of Kildare on the 22d of September, 1705, and translated to the see of Meath on the 13th of March, 1731. He died on the 1st of January, 1733-4; having married Diana, daughter of Sir John Briscoe, of Amberley Castle, Sussex (by Anne Knollys, only daughter of Nicholas, Earl of Banbury, by his first wife, Anne, daughter of Mountjoy, Earl of Newport). By that lady he had (besides several chil-

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dren who died in infancy) a daughter, born on the 26th of August, 1707; and a son, born in 1713.

Anne, the daughter of the Bishop of Meath, married, *first*, Henry Agar, Esq., of whom we shall presently have occasion to speak; and *secondly*, George Dunbar, Esq., and died in 1765.

Welbore, the surviving son of the Bishop, was, as the political history of our country shews, a person of high consideration in his time. In 1749, he was a Lord of the Admiralty; in 1755, Vice Treasurer of Ireland; in 1763, Secretary at War; in 1765 and 1770, again Vice Treasurer of Ireland; and in 1782, Secretary of State. On the 13th of August, 1794, he was created a peer by the title of Lord Mendip, of Mendip, in the county of Somerset, with remainder to the issue male of his sister, by her marriage with Henry Agar, Esq. He married, *first*, Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Sir William Stanhope, K.B., who died in 1761 without issue; *secondly*, Anne, sister and heir of the late Right Hon. Hans Stanley, Governor of the Isle of Wight, who died without issue in December, 1803.

His Lordship died on the 2nd of February,* 1802, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was succeeded by his great nephew, Henry Welbore, Viscount Clifden, the present Lord Mendip, who, pursuant to his uncle's will, assumed the name and arms of Ellis.

The Agars, paternal ancestors of the present Lord Clifden, are of French extraction, and belonged to the Comté Venaissin, whence they fled during the wars of religion in that country. Charles Agar, Esq., of the county of York, married Ellis, daughter of Peter Blanchville, Esq., of the county of Kilkenny, and settled in Ireland. His son, James Agar, of Gowran Castle, county of Kilkenny, Esq., who sat for many years in the Irish Parliament, respectively for the boroughs of Leighlin and Gowran, married, *first*, in 1692, Susannah, daughter of John

Alexander, Esq., who died without issue; *secondly*, Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Wemyss, of Danesfort, by whom (who died in 1771, at the age of 106) he had issue:—

1. Henry, his heir;—2. James, married, in 1741, Rebecca, only daughter of William, Lord Castle Durrow, and sister of Henry, Viscount Ashbrook, died, in 1769, leaving issue—George, born in 1754; created, in 1790, Lord Callan; elected, in 1800, one of the representative Irish peers, and died, in 1815, when his title became extinct—Charles, born in 1755, in holy orders, Archdeacon of Emly—Mary, born in 1743, married, in 1760, Philip Savage, Esq.;—3. Ellis, created Countess of Brandon, in her own right, in 1758; married, *first*, in 1726, Theobald, Viscount Mayo; *secondly*, in 1745, Francis, Lord Athenry, and died without issue in 1789, when the earldom of Brandon became extinct;—4. Mary, married, in 1742, James Smyth, of Timny, in the county of Wicklow, Esq., son of Edward Smyth, Bishop of Down and Connor.

Henry Agar, Esq., who sat in the first Irish Parliament of George II. for the borough of Gowran, married, in 1733, as already mentioned, Anne Ellis, only daughter of Welbore Ellis, Bishop of Meath, and sister of Welbore Ellis, first Lord Mendip, and died in 1746, leaving issue:—

1. James, first Viscount Clifden, born March 25, 1734;—2. Welbore Ellis, born in 1735, one of his Majesty's Commissioners of the Customs, and Deputy Muster-Master of England, married, in 1762, Gertrude Hotham, daughter of Sir Charles Hotham, Bart., by Gertrude Stanhope, daughter of Philip, third Earl of Chesterfield, and died without issue in 1805;—3. Charles, Archbishop of Dublin, created Earl of Normanton;—4. Henry, in

* In the hall of Christ-church, in the University of Oxford, is the portrait of his Lordship; as are also the portraits of his father, the Bishop of Meath, and his nephew Charles Agar, first Earl of Normanton, Archbishop of Dublin, &c.

* His Lordship, born in 1736, was educated at Westminster school, and at Christ-church, Oxford. He entered into holy orders, and was appointed Chaplain to Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, K.G., whilst Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1763. Having previously been promoted to the Deanery of Kilmore, he was consecrated, in 1768, Bishop of Cloyne; in 1771, Archbishop of Cashell; and, in 1801, Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop of Glandelagh, and Primate of Ireland. He married, in 1776, Jane, eldest daughter of William Benson, of the county of Down, Esq., by whom he had issue:—1. Wellcre Ellis, the present Ear

holy orders, Rector of Iniscarra, in the county of Cork, married Mary, daughter of Benjamin Tyrrell, of Oxford, Esq., and died in 1798, leaving issue—Charles Welbore, in holy orders, died in 1810—Henry, of Bombay, married, and has issue—and Gertrude;—5. Diana, died in 1814.

James Agar, first Baron and Viscount Clifden, was a Privy Councillor in Ireland, one of his Majesty's Commissioners of the Customs, and Postmaster-General in that kingdom. Previously to his elevation to the peerage, he sat for many years as one of the representatives of the county of Kilkenny, in Parliament. He married, on the 20th of March, 1760, Lucia, eldest daughter of John Martin, Esq., and widow of the Hon. Henry Boyle Walsingham, second son of Henry, Earl of Shannon. By that lady, who died on the 26th of July, 1802, he had issue:—

1. Henry Welbore, the present Viscount;—
2. John Ellis, in holy orders, born in 1763, married, in 1792, Harriet Flower, second daughter of William Viscount Ashbrook, and died without issue in 1797, and his lady in 1813;—3. Charles Bagnall, barrister at law, born in 1767, married in 1804, Anne Maria Hunt, only daughter of Thomas Hunt, of Llanhydroch, in Cornwall, Esq., and sole heiress of her great uncle, Henry Robartes, third Earl of Radnor, died in 1811, leaving issue—Thomas, born in 1808—Edward, born in 1811, died in 1818;—4. Anne Emilia, born in 1765, died in 1821.

The Viscount died on the 1st of January, 1789, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

born in 1773;—2. George Charles, F.R.S., born in 1780;—3. James, in holy orders, born in 1781;—4. Henry Wilson, died an infant;—5. Frances Anne, married, in 1798, Thomas Ralph, second Viscount Hawarden.—On the 12th of June, 1795, he was created Baron Somerton, of the county of Kildare; Viscount Somerton, December 12, 1800; and Earl of Normanton, of the county of Kilkenny, February 7, 1806. His Lordship died, in 1809, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Welbore Ellis, the present Earl, who married, in 1816, Diana Herbert, eldest daughter of George Augustus, present Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, K.G. and has issue:—Viscount Somerton, born in 1818; a daughter, born in 1822; and two other sons, born in 1823 and 1824.

Henry Welbore, the present Viscount, who, until the period of his father's death, had for several years represented the county of Kilkenny in the Irish Parliament, and, subsequently, till the death of his uncle (Feb. 2, 1802) Lord Mendip, the borough of Heytesbury, in the English Parliament. His Lordship has for some years filled the offices of Clerk of the Privy Council in Ireland, and Recorder of Gowran. He is perhaps the only nobleman now alive who has sat consecutively in four different houses of Parliament; namely, the Irish Houses of Commons and Lords, and the English Houses of Commons and Lords. His Lordship is a frequent, useful, and able speaker upon all subjects connected with Ireland, and is distinguished for his patriotic attachment to the best interests of his country.

Viscount Clifden, Lord Clifden, Baron of Gowran, in the county of Kilkenny, and (as a peer of Great Britain) Lord Mendip, Baron Mendip, in the county of Somerset, F.S.A., &c., was born on the 22d of January, 1761. His Lordship married, on the 10th of March, 1792, Caroline Spencer, eldest daughter of George, third Duke of Marlborough, K.G. (by Caroline Russell, only daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford) by whom (who died on the 23d of November, 1813) he had issue:—1. Caroline Anne, born October 26, 1794, died May 12, 1814;—2. George James Welbore Agar Ellis, M.P. for the borough of Seaford, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., born on the 14th of January, 1797, and married, as before intimated, March 7, 1822, the Lady Georgiana Howard, second daughter of the present Earl of Carlisle, by whom he has issue a son, Henry, born on the 25th of February, 1825.

Having thus concisely sketched the descents and connexion of the families of Ellis and Agar, we proceed to notice, as briefly, the descent of that branch of the noble family of Howard, of which Lady Georgiana Ellis is a member.*

Lord William Howard, the second sur-

* For much of the early history of the Howards, *vide* page 1, *et seq.* of the present volume, in our Illustrative Memoir of the Right Honourable, Charlotte, Countess of Surrey.

viving son of Thomas, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, by Margaret; his second wife, daughter and sole heir of Thomas, Lord Audley, of Walden, in Essex, and Chancellor of England (widow of the Lord Henry Dudley, John Duke of Northumberland's younger son, killed at St. Quintin's, in Picardy) was ancestor of the Earl of Carlisle.* This nobleman—Warden of the Western Marches, and known by the name of "Bald Willy," or "Belted Will Howard"†—was restored in blood, from the attain of his father (who had been implicated with Mary, Queen of Scots) by Act of Parliament, in the year 1603. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, and sister and coheir of George, Lord Dacre, of Gillesland; and, in her right, he became possessed of Naworth Castle, in the county of Cumberland, the ancient seat of her father's family; also of Henderskelfe, the site of Castle Howard, in Yorkshire.—With reference to Naworth Castle, Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, observes that, from the rigour with which his Lordship "repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bed-room, oratory, and library, are still shewn. They impress us with an unpleasing idea of the life of a lord warden of the marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages through which he could privately descend into the guard-room, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable

* *Vide* page 9* of the present volume; where, for *Edward* read *William*. By this lady, the Duke of Norfolk had three sons:—Thomas, afterwards Earl of Suffolk; Henry, who died young; and William, here mentioned: also two daughters:—Elizabeth, who died in her infancy; and Margaret, married to Robert Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

† "Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear."
SCOTT'S *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

appearance of these apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person."

The Dacre family, maternal ancestors of Lady Georgiana Ellis, is here also entitled to special notice. "The well-known family of Dacre," remarks Sir Walter Scott,* "is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the south, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the north, and were Barons of Gillesland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the west marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction." Of the proceedings at the storm and capture of Jedburgh, here mentioned, Pinkerton, in his *History of Scotland*,† gives the following very curious particulars:—

"The English advanced from Berwick to Jedburgh, amid constant skirmishes with the Scots; 'I assure your Grace,' says Surrey to Wolsey, 'that I found the Scots at this time the boldest men, and the most ardent, that ever I beheld of any nation;' their conflicts were perpetual, though they amounted only to about 1,500, hastily gathered by the border chieftains, against an army of 9,000, almost entirely cavalry; and 'were 40,000 such valiant men assembled,' proceeds the English general, 'dreadful would be the encounter.'" But all their efforts could not prevent the pillage of Tividale, and the conflagration of the fair town of Jedburgh, containing at that time twice as many houses as Berwick, many of them of beautiful architecture; it was defended by six strong towers, and was capable of receiving a garrison of 1,000 cavalry. Sir William Bulmer, and Sir Thomas Tempest, conducted the strong detachment which captured

* *Vide* notes to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

† Vol. ii. p. 120.

the town, and gave it completely to the flames, so that a re-edification was necessary before it could be inhabited. But this achievement was followed by an unexpected and strange disaster, on the side of the English. Their camp was surrounded with the provision waggons, and a ditch; but while Surrey was engaged in the assault of the abbey, which lasted till two hours after night fell, Dacre had, for some unknown cause, stationed his cavalry without the precinct of the camp. Next day Surrey sent Dacre to attack the Castle of Fernherst, along with Sir Arthur Darcy and Sir Mamaduke Constable; but that hold being surrounded with a wood, was well defended, and before it yielded, many on both sides were slain and wounded. On his return Dacre resumed his former station on the outside of the camp; and about eight o'clock, while he sat at supper with Surrey, the horses of his cavalry broke loose, and running around the camp, spread an universal alarm, as it was supposed the Scots were assaulting the intrenchments, and many guns, and not less than 100 sheaves of arrows were discharged at them. Of 1,500 horses, thus running wild, not 700 were saved; about 500 were shot, or wandered in divers directions; 250 ran into Jedburgh, still in flames, where they were seized and carried off by Scottish women; fifty plunged to death down a precipice. It is risible to find Surrey, an honest and credulous soldier, seriously imputing this disaster to demons. He affirms that Dacre, and all his men, beheld spirits and fearful signs six times that night; and that the whole army believe, that the infernal prince was six times among them. It was apparently a stratagem of the Scots, as their women were ready to seize what horses they could; nor is such a stratagem against cavalry unknown in a former Scottish history.*

* Lord Dacre was also in the battle of Flodden-Field.—“At the hour of four in the afternoon,” observes Pinkerton, “the battle commenced. The Admiral, perceiving the Scots descend in four large bodies, armed with long spears, requested his father to extend and strengthen the van, by drawing up the middle division on its left. Sir Edward Howard was then encountered by Huntley and Home, and his division thrown into great disorder, till Dacre advanced his cavalry in its support: but the Admiral, now joined by Dacre, routed and slew Crawford and Montrose. The King’s battalions opposed those of Surrey, while Stanley on the left wheeled round the eminence, and attacked in flank Lennox and Argyle, who being slain, their battalions were totally routed.

Lord William Howard died in 1640, and was buried at Greystoke, in Cumberland. By his lady, with whom he lived in wedlock sixty-three years, he had issue:—

1. Philip, from whom the Earl of Carlisle is lineally descended;—2. Sir Francis Howard, Knt. of Corby Castle, in Cumberland;—3. Sir William Howard, Knt., of Brafferton, in Yorkshire;—4. Sir Charles Howard, Knt.;—5. Thomas: also three daughters—Mary, Elizabeth, and Margaret.

Philip, the eldest son of Lord William Howard, received the honour of Knight-

But the Scottish historians say, that the undisciplined Highlanders, under the latter two nobles, rushed down the hill, though La Motte and other French officers exerted themselves to prevent this fatal step, and by their consequent discomfiture occasioned the calamity of the day—Stanley attacking them in the rear, a measure generally decisive of an engagement. James had altogether forgotten his character of monarch and general, and rushed on with the illaudable valour of a common soldier. While the English leaders, conscious of their duty and importance, preserved a station, from which they could discern, and direct the actions of their bands, James and his nobles dismounted, and struggled in the front with the mass of English bill-men. In this vain and inglorious contest, many Scotch Peers fell; but Bothwell and his reserve advancing, and valiantly supporting the King’s attack, the standard of Surrey was endangered. At this critical moment, that part of the left wing which was led by Crawford and Montrose being routed, Huntley having fled, and Home’s battalion being thus separated, and apparently obliged to stand on the defensive against the cavalry under Dacre, the Admiral advanced his division, and assailed in flank that of the Scottish king, and the reserve under Bothwell, which had bravely advanced in his support. James fell, amid heaps of his warlike peers and gentlemen, being pierced with an arrow, and mortally wounded on the head with a bill. Though Stanley, having dispersed the right wing, now pursued their track, and came upon the rear of the Scottish centre, it still maintained the shock; and, arranged in the form of a circle, disputed the victory with surrounding enemies, till the approach of night terminated the conflict. As Home’s band had defeated a part of the English army, and the Scottish centre had not retired, Surrey was uncertain of the victory, till the returning dawn discovered that the field was abandoned by the foe.”

hood in the year 1604. He died in his father's lifetime; leaving issue, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir John Carryl, of Hacting, in the county of Sussex, Knt:—

1. Sir William, his heir;—2. John;—3. Philip, killed at Rowton Heath, near Chester, in the service of Charles I. in 1645: also two daughters:—Elizabeth, married to Bartholomew Fromand, of Cheam, in Surrey, Esq.; and Alatheia, wife of Thomas, second Viscount Fairfax.

Sir William Howard married Mary, eldest daughter of William, Lord Eure, by whom he had issue:—

1. William, who died in his father's lifetime;—2. Charles, his heir, first Earl of Carlisle;—3. Philip;—4. Thomas, married Mary, Duchess of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham;—5. John: also, five daughters:—1. Mary, married to Sir Nathan Atkins, Knt.;—2. Elizabeth, married Sir Thomas Gower, of Sittenham, in the county of York, Knt.;—3. Catherine, married Sir John Lawson, of Brough Hall, in the same county, Bart.;—4. Frances, married Sir George Downing, of Gamlingay Park, Cambridgeshire, Knt. and Bart.;—5. Margaret, married Alexander Leslie, second Earl of Leven, in Scotland.

Charles, the first Earl of Carlisle, was, in 1660, chosen M.P. for the county of Cumberland, for which he had been sheriff in 1650. In 1660, he was also appointed *Custos Rotulorum* of the county of Essex; and, in the same year, Lord Lieutenant of Westmorland.

Having been highly instrumental in the restoration of Charles II., he was, in consideration thereof, and of other loyal services, advanced to the dignity of Baron Dacre, of Gillesland, Viscount Howard, of Morpeth, and Earl of the City of Carlisle, by letters patent, bearing date April 20, 1661.—In 1663, his Lordship was sent ambassador to the Czar of Muscovy; and, in the year following, to the Kings of Sweden and Denmark. On his return, towards the close of the year, he was employed to carry the insignia of the Order of the Garter to Charles XI. King of Sweden; whence returning, he was, as his Majesty's proxy, installed at Windsor. In 1672, he was, with others, appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county palatine of Durham, and city of the same. Subsequently, he was

made Governor of Jamaica, where he continued some years, and returned to England in 1680. His Lordship died in 1684, and was interred in the minster of the cathedral at York; where, beneath his effigies, on a monumental pillar of white marble, is the following inscription:—

Near this place is interred
Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle,
Viscount Morpeth, Baron Dacres, of Gillesland,
Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmorland,
Vice-Admiral of the coasts of Northumberland,
Cumberland, Bishoprick of Durham, town and
County of Newcastle, and maritime parts adjacent,
Governor of Jamaica, Privy-Counsellor
To King Charles the Second, and his ambassador
Extraordinary to the Czar of Muscovy,
And the Kings of Sweden and Denmark,
In the years MDCLXIII and MDCLXIV;
Whose effigies is placed at the top of this monument.

He was not more distinguished by the
Nobility and antiquity of his family,
Than he was by the sweetness and affability
Of a natural charming temper,
Which being improved by the peculiar
Ornament of solid greatness,
Courage, justice, generosity, and a public spirit,
Made him a great blessing
To the age and nation wherein he lived.
In business he was sagacious and diligent,
And in war, circumspect, steady, and intrepid,
In council wise and penetrating.
And though his character may secure him
A place in the annals of fame,
Yet the filial piety of a daughter,*
May be allowed to dedicate
This monumental pillar to his memory.
Obiit xxiv. Feb. 1684, Ætat. 56.

Charles, the first Earl of Carlisle, married Anne, daughter of Edward, Lord Howard, of Escrick, by whom he had three sons, and three daughters:

1. Edward, his successor;—2. Frederick Christian, born at Copenhagen, and killed at the siege of Luxemburgh, buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1684;—3. Charles, died young. The daughters were:—1. Mary, married Sir John Fenwick, of Wallington, Northumberland, Bart.;—2. Anne, married Sir Richard Graham, of Netherby, Cumberland, Bart., afterwards Viscount Preston;—3. Catherine, died unmarried.

Edward, second Earl of Carlisle, was M.P. for Morpeth, in 1661 and 1678, and for Carlisle in 1681. By his wife Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Sir William Uvedale,

* Lady Mary Fenwick.

of Wickham, Hants, Knt., and widow of Sir William Berkeley, Knt., he had issue :—

1. Charles, his successor ;—2. Edward, died young ;—3. William, M.P. for Carlisle in 1695 and 1698, died unmarried ;—4. Frederick, died young ;—5 and 6, Anne, and Mary, died unmarried.

Charles, the third Earl, was, in 1688-9, Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland. He was M.P. for Morpeth, in the Convention Parliament of the same year, and for the same place until his father's decease, in 1692. In 1699, he was *Custos Rotulorum* of the county of Cambridge ; and, in 1700, he was appointed one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's bed-chamber. In the reign of William III. he was also constituted Deputy Earl Marshal, during the minority of the Duke of Norfolk ; and he was a member of the Privy Council, First Commissioner of the Treasury, Governor of the town and castle of Carlisle, Vice Admiral of the sea-coasts adjacent, &c. At the coronation of her Majesty, Queen Anne, he was again constituted Earl Marshal ; and, afterwards, Lord Lieutenant of the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland. In 1706, he was one of the Commissioners to treat with the Scots respecting a union of the two kingdoms. At the demise of the Queen, he was one of the Lords chosen by her successor to be Lords Justices for the government of the kingdom till his arrival from Hanover. Subsequently he was sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury. In 1714, he was again appointed Lord Lieutenant of the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland ; in 1715, Governor of the town and castle of Carlisle ; in 1717, Constable of the Tower of London, and Lord Lieutenant of the Hamlets thereof ; and, in 1723, Governor and Captain of Windsor Castle, and Lord Warden of the forest of Windsor, in which post, in 1727, he was continued by his Majesty, George II., and was a fourth time appointed Lord Lieutenant of the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland. On resigning the government of Windsor Castle, he was appointed Lord Warden and Chief Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's forests

and chases, north of Trent, and Master of his Majesty's fox-hounds.

This nobleman, who was distinguished by his literary and poetical talents,* died at Bath, in 1738, and was buried at Castle Howard, in the burial-place which he had built for his family. By his wife, Anne Capel, daughter of Arthur, first Earl of Essex—a lady renowned for her beneficence to the indigent—he had issue :—

1. Henry, his successor ;—2. the Hon. Charles Howard, K.B., M.P., a General in the army, &c., died unmarried ;—3. Elizabeth, married, *first*, Nicholas, Lord Lechmere, *secondly*, Sir Thomas Robinson, of Rokeby Park, Yorkshire, Bart. ;—4. Anne, a lady gifted with the talent of poetry,† married, *first*, Richard Ingram, third Viscount Irwin, *secondly*, Colonel James Douglas ;—5. Mary, died unmarried.

Henry, the fourth Earl, K.G. served in Parliament for the borough of Morpeth from 1714 till he succeeded to the peerage. He was one of the assistants to the Duke of Somerset, as chief mourner at the funeral of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1751. He married the Lady Frances Spencer, only daughter of Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, by his first wife, the Lady Arabella, youngest daughter and co-heir of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. By her Ladyship he had three sons, and two daughters :—

1. Charles, returned M.P. for the county of York, in the Parliament summoned to meet in June, 1741, died in the month of August following ;—2. Henry, died young ;—3. Robert, died in 1743 ;—4. Arabella, married Jonathan Cope, son and heir of Sir Jonathan Cope, of Brewern Abbey, Oxfordshire, Bart. ;—5. Diana, married Thomas Duncomb, of Duncomb Park, Yorkshire, Esq.

His Lordship married, *secondly*, Isabel, daughter of William, Lord Byron, by whom he had issue :—

1. Frederick, his successor ;—2. Anne, one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, aunt to our late Sovereign ;—3. Frances, married John Radcliffe, of Hitchin, Herts, Esq., died in 1808 ;—4. Elizabeth, married, *first*, Peter Delmé, Esq., who died in 1789—*secondly*, Captain

* *Vide PARK'S Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. iv. page 170.

† *Ibid.* vol. v.

Charles Garnier, R.N., drowned in 1796—died in 1813;—5. Juliana.

The Earl's second lady survived him, and married the late Sir William Musgrave, of Hayton Castle, in Cumberland, Bart., of Nova Scotia, a gentleman well known in the literary world. Her Ladyship died in 1795.

Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, who succeeded his father on the 4th of September, 1758, was born on the 28th of May, 1748. Having been elected, whilst on his travels, one of the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle, he was invested with the insignia of that order, on the 27th of February, 1768, at Turin, the King of Sardinia representing his Britannic Majesty on that occasion. On the 13th of June, 1777, his Lordship was sworn one of his Majesty's Privy Counsellors, and appointed Treasurer of the Royal Household. In the month of April, 1778, he was appointed, though unsuccessfully, one of the Commissioners (with Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, and Governor Johnson) "to treat, consult, and agree upon the means of quieting the disorders subsisting in certain of his Majesty's colonies, plantations, and provinces, in North America." On the 6th of November, 1779, he was appointed a Lord of Trade; and, on the 9th of February, 1780, Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire. In the last-mentioned year, he was also appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in 1782, he was recalled from that station; and, on the memorable coalition of Mr. Fox with Lord North, he joined the administration. He was at all times a staunch supporter of Mr. Fox's party. In 1793, he was honoured with the Order of the Garter.

His Lordship wrote several plays and poems, and a work on the construction of theatres. It has been justly observed, that he possessed a considerable portion of literary taste, and displayed that acquaintance with the fine arts, as well as that liberality in encouraging them, which add dignity to rank, and make wealth and high station at once useful and respectable. In conjunction with the Duke of Bridgewater, he purchased the Orleans Gallery; and he is thought to have been possessed of one of the best collections of paintings in the

kingdom. At the period of his death, which occurred on the 4th of September, 1825, his Lordship was one of the oldest members of the House of Peers, in which assembly he had enjoyed a seat for the long term of fifty-six years.

His Lordship married, on the 12th of March, 1770, Margaret Caroline, daughter of Granville Leveson Gower, first Marquess of Stafford, K.G., by whom (who died on the 25th of January, 1824) he had issue:—

1. Isabella Caroline, born in 1771, married, in 1789, John Campbell Lord Cawdor;—2. George, his successor, the present Earl, born on the 17th September, 1773;—3. Charlotte, born in 1774, died unmarried;—4. Susan Maria, born in 1776, died in 1783;—5. Louisa, born in 1778, died in 1781;—6. Elizabeth, born, November 13, 1780, married, April 22, 1799, John Henry, Duke of Rutland, died November 29, 1825;—7. William, born in 1781;—8. Gertrude, born in 1783, married in 1806, William Sloane, Esq.;—9. Frederick, Major in the 10th Hussars, born in 1785, married, in 1811, Frances Susan, only daughter of Lady Anne Wyndham (by her first husband, William Henry Lambton, of Lambton Hall, Durham, Esq.) and killed at Waterloo, in 1815;—10. John Henry Edward, in holy orders, born in 1796, married in 1824, Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of John Wright, of Mapperley, in Nottinghamshire. Esq.

George, sixth and present Earl of Carlisle, and Lieutenant of East Yorkshire, was, for several years previously to the death of his father, one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Cumberland; and, in the administration of 1806, he was employed in a diplomatic mission to Berlin. His Lordship married, in March, 1801, Georgiana Cavendish, eldest daughter of William fifth Duke of Devonshire, K.G., by whom he has issue six sons and six daughters. Of the latter, Georgiana, the second, married, as has been already shewn, on the 7th of March, 1822, the Honourable George James Welbore Agar Ellis, only son of Viscount Clifden; Harriet, married, May 27, 1823, George Granville, Earl Gower; and Caroline, married, in July 1823, the Hon. William Sebright Lascelles, third son of the Earl of Harewood, and M.P. for the borough of Northallerton.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A COWARD.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk!

SHAKESPEARE.

It is not often that a man will suffer himself to be tamely posted as a coward, even in the circumscribed sphere of an obscure watering-place; and I cannot but anticipate some share of contempt while I go a step beyond that degradation, and acknowledge myself thus, before the whole world of fashion, "a coward—a most scandalous coward." It is, however, with the hope of changing that contempt into something of a more respectful feeling—it is in the sincere expectation of exciting some degree of sympathy, that I have brought myself to make the avowal.

I was born the heir of a most respectable and wealthy family, and entered life under auspices of the most favourable description; but before I had well quitted my nursery, an event occurred which has marred every flattering prospect, which entered like a canker into my very soul, and has tinged every successive stage of my life with misery and contempt.

I was about four years of age when my paternal grandmother died: she had been excessively fond of me, and would scarcely suffer me to be a moment from her side. I need not describe the feelings which this affection awakened within me. I returned her love with the fervour and artlessness of childhood, and I still cling to her memory with a fondness which, amidst the contumely I have been fated to endure, has survived nearly all the kindly feelings of the heart, and which in its purity and innocence imparts to my solitary moments the most pleasurable sensations I enjoy. She is before me now in the dignity of seventy winters; her tall figure scarcely less bent than in youth; her cheek still flushed with the hue of health, her mild blue eyes beaming kindly on me; and her perfectly white hair turned above a forehead, fair amidst its wrinkles. It was my delight to sit at her feet whilst she was employed in the homely occupation of knitting; and to

listen to her stories of our ancestors, or of her own adventures with the rebels in "the 45," when they occupied, for a time, her father's house in the north. I remember particularly the description of the horror she felt, a short time afterwards, on entering Carlisle, in recognizing over the city gate the heads of several of these guests. This kind friend and companion of my infancy died suddenly, and her fate was kept secret from me: my inquiries were met with the assurance that my grandmamma would speedily return, and with this assurance they contrived to pacify me. One day, however, while the servant was absent, I happened to want a toy which I recollected I had left in my grandmother's room; and proceeded thither, unobserved, to fetch it. On entering the apartment I was surprised by the sight of what appeared to me a handsome chest, and with the curiosity natural to a child, I climbed on the bedstead to examine it. I lifted the covering, and gazed for a moment in mute astonishment at the unexpected appearance and situation of my beloved relative. At first I endeavoured to awaken her by calling on her name; vexed at her continued silence, I impatiently seized her hand; its icy coldness went to my heart, and the heavy manner in which it dropped from my releasing grasp increased my astonishment. At length I lifted the eyelids, and the cold fixed gaze which fell upon me completed my terror, and forced from me a scream which summoned the attendants, who bore me away, and explained to me the work of death.

From this moment the cause which had wrought this dreadful change became the ruling sentiment of my mind. I listened attentively to every narrative of the progress of sickness and death, and the most fatal diseases became objects of terrible anticipation to me. I frequently woke in

I

the middle of the night—the silence and the darkness were associated in my mind with death and the grave, and I shrieked in agony lest I should die before the morning.

My imagination, thus fearfully excited, outstripped my years; and I was sent to a public school, in the hope that the bustle, the emulation, and the amusements of such a scene would produce a favourable effect upon my mind; but the shaft had struck too deeply—the impression was never to be effaced. I never joined in the sports of my companions, for we could not play without quarrelling: fighting was the natural consequence of these contests; but I had heard too much of the fatal consequences of an unlucky blow to venture a battle with even the least boy in the school: I was consequently surrounded by a host of tyrants; and happy was the day on which a share of the little luxuries I was enabled to purchase procured for me an exemption from unmerited blows. My time was spent in solitary misery in a retired corner of the play-ground, where I sat continually brooding over the horrors of death; and I now wonder that my senses did not yield to the terrible creations of my fancy. Sometimes I scarcely slept for weeks, for fear I should fall into a trance, and be buried while alive; at other times I imagined that this catastrophe had already taken place, and that the passing scene was but a dream from which I should awake to die amidst the stifling solitude of my tomb: frequently was I so oppressed with the reality of these fears, that I have poured out my soul in agony to God, and prayed that I might never be conscious of the awfulness of my doom.

In these dreadful fancies and such as these were passed my hours of leisure, and I protest that the recollection of them is terrible to me even now. However, I passed through the several forms of the school with the greatest credit, and was sent to Oxford.

Thither my character followed me, and I became the butt and scapegoat of the whole university: my name was given to the proctor by every jackanapes who was detected in any irregularity; if a man had a noisy party in his rooms, and was desirous of escaping the consequences, mine

was the oak which was battered till they obtained entrance, and mine the port that was swallowed till the morning brought a head-ache and an indisposition. At length my name became associated with so many breaches of discipline, that my father was advised to remove me, in order to prevent the adoption of harsher measures; but, so far from being dissatisfied with my conduct, the old gentleman applauded my spirit, and rejoiced to see me changed from the pusillanimous character which I formerly bore. So completely were his views with respect to me altered, that he decided I should enter my uncle's regiment of horse! My father's commands I had never dared to dispute, but this sounded like a sentence of death to me, and appeared totally impossible to be carried into effect. A regiment of horse! Why I had never mounted the little quiet pony which carried me round the park without fears for the safety of my neck, and I had never ventured beyond a walk even upon him. Fortunately, however, as I then considered it, there was no vacancy in the regiment at the moment; and it was just then ordered to the Peninsula. My reprieve was extremely short; a letter speedily arrived from my uncle, stating that the junior Cornet had been drowned in the passage, and that he had reserved the appointment for me; my commission arrived from the War-office in a few days afterwards, with directions that I should join the regiment immediately. My father hurried my preparations, and I did my best to keep up my spirits; but do what I would, a fit of sickness procured me a month's delay. At length I embarked; but the sensations with which I entered the boat, was dragged up the side of the vessel, and saw the shores lessening to my view, and the waves beating around me, with the fate of my predecessor ever in my recollection, I will not attempt to describe. In those sensations the separation from my friends had no share: in my fears for myself all kindly affections were overwhelmed. Dreadful sea sickness, which I suffered in common with my fellow-passengers, disguised all other feelings, and I landed without having attracted the particular attentions of my companions.

My uncle had just left the General when

I reached the camp, and congratulated me on my good fortune, in having arrived at a moment when they were on the point of attacking the enemy, an event which would take place on the following morning. He then made a thousand inquiries respecting his friends in England; but imagining from the incoherency of my answers that I was greatly fatigued, he recommended me to seek refreshment in sleep. Sleep, and eternity at hand! I threw myself on the earth, and endeavoured to persuade myself that this was one of my dreadful dreams; but the regular tramp of the centinel, and the canvas canopy above me, too plainly assured me of the terrible reality. At one time I had determined on feigning sickness—but even then danger would be as present as in the battle; other plans I endeavoured to arrange for avoiding the fatal field; but seeing no way of escaping, I resolved to fortify myself with laudanum, as the only resource against the discovery of my fears. After a few hours of agonizing suspense, an old servant of my uncle's entered my tent to assist me in accoutring myself. I had read much, and with feelings of strong commiseration, of the conduct of criminals on the morning of execution, during the participation of the sacrament—the interviews with friends, ministers, and sheriffs—pinioning the arms, knocking off the irons, arranging the procession, and other similar modes of increasing the suspense of the awful hour. Feelings similar to those which I had imagined must prevail on such occasions did I experience, while the veteran was fluently expatiating on the probable events of the day; and when he mentioned the certainty of our division having to sustain the brunt of the fight, my trembling would have betrayed me had the possibility of the existence of such a sensation as fear entered the mind of the soldier. He mistook it for the agitation of impatient valour, and begged me not to be too eager, as coolness was every thing on these occasions. Heaven knows I was cool enough—so cool, that my heart seemed frozen within me. At length the laudanum began to take effect; and I have only a confused recollection of receiving the encouraging congratulations of my uncle, mounting my high-mettled charger, joining my troop, the commencement of

the battle, and the astounding effect of the first volley of musketry close by me. I recollect, like a dream, the furious onset with which we charged; and the first occurrence at all clear in my memory, is finding myself left behind my comrades, and alone on the side of a hill facing a dragoon covered with blood, riding at full speed towards me: not

Mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups in the world, could sustain me at such a sight as this. Without a moment's consideration I turned my horse, spurred him into a full gallop, quitted my bridle, and held fast by the pommel of my saddle. On I went towards our lines, fully assured, from the clatter of his accoutrements, of being pursued by the bloody dragoon: we came to the rear, but still he pursued; and it was quite evident to me that he was determined to have my life, though his own should pay for it. At length, in a close dell, whither my horse had carried me at his will, he stumbled and fell, and my enemy coming close after me, fell over us: the two steeds were speedily on their feet, and galloped off, and I was now sure my hour was come. Without daring to look up I implored quarter most lustily, and augured dreadful things from the silence with which my intreaties were received.* At last I ventured to look up, and hope revived when I saw the dragoon extended at his length beside me. Gradually I gathered courage, or to speak more correctly, I began to be somewhat less fearful, and, taking a full survey of this hardy enemy, I discovered that it was my uncle's old servant, whom I have already mentioned, dead, as he no doubt had been during the whole time of my flight, with a pistol-shot through his breast.

This experiment of a soldier's life was quite enough for me; the victory being on our side, I feigned sickness, and was sent to the rear: then I received intelligence of the sudden death of my father, threw up my commission, and returned to England.

The winter after I took possession of my estate, I went to Bath with my mother, who introduced me to Julia Faulkner, a lovely girl with an independent fortune of thirty thousand pounds: she was extremely amiable and well-informed, and I paid her as much attention as my constitutional

timidity would allow me. It was evident that a more intimate connection between us was desired by our respective parents, and I little doubt but in the course of time I should have mustered courage to propose for her, and I doubt as little that I should have been accepted. A confoundedly tall Irish Colonel, however, with black whiskers, and a most ferocious aspect, appeared on the scene, and became, as well as myself, the constant attendant of Julia. But what chance had I with a fellow of his appearance, profession, and impudence? His loquacity obliged me to sit in their presence as silent as a statue; or if I ventured to make a remark, he was sure to interrupt me before I could utter a sentence. If I secured her scarf to ensure myself the pleasure of covering her ivory shoulders, he would take it from me with the utmost coolness, and praise my attention to the ladies. I had once seated her in my cabriolet for a drive, and was about to follow her, when the Colonel rode up on horseback, and, leaping from his saddle, entreated me, if I loved him, to try what I could do to tame his animal, which, he said, was so vicious that no horsemanship but mine would have any effect upon him. Without waiting for a reply he seized the reins, leaped into the carriage, and drove off, begging me, when I had done with the horse, to let my servant take him to the stable: thither indeed he went, as soon as I had recovered from the effects of this astounding piece of assurance.

One evening, as we were leaving Julia's house, the Colonel addressed me in a very quiet, and indeed in almost a friendly tone: "Faith now, my dear fellow," said he, "this won't do at all; as only one of us can marry this girl, we must not both of us go on loving her at this rate: so we'll meet to-morrow morning on Lansdown, and decide which it shall be. Just name your friend, and I'll desire my cousin Bob, who always attends me on these occasions, to call and arrange the affair."—All the warmth of my affection for Julia thawed at these words: I could live for her, but I could not die for her; so I protested that had I known his pretensions to the lady I should never have made advances, and should thenceforward think no more of her. This, he said, was so prodigiously

handsome, that he should be happy to become more particularly acquainted with me; and we parted with an engagement that I should dine with him the next day, having, he said, six elegant sisters whom he was desirous of introducing me to. I went, and was most graciously received by the whole family, particularly by Miss O'Shane, the eldest daughter, a short thick girl, with flaxen hair (now, like Lord Byron, "I hate a dumpy woman," and flaxen hair is my abomination), white cheeks, and no eyebrows. Next this lady I was seated at dinner: in the evening we went to the rooms, and with this lady it was my fate to daffce. The next morning the Colonel called on me, and took me with him to inquire after the ladies: they were about to go on a shopping expedition, and Miss O'Shane was handed over to my protection. In short, by the extremely clever conduct of Mrs. O'Shane, Colonel O'Shane, and Miss O'Shane, the fashionable circles of the fashionable city of Bath speedily resounded with the intended marriage of this accomplished young lady and Mr. Tyrrel Tremlington.

Things had gone on in this way for a few weeks, when one morning meeting the Colonel in the Crescent, he took me by the arm, and turning into the gravel walk, "Faith, Tremlington," said he, "really now I don't think you use me well in this affair with my sister: here's all the world acquainted with your attachment to Martha (I always detested the name of Martha) except her own brother, and your particular friend. Now if this concealment arose from any doubt of my consent, my dear fellow, put that out of your head, for I do not know the man with whom I would sooner trust the girl's happiness than yourself. Upon my soul, now, I'm in earnest; and she is, I must say, the best creature in the world—just suited to you—full of soul and sentiment (a woman of soul and sentiment was always my abhorrence). Just now, to be sure, a shade of melancholy hangs about her in consequence of Sir Thomas Litson's conduct—perhaps you have not heard of it—faith he was a great scoundrel. It was at Brighton last summer: he had been paying her attentions at all times and everywhere—as kind and affectionate as your own, my dear fellow—

and every body said the day was fixed, as they do now respecting you, you know. He had made, too, considerable advances in her affections—not so far as you have, however, that I must acknowledge. Well, I spoke to him one morning, just as I am now speaking to you, and he had the impudence to tell me that he had nothing to do with the talk of the town, and that he had no intention of encumbering himself with a wife. You may guess the rest, my good fellow: we met the next morning on the downs, and I settled his business completely. I never made a cleaner shot in my life—the surgeon told me afterwards that it went through the centre of the pericardium. It struck first just here,” said the Colonel, tapping the fourth button of the left lappel of my coat, and the blow, gentle as it was, would have prostrated me, had it not been for the supporting arm of the Colonel. “But come, I see you are agitated,” continued he, “and the sooner we get over the declaration—the *premier pas*, you know—the sooner your happiness will begin.”

I stopped a moment—I thought that I also could tell him that I was not prepared to encumber myself with a wife: for a moment I considered whether it would not be better to be shot at once than to be married to Miss O’Shane; but the thought of the pistol-bullet through the centre of the pericardium came across my mind with all its dreadful circumstantiality, and I suffered myself to be led to the Colonel’s house, where we found the young lady, solitary and melancholy. Here the Colonel soon settled the business: he assured his sister of my unalterable attachment, entreated her by a sister’s love to have compassion on the feelings of his friend; and when the girl hid her face in one hand, and held out the other, he placed the latter in mine with a most tremendous squeeze, and declared it to be the happiest day of his life. He then led me aside, and entreated me not to hurry the wedding-day too quickly; he hoped I could wait three weeks;—well, if I could not, if my ardour was so great, he must insist, for his sister’s sake, that it should not take place for a fortnight. He then turned to his sister, and begged her, as she valued my happi-

ness, she would not delay beyond the period he had named. What could Miss O’Shane reply to this affectionate adjuration? She turned up her eyes most pathetically, and vowed she valued my happiness too highly to permit her to refuse me any thing.

Thus I went home an engaged man, and announced my fate, with tears and trembling, to my mother: the good lady scolded—for she could scold, and I had not outgrown the terrors of her voice; but arguments and anger were both thrown away upon me—the dreaded bullet through the pericardium rendered me deaf to the one, and careless of the other. My wedding morning arrived with a speed fearfully accelerated by my sensations of dread at its approach. Oh! that wretched morning! to complete its catalogue of miseries, it had been fixed on for the union of the Colonel with my Julia. A large company was assembled at breakfast, but of the occurrences or conversation, either then or during the ceremony, I have no recollection; a sensation of utter despair overwhelmed me, and I have an indistinct remembrance of a vague desire to escape when the great door of the abbey-church was closed with a violence that sent its echoes along the vaulted aisles, and seemed to thunder in my ears the sentence of misery to which I was doomed.

Since my marriage I have constantly resided at my mansion house, and find myself the universal object of injury and contempt. My game is destroyed—but I dare not prosecute the offenders, lest I should suffer for it by an attack upon my person. I am perpetually pestered with anonymous letters, threatening me with violence if I do not adopt the courses pointed out by the writers. I am in the commission of the peace—but do not dare to act, lest the culprits I might be instrumental in punishing should afterwards find means of vengeance. In fact, I lead a useless miserable life, governed by my wife, robbed by her relatives, and laughed at by my servants; and if some kind friend would but procure against me a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, I should not only take it as an act of kindness, but would most readily give evidence of my own insanity.

T. T.

THE COURT OF SOLYMAN.

A BRIGHT and glowing evening, rich with all those hues of glory which adorn an eastern sunset, was descending over the royal gardens of Constantinople, when Solyman, so well known in history by the surname of the Magnificent, sought the peaceful shades of this earthly Eden to enjoy the conversation of his favourite and renowned general, Ibrahim Bassa. On this hero Solyman lavished unbounded favour, confidence, and affection. He had been for years his right hand of war, his approved counsellor in the divan, and Solyman had recently exalted him to the summit of greatness by making him grand vizier. Yet these outward honours were trivial, compared with the influence which the favourite possessed over the heart of Solyman. He was his companion in retirement, and the sharer of his pleasures, even to the recesses of the seraglio.

It was in vain, however, that the mighty Solyman expected from his friend that lively flow of conversation, those brilliant sallies of wit and genius, which had often diverted the cares of empire, and made, for hours, the weight of the diadem of half the world sit lightly on his imperial brow. This evening a dark melancholy seemed to lour on the features of Ibrahim. His royal master leant on his arm with the most familiar affection, but he seemed insensible to his tenderness, till the Sultan condescended to inquire the reason of his sadness. Starting from his fit of gloom and absence, Ibrahim partially unveiled the cause of his despondence. "I have at present," said he, "reached the summit of greatness, to which I have been raised, most royal Solyman, by your gracious favour. Yet there hangs on my mind a dark presentiment, which I cannot dispel, that tells me, all these glories will quickly pass away; and that even you, my imperial master, will shortly doom your once-beloved Ibrahim to ignominy and death."

"How!" replied Solyman; "do I hear aright? Is the high-minded and heroic Ibrahim, the friend of the Emperor of the world, and the dread of Christendom, fancy-sick? Does the hero of the East, the leader of the Ottoman armies, indulge

in vain forebodings like some weak girl, who weeps and pines because, when humoured to the top of her wishes, she knows not what next to desire! Away with this sullen mood! Cast it off, brave Ibrahim, and reflect that my love—no common affection—has been cemented by years."

"So was the love of Haroun for his faithful Giafer," replied Ibrahim gloomily; "yet the wide east rings with many a tale and song, which tell to other days that Giafer was dragged to death, even while clinging to the knees of his relentless master."

"Can you for a moment imagine such will be your fate?" said Solyman impatiently. "I declare to you, Ibrahim, that you are dearer to me at this moment than you have been from your youth upwards; and that your death would be more regretted by me than the loss of half my dominions."

"Yet," said Ibrahim, sighing, "the impression still haunts my mind, that, ere long, I shall die by your order—perhaps, even by your hand."

"Never!" exclaimed the Sultan, vehemently.

"Forgive me, dread lord," returned Ibrahim, "if I venture to observe, that on the misrepresentations of my enemies (and how near and dear to you those enemies are you well know) you may doom me to death, in one of those transports of rage, to which I know you are subject."

"If my promises, then, misdoubting Bassa, fail to reassure you," replied Solyman with a frown, "hear me whilst I swear to you by the soul of my father, by the holy tomb of the prophet, never to be a party to your death.—Not yet satisfied!" exclaimed he, regarding Ibrahim's features with surprise. "Lurks suspicion still in the bosom of my friend? Nay, then, take this ring, and if ever you have reason to doubt my love, send it, or shew it to me, and it shall recall to me my solemn vow."

The ring that Solyman affectionately pressed on the finger of Ibrahim was an opal of exquisite beauty: it had been torn from the hand of the gallant and unfortunate Constantine, when he died defending

his empire and liberty; it had been worn by the Ottoman emperors as a gem pertaining to royalty; and it was valued little less than the imperial diadem, and never before had been worn by a subject. Ibrahim cast his eyes on the royal jewel that now glittered on his hand, where the fiery beams of the carbuncle blended its glories with the softer hues of the emerald and sapphire. He felt that he could not longer distrust the affection of his royal lord who had honoured him with such a pledge of his love; and, smothering half his doubts in his own bosom, and dispelling the rest, he sank on his knee before the Emperor, and, pressing his hand to his lips, declared that his gracious words had restored him to his usual serenity. Solyman raised him from the ground, and, clasping him for a moment to his bosom, bade him resume his accustomed cheerfulness. Then retiring from the gardens, he left his favourite to reflect on what had passed.

Ibrahim had little time to indulge in these musings. Scarcely had Solyman left the gardens, when the favourite Bassa received a summons from the Empress to attend her in her pavilion. Ibrahim obeyed this order with reluctance, for well he knew that the haughty and ambitious Roxalana was equally a foe to him and to his prince—to Mustapha, Solyman's heir, for whom he cherished the tenderest friendship. Often, indeed, had the proud beauty made Ibrahim feel the full extent of her power, by treating him with arrogance, such as no mortal but herself dared offer to the favourite of Solyman.

Roxalana, the gay and elegant French coquette, with whose character we are so familiar in that tale which constitutes the most brilliant specimen of Marmontel's creative genius, sparkling and fascinating as she is, is not the Roxalana of history: she resembles her in nothing but in the profound art with which she realized the dreams of her ambition. The Roxalana of history was an exquisitely beautiful and highly-talented Hungarian captive, who, having obtained unbounded sway over the heart of Solyman, at last prevailed on him to make her his wife and the sharer of his diadem—an honour unknown to any female in the Turkish empire since Despina, the beautiful and beloved wife of the un-

fortunate Sultan Bajazet, had been led into a shameful captivity by the conquering Tamerlane.

The fair enchantress had woven her spells so firmly, that, although years had passed away, she still held a powerful dominion over her monarch; and common observers deemed that the lovely wife of Solyman had reached the height of her wishes. Ibrahim knew otherwise. He was aware that a darker scene than any in which Roxalana had hitherto borne a part, must yet be played, before her pernicious ambition could be satisfied.

It was the custom of this haughty Princess to hold conferences at her pleasure with the viziers and bassas; therefore Ibrahim obeyed commands so contrary to the former etiquette of the Turkish court, with no other hesitation than what arose from his own reluctance to encounter her accustomed imperiousness of demeanour.

In a summer pavilion, on which eastern magnificence had scattered its richest profusion, did the bright Roxalana, who at eight-and-thirty outshone all the beauties of the seraglio, receive the visit of the favourite bassa. With all the bewitching voluptuousness of the eastern, joined to the elegance and native grace of the accomplished European beauty, in her air and manner, she half rose, at his entrance, from the canopied sofa on which she reclined; and, with a gracious action of her hand, declined the homage of prostration he was about to render to the wife of his sovereign. "It is not so long," she said, fixing on the bassa her radiant eyes, "that the Hungarian and the Greek were brothers and allies in a cause that was once dear to us both: wherefore, then, should you suppose that the slavish ceremony of prostration is the salutation which I require from one who is almost my countryman?"

Ibrahim stood speechless in surprise at an address so different from what he expected from a woman of whose hostile disposition towards him he was so well aware. "You are silent," she resumed, "and are surprised—I perceive, that the sultana should remember that she is a European, and was a Christian. Perhaps," she continued, putting back her jewelled turban, and allowing the rich profusion of her auburn ringlets to fall round her face—

"perhaps there are few of my father's house who would recognize in this regal splendour the gay and light-hearted Rosa, who, at the time when the thundering arms of Solyman shook her native Buda, little dreamed of becoming the empress of that mighty conqueror. And you, Pyrrhus—nay, start not at the name of your youth—are, like me, a transplanted cedar from your own fair land, filling, like me, a high but perilous station among our natural enemies. We have both fallen away from the faith of our fathers; we are each performing a part which we feel not, yet are forced to act. You, Pyrrhus, have considered me as your enemy, whilst in reality I have long regarded you with that sympathy and interest which the similarity of our situations has so naturally excited in my bosom."—She ceased, and from beneath her dark and shadowy eyelashes watched the effect her words had produced on the mind of Ibrahim.

He was more than touched—he was visibly agitated by this recurrence to his dear country and forsaken faith, which, together with the sweet remembrance of the guiltless pleasures of his youth, filled his eyes with tears. The softness of the tones and manner of the Sultana had in them the effect of fascination: for a moment he felt the same powerful influence so often acknowledged by his royal master, and half believed Roxalana was sincere. Her watching and sinister glances, however, recalled him to a sense of her true character; and, stifling his emotion, he guardedly replied—"That his own good fortune far surpassed his merits, but that her transcendent beauty and high gifts of mind shewed that there was only one station sufficiently exalted for her to fill, which was that of wife to the mighty Solyman."

The Sultana immediately perceived she had to deal with as wary a politician as herself; that, although she might touch chords in his bosom that trembled to agony, and even spoke plainly in the expression of his noble features, he would give no vent to his feelings in words, but smothered their intensity in the depth of his own bosom, and replied to her artful address in cold and general compliments. Convinced that the bassa was guarded against her

witcheries, she instantly threw off the disguise of tenderness and feeling, and, resuming a tone and manner more consonant to her impetuous and haughty character, she entered at once on the subject nearest her heart. Starting from the sofa on which she had reclined, she approached the bassa, and, fixing on him her large dark eyes, with a look that seemed to search his inmost soul, she exclaimed—"I will no longer condescend to veil my motives with dissimulation; I perceive we know each other. Ruler of the bosom of Solyman," continued she, "I will whisper in thine ear four words, which will develop the inmost workings of my soul—*my son must reign.*"

Ibrahim started at this bold avowal of her lawless ambition. "Sultana of the world," replied he, firmly, "forgive me if I remind you that the right of primogeniture rests with Prince Mustapha."

"Talk not of the right of primogeniture," returned Roxalana, fiercely, "when all laws human and divine are in favour of my son's right to the succession, and thou—renegade as thou art—knowest well that the offspring of a lawful marriage is the only true heir."

"Is it, then, our Emperor's design to chuse Prince Mahomet for his successor, to the exclusion of Prince Mustapha and his family?" asked the bassa.

"If such were his declared intentions," replied the sultana, "thinkest thou that Roxalana would deign to require the assistance of a slave like thee? Do I not know that thou art the counter-power which opposes my projects, unravelling daily the web which I nightly weave around the soul of Solyman. Yet, deem not that Mustapha shall reign—that bastard slip of royalty shall take no root in the land."

"And what is it that you purpose against Mustapha?" asked Ibrahim.

"His death," coolly replied the Sultana, "and that of his infant family."

"His death, and that of his infant family!" echoed the bassa. "Mighty God!" continued he, gazing on her with horror, "and you were once a *Christian*!"

"And you *ARE* a *Christian*!" retorted the vengeful Sultana; "and well I know you for one. Ha! Greek! well may you recoil in dismay, and well may your brow

wear the hue of death. Think how your master will receive this intelligence, should it chance to meet his ear;" then, changing her tone, "consider," said she, in her most insinuating manner, "the dangers that are before you. You cannot save Prince Mustapha, and you may perish with him. What, let me ask you, can that son of a Circassian slave do for you more than I can do? Is it in the power of Mustapha, the petty governor of a distant province, to reward your services as I can?"

"And what reward," replied Ibrahim undauntedly, "could repay me for betraying my friend, the generous and princely Mustapha, the hero and the hope of Asia? The power or wealth of the universe should not bribe me to such villany."

"It is not with wrath or power that I mean to bribe you. Well do I know," said Roxalana, bitterly, "that the minion of royal favour has possessed them to satiety; and, when he is glutted with both, dares insolently boast his virtue, because, truly, the temptation is not sufficiently strong. Hark you, Greek! is not there, in this seraglio, a fair young gem of royalty, whose beauty and value are above all price?"

The paleness of the Bassa yielded to living crimson, as he falteringly replied—"I understand you, but even *that* bribe shall not purchase my honour."

"Look first on what you so rashly refuse," replied the Sultana, rising, and drawing aside a curtain of rose-coloured taffeta that veiled a light recess opposite to the spot where the Bassa stood. He started with pleasurable emotion. It was the young and beautiful Lalla Cassana, the only daughter of his imperial master, that stood before him, attired by her artful mother in the classic simplicity of Grecian costume, which veiled, but concealed not the outlines of a form, lovely as that which sculptors in the happier days of Greece bestowed on the youngest of the Graces. Unencumbered by the heavy ornaments with which eastern females are usually loaded, a simple zone of pearls alone confined her soft muslin drapery, and clasped the loveliest wrists and arms that ever adorned the jewelled bracelets of royal magnificence. She stood with one arm supported on an antique urn of exquisite

workmanship, engaged now in arranging the flowers with which it was filled, and now in inhaling their fragrance; but when the curtain was withdrawn and she met the ardent gaze of the Bassa, a blush more vivid than the hues of the roses before her suffused her cheeks, and even encroached on the milky fairness of her arms and bosom. She hastened to envelop herself in the snowy folds of her veil; but Roxalana directly put back the envious shade, and again dazzled the Bassa with the light of her daughter's beauty. The timid Cassana would have sought the shelter of her mother's arms to hide her blushes, but the Sultana checked her by a look, and she remained with downcast eyes, standing statue-like before Ibrahim.

The Sultana smiled to see the strong emotions that contended in the features of the Bassa. "Recall," said she, "the dreams of your youth, and your fond musings over the relics of ancient art, and then tell me if Grecian beauty can outvie the regal bride I offer you?"

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Ibrahim; "but the terms—the dreadful terms! Oh, shall I sell my peace in this world—my hopes in the next?"

"The hopes of an apostate!" interrupted Roxalana, with a bitter laugh; "nay, Pyrrhus, if your conscience is too scrupulous to receive this fair daughter of Islam for your bride, we must try whether Rusteme's Bassa will refuse her."

"Rusteme's Bassa!" exclaimed Ibrahim, recoiling in anguish—"he possess the Princess Cassana!—he who is an oppressor! a murderer! a renegade!"

Cassana, at these words, raised her eyes to the face of Ibrahim: it was a momentary glance, and the only one she had ever dared to take, but it was so full of imploring woe, that it shook his very soul.

"A murderer, and a renegade!" repeated Roxalana, in scornful comment on his last words; "aye, he rose to the dignity of a Bassa by the usual methods."

"Now, by all the saints and angels," exclaimed Ibrahim, beginning with just indignation to exculpate himself from her insinuation,—

"The powers of the old faith or the new, which would you swear by?" interrupted Roxalana, contemptuously. "Me-

thinks, between your Pagan and your Christian faith, there is strange confusion in your vows. But this is trifling. Decide! You know the price of this princely bride."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the Bassa, "and is this fair angel to be obtained only at the cost of her brother's blood?" Then, covering his face with his hands, lest he should be tempted with another look, he rushed from the pavilion.

With rapid and perturbed steps the favourite of Solyman traversed the royal gardens till he reached the great western fountain, where, flinging himself beneath the pomegranate trees by which it was overshadowed, he endeavoured to recall the circumstances of the strange scene he had witnessed. While, however, the bitter taunts of the vindictive Sultana still seemed to ring on his ears, the image of the young Cassana rose in all its loveliness to his soul. "Yet is she not the daughter and pupil of the wily Roxalana?" said he, pursuing his reflections; "and may she not resemble in character her cruel mother? Is she not the snare set to beguile me into the most dreadful crimes? Is she, can she be unconscious of the fearful drama in which she is performing so important a part? And shall I, for the possession of the gilded bauble that was displayed so artfully to allure me, shall I sink into an abyss of crime and become the betrayer of my friend? No!" continued he, with bitter vehemence; let the Sultana find a fitter tool in Rusteme's Bassa, and bestow on him the fair temptation which Pyrrhus, however fallen, can look on and reject."

As he spoke, a light step among the fallen blossoms of the pomegranates caused him to start from his recumbent posture, when the Princess, putting aside the flowering branches, stood before him in all her loveliness. Ibrahim, for the first instant, imagined the interview was accidental; but momentary blushes, that went and came on her fair cheek, and the trembling of her lips as she essayed to speak, plainly told that she had sought him purposely, though timidly. Suddenly, by a strong mental effort, she commanded power to speak, and with firmness and dignity said to him—

"Bassa! I have sought you with the view of hearing from your own lips the solution of the dark enigma I partly heard

in yonder pavilion." She paused, and fixed her eyes on the face of the agitated Bassa.

"Alas!" said he, turning partly away, as if dazzled by their refulgent beams, "if really ignorant of its import, fair blossom of royalty, you are too happy in your unconsciousness of the direful scene in which you are destined to act."

"Having spoken thus far, think you to leave me in doubt? Nay, you shall not quit me till I hear what character I am suspected of filling."

"That of the tempter," returned Ibrahim, abruptly; "and well are you qualified for the task," continued he, raising his eyes with a look so penetrating that the conscious crimson mantled over the fair face and bosom of the Princess.

"And is that the only light in which I have appeared to you, Ibrahim?" said she, speaking and looking with a softness that had in it apparent coquetry.

"Dangerous creature!" said the ardent Greek, unable to restrain himself from gazing on her with passionate admiration, "why seek you, against my will, to draw from my own lips a confession of the power you hold over my heart?"

"What is it you would say, Ibrahim?" asked the Princess, with averted eyes.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Bassa, throwing himself at her feet, "would that I might—that I dared pour forth my whole soul before you."

"What, then?" asked the Princess, half struggling to release the fair hands he had seized. "Depends it not on your own choice to become the possessor of her whom this vehemence would say you love? You best know what passed between my mother and yourself within this hour."

"Oh, Cassana! Cassana! think not, lovely as you are, that all your witcheries can induce me to purchase you at the price your mother demands."

"The Sultana rates her bauble too highly, then, it should seem," returned the Princess, with a glance that had more of her mother in its expression than pleased her lover, who replied quickly—

"Yes!—the blood of Prince Mustapha is a price too mighty even for the dowry of his sister!"

Cassana became very pale; then, sud-

denly recovering herself, she said—"And is it thus I am offered to your acceptance—and rejected?"

"Not even for you, brightest Cassana, can I comply with such dreadful terms."

"But Rusteme's Bassa will accede to them," exclaimed the Princess, wringing her hands; and I, wretched that I am, am the destined bride to whomsoever will gratify my mother's ambition!"

"And equally unhappy in either case?" asked Ibrahim.

"Said I so?" replied Cassana, turning on him a look in which sorrow and love seemed blended.

"Oh, Cassana, said I not rightly, that you were fatally well qualified for the office with which your Sultana mother has invested you? But, go, fair tempter! whisper but one such word to Rusteme's Bassa, and you shall see him sink himself ten times lower in the gulf of perdition than he has already fallen. You shall see the blood of Prince Mustapha flow at your bidding, and the imperial turban of Solyman ready to descend on the brows of your ambitious brother, Mahomet. All this, and more, will he bring to pass to win the favour of the Sultana, and deserve the matchless bride she offers. But he does not—he cannot love you like him, who, though he will not plunge himself in crime to obtain you, yet would have chosen you before the proudest Sultana the East could offer, had you been the daughter of a Greek peasant in his own native Epirus."

There was a slight tremulous motion on the lip of Cassana, and her large dark eyes glistened as with tears as Ibrahim concluded. It was the look of a moment, and again her countenance changed to the expression of a younger Roxalana, as she said—"Do I not rightly read your motives for this display of friendship for Prince Mustapha? You have already enjoyed the favour of one Sultan, and you expect to rule with still greater omnipotence during the reign of a second?" She looked down on the blossoms she was scattering, to conceal the smile which played on her features at seeing the indignant air with which Ibrahim surveyed her as she spoke these words. "But," she continued, "know you not that Prince Mustapha is powerless at present, and even

now the bow-string is preparing for any of his adherents who may be rash enough to oppose the wrath of his father? Policy would say, make a friend of the all-powerful Sultana, and forsake, in time, the falling fortunes of a falling friend."

"May my God forsake me, when I do!" said Ibrahim vehemently.

"To use my mother's language, I should say that speech came strangely from the lips of an apostate Christian."

"Lady, the taunt is bitter, but I well deserve it, for the temptation that induced me to abandon the faith of my fathers came not in so fair a form as thine? Yet I yielded to its influence."

"For ambition is a stronger passion in thy cold heart than love," rejoined the Princess.

"Oh, yes! it should appear so in the man who has just avowed that he will perish rather than betray a falling friend!" rejoined Ibrahim. "Oh, Cassana! in pity, desist from these cutting sarcasms, nor aim such venomous shafts at a heart already wrong and self-condemned."

"Forgive me, noble Ibrahim!" said the Princess, bursting into tears, "if I have wounded that faithful and generous heart in my endeavour to probe its secret recesses. For this cause have I assumed the character of the coquette, the trifler, the cold and heartless politician, and even departed from the delicacy of my sex to offer you a love which would have changed into contempt and horror had you departed from your lofty sense of rectitude. Temptation has indeed tried thee, but thou wast the stronger."

"What change is this?" said Ibrahim, gazing on her with astonishment. "Cassana! Enchantress! If this is but one of your magic wiles—Oh, look not, speak not thus, or it were vain to resist you."

"Nay," said Cassana, mournfully, "you do well to doubt me after the scenes you have witnessed from my mother. Yet, ask Prince Mustapha—ask that beloved brother—if his sister Cassana could practise aught against his life. No, Ibrahim, from my earliest childhood, the noble Mustapha has always been the dearest of my brothers; and though forced to dissemble before my mother, yet from me the Prince receives constant intelligence of the intrigues that

are carried on against him in the secret recesses of the seraglio. Read this," said she, taking a fold of vellum from her bosom, "and be convinced that the princely heir of Ottoman thinks Cassana worthy of his confidence."

Ibrahim received the billet on his knee—glanced over its contents—then, pressing it to his lips and forehead, returned it to the Princess. "It does, indeed, convince me," he replied, "that this light of beauty is more than rivalled by a more perfect mind. Yet, loveliest Cassana! again repeat that you have wasted one thought on the lost, unhappy Pyrrhus, and that it is possible for you to prefer him to Rusteme's Bassa."

"Can you for a moment fear such a rival?" said Cassana, bending fondly over the noble figure of her kneeling lover.

"Is he not in the bloom of life, my Cassana? handsome, and nearer your own age? and am not I a war-worn soldier, over whose head eight-and-thirty summers have passed, which is within two years the age of your father?"

"Still in the meridian glory of manhood, how little do you know the heart of Cassana! Must I then confess all my weakness, before you will cease to doubt my sincerity?" continued the Princess, sinking her blushing face on the Bassa's shoulder. "Know, then, that when you used to visit the seraglio at times with my royal father, even as a child I expected those visits with a beating heart. Your looks, your words, the very sound of your voice were treasured in my remembrance. I loved you first because you loved my brother Mustapha; then, that dear brother

became still dearer because he was your friend. Still I knew not that I loved you with passion till you departed from Constantinople for your last Hungarian campaign. I was permitted to behold the martial array from a closed lattice; I saw you gracefully mount your charger; I saw the fire of a hero animate your form, and illumine your features as you gallantly headed your Thessalian cavalry; then, then, when I saw you depart for the doubtful and dangerous campaign, I felt I loved you—Oh, how tenderly! Yet, dearly as I loved you, I would have torn you from my heart had you swerved from your faith to your friend."

"Dearest, loveliest Cassana!" exclaimed the transported Bassa, folding her in his arms, "would I could prove to you how much I adore you—how much I value one smile of your's beyond the highest honours your great father has it in his power to bestow."

A touch on his shoulder, as he concluded these words, made him turn hastily in some alarm, and his consternation increased when he beheld who had been an unperceived witness of the latter part of his conference with the Princess.

"My royal master!" he faltered out, with downcast eyes.

"Not quite yet!" interrupted the person he was attempting to address; and Lalla Cassana, with a joyful scream, threw herself into his arms, exclaiming—"My brother Mustapha!" and Ibrahim found that it was indeed his friend, whose extreme likeness to his imperial father had deceived him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.—A SKETCH.

My dear Louisa,—England is the realm of liberty! and London is its favourite dwelling-place! I have exclaimed so fifty times a day since I have become a denizen of this dear, divinely independent city. In our pretty methodical tattling village, where a hundred eyes are ever on the watch to take cognizance of one's movements, and fifty tongues to report and misconstrue, the slightest infringement of the traditional

rules of propriety and stupidity is visited instantly by expostulation and vituperation. There—Oh! mercy!—my poor unoffending black velvet hat, with its waving, soft, graceful plume of marabout feathers, formed, on its first appearance at church, subject-matter for three starts, divers frowns, and a lecture of an hour long from the curate's wife. There, the innocent interchange of smiles and bows with the neighbouring

squire subjects the parties to the grave charge of levity, on one hand, and gallantry on the other. When the gipsies were encamped in the lane near us, and I expressed a wish to have my palm inspected, the whole village was scandalized at my daring to desire to traffic in the black art; and when at length I chanced to meet one of them in the vicinity of our grounds, and could not resist the temptation of slipping half-a-crown into her hand, to know when I was to have Charles for my husband (I had not heard from him, at Paris, for more than a fortnight, and I knew she could tell well enough what was the matter, and all he was doing) my cross, ill-natured aunt Martha stood by all the time, and *mentozed*, and scolded, and scoffed—that was worse than all—for nearly a week afterwards.

But now, in this sweet, selfish, bustling, *unprying* city, though I did go the other day to the celebrated Mr. S——, the famous astrologer, there's nobody a word the wiser, excepting Ellen, who went with me.—I should tell you that I had to address a letter to him, to announce my anxiety for an interview with his worship, in a respectful and becoming manner. We left the carriage, to drive the little Denhams in the neighbourhood, and, well cloaked and veiled, fearlessly (no, not quite—I did feel some palpitations) approached the wizard's domicile. As mine is to be a plain unvarnished statement of facts, I cannot invest the abode of the great seer with any of those mystic appendages, which in days of yore were supposed to distinguish the dwelling of such worthies. Not even did the house wear that dark dreary aspect, which, had it been far from the metropolis, it might have done, without being tenanted by a dealer in the occult sciences. Sooth to say, Mr. S——'s habitation was a small, mean, low-roofed tenement, in a confined street, such as one knows must have resemblances in all parts of London, but which I confess I, who have a fancy for all wide, open, honest-looking streets, had never before entered. I knocked at the door, and it was opened by one who certainly, had she lived during the execution of the laws against witchcraft, would have incurred the risk of being immolated on the altar of superstition. She was a worthy

copy of such old beldames and witches as brought terror to men, and mischief to cows; she was a *crone*, in the very sense and acceptation that the mind associates with the word. She appeared to be upwards of eighty years of age, with a hobbling gait, a bent back, and toothless mouth; while her countenance received additional disfigurement from a paralytic affection, which every five minutes distorted its natural expression. There was a cunning stamped upon her visage, and a quick sharpness of eye, that indicated a connexion with shrewdness, even though associated with ignorance. With a manner intended to be courteous, she invited me into a little room, which, for want of a more suitable designation, we will denominate a parlour, where I was informed, that her son, the redoubted hero of my tale, the object of my journey, was already engaged in his profession, and likely to remain so for at least two hours. I had, however, previously been shewn my letter, which I owned to, out of a packet that was lying on the chimney-piece, containing the arrangements of other visitors for the same day. This was done to secure me justice of priority of introduction over merely casual visitors.

The little room became, in a short time, completely crowded; and assuredly, when I observed such a congregated mass of the credulous, I could hardly refrain from a smile. I hesitated to remain in an apartment thus filled with strangers, but, on the information that my only alternative was retirement, I reluctantly kept my seat.

It was a curious task, to contemplate the varying countenances of the motley group, and speculate, from the physiological index, on the motives which had induced their visit. There were only three, out of the number assembled, who seemed to treat the matter simply as a source of amusement, as a mere frolic. The expression of countenance in the others varied in degree, from slight interest, to the most intense anxiety. One young woman, apparently of the rank of a second-rate dress-maker (by-the-bye, I was astonished at the respectable appearance of my companions in folly), more especially attracted my notice: there was an air of utter hopelessness and dejection in her look, an abandonment

to grief, which seemed to tell us that the mind, after long struggling with adversity, had at length unresistingly surrendered to the domination of despair. There was a low, quiet, subdued tone of voice, which seemed as though it had never risen into the loud gay tone of joyousness—a placid, almost pathetic repose of manner, which is peculiarly touching, when we believe it the dreary calm of feelings blighted by the withering storm of grief. I entered into conversation with her; and as though aware that love was the basis of more than half of woman's suffering, and as though anxious to exonerate herself from the imputations of being merely love-sick, she assured me, that it was loss of property and family afflictions, such as were rarely encountered, that had led her steps thither. "I wish to know," said she, "whether there be any hope for me in this world, for if not I must die!" The tone of calm earnestness in which she repeated the words, I can never forget, nor even convey an idea of.

During the period of our probation, we were edified by the old woman I have before alluded to, with anecdotes of her son's miraculous powers of divination, and a violent tirade against the rival professors of the art. "Aha!" said she, "my son has got as great a name, in his way, as Sir Ashley Cooper; he has been a-studying ever since he was nine years old—he is not like your low, ignorant men, as knows nothing of the stars—he knows them all by their own proper names, and often gets up in the middle of the night to look at them through his glass. There's Jupiter and Satan (as her pronunciation render'd it): Oh! ma'am, you've never seen *Satan* as I've seen him! What a fellow he is! What a scorpion! no wonder he does such hurt to people's fortunes."

I asked her whether her son would not find it to his advantage to charge his business with a partner.—"No, no!" she replied, "the great Mr. Herschel used to send him dates to make nativities from, 'cause he knew well enough that my son knew more about it than Herschel did—but he would not let him be partners with him for all that! Some gentlemen, indeed, of rank and fashion, who wants to know something of the art, he does now and then give lessons to."

The regular gratuity for consultations was two shillings and nine-pence. The old beldame, however, threw out divers hints that she was accustomed to receive a trifle to drink the visitors' health—an extra species of extortion that we pertinaciously resisted. As I had heard that Mr. S—— had more than once been sentenced "to durance vile" for receiving a fee for his labours, I inquired if any apprehension existed of a present irruption from the police.—"Lord love you, no! if the house was surrounded with officers, they could not touch him—he pays so much a-year to the king to let him follow his profession peaceably!"

Before I could obtain an explanation of this assertion, I was summoned to the chamber of the oracle; and I will acknowledge that while ascending the dark narrow stair alone—for the magician prohibits the presence of witnesses—I at times half regretted that my taste for the wonderful had tempted me so far to proceed; however, I did, and entered a room, the appointments of which were of rather a superior grade to the one I had just quitted. A short thick-set man, about fifty, announced himself. The small-pox, that enemy to personal beauty, had effected considerable ravages in his face, which, combined with features strictly coming under the appellation of vulgar, with small, cunning grey eyes, offered little to prepossess me in his favour. He scrutinized me intently, and inquired if I had ever been a visitor before. On my answering in the negative, he said—"Ah! I thought not, for though near eighty thousand people have been here to learn their futurity from me, I can always remember their faces. Well, madam, when were you born? what year, month, day, hour?" I informed him (but don't think I'm going to tell you), and he proceeded to turn over sundry old, torn, dirty books. After poring over these for a few minutes, he drew several quaint figures on a scrap of paper, and with a rapidity of voice and manner, and in idiom peculiar to himself, began:—"Born under Venus and Mars—might have been better—might have been worse—you plague your lovers, your lovers plague you—What's this?—nearly drowned in your sixth year—can't be drowned! must die a natural death—can't kill your-

self—nobody kill you—not to travel—planets adverse—seem to have many enemies—never mind, triumph over all in the end—not cried half your tears yet—so—lost a great deal of money—better than having none to lose—never think to get that back again, its clean gone ! better if you wasn't so ready to make friends, you ladies are such great fools (beg your pardon), for they tell all their own secrets, and then wonder how they're known. Lord, you have borrowed something to wear (this was true, for I had got my cousin's cloak on): well, borrowed things are better than stolen, and your own better than either—so, you've been deeply disappointed, Miss; it's all down in the book, so I can't help telling you. Well, you had no great loss, though you thought so; you'll do better than him—you'll not marry your present sweetheart, neither, the tall gentleman, with the fair hair, oval face, and a mole under his eye; you'll never say "obey" to him though you've had many kind sayings with him, too; you've never seen him as is to be your husband ! (Oh, what death to my fond hopes of my dear

Lancer !) he's not in this country, so how can you? but the ship's coming home, and the captain that owns it, too; so, whenever you shall see a tall, handsome, fresh-looking gentleman, with a darker complexion than your own, has got his arm in a sling, with a blue uniform, and a gold cockade in his hat, and he offers you a present the first time of seeing, expect he'll soon offer the ring—Well, I've nothing else to tell you; so I wish you good morning."

With this abrupt termination, I was dismissed. In some trifles, he was marvelously correct, while in others, he was so opposed to truth and probability, that I fear if I do see a naval officer, such as he described, I dare not, in anticipation of the offer, proceed to Mrs. Bell's forthwith, and order my wedding dresses.—However, I shall be well content to submit my fortune to the influence of Mars, hoping that he may conduct me to the altar with one of the bravest of his sons !

My dear Louisa, your truly affectionate,

EMMA DOUGLASS.

London, Jan. 13th, 1826.

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.

A GERMAN TALE.

(Concluded from page 18.)

It was a hot summer night, and Leopold found the open air refreshing as he hurried along the streets. The dawn was advancing, and he meditated a return to his quarters; but, perceiving that some one was walking at a quick pace towards the spot where he stood watching the fading light of the stars, and unwilling in his present mood to encounter idle questions, either from the guardians of the city, or a straggler of his own rank, he drew up behind a convenient portico: the intruder passed, and he recognized the features of Count Ottocar. Unable to restrain the impulse which tempted him to follow, he crossed into the shade, and proceeded in the same direction. The young Count bent his course straight to the avenue where the accident of the morning had occurred; and, standing in a melancholy atti-

tude under a projecting window, he sang the following verses :—

The grey-eyed morn to me is dear,
Much dearer than the sunny day;
For I may take my station here,
And sigh my faithful soul away.
The glittering stars—the queen of night—
Have been for happier lovers made;
Beneath their soft and silv'ry light,
They pour the tender serenade.
But I—I dare not touch my lute
When prying eyes may be awake;
My trembling, burning lips are mute,
My harp unstrung for thy dear sake.
Oh loveliest ! fairest ! sweetest ! now,
When all around are hush'd in sleep,
One kind, one gentle word bestow,
And bid thy lover cease to weep.

The window was open, probably, in this close quarter of the city, for the sake of air.

It remained dark and unoccupied. Ottocar repeated the stanzas again in such soft, rich, mellow, seductive tones, that Leopold marvelled they should be wasted on the breeze alone. Morning was breaking fast, and the disappointed minstrel was obliged to tear himself reluctantly away. Raigersfeldt also returned home: he threw himself upon a couch; but his dreams were broken and feverish. Ottocar's hint was not lost upon one almost equally enslaved by the charms of Victorine; and, precisely at twelve o'clock on the ensuing night, he quitted a festive party, and, hastening to the humble dwelling of the goddess of his idolatry, placed himself opposite to her lattice, and poured forth his soul in song:—

Oh, lady, in the blaze of day,
By the moon's light, the morning's ray—
Before the face of heaven, and where
Assembled mortals meet, I swear,
To watch, protect, and love thee!

Oh, lady, whatsoe'er thy path,
Through weal or woe, or peace or wrath,
By those bright eyes, that brow, so fair,
For ever by those lips I swear,
To watch, protect, and love thee!

A rose-tree now formed a sort of blind to the window, and, whether by accident or design, a cluster of half-blown flowers, which had been detached from the stalk, fell upon the pavement close to the serenader's feet. Raigersfeldt, whose voice was full and harmonious, sang a second and a third time, but received no other answer. It was, however, sufficient to keep hope alive: he placed the fragrant treasure in his breast, and a little before dawn he stepped aside to the friendly covert which had once before afforded him shelter. Ottocar, regular as the bird who sings his matin hymn at the gate of Heaven, appeared with the first faint light that streamed upon the horizon, and breathed again that soft, low, exquisite strain of melody which had thrilled to the soul of his rival, but with as little success as before; and, at day-break, both quitted the spot.

It would be tedious to follow Raigersfeldt through all the mazes of his pursuit of Victorine. Accident befriended him at last, and he was permitted to speak to her, and sometimes to accompany her in an

evening walk along the banks of the Elbe. Apparently abandoned by all the world, save the son of her father's murderer, the misfortunes of her life had wrought a fearful change in a mind of deep sensibility. Her very soul revolted at the name of Ottocar; and wild exclamations of horror and detestation would burst from her lips whenever her too faithful memory recalled the unrelenting cruelty of the Baron Von Schwerenburg. Her conduct to Leopold was not untinged with caprice. Sometimes all the affections of a heart naturally formed for tender emotions seemed lavished upon him; at others she shrank coldly and distrustfully away: but though deeply regretting the indulgence of these fitful sallies of temper, the cause more than excused them to a man who could estimate the sweetness and gentleness which seemed inherent in her disposition: she was not equal to sustain a combat with sorrow, and she sank under its inflictions. Ardently did the impassioned soldier long to snatch her from her present obscurity, but she would not hear him when he mentioned marriage. To her it seemed an insult to her father's memory, and never failed to produce a paroxysm of grief. She would reproach herself violently for listening to the voice of love ere the mouldering remains of a beloved parent had returned to their original dust; and days would elapse before she could be induced to pardon this outrage upon feelings too exquisitely sensitive.

Ottocar, in the mean time, appeared to have given up the pursuit, and was now entirely attached to Adelaide Wilmar, whose fondness for him could not be disguised. Raigersfeldt had latterly withdrawn himself from the dissipations of the court; but whenever he entered into society he saw enough to convince him that the honour of the beauty of Dresden's attentions had only been granted to him in the absence of the man who possessed her heart, and who now took an unmanly light in displaying her weakness. Disgusted with Ottocar's selfish vanity, he felt strongly inclined to express his opinion of his conduct; but the young nobleman, so imperious to every one beside, was particularly respectful to him. The serenades at Victorine's window had been relinquish-

ed, and he could not find the slightest pretext to quarrel with a person who seemed to be engaged in an entirely opposite pursuit. Almost a stranger in Dresden, and engrossed by a passion which rendered him careless of aught save its object, Raigersfeldt was not aware of the injurious reports which were now rumoured about the city to the prejudice of Altdorf's unhappy orphan. All, except the very lowest classes of society, were conscious of having injured her: their animosity had been the principal cause of her father's ruin, and their neglect, since his fall, had consigned her to utter desolation. They were not therefore displeased to find an excuse for their unkindness; and her reputation was whispered away by people who were interested in finding her guilty. It was confidently asserted that she received the visits of two gentlemen. The victim of these slanders was totally unconscious of affording food for evil tongues: Leopold had never crossed the threshold of her door, and she knew not the secret machinations of Ottocar Von Schwerenburg. Her mind was gradually regaining its wonted serenity; the fierceness of her anguish had subsided; and, seated upon the river's bank, in the stillness of evening, a pensive smile would sometimes reward her lover's soothing tenderness. It was after a delicious stroll in the soft twilight with this sweet companion, that Raigersfeldt found himself obliged to repair to a ball at the electoral palace. The assembly was brilliantly attended; but such scenes had lost their charm, and he seated himself on a sofa in listless observance of the crowd before him. The capricious Ottocar had again deserted Adelaide; and that accomplished coquette, though evidently ill at ease, was listening to the flatteries of a new and noble suitor. Leopold, recollecting his own thrall, looked with an eye of pity upon the unexperienced stripling, who seemed almost intoxicated by the beauty of a syren, versed in every art that could deceive a young and trusting mind. He sickened at contemplations which had formerly filled him with delight: the gaudy glare, the voluptuous music, the smiling countenances, no longer afforded him pleasure; he could perceive the hollowness, the insincerity, the vice which lurked, like

serpents under roseate flowers, beneath these fascinations. Ottocar Von Schwerenburg approached the place where he sat, and commenced a conversation with the easy gaiety so peculiar to his manner. Raigersfeldt, though aware that this courtesy to a mere captain of dragoons was meant as a condescension, received it with haughty indifference. The proud noble, however, was not discomfited, and he rattled on until one of the Elector's aides-du-camp brought a message to Raigersfeldt, which, somewhat to his dismay, obliged him to take horse immediately, and depart upon a mission, honourable in its nature, but particularly disagreeable at this period, as it would detain him several days at a distance from Dresden. An inexplicable expression came over Ottocar's countenance as Leopold rose to obey the command, and he turned away with a light laugh, which grated upon the soldier's ear even when he was many miles upon his route. Chafed and angry that he had submitted to Ottocar's insolent demeanour, he determined to take the first opportunity of chastising presumption, which was to him intolerable, whatever might be the consequence.

A week wore heavily away ere he received an answer to his despatches, and then, with a gladdened heart, he pressed forward upon his return. When he entered the principal street of Dresden, the first object that met his astonished gaze was the lifeless and bleeding body of Ottocar Von Schwerenburg, borne upon a bier, and surrounded by a crowd who poured unceasing execrations upon the head of his murderess, Victorine Altdorf! The agitated Leopold, in answer to his eager questions, learned a strange and appalling account. "Previously to the trial and execution of Altdorf," said his informer, "the addresses of the libertine Ottocar were paid alternately to Adelaide Wilmar, and Victorine Altdorf, then the leading beauties of the court. The latter, of a more simple yet lofty character than her friend, refused to listen to vows which were often openly and shamefully profaned; but the Count's attractions were too striking for any to doubt that a reformation on his part would have won a return of affection. The disgrace of her father softened her heart: she implored

his life from Ottocar, and offered him her hand in marriage if he would save him from a disgraceful death. There was a shew of interference upon his part; but many have said that, had the boon been asked, it was the first that Von Schwerenburg ever denied to his son. Ottocar played the maniac for a month or two, and then, having sufficiently evinced the sincerity of his despair, wooed the daughter of a man murdered by his faction. Latterly he lived in a house adjoining that which Victorine occupied, and the citizens of Dresden have been little scrupulous in affirming that he was not the only lover admitted by the lady who played a deep but losing game. Her persevering suitor refused to secure her from the world's contempt by marriage; and he was this morning found murdered in the lower apartment of her house, either by Victorine or one of her gallants. A chasm in the wall, broken purposely between the two dwellings, explained the means of his entrance, and leaves little doubt of the terms on which he stood with her, subsequently to the last fatal quarrel."

Raigersfeldt, amazed, alarmed, yet unconvinced, defended Victorine from the horrid imputations brought against her, with all the vehemence of youthful love. He would have flown to hear the story from her own lips; but though, in consideration of her sex and rank, she was spared the ignominy of a confinement in the gaol, a guard was placed at her door, and no one, save the civil authorities, permitted to have access to her. Leopold, though unwilling to doubt the stainless purity of the object of his idolatry, yet recollected, with anguish of soul, the abhorrence which she had so undisguisedly professed to cherish for Ottocar. He now perceived that his own absence from Dresden had been the result of a premeditated plan; and it might be possible that, to rid herself of his hated presence, and still more hated attempts, she had armed her hand to the commission of a deed of horror. All Dresden rang with the tale: represented as the most seductive of beings, revelling in luxury, breathing air musical with the song of love, and artfully adapting herself to the various dispositions of various admirers, the unhappy soldier started in

convulsive agony as the idea crossed him, that he might have been deceived by the semblance of virtue, in one accused of practising the highest refinements of art. But he repelled the injurious suspicion, and busied himself in indefatigable endeavours to unravel a case, which presented nothing but the most hopeless mystery.

Whilst the unfortunate Victorine Altdorf, deprived of every friendly consolation, and the subject of general censure, remained a close prisoner in the gloomy dwelling whither she had fled on the wreck of her happiness—all was not peace to the inmate of a glittering palace. Pacing through richly-ornamented saloons with a distracted step and a disordered air, refusing all comfort, and reckless of honour, of reputation, nay even of life itself, Adelaide Wilmar—the proud, the rich, the cherished Adelaide—unable to endure the intense torture of her feelings, rushed from her splendid and once happy home, and, throwing herself at the Elector's feet, paralyzed the surrounding nobles by the confession of her misery and her guilt. Her passion for Ottocar had long been known. "Ill-fated wretch!" she exclaimed, "I am the cause of the murder of the noblest, the loveliest youth in Dresden! Ottocar Von Schwerenburg fell, if not by my hand, by my command. I bribed his confidential servant to bring me intelligence of all his actions. Alas! they filled me with hatred and despair. I learned that, in consequence of Victorine's firm refusal of his addresses, he had contrived to send away the only friend she possessed from the city, and had resolved to effect a forcible entrance into her house. Bound by the most appalling oaths to me, that he would never seek my rival more, rage at the desertion of one for whom I had sacrificed all that my sex should prize, goaded my lacerated heart to frenzy, and my tears, my promises, my persuasions, so wrought upon that foolish boy whose mad attachment you have witnessed, that he became the instrument of my fierce, my measureless revenge. He it was who tracked the footsteps of the perjured Ottocar, and, ere he could reach the chamber of the deserted Victorine, stabbed him to the heart. Let him die," she continued, raving wildly, "let him die for his crime. Oh, Ottocar! Ottocar!

beloved even at the moment that I consigned thee to destruction, I will take vengeance upon thy murderer, and follow thee even to the grave !”

The examination of the accomplice of this wretched girl sufficiently proved the truth of her statement, and Victorine's innocence of the crimes imputed to her was fully manifested to the world. The Elector, hitherto prevented from offering her his protection, by the malignant devices of Von Schwerenburg, now caused the persecuted orphan to be conveyed to the palace as his ward. Adelaide Wilmar, condemned to end her days in a convent, swallowed poison ; and the unfortunate youth, whose

guilt she had occasioned, received sentence of banishment from the realm. Two year after these melancholy occurrences, Captain Raigersfeldt, who had received an appointment about the person of his sovereign, led Victorine Altdorf to the altar in the presence of the whole court. Though stricken almost to the grave by the accumulated sorrows of a life early marked by affliction, she revived under the fatherly tenderness of the Elector ; and, satisfied that she had convinced the most scrupulous of the undeviating propriety of her conduct, she no longer refused to reward a disinterested lover with her hand.

Original Poetry.

JULIAN.

In the ancient hall the guests have met,
And the lamps are burning bright,
While sweetly the minstrel's harp is heard,
'Mid the silence of the night.

And there is many a soldier brave,
And maiden young and fair,
With cheeks as bright as the roses bound
Round the marble columns rare.

Young Julian is there, at the festive board,
And, with mingled joy and pride,
He looks on the bright and beauteous form
Of his young and timid bride.

While she, with her white and dazzling brow,
And dark and glossy hair,
Seems something too fair and saintly pure
For a mortal form to wear.

A ship with her gay and gallant sails
By a summer's moon is seen—
Proudly she ploughs the foaming wave,
As she were the ocean's queen.

And gazing there on the distant shore,
And the bright yet treacherous tide,
With his arm around her shrinking form,
Stands Julian with his bride.

They have left their own lov'd native shore
For the sunny eastern land,
And many a sigh was breathed forth
As they turned them from the strand.

Oh, love ! how sweet thine influence is,
O'er the heart that owns thy power ;
Alas ! that on thy glowing hopes
A cloud should ever lower !

Dark is the sky, and the orb of heav'n
Is hid from the seaman's eye ;
And fearful the moan of the hollow wind,
And the billows that rise so high.

Proudly the ship her gallant course
Through the furious night-storm bore ;—
But the waves are sweeping o'er her deck,
And louder the tempest's roar.

Morning has broke—but the brightest hopes
Of many a heart were o'er,
As they gaz'd around on the floating wrecks
Which the angry waves upbore.

Hark to that shriek ! the vessel has struck—
O, their agonizing cry !
Alas ! for those within that ship—
No human aid is nigh.

The fair, the brave, and noble hearts,
Glowing with life and light,
That sail'd at morn with yon sunken ship,
All cold and dead ere night !

Alas ! for the young and gentle forms
Of Julian and his bride !—
They dreamed not so soon their home should
be
'Neath the deep and whelming tide.

Mrs. H—.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

NO. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A HIGH round dress of British cachemire, the colour of the parma-violet, with one very broad flounce round the border of the skirt. The *corsage*, though made *en gerbe*, fits close to the shape, and is surmounted at the throat by a single falling collar, *à la Vandyke*, of Urling's lace. The long sleeves seem as if issuing from a short, full, *chemisette* sleeve, headed at the shoulders by *mancherons* of the Persian fashion. A *cornette* of fine lace is worn under the hat with the ends left loose: the hat is one of those small novel hats, so becoming and convenient, either for outdoors, or the social dinner party. The hat represented in our engraving is of black velvet, edged round with narrow white blond, and surmounted by two black ostrich feathers. A fur pelerine-mantelet is usually worn with this dress; but as there is no difference in these warm materials since they appeared in December last, we wished to shew the full beauty of the *corsage*, which these pelerines entirely obscure. When the weather is more mild, there is seldom any other envelope worn over it in the carriage than a scarf-shawl of canary-yellow cachemire, with a narrow border elegantly variegated; and though the costume appears airy when the trees are disrobed of their foliage, yet, being made high, and of cloth, it has all the warmth of a pelisse.

NO. 2.—EVENING HOME COSTUME.

This elegant style of dress is adapted particularly for small family parties, where music is the order of the evening, and at which are found those amateurs who are on the most friendly terms. Moving chiefly in high life, a certain style of evening dress is indispensable. This is generally of white *crêpe-lisse*, with three flounces of the same material; between each flounce

is a row of vine-leaves, beautifully embossed. The body is made partly in the Gallo-Greek and partly in the Circassian style. The sleeves are very short, and are made to resemble the *mancherons à la Perse*: the divisions are double, and are edged round with blond. The hair is arranged in the Egyptian style, encircled by braids of plaited hair, or strings of pearl; over the right temple a few ringlets are seen to escape, and take off from the antique manner in which the tresses are disposed. A blue belt of satin or watered ribbon confines the waist, and is fastened in front with a silver buckle; necklace consisting of two rows of pearls in festoons, fastened in front with a topaz brooch.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE court mourning for the late Emperor Alexander cast a temporary cloud, during the greater part of the month of January, over the hemisphere of fashion, particularly at the west end of the town, where it was almost general: so lately a visitant here, few there were that did not recollect his agreeable person, the suavity of his manners, and that amiableness of manner, which made him seem to regard all mankind as his brethren.

The dark, outward indication of regret is now removed; and fashion again steps forth, clad in all those deep, but refulgent colours which are usually adopted in the wintry season.

Black velvet pelisses, and those of *gris de Naples*, yet prevail much in out-door costume, particularly for the promenade; the former trimmed with the variegated grey squirrels' fur of North America, and ornamented at the bust with embossed braidings; the latter, more simple, except that the bust is richly finished in *rouleau*

embroidery in various patterns; but these we must say, we find all on too large a scale, in their representation of flowers and foliage, to be quite in good taste. Mantles, especially in carriages, are as much the rage as ever; and it is astonishing to see with how much grace our ladies fold them round their fine forms: it has become, indeed, quite an accomplishment to know how to wrap a cloak with elegance. We must, however, give the preference to that comfortable out-door covering, a handsome pelisse: the new ones are much ornamented at the bust with rows of wrought silk buttons; which, if not an improvement, is, at least, a novelty. When mantles are worn in walking costume, they are generally of fine cloth of rather light colours, lined with ruby satin, with a velvet collar of the same colour, or a collar of quilted satin, and tied at the throat with a ribbon of the same colour.

Black velvet hats are trimmed with lilac ribbon, in preference to any other tint, when the ribbons are coloured; and the flowers on them are either tulips or full blown damask roses: but nothing is reckoned more genteel for the morning promenade, than a handsome, large, black velvet bonnet, without trimming—to which is sometimes added a veil: the velvet now most approved is the best Genoa velvet, in preference to the usual silk bonnet-velvet. A few coloured satin bonnets were seen in carriages, at the end of the court-mourning; they were chiefly of holly-green, with rosettes of satin, and were ornamented with feathers. The hats and bonnets are in extremes; either very small or very large; if the countenance and features were studied in this variety, we should not object to what renders it difficult to pronounce on what is really the fashion, either large or small bonnets, were it not, as it certainly is, a mere caprice.

We have seen for an evening dress a gown of ruby-coloured *gros de Naples*, the trimming of which was extremely simple; but the colour itself excited so much admiration, that it required little ornament: the sleeves were short, and very full. Ball dresses are often of white or of pink satin, and are trimmed with six narrow fluted flounces of crape: three of these fall down over each other next the shoe, in the usual

style—the other three are reversed with the edges standing upwards; and these flounces are separated by a full white satin *rouleau*. Another ball dress, however, appeared at a splendid ball given to a young party last week, which pleased us better, as more light, graceful, and elegant for the sprightly dance. It was of *tulle*, trimmed very ingeniously at the border with ornaments resembling double *jabots*; each *jabot* divided, seemingly, by a strap of satin, which appeared as if the ornaments were strung on it. This trimming was beautiful, and perfectly novel. In front, surmounting this light, yet rich border, were two *bouquets* of damask roses with their foliage, and one simple rose is placed on the left side of the bust, as a *bouquet*. The body is *à la vierge*, and the short sleeves are composed of separate *jabots*, which is an improvement on the zephyrus sleeve, which they much resemble. These ornaments are divided in the same manner as those on the skirt. The hair with this dress was arranged in full curls and bows, elegantly ornamented with full blown roses and lilies: the only fault in the *tout ensemble* of this costume was, the hair being drest so very full, and the flowers in such profusion, that the head appeared too large for the slender and youthful form to which it belonged.

Dark chintzes are yet in high estimation for the breakfast table; and are even worn in morning airings for shopping, &c. under cloaks, or large India shawls. Black silks, and those of dark colours, are much in favour for home costume; the trimming simple, consisting chiefly of bias folds, or of one very broad flounce, pinked. In evening dress, many matronly ladies have been seen in black satin, with long sleeves of white lace, with a sash of cherry-coloured shaded ribbon. White *crêpe-lisse*, and the same material in amber, form a favourite article for the evening costume of young people; full *rouleaux* of satin, *en chevrons*, are the most approved ornaments on these dresses.

The hair is beautifully arranged in clustered curls, and divided from the face by a small plaited braid: the Apollo's knot is light, and much spread out, appearing on the summit in front. Gold ears of corn ornament the right side, and a bird-of-pa-

radise drooping over the left. Some very ingenious head-dresses have appeared, formed of silver gauze ribbon: they are for evening dress, though without feathers or flowers—made very light and open, so as to discover the hair between each interstice. The Milanese fashion of ornamenting the hair with bows of ribbon prevails much among younger females, at all times of the day. *Fichus* of blond are still worn: they are now adorned with wreaths of flowers, which give them a novel appearance, but are by no means an improvement to this charming head-dress, the chief beauty of which was its simplicity. The blond, too, that now surrounds them is set on too full. Dress hats of velvet are very general, either with black or white feathers: they are small, and cut away, sloping from the forehead, so as to discover the ringlets in front; wide at the temples, and beneath the left side of the hat is a richly-coloured winter flower: the plumes, which are of the crimped willow kind, droop over the right shoulder.

Favourite articles in jewellery are amethysts and rubies mixed with pearls, with shell cameos, in alto-relievo; which, as giving much more expression to the heads, we prefer to the basso-relievo. How fluctuating is fashion! Intaglios were most in favour a few months ago; but these, however precious the gem, give not sufficient effect in the figures stamped thereon. Mosaic brooches, of the most beautiful pattern and devices, are much in favour. Red cornelian is worn in half-dress, but it is finely cut, in the style of cut crystal.

The favourite colours are, the rich red of the clove carnation, pink, amber, cherry-colour, and holly-green.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE new year, new year's gifts, with the influx into Paris of all those belonging to the most distinguished families who have remained so long in the country, during a

declining season the most delightful, have so occupied us, that even Fashion was allowed to pass by unheeded. At the presence, however, of those who compose the number of her chief votaries, we are now called on to pay our homage to the goddess, and I, among the rest, have bowed at her shrine, in order to fulfil the task you have enjoined me.

Among the novelties for out-door costume, is a cloak of fine, white cloth, elegantly embroidered in various colours round the edge, and lined with ruby-coloured sarcenet; a cape, *à la Vandyke*, falls over the shoulders, the points trimmed with braided white satin ribbon. With this cloak is generally worn a richly-embroidered tippet, with long ends, tied round the throat, where it is confined by a ruby-coloured ribbon. The cloaks generally worn for walking are of dark-coloured cloth; they are fastened by a broad *cordon* of gold or silk. Some fashionable ladies fasten their mantles by a sort of curb, made of gold, which gives them the appearance of a smart hussar-pelisse.

Coloured satin hats are generally ornamented with rosettes of ribbon, different from the hat, and of very striking colours. The loops of these rosettes are so large, that they are kept out either with a slip of straw, or with wired ribbon. Watered silk, either white or rose-colour, or *crape*, *gauffrée*, is much used in the fabrication of hats that are immense as to size; yet they are finished by a row of blond at the edge of the brim. At the base of the crown is a plume of marabouts, or of curled ostrich feathers. There are some hats of plush silk, of a Scotch tartan pattern. Some white satin hats have a white feather trimming round the edge, and are covered over the crown with a *fichu* of plush silk, caught up by rosettes of satin. In the front are white feathers formed in a puff; during the first of the court-mourning, these were black at the base. The hats are now placed very forward, so that much of the hair above the nape of the neck is seen. On several black velvet hats are remarked blue *aigrettes*; on others those of *ponçeau* or yellow: in general, black velvet hats are ornamented with various colours.

A dress of American green velvet has excited much admiration at an evening

party: it was made low, with a body *en Circassienne*; the sleeves short, and very full; the border trimmed with one simple *rouleau* of green satin, entwined with gold *cordons*. A rich gold cord confines the waist, with long ends terminated by superb tassels. The court-mourning was whimsical throughout its whole period, except just at court: most of the gowns, it is true, were black; but violet and *ponçeau* ornaments, tartan scarfs and head-dresses, and flowers of all colours, placed in the hair, gave little indication even of the externals of sorrow. *Crêpe-lisse*, either white or coloured, is a favourite material for evening dress parties; the dresses made of this article have a full *bouillon* at the border, and on this are placed triangles of satin, in *rouleaux*. Dark-coloured velvet dresses are much in favour, particularly those of Hayti blue and dark green, about two shades darker than the American or forrester's green. They are worn as afternoon dress, or at dinner parties, and are trimmed with chinchilli or sable. These dresses fasten behind, and are admitted at evening dress parties, especially when gold lace is added to their other expensive trimming: the *corsages* are square.

Berrets of gauze, either white or coloured, are very favourite head-dresses: they are placed very much on one side: chain-cordons of gold or silver, commencing from the middle of the crown, depend, with tassels lower than the shoulder, on the left side. *Toques* of gauze tissue, of different colours, with a point over the forehead, and an end depending over the left ear, terminated by a gold or silver tassel; near the summit of this head-dress depend four tassel-chains, but these do not reach so low as the right ear. Jewish and Egyptian *toques* are worn by some of our younger and very pretty females: as they are extremely unbecoming, however, except the wearer is beautiful, we may safely say that they will not be very general. Turbans, for full dress, are of plain white gauze, rolled in regular folds, and then twisted in *rouleaux*; a gold lace, or two rows of gold beads, serve as a *bandeau*. Two aigrettes are placed on the left side, and one on the crown, another between the lace. There are some *berrets*—on which is represented a star, in gold or silver; on others, this orna-

ment is a Maltese cross. On dress caps of blond, a wreath of roses is disposed like a crown, and in such a manner that the flowers in front are seen through the blond trimming. Ladies who wear only flowers on their hair have them in the form of two half diadems, tied behind by a double chain of gold; the favourite flowers for this kind of head-dress are roses and tuberoses. A dress hat of *ponçeau* velvet was seen at the representation of the *Princesse des Ursins*; the elegance and taste displayed in it were admirable: it was ornamented with six white feathers, and a broad braid of gold, which seemed to fix the plumes in their various directions, as they fell, with graceful ease, over each side of the brim. The strings of this hat consisted of broad braids of gold. A broad blond, upheld by the charming little flower "*Forget me not*," and a simple ribbon round the head, prove to us that the reign of Isabey's head-dresses is not at an end: this charming head-dress will never be abandoned by those who wish to unite elegance with simplicity.

This is the season for the display of jewellery. The long pear-pearl is the most admired article for ear-rings: with these the necklace is not always, though often, of pearls. Gold ornaments, of very fine workmanship, prevail; cameos are on the decline. Bows, formed of pearls and coloured gems, are often seen supporting lace drapery, and fasten it in front of the bust—a very old fashion revived: I have a portrait now of a female ancestor, who lived in the reign of Louis XIV., who has on a breast-knot of jewels. Our modern wealthy dames place these knots sometimes in the front of their belts, where they supply the place of an ornamental buckle.

After detailing merely objects of luxury, I must now make a transition to what is useful: this is a new sort of clogs, which reflect much credit on the inventor. The soles are of cork, and are at once light, and impenetrable to the wet; ladies, therefore, who are fond of exercise, and of making their own purchases, may now, by means of these comfortable clogs, walk from one end of the Boulevards to the other, in spite of the mud, or any humidity.

The most approved colours are green, *ponçeau*, ethereal blue, jonquil, bronze, violet, and Hayti-blue.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Nothing can be more repugnant to our feelings than the idea of introducing politics—party politics, at least—in the pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. Aware, however, that many of our fair readers take the liveliest interest in what is termed the question of Catholic Emancipation, we conceive they ought to be apprized of the appearance of a work entitled "*Letters to a Friend on the State of Ireland and the Merits of Constitutional Religious Distinctions*," by E. A. Kendall, Esq., F.S.A., &c.* In this performance, consisting of three octavo volumes, the subject is discussed at length in all its bearings. Without entering at all into the merits of the question ourselves, we feel it due to the author and to the public to state, that Mr. Kendall is a staunch loyalist, a determined anti-Catholic; and we may safely add, that his work is not only written in that style of familiar correspondence which divests the argument of much of the dryness and abstraction of politics, but embraces many moral, religious, literary, and philosophical digressions, anecdotes, &c. so as at once

to afford information and amusement to the general, and even to the light reader.

We have been much interested in the perusal of "*The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1826*." This is the tenth volume of the series; and in saying that every successive volume, the present included, has proved superior to its immediate predecessor, we consider ourselves to be offering to the merit of the work only a tribute consonant with justice. The memoirs in this volume—sixteen in number, exclusive of the obituary—are as follows:—Lord Radstock, Mr. Kett, Mrs. Barbauld, the Rev. Charles Wolfe, Lord Whitworth, Dr. Parr, Mr. Bowdler, the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Fuseli, Dr. Rees, Lord Carlisle, Dr. Tilloch, Mrs. Franklin, Mr. Owen the painter, Sir T. Bertie, and Lord Donoughmore. Of these memoirs, one of the most pleasing and most valuable is that of the late Mrs. Franklin, formerly Miss Porden, of whom some particulars, with rather an extensive notice of her poetical productions, were inserted in the first volume of the new series of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*.* From the memoir, we learn, with much pleasure, "that it is intended, in the course of a short time, to print a small volume of Mrs. Franklin's minor poems."

Mr. R. A. Armstrong, A.M., has rendered a considerable service to scholars and philologists by producing, in one volume, "*A Gaelic Dictionary in Two Parts: I. Gaelic and English; II. English and Gaelic: in which the Words, in their different Acceptations, are illustrated by Quotations from the best Gaelic Writers, and their Affinities traced; to which is prefixed a new Gaelic Grammar*." Adopting the arrangement of Dr. Percy, who classed the population of ancient Europe in its western regions under three great divisions of their language—the Celtic, the Germanic

* Mr. Kendall is well known as the author of "An Argument for construing largely the Right of an Appellee of Murder to insist on Trial by Battle," upon which he was most handsomely complimented by the Lord Chancellor, in his speech in the House of Lords, on the second reading of the bill for abolishing Wager of Battle. He is also the author, amongst many other works, of "A Proposal for Establishing a new Philanthropical and Patriotic Institution for the Assistance of New Settlers in his Majesty's Colonies, and for the Encouragement of New Branches of Colonial Trade; with a Postscript on the Benefits to be derived from Teaching the Art of Drawing in Free Schools, from establishing Free Schools of Chemistry and the Mathematics, from the establishment of a Metropolitan Exhibition and Museum of the Mechanic Arts, and for other means of advancing the National Industry, Numbers, and Greatness."

* Vide page 141; "Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction," No. III.

and Scythian, and the Sarmation or Sclavonic—Mr. Armstrong remarks in his preface—"I do not propose to meddle, in this place, with the keenly contested point, whether the Gaelic of the Highlands be the parent of the speech of Ireland; however, I may be permitted to observe, that the Scotch Gaelic bears a closer resemblance to the parent Celtic, and has fewer inflections than the Welsh, Manks, or Irish dialects. It has this circumstance, too, in common with the Hebrew and other oriental languages, that it wants the simple present tense; a peculiarity which strongly supports the opinion, that the Gaelic of Scotland is the more ancient dialect." The grammar prefixed to this Dictionary will be found very useful: the dictionary itself evinces great learning, research, and industry.

One of the strangest, wildest, most eccentric productions which for a long time have fallen in our way, is a quarto volume entitled "*Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, and the Antilles, in the Years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824, by Charles Waterton, Esq.*" The writer is a droll creature—an odd fish—or rather, like Dame Quickly, "neither fish nor flesh." Sometimes grave and sometimes gay—often sentimental, and as often flippant—he writes most copiously and most marvellously about birds, and beasts, and reptiles, and insects; now philosophizing like Locke, or Newton, or Buffon, and then flying off in a tangent with the redoubted Baron Munchausen. He gets astride upon crocodiles and tames them to his will; and, in his numerous encounters with serpents, and dragons, "and such like gear," he absolutely astonishes the natives. Then, again, he can hold learned dialogues for whole pages together, with owls, and woodpeckers, and whip-poor-wills, and willy-come-goes, or expatiate with deep pathos on the fate of a solitary insect. Unfortunately his stories are too much in detail for our purpose; but, to those who long for, and can enjoy a hearty laugh, either with or at the author, we cordially recommend a peep at Mr. Waterton's book.

Another exceedingly amusing production presents itself in "*The Naval Sketch-Book; or, the Service Afloat and Ashore* : No. 14.—Vol. III.

with Characteristic Reminiscences, &c. &c., by an Officer of Rank." This, however, is not merely a work of amusement: it exhibits some of the most correct, and powerful, and extraordinary sketches of the naval character we have ever seen; and, in addition to these, it contains some valuable papers of a professional character, critical remarks on our principal naval historians, an "Authentic Chronology of Nautical Events since the Year 1760," &c. The only serious fault—perhaps from the nature of many of the subjects, an unavoidable one—that we find with these volumes is the Jack-tar coarseness of phraseology which occasionally forces itself upon our notice. We select, as free from this objection, one of the shortest, though not most piquant, anecdotes in the work. It is entitled *Literæ Scriptæ; or, Forced-Meat Balls*:—

That neither the eccentricities nor spirit of the profession is confined to the *Jacks*, but is sometimes partaken in an eminent degree by their officers, may be strikingly elucidated by an anecdote, which, in its detail, furnishes alternately food for mirth and admiration.

A noble officer, who had rendered himself, by his peevish and oppressive spirit, deservedly unpopular in the navy, experienced, upon one occasion, the mortification of receiving from his lieutenant a refusal to be present at the usual routine-dinner given to officers by their noble captain.

His lordship being highly incensed, called upon the Lieutenant for an explanation of the answer to the steward's invitation; who, as is usual, had presented the Captain's compliments, stating that his Lordship would be glad of his company to dinner: to which the Lieutenant had replied—"My compliments to the Captain, I shall be glad of no such thing."

To a personal intimation from his Lordship, that he should consider it a contempt, the Lieutenant bluntly replied—"Does your Lordship intend to make it a point of service?"—"I do, Sir!"—"Well, then, before I comply, I must have a written order."—"That you shall, Sir!" said his Lordship; and descending into his cabin, and sending for his clerk, the order, after mature deliberation as to its official form and tenor, was at length concocted by their joint labours.

The lieutenant, of course, appeared in his place at dinner-time; and, contrary to the expectation of all, not only concealed his mortification, but assumed a more than ordinary pro-

portion of complaisance and cordiality to his inferiors; studiously avoiding, as far as in him lay, all greeting or communication with his commander, who now began to experience the pains of the fiend in Eden, in witnessing a scene of hilarity, which was not only unwonted at his table, but from which, it was obvious, he was intended to be excluded. The evening, however, stole apace; the customary pint had been swallowed, despite of the captain's dissatisfaction; who, notwithstanding the decanters were empty, gave no intimation to the attendant to replenish them. This never-failing signal for parting company (though perfectly understood) was not repeated, as was expected, by the lieutenant; who, according to custom, should have intimated that it was time to retire. A short interval sufficed, with this spirited officer, to form his determination! He rose—rang the bell—the steward appeared, and looked to the captain for his commands; the lieutenant interposed, reiterating "More wine! more wine!" Such an assumption of authority in his own cabin was not to be borne. The indignant captain rose, to put an end at once to this scene of anarchy, and unequivocally signified it was his will and pleasure to be alone. The lieutenant, without rising from his seat, addressed him with the utmost *sang froid*—"My lord, I am here on this service in consequence of a written order, and am resolved (though I came here against the grain) not to leave it without another!" This request was also acceded to; but will any one imagine the invitation was ever again repeated?

Still in the way of amusement, and embracing a fund of anecdote, we find "*Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, by J. Cradock, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.*" Mr. C., who, a short time ago, published a tragedy called "*The Czar*," is now, it appears, in his eighty-fifth year; and, having led a life of leisure in literary and fashionable society, he has collected and spread forth, for the advantage of his contemporaries, a feast of good things, at which every one, who is not exceedingly fastidious, may find something suitable to his particular palate.

Another excessively gossiping book, which has been long announced, comes before us in two volumes of "*Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach, written by Herself*." The good lady has told a great deal; but, in our humble opinion, she might, had she so pleased, have told a great deal more, and with heightened

effect. From numerous anecdotes respecting Dr. Johnson, we select the following:—

One evening, at a party at Lady Lucan's, when Johnson was announced, she rose and made him the most flattering compliments; but he interrupted her by saying, "Fiddle, fiddle, Madam!" and turned his back upon her, leaving her standing by herself in the middle of the room. He then took his seat by me, which Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was present, perceiving, came and sat down by us. Johnson asked him what was the reason he had refused to finish the picture for which I had sat six times: Reynolds was much embarrassed, and said, laughing, "There is something so comical in the lady's face, that all my art cannot describe it." Johnson repeated the word *comical* ten times, in every different tone, and finished in that of anger. He then gave such a scolding to his friend, that he was much more embarrassed than before, or than even I was, to be the cause of it."

Dr. Johnson's argument, in defence of drunkenness, is also worth inserting:—

I remember, one day, when vices were the topic of conversation, he chose to defend drunkenness, as the most innocent of all; and, to illustrate and prove his argument, he supposed me to be walking in the street and attacked by a drunken man: he ended his narrative by saying, "She might push him into the kennel with her little finger; and how impossible it must be for a man to do much mischief whom that little finger could repel."

The Margravine appears to have been not altogether a disbeliever in the truth of judicial astrology. She says—

After I had been married to Lord Craven, and we were living together on terms of the greatest cordiality, I happened to meet with two young ladies, who had determined to go to a celebrated woman, who was famous for predicting future events, or rather, for telling fortunes. Upon our being admitted, after saying a few words to my young friends, she addressed herself to me, by saying, "I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are; but, from the very particular marks in your countenance, I am certain you are born for great events; I must be allowed to draw your horoscope." I smiled, and consented; but, as she said she could not complete it directly, I was induced to give her my age, and the day and hour of my birth, that she might write it down, and send it to me in the course of the week. I returned home, and thought little more about it. In about ten days I received a letter, which, on

opening, I found to contain the sybil's prediction. She stated that I was to have a family of seven children; that I then was to separate from my husband, who would die before me; that I should go abroad, and that I should marry again with some royal personage, and come into the possession of great riches. I had at that time no idea of a separation, nor could I form the thought of a connexion with any other person, much less with one whose rank was so exalted as that of a Margrave.

Another anecdote, in which Buonaparte and the fortune-teller, Le Normand, figure, is not altogether without interest:—

Josephine honoured her with her friendship, and bestowed upon her many marks of her benevolence. After the return of Napoleon from the congress at Erfurt, the Empress repeated to him, in the warmth of conversation, what Le Normand had announced to her some time before. The Queen of Holland was present at the time. "Ah!" said Napoleon, rubbing his hands, "they penetrate into my designs, and consult the oracles: you must know, ladies, I am not to be guessed at; tomorrow I will cause your prophetic to be arrested; and let me hear no more about her." They attempted to appease him. "It is useless," said he, "I shall give the orders immediately: I will not be imposed upon by a woman." Josephine, who feared the effects of his indignation, sent at night, privately, Mademoiselle Aubert, one of her attendants, to acquaint Le Normand with his designs. Being informed of the Emperor's determination, Le Normand, instead of being alarmed at the interruption of her tranquillity, and regardless of the advice to attend to her own safety, said, with the greatest *sang-froid*, to Mademoiselle Aubert, that she felt obliged to the Empress for her kindness, but that she had nothing to fear from the Emperor. This was reported to Josephine, who informed the Emperor of Le Normand's reply. "*Ta demoiselle en a pourtant raison!*" said Napoleon; "*où diable va-t-elle chercher ce qu'elle dit?*"—I will allow her, however, to interfere with your affairs; but, with regard to mine, acquaint her that the least indiscretion shall cost her her liberty."

* "*The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern; with an Introduction and Notes, Historical and Critical, and Characters of the Lyric Poets; by Allan Cunningham,*" in four duodecimo volumes, will be received by many as a valuable addition to their store of relics of the olden time. A man better qualified for such a task than Mr.

Cunningham could not have been selected. A poet himself of no mean order, he is intimately conversant with all the old poets of his country; it is therefore almost unnecessary to add, that his collection is all that could be desired; and, what renders it additionally valuable, as a work for general perusal, it is free from those vulgar weeds, which, in their usual form, were too frequently entwisted with the fairest and most fragrant flowers. Mr. Cunningham's "Introduction," though full of agreeable and instructive matter, would have been all the better for more attention to compactness, and to order in the arrangement. We select one short passage, however, distinguished by soundness of judgment and purity of taste.

The man who breaks out, from the fulness of his heart, into involuntary numbers, and seeks relief in poesy from the matter with which he overflows, is a poet of Nature's own hand-work; and we may expect from him a free and original strain, and some addition to the stock of popular pleasure. The rods of the false magicians wrought enchantments as well as the rod of the prophet; and we have much poetry that comes from a lower source than inspiration: but the enchantments which the false magicians wrought could not stand, since they were not of God; and the poetry which is laboured out by mechanical skill alone cannot survive, since it springs not from nature. With the finest ear and the nicest skill in language, and with learning lending knowledge and power, a man cannot write true poetry; for all these acquirements will only lead him to where poetry begins; and though he may speak with the voice of the Muse, her heart, which warms, and animates, and exalts, will be absent; and though his aspirations may be correct and melodious, they will want the curious ease and happiness of natural poetry. He will give no fresh impulse to our feelings; he will add no new joy to the stock of the old; he will but re-echo more impressive sounds, which must have been heard before—give a new look to an old sentiment—and flourish in the faded flowers and the tarnished finery of verse.

Under what denomination are we to consider "*The Danciad, or Dancer's Monitor*"—a production whose "lengthy" title-page was given nearly in full at page 275 of our preceding volume—by "Thomas Wilson, Teacher of Dancing (from the King's Theatre, Opera House) Author of various Works on Dancing, and sev

Dramatic Pieces?" We suppose the author would term it poetry; but, after transcribing the above passage from Mr. Cunningham's book, it really seems to us that it can have nothing in common with the divine offspring of the Muse, more than a sand-heap has with a corinthian column. Into the vulgar and scurrilous personalities of Mr. Wilson, levelled against his *professional* brethren, we, of course, cannot enter. In noticing the first portion of his work, in the former series of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, we recollect expressing a fear—and we repeat it here—that if (in accordance with his own admission) "he have been hitherto unable to regale himself with tokay, from cutting capers in the ball-room, he will never be enabled to sip even humble port by cutting capers in verse."

"*The Prospect, and other Poems*," by Edward Moxon, we are informed in the Preface, "is the production of a very young man; unlettered, self-taught, ignorant of every language except his native tongue, and even imperfect in that." Further we learn that the author has received no instruction since he was twelve years of age, that the poems are "just as they originally emanated from the author's mind," "that little time was employed in writing them," and "that still less time was employed in correcting them." Leniently as we would deal with a poet under all these disadvantages—sufficient if "not wholly to disarm," at least to "dull or smooth a little the severe edge of criticism"—we regret that we must leave him to that consolation which the Muse, he says, is whispering in his ear, "that it is noble even to fail in a good cause." Yet we wish not to discourage Mr. Moxon: some of the pieces in his little volume are not altogether destitute of merit; and, years hence, should he in the interim devote his mind to study, he may produce something that shall reflect credit on his exertions.

A Third Edition of "*Old Friends in a New Dress; or, Select Fables of Æsop, in Verse, to which is now added a Second Part*," has just appeared; and, from its merit, it will sustain the high rank in public favour, which, as an amusing and instructive book for youth, it has enjoyed for many years. The verse is easy and flowing, perfectly adapted to the capacities of chil-

dren, and the moral is so ingeniously interwoven with the fable, that it is impossible to read the latter without deriving all the benefit of the former.

In a preceding sheet,* Miss Lee's play of "*The Three Strangers*" received honourable mention from our theatrical critic; and we notice it here only to say that, with respect to its literary merit, our opinion accords with his, and that in the Supplementary portion of our preceding volume, an extract of some length and interest will be found.

Certainly in this age of taste and elegance, of wirewove paper, broad margins, and blank pages, an uncouth octavo volume, printed in large black type on paper not the brightest or finest, with eight pages of index in double columns, and a closely printed page of *corrigenda*, does not present the most inviting aspect. Such, however, is the appearance of "*My Thought Book*," by J. P. Thomas, who, in the course of the work, avows himself a lawyer, and the editor of a publication entitled "*The Londoner, in the year 1820*;" and sorry are we to say, that, after its perusal, our favourable opinions are not more strongly excited than they were by its exterior. It is "full of wise saws and modern instances," each duly numbered, to the amount of eight hundred and sixty-nine. Of these "thoughts," the greater part are trite and superficial; frequently they are erroneous; and, in many instances, the diction is so obscure as to render them scarcely intelligible. For example, what a stretch of intellect it must have required to discover the following truths, numbered respectively 186, 211, 214, 236, 242!

All who play at games, for the sake of money, gamble.

Adulation makes man vain.

A straw turns a scale.

A gnat can bite a hero.

A mountain is composed of grains of earth.

Further on, we are gravely informed that "Nothing is so irrevocable as time." In the progress of the volume are given sketches of characters in which we are introduced to Amandas, Philagathons, Timorras, Pulchrias, Fastidias, Snarlicuses, Plaintivas, Jocundas, &c. names never heard of since the days of the Spectator.

* Vide page 42.

In some of his longer pieces, however, our author is more fortunate, and in his opinions as expressed on the subject of the punishment of death, and in his essays on the influence of the fine arts and their tendency to refine and elevate the human mind, we are in some points disposed to agree. "The faculties of men," he observes, "under the influence of the arts, are no longer latent, but are roused to useful and splendid deeds of glorious enterprize, by a virtuous ambition to excel. Thus have painters been remarkable for conspicuous devotedness to their profession, for an amiable spirit of generosity, and for a love of splendid enterprize." Again:—

It is not paradoxical to maintain that the fine arts, by extending and enriching our view of nature, lead us to a more elevated admiration of nature's God. Every object of natural beauty is more exquisite and harmonious in the eye of the true lover of the fine arts. He contemplates every scene of creation as a picture of delight; he surveys all the works of the Creator, as according in beauty, although that beauty varies in degree. To him the blooming flowers of the parterre have peculiar charms. The majestic slope of the rugged eminence—the towering surge of the turbid ocean—and the star-bespangled canopy of space invite his attentive admiration, with peculiar force. He views not those beautiful objects with an indifferent eye, or an unaffected soul. They operate upon his mind as glorious stimulants to fiery genius; they expand the grandeur and increase the brilliancy of his ideas. His views acquire, under the influence of his favourite pursuits, a splendid energy, and an elegant grace. He enjoys the delights of vision in all the varieties of form and dispositions of attitude. In almost every feature of creation, he is charmed with the sublime, the beautiful, or the gay. His love of the fine arts tends to correct the aberrations of his mind, by the just appreciation of the true principles of nature.

Were the work to be carefully revised, and compressed within half its present size, it might possibly obtain the honour, for which its author appears so anxious, "of being served up with wine and walnuts after dinner, at the tables of the reflecting."

"*Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo*," in three volumes, purports to be a free translation from a Mahratta manuscript. If this be correct—and that the

work is based on facts, we have not a doubt—the editor has made it completely his own by the introduction of new and striking views respecting the moral and political condition of the British Empire in India. It is impossible to follow the hero through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life; but the ensuing sketch, chiefly abstracted from the confession of a criminal, a conspicuous character on the scene, will impart some idea of the plot.—Gunput Rao conceives the most deadly hatred against his elder brother, Sevaje, whose succession to the rajahship of Satarrah, on the death of their eldest brother, he is most anxious to prevent and to secure to himself. To effect this object he waylays his brother and his son, leaves the former as dead, and, being closely pursued, throws the infant amidst a troop of bullocks, where he is found by Sawant Rao Gopal Rao, with whom he resides till the death of the latter. Sevaje had betrothed his son to Sagoonah, the daughter of a high-caste Brahmin. The refusal of Sagoonah's father to betroth his daughter to the son of Gunput excites the deepest hatred on the part of the latter; and he poisons the Brahmin, whose wife becomes a suttee, leaving Sagoonah under the protection of an aunt. To preserve appearance, Gunput affects the greatest sorrow for the supposed death of his brother and son, and assumes the habit of a gossein, or religious mendicant, under which he perpetrates every species of enormity.—Let us now return to Pandurang Hari. By the death of Sawant Rao, he is left without friends or relatives, at the age of eighteen, to make his way through life. Falling amongst the lowest class, he is early initiated in cunning, fraud, and deceit; and his adventures present us with an interesting view of the character and manners of the inhabitants of Hindostan, from the degraded gossein to the rajah. Pandurang rescues a beautiful girl from the hands of assassins, and falls in love with her; but, in consequence of her betrothment to a boy whom she has never seen, their union is prevented. His object now is to ascertain who this youth is, and whether he is still in existence. The result of this search is, that he discovers himself to be Jeoba, the son of Sevaje; that his father is living;

and that the girl, to whom he is attached, is Sagoonah. Sevaje is proclaimed Rajah of Satarrah, Pandurang Hari and Sagoonah are united, and Gunput is sentenced to death. On the promise, however, of a full confession of his crimes, his punishment is commuted for imprisonment for life.

From this outline, it will readily be inferred that the incidents are numerous and striking, that great varieties of character are displayed, an intense interest is excited. Luminous views of the manners, customs, superstitions, &c. of Hindostan are presented; but it will particularly force itself upon the attention of the reader, that the natives of that country are exhibited in a very unfavourable light—a light indeed almost totally different from that in which we have been generally taught to regard them. “From the rajah to the ryot,” observes the editor, “with the intermediate grades, they are ungrateful, insidious, cowardly, unfaithful, and revengeful.” Delighted as we have been with these volumes, which evince great originality, much knowledge of the subject, and considerable powers of observation on the part of the writer, united with a due portion of skill in the selection, arrangement, and combination of his materials, we much regret that the only passage for which we can possibly find room, as an extract, is the following, relative to the marriage of Pandurang:—

The next step which I took relative to myself was the holding a consultation of Brahmins respecting my marriage, which they were of opinion should be celebrated as early as possible, with the same forms adopted on our betrothment. On the day nominated I proceeded to the residence of Sagoonah's uncle, with whom she was residing; and, having been welcomed in due custom as a guest, he presented me with the hand of my beloved, which I took with rapture. The priests then bound our hands together with grass, after the usual way, and I threw the cloth over my bride, which was, in the present case, of unusual richness: the corner of it was fastened to my garments, and I made the oblations to fire, while my bride dropped the rice into the flame, as her offering. The bride having stepped upon the sacred stone, we both walked round the fire (I cannot help relating every particular of a ceremony, though so well known, because it was one so important to myself); and, before the ceremony was completed and irrevocable, the

Brahmins made Sagoonah go through the tedious seven steps—the Brahmins using a text of the holy writings to each; the first step for food, the second for health, the third for religion, the fourth for happiness, the fifth for cattle, the sixth for wealth, and the seventh and last, for priests to perform sacrifices. I then approached my bride on the completion of her task, saying, “May none interrupt us!” Next, I was obliged to address the spectators and say, “This woman is auspicious! approach and view her; and, wishing her well, depart to your homes!” The spectators being gone, I remained, as usual, three days in the banker's house; and, on the fourth, conducted my bride, in great pomp, to my own residence, where my father waited her arrival, and received her with great solemnity, ending all with oblations to fire.

We have derived the liveliest amusement from a most unpretending little volume entitled “*Ferdinand Franck; an Auto-Biographical Sketch of the Youthful Days of a Musical Student.*” Franck resides with his uncle and aunt, the former a school-master, whose successor he is intended to be, in the village of Feldberg, until his sixteenth year; when, in consequence of the reported introduction of schools upon the Lancasterian plan, he is placed under the superintendence of Dr. Knobelsheimer, who undertakes to instruct him in his art gratuitously. Shortly after he is introduced at the house of the Baron Wolditz, where he falls in love with Amelia Waldheim, the niece of Baron Dohm. Baron Wolditz takes a warm interest in his favour, discovers in him a talent for music, and sends him to study that science at Vienna. There he again meets Amelia, is invited to her uncle's house, and Baron Dohm is finally induced to consent to the union of the lovers.—Unfortunately, we can find no passage sufficiently short and isolated to admit of quotation, and must therefore content ourselves with recommending the perusal of the volume itself, which is replete with interest and humour.

“*Christmas Tales, 1825, to be continued annually,*” consists, as we are informed in the advertisement, partly of original articles, and partly of translations from foreign writers eminent for their productions in this branch of literature. The Tales are ten in number:—The Recluse of Klissa, by Albert, Count of Pappenheim; The Insur-

rection, or Scenes in Jamaica, by Miss E. S. Carey; The Village Executioner; The Cavalier and the Roundhead, by W. C. Stafford, Esq. (one of our own valued contributors); The Triumph of Love, by F. Jacobs; The Advocate of Cuenza, by J. J. de Mora; Guido and Fiametta, by C. B. Von Millitz; The Power of Conscience, by a French Naval Officer; A Day at Cintra, by W. C. Stafford, Esq.; and The Recognition, by F. Jacobs. Of these, The Recluse of Klissa, The Village Executioner, The Insurrection, and Guido and Fiametta, claim our preference for imagination and depth of interest. The Cavalier and the Roundhead is also a very spirited sketch; and, altogether, the volume is an exceedingly meritorious production.

"*Tales for the Christmas Week*," may also, although Christmas is now past, be read with considerable advantage in the way of amusement; as may also, "*November Nights, or Tales for Winter Evenings*," by the lively and ingenious author of "*Warreniana*."

"*The Village Pastor; by one of the Authors of Body and Soul*," is a respectable volume of its class—a class which renders fiction the vehicle of religious opinion.

"*Moderation, a Tale, by Mrs. Hofland*," is in every respect worthy of association with that lady's former works. It is simple and moral, affecting and impressive.

NEW MUSIC.

NEITHER of our national theatres has produced any thing in the course of the month which bears the least semblance of novelty; and there is no public announcement of a change of performance at the Italian Opera: all the musical talents of the day seem resting on their oars in preparation for a vigorous effort towards the end of next month, when their patrons begin to congregate round the centre of fashion.

The Melographicon.—Clementi and Co., and Lindsay.

This little work is constructed in some respects on the principle of the Myriorama, namely, that of producing an infinite variety of results from a certain number of parts, by varying their relative situations; but both the plan and execution are so de-

cidedly superior to any thing of the kind which has appeared, that it deserves better than to be classed with mere toys, which the mention of the Myriorama would lead us to expect: indeed had we not borrowed the simile from the composer's own prospectus, we should have considered it highly offensive. The professed object of the work is to enable any person, who is gifted with a poetic talent, to set his own verses to music in a respectable and pleasing manner without professional assistance. To accomplish this the work is divided into four sections, corresponding with the poetic metres in most common use. On ascertaining to which class the subject belongs, we turn to that division of the work, where we find a variety of detached bars arranged in sets of twelve each, and marked alphabetically. We proceed to select a bar from set A, then another from set B, and having copied these till we arrive at the end of the series, we find an air complete with symphony and accompaniment, frequently very original, generally beautiful, and always correct. We then apply the words as directed in the work, and our task is complete.—We have made many experiments with the Melographicon ourselves, and been highly gratified with the result. Some of the melodies produced were truly elegant, and exhibited a consistency in all their parts, surprising, when we remember the fortuitous manner in which they were obtained.

Only a small portion of this vocabulary of musical phases is original: we recognized passages from Haydn, Mozart, and Cherubino; but they are judiciously selected, and in our opinion, far preferable to original matter of an inferior cast. We fear the high price of this work will prove an insuperable bar to its general introduction. We however give it our most cordial recommendation, and feel convinced that no lady will regret the purchase, as it not only is an elegant temporary amusement, but produces melodies well worthy of preservation.

The Psalms, Te Deum, Jubilate, &c., by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon.—Lindsay.

Of Mr. Cutler's own compositions, particularly the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, we are sorry we cannot speak very highly: the latter exhibit a degree of carelessness (in

any but a graduate, we should have said ignorance) that is quite unpardonable—successions of fifths, and octaves in the extreme parts, in profusion. Does not Mr. Cutler consider that the denominations he has given to some of his own psalms are, to say the least, improper. The names of saints have occasionally been resorted to by way of cognomen, but we never heard of Saint William; and we suspect that the William which Mr. Cutler had in his eye is more sinner than saint. Cossey Hall might have been applied, without impropriety, to a little piano-forte rondo, but surely is not appropriate to a hymn to the Almighty. The selection of old psalms is very good, and there are two or three arrangements from other composers which are novel to us, and particularly beautiful, viz. a song from Handel, a slow movement from Beethoven, "Forgive, blest shade," from Calcott. The duet from *Così fan tutti*, alias Cossey Hall, and Haydn's "In verdure clad," are both too light, in our opinion, for church music.

Ferros and his War-Horse, the words from Sheridan's Translation of Romaic Songs, composed by J. Someschi.—W. Horne.

We have a shrewd suspicion the name of this composer is fictitious, and that we are beholden to a fair countrywoman for the pleasure of perusing this very energetic song. The music is in the style of a boleros, in G. minor. It is a most animated movement, easy of execution, and highly expressive of the poetry.

The Boat-Song, a Trio, by H. R. Bishop.—Goulding, and Co.

This little piece is the very acmé of simplicity. In point of facility of execution it may rank even with "Lady Fair:" the melody is pleasing, and possesses a good deal of character.

My dulcet Lute, a Song, by J. Barnet.—Cramer and Addison.

Fair Evening Star, by Do.—Do.

The poetry of these songs appears to be by a young lady, a Miss M. A. Barber; it evinces considerable talent, and is peculiarly well adapted to vocal composition. Mr. Barnet has set to music a number of this fair poet's stanzas, and has been more than usually fortunate in them. The first of these songs is remarkably original in its construction; simplicity is the leading fea-

ture of the second. We have frequently before expressed our opinion of Mr. B.'s talent, and have only again to assert our conviction of his ultimate success. In both of these instances he has given a pleasing variety to the harmonies of the different verses.

How Roses first came Red, a Duet, by C. F. Horne.—W. Horne.

A very fair chamber duet, in the style of the old masters; a little more antiquated than Jackson, and less so than Traversa. The composer has given what in the present day is a rarity—a figured bass instead of a piano-forte accompaniment: as an imitation of the antiquated style, it is a very praiseworthy attempt.

A Musical Grammar, by J. F. Danneley.—Preston.

Mr. Danneley has assumed too much in entitling this work a grammar; it is little more than a primer—a collection of a few of those definitions which most instruction-books contain. Mr. D. certainly states, at the end of his work, that it is his intention to proceed to the higher branches in two subsequent parts; but we fear very few of his readers will peruse far enough to see this notice, unless they should commence at the last page, and retrograde. The only novelty we perceive, is the introduction of a few foreign technicalities, to which we cannot give our approbation. As an introductory work, however, we are most ready to allow it the merits of an excellent arrangement, and clear definitions—two of the most essential points in an inceptive work on any science.

PIANO-FORTE.

Scherzo and Russ, a Rondo, by Hummel.—Goulding.

Aria, con Variazione, and Hungarian Rondo. Do.—Do.

La Contemplazione, and brilliant Rondo. Do.—Do.

These three beautiful works of Hummel's are reprints from foreign editions. They are equal to any of the works of this splendid author, who is, in our opinion, and we believe in that of the world in general, second to none as a composer for his peculiar instrument. The whole of these lessons are gems of the first water. The

theme of the second is superior in point of elegance to any andante that we are acquainted with; and the variations are, if possible, equal to the subject. The scherzo is as light and playful as the title implies. The last piece is a larghetto in four flats, of a very beautiful construction.—These lessons are likewise published by the Harmonic Institution, but are much higher priced.

"Now is't it a pity?" *The Melody composed by the celebrated John Whittaker, with fashionable Variations by A. Busby.*—Printed at the Temple of Apollo, Rathbone Place, where may be had this charming song.

We have taken the trouble of copying this title, *verbatim*; it is unique of its kind, and most amusing. We were never before aware of any particular fashion in variations; but if this be the whim of the day, defend us from fashionable variations in future. The Temple of Apollo, in Rathbone Place, forms an apt climax to this farrago of puff; we pity any young composer who allows his works to be rendered so ridiculous. After trying the last articles (Hummel's) the contrast was too humiliating to allow us to proceed in a critical investigation.

Rondo for the Piano-Forte; dedicated to Miss Lydia Smith, composed by A. A. Klengel.—Goulding and D'Almaine.

This is a very strange and original lesson. By the tutti occasionally introduced, we suppose it to be the last movement from some concerto. The introductory subject is as fantastic as any thing we have ever heard, and most abominably awkward in the execution. The general style of the lesson is light and playful, and the harmonies exhibit a master of the science. We should suspect the composer to have studied under Moschelles, by several of his passages, or at least to have made that author his model.

Three brilliant Rondos for the Piano-Forte. By J. Moschelles, op. 64.—Goulding and D'Almaine.

These beautiful and brilliant little pieces are founded on themes in a popular German Burletta, which, with the exception of the first, are not particularly well adapted for the subjects of a piano-forte composition.

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tion. The first Rondo is altogether the most agreeable and practicable; and as it is the intention of the publisher to divide the three pieces, we think they will have a great sale. They are all three fine compositions, and well worked up; but the two latter exhibit some very cramp passages.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

The performances of the Italian Opera, which began about three weeks ago, have not yet been attended with any great success. The opera of *Il Crociato in Egitto*, although great care has been taken to improve the effect of it in all its parts, has evidently lost much of its attraction, from several causes. The first may be, that many of the *dilettanti* who supported it so powerfully last year are not yet come to town; then Velluti, the very soul of Meyerbeer's music, has paid a tribute to the inclemency of the weather, which obliged him to omit some favourite pieces, and thus to injure himself, the *chef-d'œuvre*. His voice, not his talents, failed him. Such have been the omissions, not only in his part but in others also, that lately the audience could not reckon upon hearing their most favourite melodies. Another cause, and not the least, is a painful deficiency of female singers, such as we have not been accustomed to hear at this theatre of *beaux-arts*. Signora Bonini, so far as her capacities extend, is clever, and sings with a good method and great musical precision; still her person, and even her voice, leave large scope to our wishes. Madame Cornega, who, unfortunately for herself and for us, has to fill the part in which the young and pretty Signora Garcia was so successful, must lose by the comparison, and she also has been indisposed; and once the whole of her character was omitted. We have not heard that this curtailment was complained of. Curioni has resumed his part in this opera, and with increased energy and taste.

La Donna del Lago is to be immediately substituted for the *Crociato*.

In the ballet department, a grand mythological ballet is expected. Meanwhile, two light divertissements have been produced. In these we have seen a display of about half a score of Parisian beauties, whose *éclat* so dazzled our eyes, that we could not perceive their talents.

DRURY-LANE.

The annual feast of pantomime has been prepared at this theatre with more than usual splen-

dour, and *Harlequin, Jack of all Trades*, is on the best possible footing with the public. We seldom question very minutely cause and effect as relating to these matters; we know that we shall have a *Harlequin*, patched and agile; a *Columbine*, dancing as if such exercise were the sole purpose of her being; a *Clown*, as insensible to buffets as one of the late Platoff's cosacks; and *Pantaloon*, a compound of animation and imbecility: we expect all these personages, and, in the present instance, we are not deceived. The opening of the pantomime is precisely similar to a late entertainment at one of the minor houses: it is comprised of the loves of the *Cards*, their petulancies, and their final transformation into the characters of the pantomime. We cannot enumerate the tricks—it were tedious to follow the machinist through his wide field of invention: but though we cannot particularize, we must commend. Stanfield and Roberts have again achieved wonders. A panoramic exhibition, in which we see the departure of a ship from an English port, her perils through a violent tempest, and her arrival in a foreign harbour—this is a splendid effort of art, added to which many of the scenes may be considered as the most highly-finished pictures.

Liston has returned, and played to great houses a routine of characters. His *Mauworm*, particularly, has attracted crowded audiences. Of his *Figaro* we cannot speak in terms of unqualified admiration: it has all the quaintness, the dry humour of Liston, but there is an evident want of the vivacity and sprightliness—the continual triumphing of animal spirits over every obstacle, which we cannot but associate with the *tonsure* of Seville. He is too grave and mystical for the fluttering schemer: *Figaro* should be a butterfly, with the sting of a wasp—Liston has none of this. We have seen Mr. Penley as *Count Almaviva*: we never saw a more graceless nobleman: he was in his morning-gown and slippers, with an undressed head to boot, through the whole of the piece—verily he was a most leaden peer. Brown's *Antonio* was correct: there should be something more than correctness in the tippling gardener—but more we never expect in any thing from Mr. Browne. Miss Stephens' *Susanna* is alone a treat: we could pause in a wilderness, and give ourselves up to the charm which her melody creates. Never let us behold Miss Povey (*Countess Almaviva*) in white satin: she seems fettered by sumptuous apparel; every now and then we thought that her feet would break out into a waiting-maid-like trip, and run away in good earnest from her nobility: she sings prettily, but her execution is too monotonous. Miss Cubitt's *Cherubino* is not a first-rate per-

formance: she is lively, but there is no perception in her vivacity: it is sheer romping.

Wool-gathering, a farce evidently taken from the *Absent Man*, has been played for the further introduction of Liston, who is made by the author or adapter to stand alone in comic greatness, the other characters being mere shadows to *Mr. Wander*. The plot consists in the constant outrageous violation of time, place, and good-manners by the unfortunate *Mr. W.*, whose absence of mind renders it necessary that he should have an attendant prompter—a kind of Mentor in livery; a poor part, as most Mentors generally are, but played with care and industry by J. Russell. *Mr. Wander* prowls into a lady's chamber by mistake, puts the candle-stick under his arm for a hat—commits the most egregious blunders, in a letter addressed to soothe the irritable feelings of *Mrs. Pickleton* (*Mrs. C. Jones*), but the words of which are as oil to the already blazing anger of *Mrs. P.* Liston works hardly with the part, but it is too meagre even for him: it is a mere skeleton of comedy, and cannot be made to receive muscles and flesh—its weakness still peeps out, and we sit without the fear of laughter. Bennet growled most good-naturedly as *Mr. Pickleton*—we wish he did not so frequently remind us of Blanchard: perhaps much of the similitude rests with nature, but criticism is rarely apt to forge favourable excuses—and so the actor remains condemned. We have long admired *Mrs. Yates*; there is a joyousness about her, a “lurking devil in her eye,” which we are pleased with; but we must enter our protest against the mincing affectation with which she slaughters her language; she transforms into scissors her pretty lips, and every word comes from between them writhing from mutilation: will she never let us have a dissyllable complete in all its bearings? This is what we have to charge her with as a young lady in *Wool gathering*. *Mrs. C. Jones*, who by-the-bye we predict will be a great acquisition to the comic strength of this theatre, played *Mrs. Pickleton* with considerable humour. There is a prevailing acuteness with this lady, which elevates the meanest subject into something of importance. We understand the piece is by Poole: it was favourably received, but we cannot predict for it any lengthened career.

COVENT-GARDEN.

WE are never much influenced by revivals, at least when they assume a pantomimic character. *Beauty and the Beast* is of this order, and therefore lacks a portion of that attraction generally associated with the wizard-like efforts of Mr. Farley. To enter into any description

of the plot, would be to question the remembrances of our readers of the many simple beauties of the fairy tale which has employed the pantomimist. The many illusions exhibited are of the highest order, and a panoramic view almost equal to the one at Drury-lane. Young Grimaldi bids fair to obtain equal renown with his versatile sire. On the whole, we think *Beauty and the Beast* more calculated to sustain than to advance the reputation of this theatre for this species of entertainment.

Macbeth has been played, for the purpose of introducing a Mr. Allen as the guilty Thane. He is one of those adventurers, who, without approaching the least degree of excellence, are monotonously correct. His failure was decisive, but he failed with some respectability: he displayed some occasional touches of passion and energy—but then we had to wait patiently, and to witness a great deal of common-place before we witnessed them. Mr. Cooper's *Macduff* was forcible, and abounded in very natural pathos in the scene in which he learns the murder of his wife and children. Egerton was dull, prosaic, and heavy, as *Banquo*: we thought of nothing but the "sharded beetle" the whole time we heard him. We think Miss Lacy will, at some future period, repeat *Lady Macbeth*: it would be unfair rigidly to criticise her acting on the present occasion, when we consider how wretchedly she was supported; notwithstanding, we are justified, from this attempt, to be sanguine in our future expectations of this much-improved actress.

Mr. Charles Kemble has played *Othello*. Opinion is almost general on the attempt: it was a classic performance, but not a passionate one. In his early scenes, as might have been expected, Mr. Kemble was most successful; but in the last two acts there was an evident want of that intensity of feeling, that destroying misery, which we have so long been accustomed to expect from *Othello*. Mr. Warde's *Iago* wanted in depth of purpose; and Cooper's *Cassio* was too much intoxicated. Miss Jones is not of sufficient consequence for *Desdemona*.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

THE MUSICAL SISTERS.

The success, we presume, of the Infant Lyra, has stimulated the parents and friends of other musically-gifted children to offer them to public notice. A few weeks ago, two delicate-looking little girls, of the age respectively of four and seven years, were brought out at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to perform on the harp and piano-forte. Considering the tender age of the children, and the very slight

instruction which they are said to have received, they played with much correctness, spirit, and effect—not merely simple airs, but difficult and complicated pieces, from some of our great composers. Wanting, however, the apparent enthusiasm of the Infant Lyra, we can scarcely venture to anticipate for them an equal share of success.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Brighton Palace.—A truly splendid publication, which has been some time in progress under the auspices of his Majesty, has at length nearly reached its completion. It is entitled "Views and Illustrations of His Majesty's Palace at Brighton, by John Nash, Esq., Private Architect to the King, &c." The work, of which it is said only 250 copies are printed, consists of a series of picturesque views, highly finished in colours, and mounted as *fac similia* of the original drawings, by Augustus Pugin. These views embrace the entire building, and principal offices, as seen from the gardens; and also representations of the chief apartments, as completed, with their furniture and decorations. Plans, and sections, and outlines of each plate are also presented, with explanatory descriptions of the building, &c. Judging from these beautiful efforts of the pencil, some of the royal apartments at Brighton, when lighted up, exhibit a blaze of splendour quite new and dazzling to the European eye. Whatever objections may be urged against the Chinese style on the ground of simplicity and chasteness, its capabilities for brilliancy of effect must be universally allowed. None but those who have seen the palace itself, or these pictorial representations, can form an idea of the magnificence of its interior. Mr. Nash's publication is altogether worthy of the illustrious patronage with which it is honoured.

Hanoverian Scenery.—Captain Batty, whose "Illustrations of the Scenery of the Rhine" have acquired so much deserved celebrity, is publishing another work (Part I. of which only has yet appeared) entitled "Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery," and dedicated by permission to His Majesty; of whom it may without adulation be said, that he glories in the exercise of the power which royalty enables him to exert in favour of the fine arts. In addition to the beautiful landscapes and fine architectural representations in this work, wood-cut vignettes, from nature, are appended to the letter-press descriptions. The intrinsic merit of this production must ensure its success.

Martin's Milton illustrated.—Since our last

notice of this publication,* two more parts, V. and VI., have been produced. It is sufficient praise of Mr. Martin to say, that these are at least equal, in execution as well as in conception, to their predecessors.

Progress of Cant.—Under this title a large caricature print, drawn and etched by Mr. Hood, one of the authors of that lively and amusing volume, "Odes and Addresses to Great People," reminds us forcibly of the wit, humour, and fun of old Hogarth. It has its full share, too, of caustic satire. Here are shewn up at full length, most, if not all, of the leading quacks of the age—literary, critical, and phi-

losophical, political and poetical, musical and medical, &c., &c. As we, however, have no wish to be deemed *personal*, we shall not venture to mention the names of any of the great and distinguished, the high and mighty of our contemporaries, who are so pleasantly brought in contact, for the amusement and edification of the public. This, if we mistake not, is the first—we sincerely hope it will not be the last—of Mr. Hood's efforts in this line. We have never been satisfied with a modern caricaturist since the time of poor Gilray, who, like Hogarth, though in a very different style, possessed the happy art of crowding volumes into a sheet—of saying more in one page with his pencil, than could be written by the pen in a hundred.

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, Vol. ii. page 136.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The King's Palace in St. James's-park, now erecting upon the site of Buckingham-house, is nearly completed to the second story. The entire building will be of vast magnitude. All the mantelpieces, and other suitable portions of the interior of Carlton-house, that can be removed, will be employed in the new structure. The dismantling of Carlton-house will commence early in the ensuing autumn.

Considerable progress is making in the new mansion intended for his Royal Highness the Duke of York in St. James's. That, as well as the Palace, is nearly two stories high. For a square house without wings, York-house will, it is said, be the largest in England. The garden, a small one it is true, has been beautifully laid out upon the best principles of Repton.

On the opposite side of the Stable-yard, a mansion is building for his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

It is said that the plan for forming a new street from Northumberland-house, Charing-cross, to the British Museum, has been suspended. St. Martin's Church, however, will be thrown quite open, and the east, or chancel end, will form a noble object to the eye. By the removal of various buildings about the King's-mews, a surprising and beautiful change has been effected in that quarter.

At a late meeting of the Goths of the Borough of Southwark, it was determined to pull down that noble, time-honoured edifice, St. Saviour's Church, and to substitute for it a structure in consonance with the principles of *modern taste*! Alas, for the vaunted *refinement* of the age!

A patent has lately been obtained for an improvement in the construction of chimneys, the objects of which are, by means of circular smoke flues or tunnels, within the walls, to diminish the consumption of fuel, increase the quantity of heat, prevent smoke, promote cleanliness, and supersede the necessity of employing

chimney sweepers.—A patent has also been taken out for the construction of a register stove, on an entirely new principle, to consume smoke and economize fuel.

Meetings of the Royal Society of Literature for the season are now held on the first and third Wednesday of each month. The general meeting for the election of officers and the council is fixed for the 15th of February.

Accounts have been received of Captain Franklin and his party having safely arrived at Lathaboche, where they proposed to winter.

Accounts have reached London of the death of the two distinguished Russian botanists, Goldbach and Marschall Von Bieberstein.—Pomortsoff, who was sent last summer by the Russian government to make botanical discoveries on the borders of the Caspian sea and part of Caucasus, has been remarkably successful in his researches.

The new French expedition of discovery, fitting out at Toulon, is entrusted to the command of Capt. J. Durville and Lieut. Jacquinot, well known scientific officers. The particular object of the voyage is to explore more minutely several islands in the Pacific, especially those amongst the shoals of which the unfortunate Prouse is supposed to have perished.

The comet, which was first noticed in this country last autumn, was seen in both hemispheres, with a tail seven degrees in length, on the 14th of October.

A remarkably fine collection of fresco paintings, by Paul Veronese, has lately been brought to England. Next to the cartoons of Raphael, this acquisition is thought to be of the greatest importance to the arts in Britain.

The specimens of ancient sculpture exhibited last year at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, have been transferred to the British Museum.

An ingeniously contrived little instrument, called a Pantochronometer, has been produced

by Mr. Charles Essex. In a box, about the size of a small snuff-box, are combined the machinery of a compass, sun-dial, and universal time-dial; a compass-card, a gnomon, and an indexed lorder, constituting the whole of the apparatus.

It was shewn, in a memoir read at a recent sitting of the Philomathic Society at Paris, that the countries most favourable to the cultivation of the mulberry-tree are those that lie between the 42d and 48th degree of latitude; consequently, that in those countries the rearing of silk-worms may be carried on with success.

M. Mieg, the keeper of the Royal Collection of Natural Philosophy at Madrid, has effected an improvement in the construction of the organ, by which its tones may be gradually augmented or diminished in strength.

Works in the Press, &c.

Dartmoor, a Descriptive Poem, by N. T. Carrington, with Vignettes and Views, in illustration of the scenery. His Majesty has been pleased to direct his name to be placed at the head of the subscription list.

The Story of Isabel, by the author of *The Favourite of Nature*, 3 vols. 12mo.

A Second Series of Mr. Ellis's Collection of Original Letters.

Memoirs of the Life and Reign of the late Emperor of Russia, by Dr. Lyall.

The Life and Times of Napoleon, by Sir John Byerley. Three vols. 4to.

Memoirs of the Houses of York and Lancaster, by Emma Roberts.

The History of Henry the Fourth of France, by Miss Benger.

The Remains of Herne, the Antiquary.

The Life and Diary of Sir W. Dugdale, the Antiquary.

The second edition of James's Naval History.

A new edition of Ritson's Ancient Songs.

A complete catalogue of engraved English Portraits.

Lessons of Criticism, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, in Reply to Mr. Roscoe and the Quarterly Review.

British Ichthyology, with fine Engravings of the principal Fish of Great Britain, by Sir J. F. Lester, &c.

Adventures of a Young Rifleman in the French and English Armies, during the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1806 to 1816. One volume small 8vo.

The Constitution of England, historically, legislatively, and philosophically considered. By E. A. Kendall, Esq., F.S.A., author of *An Argument for construing largely the Right of an Appellee of Murder to insist on Trial by Battle*, and also for abolishing Appeal.

A Picturesque Tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan. By J. Taylor, Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, &c. No. I., in 4to.

Recollections of a Pedestrian, by the author of *The Journal of an Exile*, in three volumes, post octavo.

Greece Vindicated, being the Result of Observations made during a Visit to the Morea and Hydra in 1825. To which is added, an Examination of the Journals of Messrs. Pecchio, Emerson, and Humphreys. By Count Alerino Palmer.

The Tourist's Grammar; or, Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers. By the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke.

Traditions and Recollections, Domestic, Clerical, and Literary; in which are included Letters of Distinguished Characters. By the Rev. R. Polwhele. Two volumes, 8vo.

Mr. Lodge is preparing a new edition of his Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners, from Original Letters and Papers preserved in the College of Arms, and in the noble families of Howard and Cecil.

Dr. John Mason Goode, F.R.S., has a new work in the press, entitled *The Book of Nature*; being a succession of Lectures formerly delivered at the Surrey Institution, as a popular Illustration of the general Laws and Phenomena of Creation.

Mr. Singer announces a republication of the History of King Richard the Third, from the original Manuscripts of Sir George Buck. The work is intended to form one volume in octavo, printed uniformly with Mr. Singer's edition of the Life and Memoirs of Cardinal Wolsey, by his gentleman usher George Cavendish, of which work a second edition is announced, in one large octavo volume.

A Practical Grammar of the French Language, illustrated by copious Examples and Exercises, selected from the most approved French Writers. By J. Rowbotham, Author of a German Grammar, &c.

The Misses Porter's Tales round a Winter Hearth, will be published in a few days.

The author of the Two Rectors will shortly publish a new work, entitled *The Convert*.

An historical romance, entitled *De Foix*; or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century, is announced for publication.

Mr. Thomas Keith has in the press a System of Geography, on an entirely new plan.

Junius proved to be Burke; with an Outline of his Biography, will speedily be published.

A collection of French poetry is about to be published in volumes, entitled, *Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.

Cameleon Sketches, by the Author of the Promenade round Dorking, will be ready early in the ensuing month.

Firmin Didot is printing a French Translation of the Poems of Michael Angelo.

Chandos Leigh has in the press *Epistles to a Friend in Town*, and other Poems.

Laconics, or the Best Words of the Best Authors, will be completed in twelve monthly parts, with sixty portraits.

One of the authors of the Rejected Addresses has nearly ready for publication a novel entitled *Brambletye House*.

The Last Man, a romance by the author of *Frankenstein*, is just forthcoming.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—The Countess of Aylesford.—Viscountess Strangford.—Mrs. Humphrey St. John Mildmay.—The Countess of Surrey.—The lady of the Rev. T. H. Elwin, M. A.—The lady of the Rev. Dr. Butcher.—Lady F. L. Gower.—Lady Harriet Gurney.—Lady Emily Ponsonby.—The lady Frances Bankes.—The Lady Elizabeth Wells.—The lady of the Hon. Alexander Macdonald.—The lady of Sir Frederick Baker.—Lady Taylor.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The Hon. Mrs. Penrhyn.—The lady of Dr. Fitton.—Lady Grey.—Lady Jemima Eliot.—The lady of Major Lane, R. A.—Lady Eleanor Lowther.—The Viscountess Folkestone.—The lady of Dr. Spurgin.—The lady of T. Venables, Esq.—The Marchioness of Exeter.—The lady of the very Rev. the Dean of Peterborough.—Viscountess Chetwynd.—The lady of Sir W. B. Cooke, Bart.—The lady of Sir Charles Henry Colville.—The lady of Colonel Bromhead (twice).—The lady of Sir William Congreve.

MARRIAGES.

Charles Bankhead, Secretary of Legation to the United States of America, to Maria Horatia, third daughter of Sir John Dean Paul, Bart.

John Maryon Wilson, of Fitz-Johns, Essex, to Charlotte Julia, fifth daughter of George Wade, Esq., of Dunmow.

Captain Goodiff, of the Bombay army, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Major-General Sir G. Holmes, K.C.B.

At the Chapel of the British Embassy, Paris, George William Lefevre, M.D. to Frederica Clavering, daughter of Colonel Charles Fraser, of the Hon. East-India Company's service.

At Bedford, the Rev. Peter La Trobe, to Mary Louisa, second daughter of the Right Rev. T. W. Foster.

At Bath, Revell Phillips, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Edward Grime, D.D.

At St. James's Church, Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K.C.B., to Harriet, third daughter and co-heiress of the late Thomas Smith, Esq., of Castleton Hall, Lancashire.

At Marcham, Berks, the Rev. William Buckland, D.D., to Mary, eldest daughter of Benjamin Morland, Esq., of Sheepstead House, near Abingdon.

Thomas Payn, Esq., to Maria Purvis, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dupré, of Weymouth.

At Dodington, Gloucestershire, the Hon. Arthur Thellusson, fourth son of the late and brother of the present Lord Rendlesham, to Caroline Anna Maria, second daughter of Sir C. B. Codrington.

At Cheltenham, J. B. Brady, Esq., to Jane Harriet, daughter of the late Sir Rupert George, Bart.

At Preston, W. St. Clare, M.D., to Miss Horrocks, eldest daughter of S. Horrocks, Esq. M.P.

The Hon. and Rev. William Thellusson, son

of the late and brother of the present Lord Rendlesham, to Lucy, third daughter of Edward Roger Pratt, Esq., of Ryston House, Norfolk.

At Stockholm, Baron Shemmelpenninch Van Orme, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Baron Le Kantzow.

DEATHS.

At Cheltenham, Major Unett.

At Dublin, Mr. John Moore, the father of T. Moore, Esq.

At Bath, the Rev. Newdigate Poyntz, Vicar of Tonmarton, Gloucestershire.

At Shirley House, Hants, Mary Frances, eldest daughter of the late Sir Charles Rich, Bart.

At Hammersmith, aged 74, the Rev. George Chisholm, D.D., Rector of Ashmore, Dorsetshire.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Lady Mitchell, widow of Admiral Sir Andrew Mitchell.

Aged 65, Samuel Parkes, Esq., F.L.S. &c.

Aged 63, Dr. Thomas Parkinson, late of Leicester.

At Derby, aged 81, Daniel Parker Coke, Esq.

Mary, wife of the Rev. C. F. Bond, Vicar of Margaretting, Essex.

At Brighton, Sir Samuel Falkiner, Bart., of Ann Mount, County of Cork.

At St. Omer, John Harcourt, Esq., late M.P. for Leominster.

At Avignon, in France, the Hon. Mrs. Long, wife of Capt. Long, second daughter of Lord Stanley, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Derby.

At Beverley, aged 20, the Right Hon. Lord Arthur Paget.

At Marston House, aged 27, Viscount Dungarvan.

The Hon. Wm. Bachelor Coltman.

The Rev. Richard Mitchell, D.D., Rector of Fryerning, and Vicar of Eastwood, Essex.

At Portsmouth, aged 72, Major-Gen. Millor.

At Hampton-Court Palace, aged 80, Thomas Fauquier, Esq.

At the Rectory, Amersham, the Rev. Dr. Drake.

At Bath, aged 72, Capt. Colquett, R. N.

At Richmond, Sir Richard Dundas, Bart.

At Liverpool, Sir Wm. Barton, Knt.

Aged 15, Charlotte Augusta, eldest daughter of Sir George Wm. Denys, Bart.

Anne, widow of Admiral Sir James Wallace.

At Debden Hall, Essex, aged 69, Mary, Lady Vincent, relict of Sir Francis Vincent, Bart.

At Brussels, M. David, the celebrated French painter.

Rose Lambert Price, Esq., eldest son of Sir R. Price, Bart.

At Clifton, J. Macnamara, Esq., senior Rear-Admiral of the Red.

At Guy's Cliff, Warwick, B. Greathead, Esq., grandson of Peregrine, second Earl of Ancaster.

In Southampton-Row, aged 75, R. Griffiths, Esq.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XV., FOR MARCH, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable SARAH SOPHIA, COUNTESS OF JERSEY, engraved by J. COCHRAN, from a Painting by G. HAYTER.
 A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Opera Costume.
 A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Home Costume.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE request of our obliging friend, MRS. C. B. WILSON, shall be complied with. The arrival of her little volume was not sufficiently early for notice this month.

"MARY SOPHIA W." may be assured that we have not forgotten her. On the contrary, we shall be very happy to receive her communications whenever the Gods may please to render her more than usually poetical. We are sorry that we cannot conscientiously recommend the publication of her Tales: they will be delivered to her order, as requested, at Mr. Whittaker's.

"*Catherine of Lancaster, or the Tournament of Toledo*," we have the pleasure of informing its fair author, is reserved for insertion.

We have complied with the wishes of "W. B." in returning his "*Poetical Translation of the Chinese Ode*."

We shall very shortly have the satisfaction of communicating privately with the writer of "*A Devonshire Tradition*," inserted in this month's LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

The Tale entitled "*Cruel Friendship*" has not been mislaid: its author shall hear from us very soon.

Our much-valued friend, "P. J." has, we trust, received the parcel which we forwarded agreeably to instructions.

Thanks to "Mrs. H." We have received her "*Sketches, No. III.—The Penitent*;" but the shortness of the month has not allowed us time for its examination.

"*Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown*" will, we have little doubt, make their *entrée* next month.

Thanks to our friend "W. C. S." for "*England's Ancient Bards, No. IX.*"

The pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE abundantly testify that we are among the cordial admirers of the *Infant Lyra*. It is not, however, within our plan to insert the "*Acrostic*" which has been forwarded to us in her praise.

The author of "*Portland Isle*," &c., will perceive that we have endeavoured to meet his wishes.

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

MARCH, 1826.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR MARCH, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SARAH SOPHIA, COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

THE Lady Sarah Sophia Fane, now Countess of Jersey, is the eldest daughter of John, Earl of Westmorland, K.G., &c., by Sarah Anne, sole-heiress of Robert Child, of Osterley Park, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. Born on the 4th of March, in the year 1785, her Ladyship was married, on the 23d of May, 1804, to George Villiers, fifth Earl of Jersey, Viscount Villiers, of Dartford, and Baron of Hoo, in the county of Kent, and Viscount Grandison, of Limerick, in the county of Leitrim, in Ireland.

It appears, from an ancient pedigree, that the ancestors of the Earl of Westmorland, and of the Earl of Darlington, descended from Howel ap Vane, of Monmouthshire, living before the time of William the Conqueror. The son of Howel, styled, by the Welsh heralds, Griffith ap Howel Vane, married Lettice, daughter of Bledwin ap Kenwyn, Lord of Powis. His son, by her, was Ivon Vane, called, from his complexion, the fair Vane; from whom, through his marriage with Angharad, daughter of Owen ap Edwin, or ap Evan Meredith, descended Sir Henry Vane, who was knighted for his valiant behaviour at the battle of Poitiers, on the 19th of September, 1356. That gentleman continuing in France, in the service of Edward, Prince of Wales, married there a French lady,

Grace, daughter and heir to Sir Stephen de Leeke. John Vane, of Hilden, in Tonbridge, Esq., fifth in descent from Sir Henry Vane, married Isabel, daughter of John Darell, of the county of Kent, Esq. He was the first of the family who took the name of Fane. Of four sons, his second, Richard, was ancestor of the Earl of Westmorland, and his fourth, John, ancestor of the Earl of Darlington.

The Richard Fane, here mentioned, seated at Badsell, in Tudeley, in Kent, had, by gift of his father in his will, the manor of Snergate, in Kent; also his lands in Lamberhurst, with his manor and lands in Morden, after the decease of Isabel, his mother; and, further, he enjoyed the residue of his elder brother Henry's estate. He married Agnes, daughter and heir of Thomas Stidolph, Esq., of Badsell, descended from an ancient family seated at Stidolph, in Surrey.

Thomas, his grandson, was implicated in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion, in the first year of Queen Mary, but pardoned. On the 26th of August, 1573, he was knighted at Dover Castle, by Robert, Earl of Leicester, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. By his second wife, the Lady Mary Nevile, daughter and heir of Henry, Lord Abergavenny, by Frances, daughter of Thomas Manners, Earl of Rutland, he had

four sons and two daughters. Lady Mary, his relict, was restored to the name, style, and dignity of Baroness Le Despencer, to descend to her heirs, with the ancient seat, place, and precedency of her ancestors.* Her eldest son, Francis, was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of James I. on the 15th of July, 1603; and, on the 29th of December, 1624, he was advanced to the titles of Baron Burghersh and Earl of Westmorland. His Lordship (who died in 1628, and was buried at Mere-worth, in Kent) married Mary, daughter and heir to Sir Anthony Mildmay, of Ape-thorp, in Northamptonshire, with whom he had a large estate. The issue of this marriage was seven sons and six daughters; of whom Mildmay, the eldest son, became second Earl of Westmorland; and Francis, the third, was the direct progenitor of the present Earl of Westmorland. This Francis was Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I.; and, in the time of the civil wars, he was governor of Doncaster Castle, and afterwards of Lincoln, for the King. He obtained some reputation as a writer, having produced three dramatic pieces, and a variety of miscellaneous poems.† He was seated at Fulbeck, in Lincolnshire, and at Aston, in Yorkshire. By his wife, Elizabeth (eldest daughter of William West, of Tirbeck, in the county of York, Esq., and widow of John, Lord Darcy) he had issue—

1. Francis;—2. William, died unmarried;—3. Henry, K. B., at the coronation of Charles II. M. P., a Member of the Privy Council, &c.: he married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Thomas Sapcot, of Exeter, Esq. by whom he had a son, Charles, who, on the accession of George I. was appointed of his Majesty's Privy Council; and, afterwards (1718) created Viscount Fane, and Baron of Loughaire, in the kingdom of Ireland: by his wife, Mary, youngest daughter of Alexander Stanhope, Esq., sister to James, created Earl Stanhope, he had two sons and four daughters; of whom

* She had claimed the Barony of Abergavenny against Edward Nevile, the heir male; but, after a protracted litigation, King James compromised the suit by allotting the barony of Le Despencer to the heir general, and the barony of Abergavenny to the heir male.

† *Vide* BIOGRAPHIA DRAMATICA, vol. i. p. 150.

Judith married John, fifth Earl of Sandwich: Charles, his eldest son, became second Viscount Fane; and on his death, in 1782, the title became extinct;—4. Edward;—5. Mary.

Francis, the eldest son of Sir Thomas above-mentioned, was one of the Knights of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II. He married Hannah, daughter of John Rushworth, of the county of Essex, Esq., author of the well-known "Historical Collections." Henry, his second surviving son by this lady, married Anne, daughter of Thomas Scrope, of Bristol, Esq., and sister and coheir of John Scrope, of Walmsley, in the county of Oxford, Esq., Secretary to the Treasury, by whom he had issue:—

1. Francis, M. P. in several parliaments, one of his Majesty's Council-at-law, one of the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, &c. died in 1757;—2. Thomas, eighth Earl of Westmorland;—3. Henry; M. P. one of the chief clerks of the treasury, and also to the privy council, married, *first*, Charlotte, only daughter of Nicholas Rowe, Poet Laureat, by whom he had a daughter, Charlotte, married Sir William St. Quintin, of Harpham, in Yorkshire, Bart.; *secondly*, Anne, daughter of Dr. John Wynn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, by whom he had a daughter, Mary, married Sir Thomas Stapleton, Bart., and was mother of the present Baron Le Despencer; *thirdly*, Charlotte, daughter of Richard Luther, of Miles, near Ongar, in Essex, Esq., by whom he had issue four sons: of these, the second, John, M. P., married Lady Elizabeth Parker, daughter of Thomas Earl of Macclesfield;—4. Mary, married successively to John Henley, of Bristol, Esq., and Dr. Samuel Creswick, Dean of Wilts.

Thomas, eighth Earl of Westmorland (previously M. P.) married Elizabeth, daughter of William Swymmer, of Bristol, Esq., by whom he had issue—

1. John, his successor;—2. Henry, M. P. for Lyme Regis in several parliaments;—3. Anne;—4. Mary.

John, ninth Earl of Westmorland, who represented the borough of Lyme Regis in several parliaments before he succeeded to the peerage, married, *first*, in 1758, Augusta, daughter of Lord Montague Bertie, son of Robert, Duke of Ancaster; by whom he had issue—

1. John, his successor;—2. Thomas, M. P. for Lyme Regis in 1796 and 1802, a colonel in

the army, groom of the King's bedchamber, &c., married Miss Lowe, and died in 1807;—3. Augusta, married William, Earl of Lonsdale, K.G.

His Lordship married, *secondly*, in 1767, Susan Gordon, daughter of Cosmo George, third Duke of Gordon, by whom (who survived his Lordship, and married, *secondly*, in 1778, Lieutenant Colonel John Woodford) he had—

1. Henry, born in 1771, died 1774;—2. Susan, born 1768, married, 1788, John Drummond, Esq., died 1793;—3. Elizabeth, born 1773, married, 1790, Sir John Lowther, Bart., brother of James, Earl of Lonsdale, K.G.;—4. Mary, born 1777, married, 1792, George Fludyer, Esq., brother of Sir Samuel Fludyer, Bart.

His Lordship died on the 26th of April, 1774, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

John, the present Earl of Westmorland, Baron Burghersh, K.G., Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, Recorder of Lyme Regis, &c. His Lordship was born on the 1st of January, 1759. He married, *first*, on the 20th of May, 1782, Sarah Anne, sole heiress of Robert Child, of Osterley Park, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. By this lady, who died on the 9th of November, 1793, his Lordship had issue—

1. John, Lord Burghersh, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Tuscany, G.C.H., C.B., K.M.T., and K.F. aid-de-camp to the King, and a Colonel in the army; born, February 2, 1784, married Mary, daughter of the Right Honourable William Wellesley Pole, and niece to Richard, Marquess Wellesley, K.G., and to Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and has issue George Frederick Augustus, born June 16, 1819; a daughter, born May 24, 1822; and two sons, one born on the 7th January, 1824, the other in December, 1825;—2. Sarah Sophia (the Lady with whose portrait *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* is this month honoured) who, by the will of her grandfather, Robert Child, Esq., inherited his large fortune, born, March 4, 1785, married May 23, 1804, George Villiers, fifth Earl of Jersey;—3. Augusta, born March 17, 1786, married, June 20, 1804, John Parker, first Earl of Morley (which marriage was dissolved by act of Parliament, February 14, 1809) and, afterwards, the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B., son of Henry, first Earl of Uxbridge, and brother of Henry, Marquess of Anglesea, G.C.B.;—4. Maria, born May 11, 1787, married, November 16, 1805, John, Viscount Duncannon, eldest

son of Frederick Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough;—5. Charlotte, born August 25, 1793, died April 1, 1822.

The Earl of Westmorland married, *secondly*, in March, 1800, Miss Saunders, second daughter of Huck Saunders, M.D., and sister to the present Viscount Melville, by whom he has issue—

1. Jane Georgiana, born January 25, 1801;—2. Charles Saunders John, born May 8, 1802, died October, 1810;—3. a son, born September 18, 1805;—4. a daughter, who died on her passage to Lisbon, November 27, 1807.

The family of Villiers, of which the Countess of Jersey has for some years been one of the brightest ornaments, is descended from the ancient noble house of Villiers (variously written Villers, Villiers, Vileres, Vylers, &c.) Seigneurs of Lisle Adam, in Normandy. Some of its members appear to have come into England with William the Norman, in 1066; for, soon afterwards, Pagan de Villars was Lord of Crosby, in the county of Lancaster, and was also possessed of Newbold, in the county of Nottingham, which his posterity held till the reign of Edward III.* This Pagan de Villars gave to the church of St. Peter, and to Roger, Archbishop of York, the tithes and church of Kinalton, for the use of the house held of the Archbishop, in the year 1100. He flourished in the reign of William II. and Henry I. and was a witness to the foundation charter of Roger of Poitou, to the monastery of Lancaster. He was father of—

1. Matthew, whose grand-daughter and heir married Sir William de Boteler, of Warring-

* Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire (vol. iii.) considers this Pagan de Villars to have been the son of Arnold de Villiers, one of the witnesses to a deed made by the Lady Gundred, wife of Nigel de Albencio, to the hospital of St. Peter, of York. Of this family were—Aymer de Villiers, sewer to Philip I. of France, killed by four of the soldiers of William the Conqueror, in Normandy, in 1076, and whose great great grandson, Sir Adam de Villiers, Knt., was living in 1228;—the renowned Pierre de Villiers, First Grand Master of France, in 1390, under Charles VI;—Jaques de Villiers, Provost of Paris, in the same reign, and many other eminent persons.

ton;—2. William of Newbold, in the county of Nottingham:—3. Allen, whose daughter and heir married, about the time of King John, Robert Molineux, of Seston, in Lancashire, from whom descended the Earl of Seston, in Ireland, and Sir Francis Molineux, of Teversall, in Nottinghamshire, Bart.;—4. Pagan;—and, as is supposed, one or two other sons.

Alexander de Villiers, of Kinalton, in the county of Nottingham, and Lord of Brooksby, in Leicestershire, was grandson of Pagan de Villiers, by his fourth son Pagan. By his wife, Cicely, daughter of William Seis, of Donington-super-le-Heath, he was father to Sir Richard de Villers, a renowned warrior, who, in 1268, following Edward I. into the Holy Land, relinquished his paternal coat of arms, *sable, three cinquefoils, argent*—in allusion to the *cinquefoils*, the ancient arms of Beaumont, Earl of Leicester, from whose grant this family became possessed of lands in Leicestershire—and in lieu thereof, assumed *the Cross of St. George*, the patron of England, and *five escallop shells on it*, denoting the cause of his expedition.* He married Maud, daughter and coheir of Sir John Hyde, of Hyde Hall, in Sawbridgeworth, Herts, Knt. by Elizabeth, daughter of John, Lord Sudley, and widow of Thomas Joscelyn, Esq., ancestor of the Earl of Roden, in Ireland; by whom he had five sons; of whom, Sir John, the second, continued the line at Brooksby.†

Sir John Villiers, a descendant of the Sir John here mentioned, brought forces to the aid of Henry VII. (in 1487) against the Earl of Lincoln, Lambert Simnel, &c., and distinguished himself by his valour in the battle of Stoke, near Newark-upon-Trent, in which the rebels were defeated,

* The motto still borne by the Earls of Jersey, and also by the Earls of Clarendon, a branch of the Villiers family, is *Fidei coticula crux*—The Cross is the Test of Faith.

† Sir Hugh, the eldest son, died without issue. To the memory of Nicholas de Villiers, the third, of Traftord, in Sussex, there is a handsome monument at Downe Ampney, in Gloucestershire, erected by the Knights Templars, to whom he had given the impropriate tithes of that parish.—*Vide Gough's Sepulchral Monuments*, vol. ii. page 106, and *BIGLAND'S Gloucestershire*, vol. i, page 489.

and the Earl of Lincoln was slain. In 1490, he was Esquire for the body to the King; in 1490, 1494, and 1499, he was Sheriff of the counties of Lincoln and Warwick; and (November 14, 1501) he was made Knight of the Bath at the marriage of Prince Arthur, the King's son.

Sir John, the eldest son and heir of Sir John, was Sheriff of the counties of Leicester and Warwick, in 1531 and 1537. In his last will, reciting "that he intended, by the grace of God, shortly to pass the seas into the realm of France, to serve the King's Majesty in his wars against the French King, he orders his body to be buried in the chancel of the parish church of St. Michael, of Brokesby, if it should fortune him to die in Leicestershire, or else to be buried where it shall please God; and that his executors cause a great stone, then lying in the chancel of Brokesby church, to be laid on his father and mother, and cause two images of laton, with their arms, to be set on the same stone, with scripture round about it; as also another stone of the like value to be laid over him, if he should die in England." In this instrument, "he bequeaths to his good lord, Sir Edward Montague, Knight, Lord Chief Justice (with whom he leaves his will) his bason and ewer of silver, and his best ambling gelding, desiring him to be a good lord to all his friends; and constitutes his brother, George Villiers, sole executor, leaving him the residue of his goods not here bequeathed."

Sir George Villiers, son and heir of William, a younger brother of the John and George here mentioned, married, *first*, Audrey, daughter and heir of William Sanders, of Harrington, in the county of Northampton, Esq., by whom he had issue—

1. Sir William, Sheriff of the county of Leicester, in 1608, created a Baronet, July 19, 1619;—2. Sir Edward, Knt., President of Munster, in Ireland; from whom descended the Viscounts and Earls of Grandison, of the surname of Villiers, and also the present Earl of Jersey;—3. Elizabeth, married John,

* The baronetcy became extinct on the death of his grandson, Sir William, who died without issue in 1711, having sold the manor of Brooksby to Sir Nathan Wright.

Lord Butler, of Bramfield;—4. Anne, married Sir William Washington, of Packington, in the county of Leicester;—5. Frances, died unmarried.

Sir George Villiers married, *secondly*, Mary, daughter of Anthony Beaumont, of Glenfield, in the county of Leicester, Esq.,* by whom he had issue—

1. Susan married William Feilding, Earl of Denbigh, and ancestor of the present Earl;† —2. John, created Baron Villiers, of Stoke, and Viscount Purbeck, June 19, 1619;—3. George, the celebrated Duke and Marquess of Buckingham, Earl of Coventry, Viscount Villiers, &c., successively the favourite of James I. and Charles I., and who fell by the hand of Felton, the assassin;‡—4. Christopher, who, on the 24th of September, 1623, was created Earl of Anglesea and Baron of Daventry; and whose son, Charles, Earl of Anglesea, died without issue in 1659, leaving Susan, his sister and heir, who was married to Thomas Saville, Earl of Sussex.

Sir Edward Villiers, second son of Sir George, by his first wife, received the honour of Knighthood, at Windsor, in 1616; in 1620, he was sent ambassador to Bohemia; and, in 1622, by the interest of his brother, the Duke of Buckingham, he was advanced to the Presidentship of Munster, in Ireland. "He lived there," says Sir Henry Wotton, "in singular estimation for his justice and hospitality; and died (in 1626) as much to the grief of the whole province, as ever any governor did, before his religious lady, who was of a sweet and

* This lady, who survived Sir George, was created Countess of Buckingham, in 1618. She married, *secondly*, Sir William Rayner; and, *thirdly*, Sir Thomas Compton, Knt., brother of William, first Earl of Northampton. She died in 1632, and was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

† *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. i, page 48; and vol. ii, page 186.

‡ For some remarkable particulars relative to the death of this ill-fated nobleman *vide ELLIS's Letters, illustrative of English History*, &c.; and for the account of an extraordinary dream, by his sister, Susan, Countess of Denbigh, at the time of his assassination, *vide Illustrative Memoir of Lady Emily Feilding*, *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. ii. page 186, 187. —The dagger (as is there stated) with which the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed, is in the possession of the present Earl of Denbigh.

noble disposition, adding much to his honour."—Sir Edward was buried in the Earl of Cork's chapel, at Youghall, where a tablet, bearing the following lines, was placed to his memory:—

Munster may curse the time that Villiers came,

To make us worse, by leaving such a name;
Of noble parts, as none can imitate,
But those whose hearts are married to the state:

But if they press to imitate his fame,
Munster may bless the time that Villiers came.

Sir Edward's lady was Barbara, eldest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregose, in Wiltshire, and niece to Sir Oliver St. John, created Viscount Grandison, in Ireland (January 3, 1620) with limitation of that honour to *her* posterity. He had issue by her—besides three daughters—*

1. William, who succeeded his father in estate, and, in 1630, his uncle, St. John, in the title of second Viscount Grandison. He married Mary, third daughter of Paul, Viscount Bayning. On the breaking out of the civil war, he adhered to Charles I. and signalized himself on several occasions. Having been wounded (in July 1643) at the siege of Bristol, he was carried to Oxford, where he died on the following month, in the 30th year of his age.† A noble monument was erected to his

* 1. Barbara, married, *first*, Thomas Wenman, son and heir of Philip, Lord Viscount Wenman; *secondly*, James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk;—2. Anne;—3. Ellen.

† "He was a young man of so virtuous a habit of mind," observes Lord Clarendon, in his *History of the Rebellion*, "that no temptation or provocation could corrupt him; so great a lover of justice and integrity, that no example, necessity, or even the barbarities of this war, could make him swerve from the most precise rules of it; and of that rare piety and devotion, that the court, or camp, could not shew a more faultless person, or to whose example young men might more reasonably conform themselves. His personal valour and courage of all kinds (for he had sometimes indulged so much in the corrupt opinion of honour, as to venture himself in duels) was very eminent, insomuch as he was accused of being too prodigal of his person; his affection, zeal, and obedience to the King, was such as became a branch of that family."—Further, Lord Clarendon observes, his Lordship was wont to say, "that if he had not understanding enough to

memory in the Cathedral of Christ Church, where he was buried, by Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, his only daughter and heir, married to Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemain, in Ireland.

2. John, succeeded his brother William, as third Viscount Grandison, but died without male issue.

3. George, fourth Viscount Grandison, married the Lady Mary Leigh, daughter of Francis, Earl of Chichester, by whom he had three sons and two daughters.—Edward, the eldest son, married Catherine, daughter of John Fitzgerald, of Dromana, in the county of Waterford, Esq., and in her right became seized of a large estate in that county. Dying before his father, in 1693, he left two sons—John, who succeeded his grandfather, as fifth Viscount Grandison; and William;—and four daughters. Of the latter, Harriet, the third, married Robert Pitt, Esq., elder brother of Thomas, Earl of Londonderry, by whom she was mother of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, and grandmother of the late Right Hon. William Pitt.—Catherine, relict of Edward Villiers, Esq., had a patent from King William, dated January 6, 1699, granting her the privilege to enjoy the same title and precedence as though her husband had survived his father, and had been actually possessed of the honour of Viscount Grandison.—John, the fifth Viscount, was, by his Majesty, George I. advanced to the dignity of Earl Grandison, of Limerick, in 1721. In 1733, he was sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed Governor of the county and city of Waterford. His Lordship married Frances, daughter of Anthony Carey, Viscount Falkland, premier Viscount of Scotland, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. The sons, and also the first daughter, having died young, or without surviving issue, Elizabeth, the second daughter, who married Aland John Mason, of Waterford, Esq., was created Countess Grandison. On the death of her son George, Earl Grandison, in the year 1800 (who left only a daughter and heir, Gertrude, married to Lord Henry Stuart, both since deceased) the Earldom of Grandison became extinct;

know the uprightness of the cause, nor loyalty enough to inform him of the duty of a subject, yet the very obligations of gratitude to the King, on the behalf of his house, were such, as his life was but a due sacrifice. And, therefore, he no sooner saw the war unavoidable, than he engaged all his brethren, as well as himself, in the service; and there were then three more of them in command in the army, when he was so unfortunately cut off."

but the title of Viscount devolved on William Villiers, third Earl of Jersey, the lineal descendant of

4. Edward, of whom we are now about to speak.

This Edward, fourth son of Sir Edward Villiers, Knt., President of Munster, attached himself to the royal cause, on the breaking out of the civil war against Charles I. When it had been resolved to take the command of the fleet from the Earl of Northumberland, and to send letters to all the Captains with orders to observe the commands of Sir John Pennington, the business was committed to the care of Mr. Villiers, "whose diligence and dexterity," observes Lord Clarendon, "his Majesty found fit for any trust." He was afterwards, as a Lieutenant Colonel in his Majesty's army, in several engagements; particularly in that of Newbury, in 1643, where he was wounded. Having by these and other services recommended himself to Charles II. he received the honour of Knighthood at Whitehall, in 1680; and was made Knight Marshal of his Majesty's household on the death of Sir William Wyndham, Colonel of the Duchess of York's regiment, and Governor of Tinmouth Castle. He also had a grant from the King of the royal house and manor of Richmond; and his lady (Frances, daughter of Theophilus Howard, Earl of Suffolk) was governess of the Princesses, Mary and Anne, afterwards Queens of England.—By James I. he was continued in his post of Knight Marshal; but as his Majesty was desirous of possessing the old palace at Richmond, for the purpose of a royal nursery, he resigned it for a valuable consideration.

Sir Edward Villiers lived to see his eldest son (afterwards Earl of Jersey) advanced to the post of Master of the Horse to Queen Mary, on the revolution effected by King William. He died in 1689, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; having left issue—

1. Edward;—2. Henry, a Colonel in the army, and Governor of Tinmouth Castle;—3. Elizabeth, Maid of Honour to Mary, Princess of Orange, married Lord George Hamilton, third son of William, Duke of Hamilton, afterwards created Earl of Orkney;*—4. Catherine,

* This lady founded (1709) an English

married, *first*, James Louis de Puissar, Marquis de Puissar, in the kingdom of France; *secondly*, William Villiers, a younger brother of George, Viscount Grandison.—5. Barbara, married John Berkeley, Viscount Fitzharding;—6. Anne, married William Bentinck, Earl of Portland;—7. Henrietta, married John, Earl of Breadalbane, in Scotland;—8. Mary, married William, Earl of Inchiquin, in Ireland.

Edward, the eldest son and heir of Sir William, attended the Princess Mary into Holland, after her marriage with the Prince of Orange. Returning with them in 1688, he was, on the first settlement of their household, as King and Queen of England, made Master of the Horse to the Queen. Soon afterwards, being then a Knight, he was chosen by his Majesty to compliment the ambassadors from the States General, on their arrival to congratulate their Majesties on their accession to the English throne. On the death of his father, he succeeded to the post of Knight Marshal.

Advancing in his Majesty's favour, Sir Edward was, on the 20th of March, 1691, created Viscount Villiers, of Dartford, and Baron Villiers, of Hoo, both in the county of Kent. At the funeral of Queen Mary, he led a mourning horse, attended by two equerries, and, as his office of Master of the Horse had terminated on the death of his royal mistress, he was sent envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the congress at the Hague. In the course of the year 1697, he was successively constituted one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, one of the plenipotentiaries for the treaty of Ryswick, and ambassador extraordinary to the States General.

On the 13th of October, 1697, to impart the greater lustre to his employments, his Lordship was created Earl of the Island of Jersey; and, on his return to England, soon afterwards, he was sworn of the Privy Council.

At the commencement of the year 1698, his Lordship was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of France; into the capital of which, he made his public entry with great magnificence. On his return to England, in May, he was consti-

tuted a principal Secretary of State; when the King went over to Holland, at the close of the same month, he was declared one of the Lords Justices for the administration of the government; and, before the end of the year, he was sent for by his Majesty to attend him at Loo. In the same year he was appointed one of the plenipotentiaries for the second treaty of partition; and, in 1700, he was made Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

On the accession of Queen Anne, his Lordship was sworn of her Privy Council; and, on the 14th of April, 1702, he was constituted Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's household. In the same year, whilst the Queen was at Oxford, he was presented with the degree of Doctor of the Civil Laws. He enjoyed the post of Lord Chamberlain till the year 1704, after which time he held no public employment. He died on the 26th of August, 1711, the very day on which he was to have been named Lord Privy Seal. It had been also determined that his Lordship should be one of the plenipotentiaries to the congress of Utrecht. He was buried in St. Michael's chapel, Westminster Abbey.—His Lordship married Barbara, daughter of William Chiffinch, Esq., closet-keeper to Charles II., by whom he left issue—

1. William, his successor;—2. Henry, died without issue;—3. Mary, married, *first*, Thomas Thynne, of Old Windsor, Berks, Esq., by whom she was mother of Thomas, second Viscount Weymouth; *secondly*, George Granville, Lord Lansdowne.

William, second Earl of Jersey, was elected M.P. for the county of Kent, in 1705. By his wife, Judith, daughter of Frederick Hearne, Esq., he had issue—

1. William, his successor;—2. Thomas, created Earl of Clarendon,* in 1776;—3. Bar-

* He had been previously (1756) created Baron Hyde. In 1782, his Prussian Majesty granted to him and his issue the honour of bearing his arms on the body of the Prussian eagle, which honour his own Sovereign was graciously pleased to permit his Lordship to accept. By his lady (Charlotte Capel, eldest daughter of William, third Earl of Essex) he had issue:—1. Thomas, the late Earl;—2. John Charles, the present Earl;—3. George, registrar at Gibraltar, clerk of the council, and registrar of the Duchy of Lancaster, and ranger

school, in Middleton, in the county of Cork, Ireland.—*Vide SMITH'S History of the County of Cork*, vol. i. page 153.

born, married, *first*, Sir Walter Blacket, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Bart.; *secondly*, Bussey Mansel, Esq., uncle to Thomas, last Lord Mansel; *thirdly*, George Venables Vernon, Esq., afterwards Lord Vernon.

William, third Earl of Jersey, who succeeded his father in 1721, was one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales, at whose funeral he was one of the six supporters of the pall. In 1740, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's forests, chases, parks, &c. on this side Trent. He was also of his Majesty's privy council. His Lordship married, in 1733, the Lady Anne Egerton, daughter of Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, and relict of Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford; and by her he had issue—

1. Frederick William, born 1734, died 1742;
- 2. George Bussey, his successor, born in 1735.

George Bussey, fourth Earl of Jersey, was, on his uncle's being created Lord Hyde, in 1756, elected M.P. for Tamworth, in Staffordshire, in his room; and, at the general election in 1761, he was again returned for the same borough. In 1761, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty, an office which he resigned in 1763. Having vacated his seat in Parliament, on this appointment, he afterwards sat for the borough of Aldborough, in Yorkshire; and, at the general election in 1768, he was returned for Dover. In 1765 he was appointed Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's household. On the 28th of August, 1769, he succeeded his father in the Earldom: on the 9th of the ensuing month, he resigned his office of Lord Chamberlain, and was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber, a post which he held till the close of the year 1777. In 1782, his Lordship was appointed Master of his Majesty's buck-hounds: this he resigned in 1713; he was then made Captain of his Majesty's band of gentlemen pensioners;

of Cranborne Chase, married Theresa Parker, sister of John, Earl of Morley;—4. Charlotte Barbara, deceased.—The present Earl of Clarendon, who succeeded to the title in 1824, married, in 1791, Maria Eleanor, youngest daughter and coheir of Admiral the Hon. John Forbes, only brother of George, fourth Earl of Granard.

an appointment which he resigned in 1790, and was afterwards Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales, our present Sovereign.

His Lordship married Frances, sole daughter and heir of Dr. Philip Twysden, Bishop of Raphoe, in Ireland (younger son of Sir Philip Twysden, of Royden Hall, in Kent, Bart.) by whom he had issue—

1. Charlotte, born 1771, married, 1789, Lord William Russell, only brother of John, present Duke of Bedford, died 1808;—2. Anne Barbara Frances, born 1772, married, *first*, William Henry Lambton, Esq.;—*secondly*, the Hon. Charles Wyndham, son of Charles, second Earl of Egremont;—3. George, the present Earl;—4. Catherine Elizabeth, born 1774, married, *first*, Henry William, present Marquess of Anglesea (which marriage was dissolved by the laws of Scotland); *secondly*, in 1810, George, present Duke of Argyll;—5. Georgiana, died young;—6. Sarah, born 1779, married, 1799, Nathaniel Bayley, Esq.;—7. William Augustus Henry, born 1780, assumed, by royal sign manual, 1802, the surname of Mansel (pursuant to the will and testament of Louisa Barbara, Baroness Vernon) died unmarried, 1813;—8. Elizabeth, died unmarried, 1810;—9. Frances, married, 1803, John, Lord Ponsonby, of Imokilly;—10. Harriet, married, 1806, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Bagot, brother of William, Lord Bagot, died 1816.

George Child Villiers, fifth and present Earl of Jersey, succeeded his father on the 22d of August, 1805. He married, as already stated, on the 23d of May, 1804, Lady Sarah Sophia Child, eldest daughter of John, Earl of Westmorland, K.G. (by Sarah Anne, sole heiress of Robert Child, of Osterley Park, in the county of Middlesex, Esq.) who inherits the very large property of her maternal grandfather. By this lady, his Lordship has issue as follows:—

1. George Augustus Frederick, Viscount Villiers, born April 4, 1808;—2. Augustus John, born July 10, 1810;—3. Frederick William, born July 20, 1815;—4. Francis John Robert, born October 11, 1819;—5. Sarah Caroline Frederica, born August 12, 1822;—6. Clementina Augusta Wellington, born May 6, 1823.

It remains only to add, that the Earl and Countess of Jersey were authorized, by his Majesty's license, granted in the month of December, 1819, to assume the name and arms of Child.

WANDERINGS IN THE LAND OF HAFIZ.

(Continued from page 9—15.)

So orient sunshine breaks upon the world,
And gladsome earth reflects the glowing day!

THE NOWROOSE FESTIVAL.

THE chamber of the throne of the Sovereign of Persia is open in front, from the gorgeously gilded roof of his palace, to about six feet from the marbled pavement of the gardened court. In the midst of the expecting stillness which followed the royal entrance, and while every eye present was fixed on the august and silent figure of the King, who sat radiant, and, apparently immovable, as the ancient idol of the sun, a volley of words burst at one impulse from the lips of the sages around; which, I afterwards understood, was the heraldic enumeration of his Majesty's titles, dominions, and heroic deeds. When this ceased, and all heads had bowed again to the ground, another awful hush succeeded, and then the King spoke. The effect was even more startling than the sudden breaking forth of the sages—that might be compared to a rush of wind amongst the trees; this was a voice as from a crowned oracle, so deep, so hollow, and so solemnly loud: it was, indeed, like some supernatural being—the guardian *Ferwar* (or ancient genius of the nation) addressing the assembled people. Though a stranger, and an Englishman, every object around me spell-bound my imagination to the impressions of the scene, and the sounds of that voice thrilled me from head to foot. After the royal speech was made, which hailed the promise of the year, the abundance in the land, and blessed the people, another simultaneous reverence was performed to the throne; and then, the princes, and great khans (the nobility of the country) drawing near, paid their personal congratulations to their sovereign; and received, in his presence, the welcome refreshment of a most delicious sherbet. That over, he withdrew, with the same magnificent ceremonies that introduced his entrance; and the princes followed, meeting their trains at the great gates.

The festival of the Nowroose continues
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six days, during which time, the governors of the provinces, and other officers of the state, present their spring-offerings to their sovereign; and every family, within its own private walls, gives garlands of fruit amongst its members, in mutual felicitation on the birth of the year. My time, meanwhile, was passed in rambling over the gardens and domestic chambers of the favourite home of the great King himself! if, indeed, a name so hallowed in our Christian land, designating a place where father, and mother, and children, the offspring of one mother, mingle their hearts together in one participation of joys and sorrows, may be bestowed on the dwelling-house of any Mahometan man, whether prince or peasant! Therefore, while winding the luxuriant labyrinths of an Asiatic satrap's palace, we draw this conclusion, that what custom denies to domestic union, and consequently happiness, the yearning heart of a master of slaves tries to make up to itself in the variety of mere pleasures. Wretched exchange! but the religion of Mahomet makes it so! The present Shah of Persia had indeed more sanctified his place of retreat from the cares of government, by having found a partner for his softer hours, worthy his tenderest respect, as well as dalliance; and as such, really loving her as a European bridegroom loves his bride, he held her eminent above all others, as his bosom wife. This knowledge, from a peep behind the curtain of the great King, could not but make a plain-hearted English husband tread his courts with a more honest satisfaction.

Besides the royal palace in the citadel of Teheran, his majesty possesses two, of different aspects, for variety of climate, in the adjacent neighbourhood. To both these I took my solitary way, during the succeeding bustling days of the festival; for I do not call the attendants to, or in, such places of the eye's interest, any companionship in my musings. I rode first to

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the most distant of these residences. It is called *Tackt-i-Kajer*, and stands on the sloping side of one of the mountains, about a league to the north of the city. Its appearance is well adapted to its name, which means *throne*; for besides its commanding situation, it is of vast dimensions; and the stateliness of the effects is increased by ranges of noble terraces, which extend from the base of the building to the foot of the hill. These immense platform gardens are subdivided into vistas of every species of majestic trees, which mostly lead to grottos, cooled by fountains, and fragrant with flowers. The balmy season of spring advances with surprising rapidity in this part of Persia; almost in a few days covering every height with the most aromatic herbage, while the full-leaved and richly blossoming trees shew the same genial influence. Spring, therefore, is the time when the monarch usually resides at Teheran, in one or other of his adjacent palaces; and the next that I visited is the favourite residence.

Negouristan is its name; and it might, indeed, be most aptly called *the bower*; for it is far more secluded and beautiful than the other, though only half as far from the city walls, and the general arrangement of the place resembles that of the *throne on the mountain*; but its details are infinitely more attractive to an Asiatic owner. Besides the ample woody avenues, indispensable in all superb gardens of the east, green and grove-like labyrinths here present themselves; opening walks, for "whispering lovers made;" with shade above shade, and gurgling waters trickling every where, through the flowery paths at their feet. On entering this charming abode of nature and retirement, I was first struck with the extraordinary height and beauty of two rose-trees, which grew on each side of the main avenue, full fifteen feet high, covered with the richest bloom, and exhaling sweetness. They seemed the sovereigns themselves of the floral glory of Persia, the rose! and I looked on them, with almost as much admiration as I had bestowed on the Shah; perhaps, with even more, though of a different order; for I could not refrain from inwardly exclaiming, "Such as the lilies of Palestine were, when compared with the splendour

of royalty fading before them, such are these!"

But a man must behold a Persian rose, to have any conception of its transcendent excellence above the roses of any other country; and its charms are not thrown away—the gardens of prince and people are universally planted with it; the rooms ornamented with it; and every bath strewn with its delicious flowers. Even the humblest caravan driver, who pays a piece of copper money for a few whiffs of a pipe, at a bazaar shed, feels double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his favourite tree.

The season I beheld it, in the gardens of Negouristan, was most propitious, for those two beautiful heralds of its distinction here, were only the beginning of sweets; trees, every where full-grown, and luxuriant in foliage, with a fragrant underwood of variegated shrubs, presented flowery paths. But the eye and the smell were not the only senses then regaled by my near neighbourhood to the blooming rose; my ear dwelt on the strains of unnumbered nightingales, whose tender notes seem to grow in melody and richness with the gradual unfolding of their beloved flower; verifying to my own senses the no less sweet song of their poet Hafiz, who says, "When the roses fade, when the breath of their perfume is no more, the fond tale of the nightingale expires in his breast—and whither is the songster fled!"

At the extremity of the garden stands a fairy-kind of palace, a place quite distinct from the great structure of the residence; but to this remoter little retirement from the throne and its cares, the Shah often retreats for days together, accompanied alone by the ladies of his family. The building itself is of a very light, fantastic style of architecture; laid out in elegant apartments, and fitted up with arabesque painting, gilding, looking-glass, and alabaster decorations, in every quarter. The carpets for social converse, and the nummuds for repose, are of the most delicate fabrics, and most exquisitely tinted colours. But the spot of most peculiar refinement in these Asiatic luxuries, is the summer-bath; and that which I found, in this palace of the Peri, equalled any dream of fancy. It seems to comprehend every

attraction of seclusion and splendour conjoined, with all those other additions of oriental softnesses, which only the East could require or produce. The bath apartment of Negouristan presents a circular court, with a very capacious basin of pure white marble in its centre: it cannot be less than seventy feet in diameter: this is filled with the clearest water, and canopied from the sun by no other roof than the far-stretching boughs of the abundantly flourishing rose and lilac trees, through whose fanning shade a quivering brightness constantly sparkled on the gently-agitated surface of the water.

Round this court of the bath open two ranges of apartments, one over the other, looking towards the basin, and furnished with every requisite for the intended fair occupants. At the time for bathing, each lady repairs, with even an eager haste, to her own little honey-cell (for it is every way as sweet and luxurious, as if the bees of Hybla were its handmaids); and so enamoured are Persian women of the luxury of the tepid bath, they often remain in it, till, quite enervated by the sleepy pleasure, they are taken out in a swoon. But in the delightful recess I am now describing, the waters flow through the basin by a perpetual fountain; thus renewing the bloom of fainting beauty, and the excitement of languid animation, by their constant bracing freshness. The royal master of the scene frequently takes his noon-day repose in one of the upper chambers which thus encircles the basin. But should he chance to look from its golden lattice, it is not improbable that the mingling beams of beauty there, which form *the light of his harem*, might prove too dazzling for the unshaken constancy of the monarch's eyes. At least so my *ciceroné* (an old Abyssinian male duenna of the place) seemed to think, while he grinned and nodded more remarks than he ventured to give tongue to. I shook my head in return, and for the honour of manhood, declared, that I believed, of whatever country a man might be, if he loved a really admirable object, and was the object of her sole tenderness, he

would not stray from her, even into the arms of one of the Houris!—The black stroked his sooty chin, and with a profound *salam*, exclaimed—"The Franjy is wise; may the King live for ever!"—And then, in a lower, mumbling kind of voice, with something of his former roguery twinkling from his almost invisible eyes, he half whispered—"Our queens are never included in that petition!—They have but the lives of a bunch of roses—bud, blossom, full blow, and wither, each in succession; and each in succession is the passion of their lord the nightingale; but as they fade, he passes from one to another, even till the whole tree has enjoyed his song, and his embrace—and who will say that he is inconstant!"

When we had looked about, and were thoroughly assured there were no listeners, unless some of those pretty birds themselves should turn informers, to revenge his tale-bearing, he told me that, without presuming to mention her who now entirely filled the royal heart, the young beauties from all parts of Asia, whom he had himself seen enter those bath-chambers, were not to be equalled in charms by any harem of the east. But their personal attractions, he said, seldom exceeded a term of eight or ten years; the brief summer of their bloom beginning at the age of ten or eleven, and ending at twenty, in wrinkled leanness, and a total loss of every former grace. "For," continued the old black, with an involuntary bow of his head, to the subject as he now mentioned it, "your women have men's minds; and that gives them lasting beauty, too! Not so with our's.—May the Shah's joys be imperishable! But he was not always blessed by one!"

A little more circumlocution at last brought my informant so far on in his voluntary betraying of state secrets, (though I certainly tipped the *mellifluous tongue* now and then with the touch of a tomaun—a little piece of current gold of the country) as to tell me thus much of the family private history. P. J.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES, No. II.—THE BIRTH-DAY.

" Then be it so, and let us part,
 Since love like mine has failed to move thee;
 But do not think this constant heart
 Can ever cease, ingrate, to love thee.
 No—spite of all this cold disdain,
 I'll bless the hour when first I met thee,
 And rather bear whole years of pain
 Than e'en for one short hour forget thee.
 Forget thee! No."

MRS. OPTIE.

THE bells of the church at N—— were ringing a merry peal, and the whole village was in a delightful bustle on the morning when Arthur Normanville completed his twenty-first year. He was the only son and heir of Sir Robert Normanville, and, from his goodness of heart and urbanity of manners, was deservedly a general favourite with the tenants and peasantry in the neighbourhood. Great preparations had been some time making to celebrate his coming of age, and a magnificent ball was to be given in the evening, to which the nobility and gentry for many miles round were invited. Nor were the poorer classes forgotten, for they had an ample share in the strong ale and good cheer abounding on the occasion.

Sir Robert had been a widower for some years, and all his hopes and affections centred in this son, who in truth was in every respect worthy of a father's love.

In early youth, Sir Robert had formed an ardent attachment to the beautiful Lady Emily Darrell. He had some reason to hope that his affection was returned; and, as his lineage and expectations on the score of fortune were unexceptionable, he apprehended no rejection from the lady's friends. Things were in this happy train, when the sudden death of his father rendered Sir Robert's presence necessary in the country, and it was two months before he again visited the metropolis. In that time, what a change had taken place! His beloved Emily no longer seemed to rejoice in his presence; but all her smiles and attentions were given to Lord Morton, who had during Normanville's absence professed unbounded admiration for the fair coquette. True, his fortune was more ample than Sir Robert's—but could he offer her a heart

more true and affectionately devoted to her service? O, no! It is impossible to describe the distress of Sir Robert, when he learned that Lord Morton had actually made proposals for his fair enslaver's hand, and that the marriage was expected to take place immediately. Sir Robert resolved to set off for the Continent, but being detained two days at Dover, through tempestuous weather and adverse winds, the newspapers announced to him the union of Lady Emily and Lord Morton.

This early disappointment threw a sombre shade over the after-life of Sir Robert Normanville. Five-and-twenty years had now passed away, yet Sir Robert still remembered Lady Emily in all the beauty and freshness of her youth. She died five years after her marriage, leaving one child, a daughter. Some years after her death, Sir Robert met Lord Morton in London; but a cool bow of recognition was all that passed between them; and, as the former seldom visited the gay world, he saw no more of his Lordship, who had now been dead about two years, and the guardianship of her daughter transferred to her maternal aunt. Report spoke of her as being beautiful and amiable; and, as she was an heiress, she had no lack of lovers. Within the last year, however, she had most unaccountably refused several offers which had been made to her by suitors of rank.

Sir Robert Normanville's stately edifice was this evening a blaze of light; variegated lamps were tastefully disposed in different parts of the grounds, and the decorations of the ball-room presented all that could gratify the eye and delight the senses. The company was numerous and splendid, and Sir Robert appeared to have lost his

usual melancholy, and to share in the general festivity. The merry dance began, and Sir Robert gazed proudly on his son, whose polished manners and handsome person gained him many a smile from fair and high-born ladies. The delighted father had placed himself near to one of the windows in the ball-room, and was intently watching the graceful forms that flitted before him, when suddenly his eye was caught by the figure of a female with whom his son was dancing. Sir Robert involuntarily started; for the very figure of Lady Emily Darrell stood before him, as he had last beheld her, radiant in youth and loveliness. "But this is mere illusion," mentally ejaculated the Baronet: "I know *she* has been dead these many years; and, were she even living, could not look thus now." He looked again—still it was her very image, save that the face was rather paler, and the general expression of the countenance of a more pensive cast than the late Lady Emily's. Sir Robert seated himself, still watching the lovely and interesting girl, whose appearance had so much attracted him, until years seemed to fade away, and the events of his youth to pass again before him. Lady Emily, his first-love—the happy hours he had experienced in her society—her very look at parting, were all remembered. His emotion became insupportable, and to conceal it he hastily left the room, and retired to a private apartment until he should have, in some degree, mastered his feelings. The quick eye of Arthur Normanville soon noted his father's absence, and, in part guessing the cause, he declined dancing, and descended to the library. On opening the door he perceived his father standing near the fire-place. "You are not ill, I hope, my dear Sir?" said Arthur. "No! no! A momentary indisposition, which has now, I trust, passed away. Come, let us rejoin our guests." "Stay, but for a few minutes," said his son; "I have a boon to beg of you, my dear father; will you grant it to me?" "But why *now*, Arthur," said the Baronet; "some other time."—"O, no, now; you shall know my reason hereafter; my happiness depends upon it."—"This is your birth-day," said Sir Robert, "and I trust a happy day for me. I will *not* then refuse you what you ask—name it."—"O, my

father, how shall I tell you—there is a being to whom I have rendered up my heart's best affections! I hope—I think—she also beholds me with favour; but I wait for *your* sanction ere I shall tell her the fond hopes I entertain."—"Who, and what is she?" said Sir Robert. "High-born and beautiful," replied his son. "Her name?"—"Lady Emily Morton." The Baronet again involuntarily started, and sank into a chair. "How came you acquainted with that lady?" he sternly inquired. "She was on a visit to Lady Dunallan at the same time with myself, and knows not of the resentment you entertain against her family."—"Is she here to-night?" asked Sir Robert. "She came with Lady Dunallan's party," said Arthur. "You knew of my desire never either to see or hear of the Mortons, and why not before apprize me of this?"—"Pardon me, my dear Sir, that I have not done so, but I had heard Lady Emily was considered extremely like her mother, and I thought—I hoped—that from that cause you would regard her with favour."—"Know you not, boy, that her mother deceived me?"—"Alas! yes: but is she to blame for that? You loved that mother once, am I to blame for loving the daughter?"

The Baronet rose, and paced the room in great agitation. Suddenly stopping before his son, he said—"She is, indeed, like her mother, whom I remember even now too well. God grant that she may be unlike her in mind. I promised to grant your request—it is your natal day, too, and I would not have you say hereafter, that your father stepped between you and happiness. No! no! When I am gone, you shall not have cause to think harshly of your parent;" and the Baronet turned aside to conceal his emotion. "My ever kind father!"—"Enough!" said Sir Robert; "you shall introduce me particularly to the lady; if she be as good as she is beautiful, and your affection be mutual, you have my consent."

Six months after this period the union of Lady Emily and Arthur took place, and the latter days of Sir Robert Normanville were soothed by the attentions he received from his beautiful daughter-in-law, and enlivened by the playful and endearing wiles of her children.

Mrs. H——.

THE COURT OF SOLYMAN.

(Concluded from page 66.)

"Now, by the prophet!" said the Prince, laughing, "you are a most fortunate man, Ibrahim, to enjoy a favour so unbounded, not only with the princes, but with the princesses of the Ottoman family. Nay, my sweet Cassana, why this confusion! Think you I mean to chide you for the indulgence of a taste so similar to my own? Yet, more caution would argue prudence in both; for I leave you to judge which was most likely to interrupt your tender conference—my father, or myself?"

"When you speak of prudence, my brother," said Cassana, raising her blushing face from his bosom, "let me ask you what could induce you to seek a place teeming with such danger as this?"

"The calumnies of my enemies induced me to leave my province, and hasten unattended to court, to throw myself at my royal father's feet and prove my innocence."

In the midst of a protracted discussion, in which the danger of all parties was apparent—in which Mustapha agreed to retreat, if Ibrahim would be his companion—Ibrahim on the other hand resolved to remain and be sacrificed rather than abandon the Princess—Cassana, in the warmth of her affection, proposed to accompany them in their flight—and Mustapha suggested a private marriage at the pavilion of their Italian friend, Marco Nicoli, on the opposite side of the Bosphorus—the call of the muezin for evening prayer warned Ibrahim of his duty of attending the Sultan to the mosque.

* * * * *

As soon as the moon glimmered over the Bosphorus, Lalla Cassana, by the connivance of her guards and gouvernante, left the seraglio, and was united to her lover in the presence of Prince Mustapha. Before morning she returned to the seraglio, promising to write to her husband in less than three days, appointing the time for their departure from the court.

Ibrahim had prevailed on the Prince to remain concealed at the house of Marco Nicoli, till a fitting opportunity should

occur for his departure from Constantinople. In the interim the Bassa removed the chief part of his treasure from his palace into the care of some Christian merchants whom he had often protected from the rapacity of the Ottoman court. The time, however, appointed by Cassana, passed slowly away; no message came, either from her or the Prince; and Ibrahim, unable to restrain his impatience, despatched letters both to his bride and to Prince Mustapha. These letters were committed to the care of Marco Nicoli; but several days passed on, and still no intelligence arrived. At length the startling news reached the Bassa, that the body of Marco had been found floating in the Bosphorus, pierced with a hundred wounds.

That morning the demeanour of the Sultan filled him with apprehensions. No longer dwelling on the eloquent lips of his vizier with breathless interest, all his attention was seemingly directed to Rusteme's Bassa, while, with watching and jealous glances, he sternly regarded his favourite. Maddened with a thousand distracting thoughts, Ibrahim returned from the council to his own palace. Towards evening, he received a summons to attend a magnificent banquet at the royal palace. Though the Sultan received him in apparent friendship, a heavy foreboding oppressed his heart, and the minutes passed slowly away till the hour of midnight arrived. The court retired, and Ibrahim was left alone in the presence of the Sultan and Rusteme's Bassa. An awful silence prevailed. Ibrahim fixed his eyes on the features of his royal master: they were stern and immoveable, and seemed bent on some deadly purpose; while the Bassa surveyed him with a scowl of insolent contempt, which the blazing eyes of the Greek returned with tenfold scorn. At this moment the doors opened, and four gigantic slaves entered, bearing the black pall in which it is the custom of the Turkish emperors to cause an intended victim to be enveloped, as a never-failing signal that his death-doom had passed. Once before

had Ibrahim seen this fatal insignia produced at the death of one of Solyman's viziers; yet, notwithstanding his late misgivings, such was his security in the Sultan's promises, that it was not till its heavy folds were cast about him that he was aware that it was himself on whom the mark was to fall. The strangeness of the fact paralyzed him for a moment; but it was scarcely the work of another to break from its shroud, and extricate himself from the mutes who had seized his arms. His scimitar was already flashing from its sheath, and brandishing it aloft, he put himself not only into a posture of defence, but of fierce attack. His assailants drew back, unwilling, though strong in number, to encounter an arm like his. At that instant a thought glanced through the mind of Ibrahim, and shed a ray of fearful brightness on the horror of his situation. Could he gain the great square, an appeal to the janizaries (whose idol he was) would in a moment place him in a state to shake the throne of Solyman. He had already won his way to the door of the saloon—three bounds would have cleared the antichamber, and the last most precious gift of the Sultan, the signet ring on his finger, would have secured his regress from the palace. But as his eye glanced on the ring, the remembrance of the promise of which it was the pledge returned to his mind.

"Ha! does the traitor resist?" exclaimed the Sultan, rising furiously, and dropping the mantle in which he had buried his face, the moment the executioners had entered—for, cruel as he was, he could not bear to look upon the dying agonies of the man whom he had loved so tenderly.

"No, my sovereign!" replied Ibrahim, laying his scimitar at his feet, and prostrating himself before him; "I only resisted, that I might not die by the hands of vile slaves; and thus to you, my royal lord, do I resign myself, to do as you will with your oft victorious general. If, after looking at this ring, and deigning to recall the sacred oath of which it is the pledge, you choose to leave another lesson to the world of the instability of princely favour, far be it from me to oppose you."

The haughty blood flushed the countenance of Solyman; he compressed his brow in sullen gloom, as his eye fell on the ring.

"Now, by the head of the prophet!" he muttered, "it passes my patience, that my wrath should be baffled, and my justice defeated, by the remembrance of a vain oath which I rashly swore to this accursed traitor, while yet ignorant of his treachery and apostacy."

"Said I not so?" retorted Ibrahim, indignantly; "did I not rightly foresee that I should be doomed, in some moment of fickleness and caprice?"

The brow of Solyman darkened to a still more portentous gloom, as he replied—"Pratest thou, vile slave, of fickleness and caprice, when thou hast thyself forsaken thy faith and loyalty? Do I not know thee for a Christian, and an adherent to my rebel son, Mustapha?"

"Alas, my lord! who has been poisoning your royal ear with reports against Prince Mustapha, whose faith and honour are too pure to need my defence? For myself, I will only say, produce my accusers—let me not be branded with the name of traitor on the calumny of some incendiary, who dares not maintain his words to my face."

"'Tis well!" replied the Sultan; "Rusteme's Bassa, produce the proofs, of which you and my sultana spake in the garden of roses! These are your accusers, and these, I trust, lie not," said he, unfolding a letter which the Bassa laid at his feet. "Know you, Ibrahim, this hand and this seal?" continued he, fiercely, displaying his letters to Prince Mustapha, which he had committed to the care of the murdered Marco Nicoli. Ibrahim looked on them with a steady countenance and fixed gaze, and yet the writing seemed to swim before his sight in such endless confusion, that he distinguished nothing but that the character was indeed his own.

"And is this all?" said he at length.

"No, ungrateful slave!" returned the Sultan furiously, taking from his bosom a perfumed billet, beautifully written in Turkish characters on rose-coloured satin: "Know you this?"

"I perceive," said Ibrahim, "you are acquainted with my only crime against you; yet even for that cause, spare my life, and make not your daughter a wretched widow, even in the morning of her days."

"And dost thou make thy crime a plea to divert my justice from its course? Ungrateful man! Hadst thou asked her of me, should I have withheld her from thee? But as thou hast dared audaciously to steal her, wonder not, if thy punishment equal thy offence."

"It is not that I fear to die," replied Ibrahim. "Witness for me, the Rhodes, Alba Regalis, and my deeds in the plains of Hungary and Vienna. There is not a veteran in thy armies but can tell the tale; and in future days, when the crescent shall go back before the armies of Germany, the Osmanlis shall say, 'Even now the day might be retrieved if we were led by the arm of iron that smote Vienna and Hungary in the days of Solyman the Victorious.' Even thyself must witness for me, that it is not from a slavish love of life that I now entreat thy mercy, and conjure thee by all our past friendship, by the sweet and guiltless days of our youth, by the many triumphs this arm has gained thee, by the remembrance of the day when I rescued thee from the stormy waves of the Danube, when no other of thy servants dared to brave the double peril of the eddying waters and the fire of the Imperialists. And did not this very Rusteme's Bassa (who now appears as my accuser) reply to my demand of his assistance to preserve the light of Islamism—'Hath not the Sultan a son? and shall we provoke Alla by seeking to save him, whom he hath predestined to destruction?' And did not thy Mussulman army rend their garments, and reply with a shout that must have reached the ears of their drowning lord, 'This day has our Sultan fulfilled the destiny that was written for him in the book of fate!' Well was it, I trust, on that day for the glory of the East, that his servant Ibrahim held a different creed."

Solyman again shrouded his face in his mantle, greatly agitated by this powerful appeal. "Ibrahim!" replied he, at length, "if thou hadst not slighted my affection, and ungratefully preferred the rebel Mustapha to me, I could have forgiven thee thy other crimes. But, perhaps," continued he, in a kinder voice, "since the accursed Mustapha, the seducer of thy faith, is no more, thou wilt return to the allegiance due to thy royal benefactor."

At the same moment he bent from his throne to raise his favourite from his kneeling posture; but Ibrahim fiercely sprang from the ground, and, with eyes flashing fire, demanded of the Sultan wherefore he declared that Prince Mustapha was no more.

"This morning he has atoned for his crimes by his death," replied Solyman sternly.

"Tyrant!" exclaimed Ibrahim, "and hast thou destroyed the pride of the Ottoman race, the friend of my heart, my glorious pupil in the art of war? Oh, noble Mustapha!" cried he, raising his hands to heaven, "no longer will I plead with thy unnatural murderer for my life, or remind him of his solemn oath; he that could slay his innocent son, will laugh at perjury!"

"Insolent slave!" replied Solyman, "I will not violate my oath, nevertheless I will find a fitting punishment for thy crimes."

So saying, he rose and seized him by the arm, and led him into an inner apartment. Ibrahim offered no resistance to his lord; but when Solyman lingered before he left the apartment, as if to give his favourite an opportunity of again imploring for his life, Ibrahim turned from him, and flung himself on a sofa with an expression of contempt and abhorrence that stung his proud master to the soul.

Pale with wrath, Solyman re-entered the saloon, where Rusteme's Bassa awaited his return. "Is there no way by which," said he, "I can evade the oath I rashly swore to this audacious traitor?"

"Oaths are for Christian slaves," replied the Bassa; "far be their observance from the master of the universe, if they are displeasing to him."

"But I have sworn by our holy prophet, never to slay this rebel slave whilst he lived."

"Death," said the Bassa, "is acknowledged to be a sleep; consequently, sleep, whilst it lasts, is a state of death. If you kill him sleeping, you slay him not whilst he is living."

"So shall my vengeance be completed, and my oath inviolate," said the Sultan.

In another hour the Sultan, preceded by the Bassa, entered the apartment where his unhappy favourite lay: the heaviness of his spirit had weighed down his eyelids, and he was wrapped in a deep, though dis-

turbed sleep. His turban had fallen off, and Rusteme's Bassa maliciously pointed to the profusion of sunny ringlets, which, opposed to the custom of all true Mussulmans, clustered in rich luxuriance round his temples. His cheek was deadly pale, his bosom heaved convulsively, and ever and anon he murmured the name of the Princess Cassana—a name which revived the Sultan's wrath. On a sign from Solyman, the Bassa laid bare the bosom of Ibrahim, and the Sultan grasped his poniard. At that moment his eye was caught by a large scar—he dropped his uplifted arm. "I cannot strike him!" said the Sultan, in a low deep tone; "that sabrecut he took for me, when a fierce Hungarian had me down at Buda." Rusteme's Bassa saw the struggle in the bosom of Solyman, and silently held up a crucifix which he had found in the folds of Ibrahim's robe. The gloomy spirit of Turkish bigotry instantly prevailed, and cancelled the remembrance of Ibrahim's faithful services and devoted love; yet, to kill him himself he felt to be impossible. He placed the dagger in the hand of Rusteme's Bassa, pointed to his unhappy prisoner, and sullenly withdrew. A pause of deep silence succeeded: the Sultan covered his face with his hands and listened intently. The retreating steps of the Bassa were the first sounds that caught his ear: they were dull, heavy, and cautious—unlike the bold free tread with which Ibrahim usually sought his presence. The door was pushed open—Rusteme's Bassa entered, bearing the poniard crimsoned to the hilt.

"Is it the blood of Ibrahim?" asked the Sultan.

"So perish all the enemies of my lord!" replied he, laying the dagger at the feet of Solyman.

"You were speedy, Bassa!"

"My lord, it was but one blow; he scarcely felt it, and expired without a struggle, with the name of the Princess Cassana on his lips."

"Ha!" said the Sultan, starting, "my promise to you shall be fulfilled—for," muttered he, in an under-tone, "her disobedience deserves *such* a punishment."

Roxalana had just finished superintending the nuptial decorations of her daughter,

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who was weeping on the bosom of her favourite slave, when the Sultan entered her apartment.

"You have come in right time to bring this perverse one to reason," said the Sultana; "for, by the light of yon glory I declare, that her waywardness has completely wearied me. Perhaps she will yield that to your authority which she has pertinaciously refused both to commands and intreaties from me."

Cassana threw herself imploringly at her father's feet.

Solyman was in one of his direst moods; and, frowning darkly upon his daughter, bade her prepare to receive Rusteme's Bassa as her husband. "Rebellious girl!" continued he, "think not that I am ignorant of thy offence, and flatter not thyself that the partner of thy crime could escape punishment!"

"You know all, then?" said Cassana, gathering courage from the very despair of her situation. "Oh, let me but see my dear lord, my adored Ibrahim, once more, and deal with me as you will!"

The Sultan started at these words; then, bursting into a frightful laugh, he seized her by the arm and replied, "*You shall see him!*"

Cassana, alarmed by his manner, and expecting to see her beloved Ibrahim loaded with chains, suffered her father to hurry her through the long suites of apartments till he reached that in which he had left his victim.

The taper, placed on a stand near the sofa, cast a dim and gloomy light on the pale features of the deceased as his paler bride approached. But so little had death discomposed those noble features, or altered their high expression, that a deeper shade of sadness, and a strange stillness, were all that struck the Princess on the first glance she cast upon him. It was not till she saw the stream of blood which flowed from his bosom, and fell in a dark red torrent on the floor, and stained her dress and sandals, that the truth flashed in all its horror on her mind. No scream or exclamation of grief announced to the Sultan her first consciousness of the dreadful fact; but, as though she had received an arrow in the brain, she reeled giddily forward, and, had it not been for the firm

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grasp with which the Sultan held her arm, would have fallen with violence to the ground. Solyman had been prepared for tears, shrieks, and even for passionate reproaches, but not for the breathless silence, the stupor of anguish, with which she bore the sight he had so barbarously presented to her view. The Princess had never before looked on death, and even now, scarcely seemed to comprehend the present scene; and, while every sense appeared locked up in a waking trance, she unconsciously permitted her father to lead her from the fatal spot. The Sultan conducted her into a magnificent hall, where every preparation had been made for the celebration of her marriage with Rusteme's Bassa, who, with the Imans, Cadi, and officers of state, stood ready to receive them.

At the upper end of the hall the Sultana was seated on a throne a little lower than that prepared for Solyman, and her ladies, richly dressed, stood round her. As the Sultan entered, leading the Princess attired in all the royal splendour of bridal pomp, the blaze of light flashed full on her death-like features, whose paleness, and the ghastly expansion of her large dark eyes, afforded a fearful contrast to the jewels with which she had been adorned previously to witnessing the last dreadful scene. The remembrance of that scene remained pictured, as it were, on every lineament of her face. Even Rusteme's Bassa started as though he had seen a spectre, when the Sultan led her towards him; and the Sultana herself, springing from her seat, exclaimed, in a tone of anguish—"Solyman! have you been murdering my child?"

The Sultan, looking upon his daughter, perceived the crimson stains on her garments: "It is the blood of Ibrahim," he said, in a low and gloomy tone, to Roxalana—feeling, for the first time, an emotion

of remorse and terror as he contemplated the effect his cruelty had produced on the Princess, who, cold and motionless as a statue, suffered the ceremonials of her espousals to proceed. Once, and once only, she raised her hand to her forehead, as though she were trying to recollect what was passing; and once she looked down on the spots of blood on her dress, and murmured to herself, "*It was his!*" To the soothings and caresses of her mother she manifested the utmost insensibility; but, when her eyes rested for a moment on the Sultan, she shuddered, and turned away with an appearance of unspeakable horror. When the ceremony was concluded, the bridegroom approached her, and took her cold hand in his. He started when he met its icy touch, and she burst into a wild laugh, which ended in a scream so terrific that it was echoed by every female present.

"Oh, that she would shed tears!" exclaimed Roxalana. "Speak, my lovely Cassana! tell me whither your father led you."

"I have—forgotten," replied Cassana, speaking with great difficulty, in a voice whose hoarse and hollow tones bore no resemblance to her usual sweetness of utterance. But a minute after the thought seemed to strike her, for she turned her large dark eyes, now heavy and lustreless, on her father, with a look of reproachful meaning.

"Take her away," said he, in a tone of agony; "Roxalana, we have killed her!"—at the same time she felt a dead cold weight on his shoulder. The Sultana's women, with a cry of terror, hastened to her assistance; but the anguish of the last hour had been too mighty for the delicate frame of the Princess, and her gentle spirit had, in the intensity of its sufferings, burst its mortal prison and fled for ever.

A DEVONSHIRE TRADITION.

" It is old and plain ;
 The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
 Do use to chaunt it. SHAKSPEARE.

It was on a Saturday night, about the latter end of October in the year 1638, that the little ale-house at Widdicombe in the Moor, in Devonshire, was crowded with the villagers, who were in the habit of concluding the toils of the week with the genuine home-brewed, for which the landlady, Peggy Dodcombe, was famous throughout the moor.

Among them was Guy Clinton, the nephew of the parish vicar; a man who had reached the middle stage of life, and, though reputed wealthy and of good extraction, either from choice or necessity, was rarely seen except in society far beneath the rank he had a right to assume. He had, till lately, lived abroad from his youth, and had been much at sea; but, as the service in which he had engaged never transpired, it was conjectured that the Spanish main, and the neighbouring haunts of the Buccaneers, had been the scenes of his exploits. This conjecture was in a measure confirmed by the overbearing insolence of his demeanour, and the unrestrained licentiousness of his conversation.

On the return of Guy to his native land, his venerable uncle at first received him with affection and kindness, as the orphan son of a beloved sister; but his habits of debauchery soon rendered him a guest unmeet for the quiet walls of the vicarage; and, after repeated attempts to reclaim him, he was desired to seek another residence.

This was a matter of perfect indifference to Guy; he had been too long accustomed to a frequent change of quarters to prefer one house to another; and the Drake's Head furnished a table at least equal to his uncle's, and a cask much more ready for the tap. He was, besides, looked up to in the public room as one whose "voice potential" was at all times admitted to be decisive on every point to which it addressed itself.

On the night referred to, the conversa-

tion had turned on pisies,* and ghosts, and other supernatural beings, and stories horrible or ludicrous succeeded each other with unabated volubility. Here Guy was quite at home; the phantoms of the deep he described with a chilling minuteness which had a visible effect on the nerves of his auditors. Guy declared he had seen Davy Jones, as the enemy of man is called by mariners, unnumbered times; sometimes in the shape of a flickering flame at the head of the vessel—at others like a huge bird on the topmast, a hundred leagues from land; now in the storm, howling along the deck, like a furious mastiff, for his prey; and now in the calm and quiet moonlight, like a wailing female, ahead of the ship, endeavouring to entice the pitying seamen to their destruction. "In short," said Guy, "I have seen him in almost every shape; but I have never yet had the luck to meet him."

"So much the better, Master Guy, I should think," said one of the villagers.

"No doubt you think so, Lawrence Tollfree," replied Guy, "because you know you'd rather tumble headlong into your mill-head in December, than go within a gunshot of the churchyard after dark by yourself; but don't measure other folk's corn by your own bushel—which, by the way, every body says is somewhat of the smallest. But here sit I, who fear nothing either above or below me; and if there is one thing that would please me more than another, it would be just to have a night's carouse with Davy Jones; he's a jolly fellow, I'll warrant me, and as full of strange stories as an old sea chaplain." Guy closed his wish with an oath, which we must be excused repeating.

The profane wish of the sailor caused no slight sensation among the party, which was increased by the sudden appearance

* In Devonshire, fairies are called pisies.

of a stranger, handsomely dressed in a dark-coloured suit: his hat was overshadowed by a plume of black feathers, and partly concealed a pair of eyes deeply seated in his head, but which glowed through them like the noon-day sun through opposing clouds.

The stranger called for wine, and mingled in the conversation with a deep and thrilling voice, which gave his observations, always of a sarcastic nature, an effect that drew on him the entire attention of the company. Guy was delighted with him, and a high degree of good fellowship speedily grew up between them; but the subjects of their intercourse soon became of a nature which their companions did not by any means enjoy. They spoke of crimes of the deepest dye, as familiarly as though they had been their daily habits; and on sacred points became so outrageously blasphemous, that, one by one, the villagers withdrew, and left Guy and the stranger in the full enjoyment of each other's society.

Many were the hints given by Peggy Dodcombe of her wish that they would retire: to which, however, no attention was paid, and the louder her remonstrances grew, the louder was the laugh, and more licentious the language, in which they were drowned.

At length the village-clock tolled the hour of midnight, and Peggy could restrain her temper no longer.—“Away, sirs,” said she; “is it not a shame that you will pay no regard to a lone woman, who has nothing but her tongue to trust to: were my arms as powerful as my will, I trow you would not be here long. For God's sake, away: the cock will crow ere long, and the devil's hour's come.”

“So much the better, Peg,” said Guy; “why, the devil's hours are the pleasantest, woman—eh, comrade?”

“Truly, I hope you'll find them so,” answered the stranger, drily.

“At least I'll try them,” said Guy, “so you will bear me company; therefore, Peg, fetch us another flagon, and pledge us ere you set it down.”

“Not I; an you will stay, you'll get neither drink nor light.” So saying, Peggy snatched the candle from the table, secured the doors, and went off to her bed.

She left not, however, darkness behind her; a red glare, like that of summer lightning, pervaded the room. Guy knew not whence it proceeded; but it was so bright on his comrade's face that he could not look steadily on it. He was about to remark on this, when the stranger produced a flask from his pocket, and handing it to Guy, said, “Our hostess mistakes if she thinks to keep us here dry-lipped; try this, Master Guy, and tell me when you drank better canary.”

“Never, never,” said Guy, after a long draught; “it tingles in my veins like the pulse of a lover, when he gives the first kiss to his lady;” and Guy drank deeper than before, and thought no more how the room was lighted, nor how so small a flask could furnish such plentiful libations.

Still the morning advanced—new songs were sung, and new stories told. At length Guy produced dice and challenged his comrade, who readily agreed to try a few throws. Fortune alternately sided with each, but at length fixed with the stranger, and by dawn Guy had lost his all: he went on, however, and at length found himself a loser of a hundred marks, without the means or the hope of payment.

“Now, sir stranger!” said Guy, at last, throwing the box from him, “how think you I may best pay you these monies?”

“Nay, I know not; your business is how—mine is only when; and, for that matter, I cannot wait.”

The cool and determined manner in which this was uttered enraged Guy, who poured out a long volume of abuse on his creditor; who noticed it only by a long and bitter laugh, concluded by reiterated demands for immediate payment of the debt.

In order to escape from the scene of his misfortune, Guy at length burst open the door and rushed into the air. It was a beautiful autumnal morning; the wind was brisk, and wafted the mist along the wooded hills, sometimes concealing them in its silvery veil, and sometimes revealing them in their rich luxuriance of tint. Guy walked swiftly along, the unknown keeping ever at his side, till the bell of the church was heard in the distance, calling the villagers to early worship.

“Ha!” said Guy, stopping suddenly; “perchance my uncle would assist me in

this strait for once; but I must not speak of the thing to-day;" and, turning to the stranger, said—"Come to me to-morrow, and my losses shall be paid."

"Not I, Master Guy—I leave you not, though you walk to eternity, till every farthing is paid. I should be less cunning than men repute me, were I to trust a gambler."

"Villain!" exclaimed Guy, and lifted his hand to strike—but ere the blow fell, his arm sunk paralysed and powerless by his side. Guy shuddered for the first time as he turned from his persecutor, and proceeded with rapid strides towards the church. His uncle was just entering the sacred edifice when they reached it, and Guy, more anxious than ever to rid himself of his creditor, followed the vicar; who, turning round as his kinsman addressed him, beheld the wild look and bloodshot eyes of the reveller with mingled feelings of anger and grief.

"Guy! Guy! why bring that drunken leer and staggering gait into the house of God; shame on you—get you to bed, and scandalize not the villagers by your presence."

Guy told his necessities, and requested aid.

"The little gold I possess must feed the sick and needy of the flock committed to my charge, not supply the excesses of drunkards and gamblers."

Guy began to utter protestations of repentance and promises of amendment.

"If you would truly repent, and are sincere in these promises of reform, Guy, give me at once a proof of it. Leave this companion of your wickedness, be not guided by false notions of honour—he has already possessed himself of all your wealth, what would he more? Leave him, and with him the sins and follies in which you have delighted—fly in penitence to your Maker, and what he deigns to pardon your uncle will strive to forget."

Guy put his hand to his brow, where a cloud of grief was gathering, which vanished and gave way to its naturally fierce expression, as the deep voice of the stranger exclaimed, "Guy Clinton has long been known for a desperate man; his hand has been red with blood, and his purse filled with the gold of other men; but who has

ever heard that he withheld what the dice have given?"

"Who may this be, that knows more than I would might be known? Alas! Guy! that these sacred walls, where you lisped your infant prayers, and which enshrine the hallowed remains of her who bore you, should be witness to this fearful accusation! But what is past may not be recalled, and your sins, though as scarlet, may yet be cleansed. Come with me!"

The good priest seized one of the arms of Guy; the other was grasped by the stranger, at whose touch he felt as though his frame was stiffened into marble. "Hear me, Guy Clinton; what I have said thou knowest to be true. I seek no advantage over thee. Try with me one more throw; if the chance be thine; I give thee back all I have won from thee; if thou lose, consent to be my companion still, and never commodore gave orders to you whose power may compare with thine.—Do you agree?"

"I do," said Guy, shaking his uncle fiercely from him, and, rushing to the holy altar, produced the dice. Horror-struck at the sacrilege, the pious vicar hastened from the church, followed by the yelling laugh of the stranger. He encountered several of the parishioners in the porch, to whom he was expressing his wounded feelings, when an exclamation, uttered in a tone of triumphant derision, "Guy Clinton's mine!" was heard from within. The atmosphere, which a moment before was bright and cloudless, suddenly became darkened: a tempest of unremembered violence thickened around them, but the roar of the wind could not drown the shrieks and groans and yells within the church, till one fierce peal of thunder had burst over their heads, and one horrid glare of lightning had wrapped the whole scene around them in a momentary blaze; then entire silence succeeded, and the sun shone as brightly, and the breeze played as gently as before. The door was opened, and the church was found to be vacant—but it had been the scene of a fatal struggle, the evidence of which yet remains in stains of blood that, to this day, are not effaced; and the annals of Devon still record the terrors of that storm.

THE HEROIC DAUGHTER.

WHEN the French revolution first began to desolate the homes of France, to drag its devoted victims one by one from the circle of affection, and crowd the scaffolds with martyrs, D'Azinval fled his country. A moment he paused as the spirit of patriotism spoke within him; and the throbbings of his heart grew quicker, while he contemplated the altars of France overthrown, her laws outraged, her children massacred; while the myrmidons of anarchy and atheism desecrated the sceptre of her power, and filled her high places. But, alas! for his country he felt it vain to raise his arm: it might draw down destruction on his own head, but could not avert it one moment from her's. The demon of discord, like the hot blast of the sirocco, withered her virtue and invaded her strength; and hostile as it was to his nature, he saw it was the part of wisdom to prostrate himself, like the traveller in the desert, till its fury had passed.

Nor was this resolution the result of considerations that centred in self: he had a tie that weakened the love of country; the feelings of the patriot were merged in the fears and the affections of the parent, and to withdraw his young and lovely Adele from the scene of terror was the first motive of his flight.

In their early progress, one engrossing anxiety, the safety of his darling charge, pervaded his soul. The companionship of the precious pledge of early love and former happiness gave an elasticity to his step, an energy to his conduct, that would have been unknown to him as a lonely fugitive; but, embarked upon the broad bosom of the ocean, in proportion as her security became certain, home recollections and regrets arose: the wide waters, and the clear sky, spoke of no foes to the happiness and innocence of his child, but they left him leisure to recreate the past, and to anticipate the future. He turned to the land of his fathers, the cradle of his hopes and the grave of his happiness, and now first felt himself an emigrant. "*Il en coûte d'avantage pour quitter sa patrie quand il faut traverser la mer pour s'en éloigner; tout est solennel dans un voyage*

dont l'océan marque les premier pas: il semble qu'un abîme s'entr'ouvre derrière vous, et que le retour pourrait devenir à jamais impossible."

The possession of property in the island had determined him to make choice of St. Domingo. When its craggy rocks first struck his view, he gazed on it as a vast dungeon, and those rough outworks with which nature had fenced it appeared the barriers of hope. Not so to the young and buoyant heart of Adele, who, wearied with her voyage, longed to tread again on terra firmâ; certain, in all the confidence of young existence and unchecked expectation, of meeting happiness every where. Her joyous and brilliant nature was never long under eclipse, even when her sensibility was most touched with the apparent melancholy of her father.

Established on the island, Adele made her father's home the theatre of her exertions; her taste, elegance, and ingenuity supplied the place of expensive luxuries; while her lively spirits and happy temper pervaded the whole sphere of domestic management with a harmony and lustre which were sunshine and music to the soul. D'Azinval felt that the indulgence of sorrow was ingratitude to Heaven; and though the destiny of France threw a shadow on his happiness, it grew, under the influence of the expanding charms and virtues of his child, more pure than he had ever dared to hope for in this world.

Their little habitation, seated on the gentle declivity of a mountain, was at once sheltered and embellished by all that nature so abundantly yields in this rich and fertile island. The golden orange and the fragrant citron gratified the senses with their sweetness, odour, and beauty—while the oak, the elm, the pine, and numerous other trees, rose majestically around the remote precincts of their cottage. Its access was a terrestrial paradise; D'Azinval had employed his time in forming it to his own and Adele's taste: fountains, supplied from springs of the purest water, every where "shook their loosened silver in the sun," and gave a delicious coolness to the scene, in the midst of which the beautiful Adele,

like another Eve, would often spread a sweet repast of fruits. All that could preserve the memory of France was studied, yet mixed with much of the wild and picturesque beauty of luxuriant nature. This combination was no where more remarkable than in Adele herself, whose dark and abundant tresses were usually intertwined with fresh flowers, in almost endless variety, as taste, or the whim of the moment, might suggest.

It was a rich sunset, and Adele was standing by her father with a tame bird perched upon her finger, to the pecking beak of which he held part of a pine-apple on which he had been regaling, when their attention was attracted by the approach of an Indian, who led towards them a European youth. Young and beautiful, he came "like Morning led by Night." D'Azinval rose to meet them, and Adele stepped back, sheltering as she did so her little fluttering favourite in her bosom.

The Indian, who spoke a little broken French, addressed D'Azinval with a vehemence of voice and gesture that considerably increased the difficulty attendant on understanding him, and he turned to the young stranger for explanation. The youth addressed a few words to his guide, which had the effect of procuring silence; and then, with a pure accent, and much propriety of language, he stated that he was the only survivor of an unfortunate refugee family whom chance had thrown on the Indian's hospitality, in whose hut a malignant fever had carried off his last remaining relatives, an uncle and a brother—and that he was himself only just recovered from an attack of the same disorder; that the Indian was poor, and could ill bear the burthen with which his humanity had encumbered him, and having heard by chance of the vicinity of Monsieur D'Azinval, he had persuaded Cubal (the Indian) to conduct him to his countryman, hoping through his means to be placed in some way, as soon as his strength should be restored, of providing for himself, and probably rewarding his benefactor, the generous Indian. D'Azinval listened to the youth with interest, received him with the warmth of a brother, and bade him welcome. Cubal partook of some refreshment, but could be persuaded to accept of nothing more: he

pressed the young Lorraine to his heart, and bade him farewell in his own expressive language: then, turning to D'Azinval, he called him "*le bon blanc*," and with an act of reverence to Adele, as to a being of a brighter sphere, the dusky stranger departed.

All the hoarded love of country that had silently accumulated in D'Azinval's heart poured itself forth on this unfortunate child of France, who had been thus unexpectedly thrown under his protection. He saw with delight the natural consequences of two beings so young, so beautiful as Adele and Louis, being brought into contact, and he smiled on their young and innocent loves, as we may imagine did the patriarchs of old on those of their children, when the world was yet young, and equal worth and mutual affection formed the only bonds of union.

If Adele had before been a creature of happiness and beauty, she was much more so now, when every charm was heightened under the influence of the most powerful stimulant the human heart acknowledges. From the first she had united with her father in all the kindly offices of hospitality; as a stranger, as an invalid, Louis Lorraine had called upon her pity; her sweet song, and sweeter smile, were ever ready to chase sorrow and despondence from his soul—while her gentle cares and delicate attentions wooed back the glow and vigour of health. Louis paid her sweet charity with all he had to give—his heart; and never was there heart more warm, more undivided.

The felicity of a purer sphere than this appeared to crown the dwelling of D'Azinval; and the regrets of the past were lost in the enjoyments of the present. The richest charms of nature, the purest sweets of domestic life, blessed his home of exile, and he sometimes doubted whether the meridian of Paris, or his villa in its environs, would have afforded so sweet and safe a sanctuary. The interests of politics, the *finesse* of society, would have crept in; pomp and pageantry would frequently have displaced social enjoyment, and careless ease; Adele, instead of being the arbitress of one happy and devoted heart, had been the idol of a crowd with scarcely a heart among them; and, in drawing these

contrasts, D'Azinval felt that retirement, illumined by enlightened minds, and enlivened and endeared by domestic ties, was the true sphere of human happiness.

But as nothing in this world is perfect, so neither is there any thing permanent, and the felicity of the three happiest beings the earth had ever held was destined to experience an eclipse when it was in its meridian lustre. The day was fixed that was to blend the destinies of the young lovers; and the blush of modest joy was on the cheek of Adele as she listened to the raptures of her future husband, while they strolled through the sweetest scenes illumined by the brightest moonlight. Suddenly Lorraine heard his name. He paused and listened: again some invisible being called upon him. He answered the call, telling the stranger to come forth: an Indian appeared. Bidding her not to be alarmed, Louis left Adele, and withdrew a few paces to converse with him; then returning to his mistress, he cried:—

“Let me attend you to the house, Adele; I must leave you immediately. Be not alarmed, my love, my stay will not be long.”

“But why must you go? So soon, so lightly can you leave me? Why, Louis, dearest Louis, must you go?”

“You do not know him, or I should fear to tell you. Cubal—the generous Cubal is dying, and desires to see me. *He saved my life, Adele!*”

“Heaven bless him for that!” cried she, clasping her hands. “Go, Louis! How selfish am I to stay you—but—” she hesitated between shame and love—“you will hasten back the moment that you can.”

They parted, and Adele now really felt how dear to her heart, how necessary to her happiness, was Lorraine. The many terrors that crowded into her breast, the tedium of the hours, all told her the extent and power of his dominion. She rose early the following morning from a restless couch, and tried to assume a cheerfulness she did not feel; but there was anxiety on her father's brow, and her forced spirits meeting no support, she sank more exhausted from the effort. Circumstances connected with the politics of France so much occupied the mind of D'Azinval, that he could not forbear giving his thoughts

utterance—nay he even hinted that the unjust and summary proceedings of the ephemeral tyrants might extend to himself. Adele heard him without emotion: those fears appeared to her unreal, at least remote; and the absent Lorraine continued to engross her thoughts. Alas! other ills were hastening on, as undreaded by the love-sick girl as they were unexpected.

At midnight an armed band surrounded the house. D'Azinval was arrested—his crime was that he still held a part of the heritage of his fathers, that he was happy, that he was innocent. The frantic Adele threw herself into his arms: the ruffians scarcely permitted the agonizing adieus of the doomed parent and his terrified child; but, remorseless, tore him from his peaceful and delightful home.

“Where in this dreadful hour is Lorraine?” thought the despairing Adele, as she saw her father pass the threshold over which he might never step again. “Where is he now, when he might attend and succour my father?” At that moment a thought shot into her mind which she hastened to accomplish; and, ere many minutes had elapsed, disguised in male attire, she followed the steps of D'Azinval.

She followed at a distance; it was neither her purpose, nor was it in her power to overtake him. A discovery might end in her committal to a separate prison; but while free and unknown she might hover near, and perchance bring him timely aid. Animated by this hope, the gentle and beautiful Adele followed the cavalcade, guided by the light of the torches, which the foremost of the sanguinary myrmidons carried. Those delicate feet, hitherto known to little else but the satin slipper, suited to the light dance and the light steps with which she trod her little rural rambles, were incased in a pair of boots belonging to a young domestic; her glossy tresses, rarely encumbered with more than a chaplet of flowers, were tucked under a foraging cap, while a cloak of Lorraine's concealed the rest of her unsuitable attire.

Insensible to fatigue, she pursued her way: all the courage of her sex, which ever rises in proportion to the emergency that calls it forth, strung her nerves, nor did one feminine emotion sicken her heart till she beheld the prison gates close, and

shut her father from her eyes. Then, burying her face in her cloak, she sank into a recess of a building against which she leaned, and which commanded a view of the prison. Suddenly arousing herself from this agony of despair, she looked up to heaven, ejaculating, "God of the innocent! just and omnipotent Being, give me thy aid!" Fortitude instantly renewed her broken spirit; a confidence in divine support inspired the radiance of hope in her heart, and she sat collecting her thoughts and resting her shaken frame, unnoticed and unnoticed, though crowds kept passing and repassing where she sat.

The midday sun was riding high in heaven—twelve hours of unremitted and unrefreshed fatigue had been passed, when the creaking of the hinges of the heavy prison doors again called every thought to her father. She saw the guard issue forth, with their superiors, "pranked in authority" exerted for the worst of purposes. All the pomp of military parade was there. She drew her cap close down upon her face, and her cloak closer about her form, and mingled in the crowd which had begun to intercept her view. Her heart beat almost to suffocation, as, a few paces whence she stood, she beheld her father pass, followed by a crowd of prisoners. She heard the word of command, she saw them marshalled to the place of execution; again she called upon the God of the universe, and, stifling her emotion, followed.

Revolutionary executioners had grown weary of the task of despatching their victims one by one, and on the present occasion, as on many others, the prisoners were assembled in a crowd, in order to be destroyed at once by a discharge of musketry. All was arranged—the condemned stood together—men upon the threshold of eternity. Some closed their eyes (for there were many who refused to have them bandaged) as though to shut out the dreadful view of the gulf before them; others looked up to heaven, where alone they could hope for mercy. The muskets were levelled, —not a breath was to be heard—'twas the awful pause which preceded the signal of death—of murder rather. That signal was on the commandant's lips, when suddenly a

shriek was heard, and Adele, from whose head the cap had fallen, leaving her tresses free to float upon the wind, was seen to rush into the arms of her parent; and the piercing agony in which she exclaimed, "My father!" as she sank upon his bosom, thrilled even to the breasts of the sanguinary ruffians around. A pause still more awful, still more touching, followed, in which D'Azinval gazed in voiceless emotion on his pale child, clinging to him with convulsive tenderness and terror. He was bewildered with the flood of feelings that rushed upon him. There appeared no time to save her, for he every instant expected the thunder of death, when a signal from the commandant stopped the intended fire. Heart-struck by the magnanimity, the self-sacrifice, the courage of a creature so young and so lovely, he felt as though he had been warned by a voice from heaven to perform an act of mercy. The prisoners were remanded to their dungeon. The tears of hope, of gratitude, of admiration, sprung into all eyes as the unexpected reprieve was pronounced. All were moved but Adele; she, unconscious that they were not still to be led to death, grasping her father, moved onward like a beautiful statue—as white, and almost as cold. Her father's arm was round her waist, and her's around his neck, while her hand grasped his mantle, as though it never would forego its hold. Suddenly the grasp was loose:—"It is he!" she exclaimed, and sank, fainting, on her father's sustaining breast. Lorraine pressed forward, and entered the prison with them. The gates closed on the assembled multitude, while the commandant ordered Adele to be supported to his apartments, whither her father and Lorraine, who mutually sustained, accompanied her.

The sequel is soon told. Adele awoke to happiness; her father was pardoned. Lorraine, who, after closing the eyes of Cubal, had hastened, led by rumour, to the prison, re-conducted them to their cottage, where, in a few days, they were united, and where the happy D'Azinval lived many years to bless his heroic daughter.

M. L. R.

Original Poetry.

THE BETROTHED.

By H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq.

Author of "Odes," "Portland Isle," &c. &c.

I GAZED upon her in her morn of life—ere yet a
bride—

As lightly o'er the lawn she tripp'd, a widow'd
mother's pride ;

Or as at eve she careless stray'd the verdant vale
along,

Or, seated 'neath her woodbine bower, pour'd
forth some village song.

Sometimes 'twould be of war—and then she'd
cease awhile, as if

She heard the clang of battling bands, the
sounds of woe and grief ;

Sometimes 'twould be of love—and then the
tear-drop gemm'd her eye,

Her cheek assumed the rose's glow, her bosom
heaved the sigh.

Heedful her mother marked the change, but
sought in vain the cause—

What maiden, once the slave of love, dare dis-
obey his laws ?

The soft blue eye may beam with hope, the
breast with sorrow swell,

But say, to whom shall woman's lip that hope,
that sorrow tell !

To stranger forms ? no—they may turn away
and idly smile,

As smiles the moonbeam on the snow, brilliant
but cold the while ;

To friends, to parents ? no—e'en they on earth
we mostly prize

May soothe, may pity, but, alas ! how few can
sympathize !

She loved—but not a syllable by human ear was
heard,

'Twas 'mid lone glens, by babbling brooks, that
she her prayers preferr'd ;

Or if perchance the one-loved name its coral
prison burst,

'Twas cradled on the mountain mist, by elfin
fairies nurst.

No shepherd youth with oaten reed was he she
call'd her love,

Her's was a warrior's plighted vow—'twas re-
gister'd above :

Heir to a noble house, nor sprung from a less
noble race,

It had been well he ne'er had look'd on such a
form of grace.

For she was grace itself—not e'en the reed be-
fore the wind,

To kiss the limpid wave, its head so gracefully
declined,

As when she first—yet not amid light fashion's
lighter crowd,

But in the forest's lonely glade—to him, a
stranger, bow'd.

Yet what avails it thus to tell of love, since fate
decreed,

Of two fond hearts—if two there were—that
one, at least, should bleed ;

For as two sun-lit dew-drops oft melt gently
into one,

So there's an unity of hearts where beams affec-
tion's sun.

They loved—and often as the moon rode through
the starry heaven,

They met beneath the moorland rock, a rock by
lightning riven ;

'Twas call'd "the elfin stone of power"—the
shepherd, as he past

At midnight from his fold, oft heard wild voices
in the blast.

Ah ! little deem'd she then her heart would be
e'en as that rock,

Scath'd, riven, lightning-struck ; oh ! spare, in
mercy spare the shock !

'Tis vain—the bolt of fate is raised aloft—I see
it there—

It falls—it strikes the victim—'tis the dark bolt
of Despair !

Yes—he she loved, by riches won, a wealthier
fair had wed—

"And is that form," she faintly cried, "for
ever, ever fled ?

Must I for ever wander here, dull, desolate as
now,

And must I ne'er, not once, again kiss that
fond iv'ry brow ?

"Oh ! say then what shall soothe my soul,
assuage my bosom's grief ?

Can solitude, these glens, these woods, afford a
short relief ?

No—there is nought of all I loved on earth
without alloy—

E'en Memory's but a withered flower, and
Hope a rainbow joy.

"With man it matters not so much—he feels
less inward pain ;

He loves, despairs, sighs, smiles, and then—
forgets and loves again,

While woman, like the stricken deer—though
heedless of the smart—
Feels she's a wound no herb may heal—what
heals a broken heart !"

Maiden, there's none—nor herb, nor spell, of all
to mortals given—
Yet for the wreck'd in spirit still there is a
port—'tis heaven !
And though above their early tomb the darkling
cypress wave,
There is a ray of glory still—a hope beyond the
grave !

Temple, Feb. 9, 1826.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

By Miss M. G. Lewis.

THERE is a sadness on thy brow,
A cloud hath o'er thy spirit pass'd ;
And that high soul hath learned to bow
Beneath the gloom around it cast ;

I view thee—bright and beaming star,
Of all of good or ill to me !—
And mark thy radiance sinking far
'Mid sorrow's deep obscurity !

I watch thy smile—that smile, where, oft,
The soul of joy and rapture spoke—
'Tis mournful now—but gentle—soft—
As if from heaven the impulse woke !

But, were it fraught with rapture now
(Though bright as morning's sunny rays)
It could not wake that sacred glow
Thy *pensive* smile hath power to raise.

And from thine orb's resplendent beam,
The soul of fire hath died away,
But left a lingering, quenchless gleam,
More lovely in its slow decay !

To me, thou seem'st a planet shorn
Of glory by rebellious clouds ;
And I a weeping bud—to mourn
A lot which me in dimness shrouds.

More loved ! more lovely, in thy grief,
Than aught of joy could render thee—
I scarce can wish that heart relief,
By sorrow thrice endeared to me !

I would not view another stand,
With friendly seal, beside thee now ;
I would not, that a stranger's hand
Should chase the gloom from that loved
brow :

What hand can calm its throb like mine,
Or pour the unction o'er thy heart ?
Affection hath a touch more fine
Than all the hollow wiles of art !

The sacred task be mine alone,
To cheer thy soul's despondency ;
And, when all brighter things are flown,
My heart be still a home to thee !

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE INFANT SON OF ROBERT
COATES, ESQ.

How fair, how beautiful a thing
Is life, in its first blossoming !
Ere sin hath cast its gloomy shade—
One hue of brightness caused to fade—
Ere yet the wild and piercing blast
Of sorrow o'er the flower hath passed,
To wither bloom, and leave the stain,
The blight, the burning stamp of pain !
When the calm bosom heaves no sigh,
And if a tear bedew the eye,
'Tis like the gem which violets weep,
When closing their sweet lids in sleep ;
As sparkling and as clearly bright,
As quickly melting to the sight ;
Pure—sinless, from its Maker's hands,
Behold the young creation stands !
Oh ! why should passion's warring strife
E'er mingle with the stream of life ;
Its surface alter, break, deform,
And rouse its waves in angry storm ?
Oh ! that its course might onward glide,
In peaceful and unruffled tide,
Commingling with that shoreless sea
Whose title is ETERNITY !
Enough—let thoughts of gloom away,
Gladness should greet life's opening day ;
The lute which breathes, fair child, for thee,
Should but respond to gaiety !
I would some Sybil's power were mine,
With magic rite and mystic sign,
To weave a spell, whose potent charm
Might guard thy future path from harm ;
Then should the sun, the stars, the flowers,
Unite their sparkling fragrant powers,
To make each hour's existence fleet,
In radiance and in perfume sweet.
Vain wish ! My heart can only shed
Prayers, wishes, o'er thy youthful head ;
And these, warm, fervent and sincere,
I offer for thee, infant dear !
I will not wish thee, boy, to bear
A brow so beauteous and so fair,
A form of loveliness and grace,
Such as we in thy mother trace :
These charms and gifts are only meet
For minstrel's strain, to woman sweet.
But, infant, I invoke for thee
Thy father's heart of probity ;
For 'tis alone a heart of worth
Can bring thee joy and peace on earth !

February, 1826.

ELIZA.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—OPERA COSTUME.

OVER a white satin petticoat is worn a *tunique* robe of *tulle*; the petticoat trimmed round the border with a *tulle* flounce, doubled in bias, and set on in fluted plaits: this flounce is surmounted by a *rouleau* of white satin, and an ornament composed of *tulle*, entwined with narrow satin *rouleaux*; the ornament hollow, and arranged *en tire-bouchon*. The *tunique* robe is trimmed round with three narrow, separate *rouleaux* of satin, and is girt round the waist with a rich silk cord, with superb tassels depending from the ends, which fall over the front of the skirt, till they nearly touch the flounce. Over this elegant dress is worn a Pyrenean cloak of lavender-blue satin, trimmed round with swan's-down, and finished at the throat by a broad *collerette* of the same fur; a large cape falls over the shoulders, trimmed round with swan's-down; and at the arm-holes of the cloak are *mancheron* sleeves, to be taken on and off at pleasure. The hair is arranged in large curls, with a plume of white ostrich feathers. A necklace of pearls, composed of several rows, is the only ornament worn with this dress.

No. 2.—HOME COSTUME.

A DRESS of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*, with six narrow full flounces at the border: three of these flounces are reversed; the other three fall over each other in the usual style, and the six are separated by a full *rouleau*. The body of this dress is made quite plain and high; the sleeves rather loose, but not enormously wide, and the fulness is confined from the wrist to the middle of the arm below the elbow, leaving the puckerings distinct between, which produce a very pleasing effect. A belt, of the same material as the dress, confines the waist, with a small rosette, behind. A double Vandyke pelerine of Urling's lace covers the neck, and shields

a part of the bust. The hair is arranged *à la Milanese*, with white satin bows of ribbon. There is a peculiar charm of elegance and neatness in this domestic costume.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE seasons seem now to follow each other in their usual train of healthful succession: we had a glorious summer, a propitious autumn, severe cold in the winter, but all seasonable; and the generally pleasant month of February commenced with its accustomed mildness. This change brought many fair forms from their *boudoirs* and drawing-rooms (where the late keen frost and fogs had retained them) to taste the mild and gentle air of what seemed the harbinger of an early spring.

We observe, therefore, a decline in the pelisses; but mantles, of every different style and fashion, are universal. As, however, many ladies feel the inconvenience of them in walking costume, a high warm dress is preferred, with only a fur tippet. This comfortable appendage varies, also, in shape and form, as much as the mantles; and there is no pronouncing, exactly, what fur is most in fashion. Chinchilla is elegant for the long tippet, and its light delicacy is adapted to the season of the year: yet it is only partially worn. For the mantelet pelerines, the American grey squirrel is much in request. The large mountain cloak, of light-coloured British cachemire, bordered round with rich braiding of the same colour as the cloak, forms a favourite out-door envelope, when the weather is chilly, either for the carriage or the promenade. The capes of these cloaks are exceedingly large, and require very fine falling shoulders to render them becoming to the shape. They hang below the elbow.

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11



Black velvet hats, of a very becoming size and shape, bound, lined, and trimmed with cherry-colour, are yet in favour—more so, indeed, than they were last month; and silk *capotes*, of Egyptian-sand colour, of an entirely new shape, mark the woman of fashion in the morning promenade. These bonnets do not tie down in the close-cap-style of the *capotes* that were so much in favour last summer; but they are more in the mode of the French bonnet, when it first appeared among us, excepting that they are devoid of the enormously high crown, which destroyed the otherwise elegant feature of that bonnet. This new bonnet is made rather short at the ears; the front moderately large, and well stiffened with whalebone, but slightly puckered: and at the edge of the brim is a full *chevaux de frize* of the same colour and material as the bonnet, which brings it quite low enough on each side of the face, while it takes from it all the wrapping appearance of the old *capote*. Brown hats, from the lightest sand-colour to the rich macassa-brown, are very fashionable. A few green hats have been seen: they are bright, rather dark, but of the emerald hue; and are in velvet, satin, or watered silk. They are rather wide in front, and their size is rather large, but by no means *outré* or unbecoming. The trimmings consist of bows of the same material as the hat, and they have generally a cockade of satin ribbon, placed under the brim. Sometimes they are ornamented with large full-blown flowers, of correspondent colours: when these flowers are placed on black velvet bonnets, they consist of poppies, full-blown roses, or bunches of daisies.

Dresses of amaranthine-coloured silks, or of bright tartan, are much in favour for half-dress. They are often trimmed with two pointed flounces, set on straight, bound round with Waterloo-blue *rouleaux*, and headed each by a triple *rouleau* of blue. The bodies are made the same as those now called low dresses; off at the shoulders, but a square, tight front confining the bosom. The long sleeves are generally white; either of muslin or crape, according to the style of dress; and they are fastened at the wrists by two very broad bracelets of gold, beautifully chased, and encircling the wrist by means of joints, as

the subjects of the chasing are on distinct pieces of gold. Another favourite half-dress is of lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*, with one broad flounce neatly pinked; the other parts of the dress made in the same manner as that above described, except that the sleeves of the lavender dress are not white, but of the same material as the dress, and are fastened at the wrist by one plain Indian bar of gold. A favourite material for evening dresses, either in white or coloured, is watered *gros de Naples*. These elegant gowns are trimmed round the border with *chevrons* and foliage, formed of satin, the colour of the dress, and each *chevron* and each leaf trimmed round with narrow white blond. Of these delicate ornaments there are two rows, set very wide apart from each other. The *corsage* is made quite plain, and fitting exactly to the shape; discovering the shoulders, made low at the back, but higher in front, and tightly girt across, giving not only much awkwardness to that part of the figure, but the uncomfortable idea of a compressed chest. We are sorry to see our fair countrywomen continue, from a false delicacy, a fashion so devoid of all grace, and so inimical to beauty. Round the top of the bust falls a narrow antique kind of cape, pointed in front, and edged round with narrow white blond. The sleeves are short and full, and have *chevron* ornaments falling over them, to correspond with those on the skirt, and trimmed with blond in the same manner. A belt encircles the waist, with a rosette behind, with two short ends. Ball-dresses are of white or coloured crape; the newest are trimmed at the border with small flowers in detached *bouquets*: sometimes *bouillons* of gauze are mingled with these flowers. Ingeniously placed in a serpentine manner between the *bouquets*, these *bouillons* are carried very high up the skirt, from the border. The *corsages* are half high, and are finished by a drapery across the bust: the sleeves are ornamented on the shoulder with bows of ribbon.

For full-dress evening parties, the hair is arranged in very large long curls; these curls are entwined by strings of pearls, and a plume of short ostrich feathers finishes the head-dress. This plume is placed on the left side of the head, in a beautiful

group : one feather bends slightly over the front, and the last, which is rather longer than the four others, falls on the throat, beneath the left ear. The fashion of young persons, at balls and in half-dress, ornamenting their hair with bows of ribbon, is yet much in vogue, though flowers seem equally in favour. For home costume, the tasteful *fichu*, of fine lace or blond, ornamented with flowers of a rich and wintry tint, yet prevails, as such specimens of taste and graceful elegance are not likely to be easily laid aside. These, and small lace caps with bows of ribbons, are in high favour for fire-side costume.

The fashion of wearing a few curls at the nape of the neck begins to decline : the newest mode is to plait the hair, and to draw the different braids up to the summit of the head, where a richly-ornamented comb supports them.

The favourite colours are Egyptian-sand, amaranth, amber, brown of every shade, aurora, or bright saffron, and light lavender-grey, shot with pink.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

OUR balls now succeed each other with such rapidity, and multiply to such a degree, that our young *beaux* have the pleasure of joining two or three dancing assemblies in the same evening. They have time, however, only to take two country dances, as it is the fashion, this winter, to retire from the ball-room before midnight.

Ball-dresses, therefore, seem to take up all the time of those who contribute to the adornment of the fair votaries of fashion, and I have but some slight changes to inform you of in out-door costume. Trimmings of fur at the borders of walking dresses have been very prevalent : the light and delicate chinchilla is yet seen ornamenting the skirt of a high dress of *gros de Naples* ; and a tippet of the same fur, with long ends, is the only addition to this handsome dress. The border is trimmed with

one very broad layer of chinchilla ; and above this are trefoil leaves, cut out of the fur, and embroidered on the dress. The cuffs of the sleeve are finished by long antique points of white lace, at the extremities of which are coral bracelets : the gown is made quite high, with a small stiffened collar, partially turning back, and surmounted by a full ruff of lace ; so that the dress has every appearance of a *pelisse*, but is a greater novelty. At the *Thuileries* there appeared, on a very fashionable lady, a mantle of a light colour, trimmed with the feathers of the drake's neck called *penguin* : her daughter wore a mantle the same as the mother's. Mantles of *cache-mire*, embroidered in branches of palm, in suitable colours, or in braidings of fire-colour, cherry, or *ponçeau*, are very general. Plain velvet mantles, of an auricula-brown colour, with collars of chinchilla, are also much admired.

Hats of olive-green velvet are seen in great numbers ; and those of two different colours, formed of velvet and satin : these are ornamented with seven or eight *languettes* of some very striking colour, different to that of the hat. The *languettes* are square, and as high as the crown, and they advance over half of the brim. Between each of them is placed a different flower. They have altogether a whimsical appearance, and I fear that an English lady of good taste would pronounce them tawdry. Veils shield the face from the wind, as well as from the sun ; therefore several ladies make it a rule never to go out without a veil. There are no other novelties in the hat department besides those noticed above.

Sleeves *en gigot* are again resumed for half-dress. I was in hopes their reign was over ; because, though, when they first were adopted, there was an appearance of ease and antique elegance about them, the fashion was carried to excess, and they became ridiculously capacious. The short sleeves, also, in dress-gowns, are too full, and spoil the symmetry of a good figure. The balls are most brilliant, and the dresses consist chiefly of gauze, *tulle*, or crape : those of very young ladies are either of white or rose-coloured organdy ; and the bias folds round the borders are set on full, *en serpentine*. When a ball-dress is trimmed with

flounces, they are very narrow, and do not ascend very high, as ball-dresses are made all short. The major part of these dresses are rose-colour; many light blue, and but few white. Many ladies wear pantaloons; but instead of cambric they are now of raw silk or French cachemire. Some whimsical ladies have their ball-dresses trimmed with very broad satin ribbons; these ribbons are separated from each other by a space the same breadth; they commence from the girdle, and fall, in a bias sort of direction, to the border of the skirt, and the ends are concealed under a puckering of *tulle*, bordered with flounces of the same, striped with satin. On the middle of the puckering are roses and daisies; and this *cordon* of flowers goes all round the dress. *Crape* dresses are now always trimmed with *riches* of the same material: on those of *tulle* are placed trimmings either *gauffrées* or richly brocaded. At concerts there is an affectation of a peculiar style of dress: the gowns are either of satin, Chinese *crape*, velvet, or watered silk; they are flounced with blond, or fringed with gold, silver, or silk, disposed in festoons, and surmounted by a lace of the same article as the fringe. The prettiest *corsage* that I have seen, and, indeed, the newest for evening dresses, was made rather open in

front, where a ribbon, with two little bows, drew it together in form of lacing.

The *bérets* are larger than usual: the most elegant have a tuft or tassel on the top, formed of gold and silk. Scotch tartan velvet is much in use for this style of head-dress: at balls, ladies who do not dance, adopt this cap, with variations. Plumes of marabout feathers are much worn on the hair in full dress, to which is added, a bird-of-paradise or an ostrich feather placed vertically. White feathers are more in favour than coloured. Some wreaths, however, have appeared formed of red feathers and clusters of grapes in gold: you will agree with me that this is too much *à la Bacchante*, for an elegant woman: they are certainly prettier than are formed of the peacocks' feathers, with gold fruit. The caps for *deshabille* and home costume have experienced no change since the last month.

The favourite articles in jewellery are pearls and diamonds: the newest ring worn by our fair fashionables, is formed of a heart in turquoise stone, set round with diamonds and pierced across with a diamond arrow.

The favourite colours are lavender, *ponceau*, auricula-brown, cherry-colour, and blue.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

EXCEPTING the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty in the tremendous storm of the revolution, no event of modern times has been productive of changes so vast and so important in their nature as that of the assassination of the Emperor Paul of Russia, five-and-twenty years ago. No sooner did the son of that unfortunate sovereign, the magnanimous Alexander (as with the strictest justice he has been termed) ascend the throne, than a cheering and enlivening influence was felt, not only in the Russian empire, but throughout Europe. Alexander—and we derive

our knowledge upon this point from sources of the purest and most unquestionable character—was at once a great and a good man, in the most comprehensive sense of those often-abused terms. Alexander, we have been told, was ambitious. True; but his ambition was that of a patriot ruler—the ambition of making his country great, and his people happy. Such was the object of all his efforts; and for the accomplishment of that object, he descended not to employ unworthy means. His colonization of the peasantry—a scheme which has been sneered at and condemned by

those who understood it not—was grand in its conception, and, in its execution, it has proved completely successful. Within his brief reign of five-and-twenty years, Alexander advanced his subjects at least three centuries in the march of civilization.

The sight of Mr. Lloyd's book—*"Alexander I. Emperor of Russia, or a Sketch of his Life and the most important Events of his Reign"*—has called from us, almost involuntarily, this humble tribute to the memory of the departed. Whatsoever may be the conduct of his successor, the early death of the Emperor Alexander will long be lamented and deplored. With some exceptions—attributable, we hope, rather to the haste with which it has been arranged, than to any real incorrectness of feeling—Mr. Lloyd's moderately-sized volume is creditable to its author, and, until works of more weight and research upon the subject shall be produced, it will prove satisfactory to the public. Of his education under the celebrated La Harpe, and of the early years of the Emperor Alexander, many pleasing anecdotes are here related; and of his character a tolerably fair view appears to be given. The account of the assassination of the Emperor Paul is circumstantial and interesting; differing, however, in many points from other narratives of that event. The most vivid description of the dreadful scene that we recollect, is in Sir John Carr's *"Northern Summer,"* given upon the authority of an eye-witness.

It is not practicable for us to enter into any of Mr. Lloyd's details; but we shall quote one short anecdote which he relates in proof of there having been a secret grudge in the breast of Buonaparte towards Alexander before the public suspected any misunderstanding between them:—

Towards the end of the year 1811, the Emperor Napoleon made a journey to Holland, and Maria Louisa accompanied him thither. It was during his visit to Amsterdam that he first betrayed a mark of animosity to the Emperor Alexander—a sentiment which the public by no means supposed him to entertain, for nothing had yet transpired that could disturb the good understanding between the two sovereigns. In a cabinet of the apartments of the Empress there stood on a piano a small bust of the Emperor Alexander, which was a re-

markable likeness. Wherever Napoleon resided, it was his custom to examine all the rooms allotted to himself and the Empress. On this occasion, perceiving the bust in question, he took it up, placed it under his arm, and continued to converse with the ladies present. Meantime, he forgot the bust, and raising his arm, let it fall. One of the ladies caught it before it reached the ground, and asked Napoleon what she should do with it: "What you please," said he; "but never let me see it again."

The seventh and eighth volumes of the *"Memoirs of Madame de Genlis,"* completing that gossiping but amusing work, are now before the public. They are of a character precisely similar to their predecessors.*

The completion of another work, which has been long anxiously looked for, presents itself in the third and fourth volumes of *"An Introduction to Entomology, or Elements of the Natural History of Insects, with Plates, by W. Kirby, M.A., F.R., and L.S., &c., and William Spence, Esq., F.L.S."* The first and second volumes of this production are so well known and so highly valued, that any eulogy on their contents from us would be deemed superfluous. If there be a difference in point of merit between the third and fourth volumes and the first and second, we think it is in favour of those now before us; they are superior, we conceive, in scientific display, and in curiousness of fact. From the length of our Illustrative Memoir this month, and from the space demanded by the commencement of the exhibition season, we have less room than usual for literary comment or extract: yet we must indulge in the transcription of a few lines from this attractive and very gratifying performance. Remarking that it is fortunate that animals of a large size, especially noxious ones, have not been endowed with a muscular power proportionable to that of insects, our authors proceed:—

"A cockchafer, respect being had to their [its] size, would be six times stronger than a horse; and if the elephant, as Linné has observed, was strong in proportion to the stag-beetle, it would be able to pull up rocks by the root, and to level mountains. Were the lion

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. i, p. 171; and vol. ii, pp. 129, 172.

and the tiger as strong and as swift for their magnitude as the cicindela and the carabus, nothing could have escaped them by precaution, or withstood them by strength. Could the viper and the rattlesnake move with a rapidity and force equivalent to that of the julus and scolopendra, who could have avoided their venomous bite? But the CREATOR in these little creatures has manifested his Almighty POWER, in shewing what he could have done had he so willed; and his GOODNESS, in not creating the higher animals endued with powers and velocity upon the same scale with that of insects, which would probably have caused the early destruction of the world that he has made.

From these remarks, a conjecture is educed—it is not for us to say how correctly—"that after the resurrection, our bodies, by a change in the structure and composition of their muscular fibre—for we know," observe the writers, "that their locomotive powers and organs, as far as the muscle is concerned, will then be of a very different nature—may become fitted for motions and a potent agency of which we have now no conception." Connected with the apparatus of muscles discoverable in insects, and with the extraordinary power of that apparatus in leaping insects, the following statement is given:—

The flea, not more remarkable for its compressed form, enabling it to glide between the hairs of animals, and its elastic coat of mail, by which it can resist the ordinary pressure of the fingers, than for its muscular strength, has attracted notice on this account from ancient times. Mouffet relates that an ingenious English mechanic, named Mark, made a golden chain of the length of a finger, with a lock and key, which was dragged by a flea;—he had heard of another that was harnessed to a golden chariot, which it drew with the greatest ease. Another English workman made an ivory coach with six horses, a coachman on the seat, with a dog between his legs, a postillion, four persons in the coach, and four lacqueys behind—which also was dragged by a single flea. At such a spectacle, one would hardly know which most to admire, the strength and agility of the insect, or the patience of the workman. Latreille mentions a flea of a modern size dragging a silver cannon on wheels, that was twenty-four times its own weight, which, being charged with powder, was fired without the flea appearing alarmed.

of our readers, that Mr. Kirby, one of the authors of the "Introduction to Entomology," is a paternal cousin of the late celebrated Mrs. Trimmer. The portrait accompanying these volumes is a correct and admirable likeness of a man of truly primitive and amiable manners.

"Traditions and Recollections, Domestic, Clerical, and Literary, &c. &c. &c., by the Rev. R. Polwhele"—a gentleman long known and highly estimated in the literary world—exhibit in two octavo volumes much that is curious and amusing, and much, certainly, that might very well have been spared. They require the pruning knife; and, if cut down upon the principle that comedies are sometimes cut down into farces, they would be all the better, and more generally acceptable.

A small, but unpretending volume, entitled, "*The Dutch Salmagundi of M. Paul Van Hemert, translated by Lewis Jackson, author of an Introduction to French Poetry, &c.*," contains a great variety of matter, some portions of which are instructive as well as amusing. We offer one short extract—The Step-Mother, a Chinese Tale:

In the reign of Sweng-Vang, the guards of a castle found a man lying in a field, who appeared but recently to have been murdered. At a little distance they found two brothers, whom they took into custody as the probable murderers. As, however, the deceased had but one wound, which consequently gave cause to surmise but one perpetrator, the question arose, which of the two had done the deed? Neither of the brothers would accuse the other, each of them declaring that he, and not his brother, was the assassin. The case was brought before the king.

"To grant life to both," said the king, "would be to shew mercy to one murderer; to have both executed, where only one can be guilty, would be cruel, and against the law. Well, then! let the mother of these men be called, and let her opinion decide their fate; for she will know her children best."

So said, so done. The mother was informed of the king's command. "If," said the poor woman, bursting into tears, "if I am compelled to choose—let the eldest live."

The king expressed his great surprise, that the mother should have chosen the younger, for the younger children are generally cherished the most by mothers. "Yes," said she, "he whose life I now save, is not the offspring of my own body, but a son of my late husband

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It may possibly be information to some
No. 15.—Vol. III.

by his first marriage. I have solemnly promised his father always to treat him as my own child, and until now I have always kept my word. I should now break that promise, were I, from maternal tenderness, to save the life of my youngest son, to the detriment of the elder. I feel what this sacrifice costs my heart!" Cries and sobs here choked her utterance. The king pardoned them both.

The English, following the Germans, have produced some delightful annuals—the *Forget-me-Nots*, *Souvenirs*, &c.; and the Scotch, following the English, have brought forth a ponderous and truly formidable octavo of between five and six hundred pages, entitled "*Janus, or the Edinburgh Literary Almanack*." Here is a great deal of light matter—much more that is heavy; much that is good, some that is very middling; and, upon the whole, we think the *cutting down* system might here again be acted upon with considerable advantage. Only think of "*Thoughts on Bores*, by a Bore," occupying forty long, and broad, and closely-printed octavo pages. Yet the article is very clever; and so are several of the other articles—much cleverer in the eyes of the Scotch than in the eyes of the English. The poetry of the volume is rather below than above par: it consists, to a considerable extent, of translations from the German.

We like the paper upon Antiquity; the Bohemian Gardener is excellent in its way; and Miles Atherton is a simple story of considerable pathos. The only specimen we have room to offer is the following, entitled, the Transport:—

The great eye of day was wide open, and a joyful light filled air, heaven, and ocean. The marbled clouds lay motionless far and wide over the deep blue sky, and all memory of storm and hurricane had vanished from the magnificence of that immense calm. There was but a gentle fluctuation on the bosom of the deep, and the sea-birds floated steadily there, or dipped their wings for a moment in the wreathed foam, and again wheeled sportively away into the sunshine. One ship—only one single ship—was with the encircling horizon, and she had lain there as if at anchor since the morning light; for, although all her sails were set, scarcely a wandering breeze touched her canvas, and her flags hung dead on staff and at peak, or lifted themselves uncertainly up at intervals, and then sunk again

into motionless repose. The crew paced not her deck; they knew that no breeze could come till after meridian—and it was the Sabbath-day.

A small congregation were singing praises to God in that chapel, which rested almost as quietly on the sea as the house of worship in which they had been used to pray then rested far off, on a foundation of rock, in a green valley of their forsaken Scotland. They were emigrants—nor hoped ever again to see the mists of their native mountains. But as they heard the voice of their psalm, each singer half-forgot that it blended with the sound of the sea, and almost believed himself sitting in the kirk of his own beloved parish. But hundreds of billowy leagues intervened between them and the little tinkling bell that was now tolling their happier friends to the quiet house of God.

And now an old grey-headed man rose up to pray, and held up his withered hands in fervent supplication for all around, whom, in good truth, he called his children—for three generations were with the patriarch in that tabernacle. There, in one group, were husbands and wives standing together, in awe of Him who held the deep in the hollow of his hand,—there, youths and maidens, linked together by the feeling of the same destiny, some of them perhaps hoping, when they reached the shore, to lay their heads on one pillow—there, children hand in hand, happy in the wonders of the ocean—and there mere infants smiling on the sunny deck, and unconscious of the meaning of hymn or prayer.

A low, confined, growling noise was heard gurgling beneath the deck, and a sailor called with a loud voice—"Fire—fire—the ship's on fire!" Holy words died on the prayer's tongue—the congregation fell asunder—and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries, rent the silence of the lonely sea. No one for a while knew the other, as all were hurried in a whirlwind up and down the ship. A dismal heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stifling on every breath. Mothers, who in their first terrors had shuddered only for themselves, now clasped their infants to their breasts, and lifted up their eyes to heaven. Bold, brave men grew white as ashes, and hands, strengthened by toil and storm, trembled like the aspen-leaf. "Gone—gone—we are all gone!" was now the cry; yet no one knew whence that cry came; and men glared reproachfully on each other's countenances, and strove to keep down the audible beating of their own hearts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their stations, and the water was poured, as by the

strength of giants, down among the smouldering flames. But the devouring element roared up into the air; and deck, masts, sails, and shrouds, were one crackling and hissing sheet of fire.

"Let down the boat!" was now the yell of hoarse voices; and in an instant she was filled with life. Then there was frantic leaping into the sea; and all who were fast drowning, moved convulsively towards that little ark. Some sank down at once into oblivion—some grasped at nothing with their disappearing hands—some seized in vain unquenched pieces of the fiery wreck—some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies; and some, strong in a savage despair, tore from them the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot, in fear, both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, yet insensible as a corpse to the burning, a frantic mother flung down her baby among the crew; and, as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out a prayer of thanksgiving. "Go, husband, go, for I am content to die.—Oh! live—live—my husband, for our darling Willy's sake!" But, in the prime of life, and with his manly bosom full of health and hope, the husband looked but for a moment till he saw his child was safe; and then taking his young wife in his arms, sat down beneath the burning fragments of the sail, with the rest that were resigned, never more to rise up till the sound of the last trumpet, when the faithful and the afflicted shall be raised to breathe for ever empyrean air.

To all who delight in the perusal of ingenious works of fiction—to all who admire graphic sketches of character, delineations of manners, and displays of humour—we cordially recommend "*Brambletye House, or Cavaliers and Roundheads, a Novel, by one of the Authors of the Rejected Addresses*." The Rejected Addresses! Who can recollect those brilliant effusions without involuntarily pressing his hands against his ribs, to guard as it were against the effects of convulsive laughter? There is something absolutely "refreshing"—as the Edinburgh Reviewers used to say, and, after them, their sublime imitators of the cockney school—in stumbling upon such a performance. We do not mean to say that Brambletye House will excite so much laughter as the Rejected Addresses did; but, from the lively scenes which it develops of the reign of our wittiest of monarchs, Charles II., and

from the light which it throws upon the manners and conduct of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, exclusively of the general interest of a well-told tale, it spreads forth a treat of high order.

"*Eustace Fitz-Richard, a Tale of the Barons' Wars, by the Author of the Bandit Chief*," in four volumes, is a very spirited and respectable work of its class. The character of Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, is well drawn and supported; and some of the scenes are managed with great effect.

Two or three years ago, we were almost as much delighted with the perusal—illustrated as it was by the inimitable designs of George Cruikshank—of the first volume of "*German Popular Stories, translated from the Kinder und Hans Marchen, collected by M.M. Grimm, from Oral Tradition*," as we had been at an earlier period with the Rejected Addresses. The second volume, enriched also by Cruikshank's etchings, has appeared, and must, from necessity, be greeted with satisfaction by all who are in possession of the former. These tales not only recall the fairy visions of our childhood in all their glory and all their intenseness, but tend forcibly and interestingly to illustrate the origin of our most popular fictions.

"*November Nights, or Tales for Winter Evenings, by the Author of Warrennia*," to which, though without room to render justice to its merit, we slightly adverted in our last, appear to be the production of a young writer; and, as such, we regard the volume as a work of considerable desert, and still higher promise. The contents of the volume, divided into fifteen Nights, are—I. The Winter Evening's Fireside, an agreeable rhapsody in favour of the season;—II. Henry Dalton, a Manuscript found amongst the posthumous papers of a suicide, and replete with incidents of an appalling character;—III. The Honey-Moon, a humorous journal kept by Mr. Samuel Snacks, a bachelor, who, at the age of fifty, married a young wife;—IV. The Vision of Ghosts, an after-dinner romance, ludicrously proving mind to be dependent upon matter;—V. Murder will out, or Confessions of a Village Apothecary, a broad satire upon medical quacks;—VI. An Adventure of Greville Faulk-

land, Gent.;—VII. and VIII. The *Æronaut*, a highly-wrought tale of horror;—IX. On the Folly and Wickedness of having a Long Nose, a laughable extravaganza, suggested by a passage in Rabelais;—X. XI. XII. XIII. XIV. and XV. The Author, a series of amusing sketches from life.—Of these, the Adventure of Greville Faulkland deserves more particular mention. It is a tale of beauty and tenderness, founded, as is alleged, upon a fact of the most simple, yet most touching character. It is one of the sweetest things that has for a long time fallen under our notice.

"*The Adventures of a Young Rifleman, in the French and English Armies, during the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1806 to 1816, written by Himself*," comes before us in a volume recommended by the venerable name of Goëthe as its editor. Of the Saxon lad, whose adventures here are with much *naïveté* related, Goëthe thus speaks:—"His military career was entered upon without consideration—it was passed through without care; and thus we find the occurrences easily and pleasantly narrated. Want and plenty, good fortune and ill fortune, death and life, flow equally from the pen; and the book makes a very enduring impression." This is a brief, but very accurate character of the work.

The story of *Gertrude de Wart, or Fidelity until Death, translated from the German of Appenzeller*," we have seen, if we mistake not, in a more simple and more affecting form. The fact upon which it is founded is of the most distressing nature: the painting in the present instance is powerful; so powerful, indeed, as to agitate the mind of the reader to a painful degree.

"*The Story of Isabel, by the Author of the Favourite of Nature*, in three volumes, is one of those religious and moral fictions, which, of late years, have become very fashionable amongst what is termed the evangelical class. To that class the production before us cannot fail of proving acceptable.

"*Epistles to a Friend in Town, Golconda's Fête, &c., by Chandos Leigh*," we have the pleasure of announcing as a new and enlarged edition of a volume of very ele-

gant poems published about a year and a half ago.

"*A Chronology of Ancient History, illustrated by Parallel Streams of Time: or, an Historical and Geographical Account of the various Nations of the Earth, their Origin and Settlements, from the Deluge to the Birth of Christ, arranged in Questions and Answers; with illustrative Extracts from the Ancient Poets*, by Mrs. Sherwood, Author of "Stories on the Catechism," &c. &c., is a work, the compilation of which must have demanded years of research and industry. It reflects great credit upon the author, and as an elementary work it will be found eminently useful.

NEW MUSIC.

Malvina; composed, selected, and arranged by Thos. Cooke.—Goulding and Co.

Of course, in an opera so decidedly national in character as this, with a scene supposed to be laid in the Ossianic æra, the composer could scarcely avoid giving the peculiar music of the country, or at least a decided imitation of it. There have been many modern attempts at this style by writers of eminent talent, besides the quantity of trash with which the town was inundated some thirty or forty years ago, in the shape of Vauxhall songs; but with the exception of one, Auld Robin Gray, generally understood to be composed by an amateur, we cannot recollect a single instance which has been really happy. Mr. Cooke was aware of this, and has taken the wiser alternative of making use of the stores of antiquity, with which, by the aid of modernizing, harmonizing, and arranging, he has produced a very pleasing opera. Some of the airs are Scotch, and others Irish: the composition of several of them is generally assigned to a much later date than we should have considered quite correct; but the world allows more latitude to musical than poetic anachronisms. We will proceed to instance the most popular pieces severally.

"*The Welcome of the Heart*," sung by Miss Stephens.—The original melody is the old Scotch air, "Oh say ye my Father," very chastely arranged with two vocal variations of a light brilliant character; the latter of the two, in triplets, particularly so.

"*Of Woman's Smile*," sung by Mr. Horne, is so well known to the lovers of the Irish melodies (to the best of our recollection) under the title of "The Minstrel Boy," that we need say little in its commendation.

"*The Tear of Compassion*," by Sinclair, is another favourable specimen of the music of the *Emerald Isle*, and is likewise one of the *bijoux* of Mr. Moore's collection.

"*Love fell Asleep*," a sweet little air sung by Miss Povey, we believe is derived from the same source, both from the style and from some faint glimpses of the melody which haunt our recollection.

"*Wake my Harp*, sung by Horne, is the *Coolun*, an Irish air of Carolaris, in the time of Henry VIII.

"*O'er Heath-covered Mountains*," a hunting glee; a well-known Scotch air, one of Broadhurst's favourites; there is a good deal of additional matter in this glee, which, with the symphonies and accompaniments, are characteristic and well adapted to the subject.

"*Take thou this Cup*," a pretty trio, sung by Miss Stephens, Sinclair, and Horne, we do not recognize as an old acquaintance; but have little doubt, from the style, that it is Irish.

"*See the Sun is brightly glowing*," an opening glee; solos for the soprano and bass voices, with the subject harmonized as a quartett. The last movement, quite in the quick pibroch style; the general effect odd, but pleasing.

"*Oh strike the Harp!*" a glee.

"*The Boatie rows*," though a sweet little air, is not adapted to the style of the words, or scenic effect. Mr. Cooke has done all that he could by accompaniment of harps and trumpets to give energy to it, but it is still not sufficiently festive for the occasion.

It will be seen by these notices that our opinion is favourable, and if we have gone more into the detail of the piece than a mere arrangement may seem to require or authorize, we must plead the taste of the town as our excuse, as the publishers, we understand, have sold more of this music than of any two operas for the last three years.

"*March! March! Ettrick and Teviotdale*," a Scotch Ballad, arranged, and partly composed, by A. Lee.—Willis.

This little simple air, from Braham's exquisite singing, has become the rage of the day; it is much of the same class as *Kelvin Grove*, its predecessor, in ballad singing notoriety, which it has almost driven from the field; but is of a more spirited character. This song, as might be expected, has been pirated by all the minor music shops; but there is even more difference between these and the genuine copy, than there was in the "*Nid Nodding*" of Mr. Hawes, and the old Scotch air from which it was derived. The principal melody of this song is a genuine Border Slogan; but Mr. Lee has engrafted on it part of another air, and has made some judicious alterations, which being property, the other publishers cannot adopt.

PIANO-FORTE.

Grand Military Divertimento for the Piano-forte, introducing the Duke of York's March, by F. Ries.—Willis and Co.

This is truly a most splendid effort of a beautiful and scientific composer. The subject, from its boldness and the strength of its leading features, is admirably adapted for the purpose—we are surprised no great master had previously attempted it: there are several excellent points for working up, and of these Mr. Ries has availed himself with his accustomed judgment. The Introduction, which is likewise of a martial character, gradually introduces the subject by short detached phrases of the melody: these are gradually worked up, and become more connected, till the March bursts upon us in all its dignity. The March is perhaps a little too often repeated, but the intercurrent matter is so brilliant, and forms so good a relief to the *pomposo* of the theme, that an ear must be particularly fastidious to object to it. The transition to A flat in one of the movements is beautiful. The trio follows, and is worked in as skilful a manner as the former movement. There is an elegant simple passage in quavers, of which the composer has availed himself frequently, and the piece concludes with a few bars of the concluding *marcia*. We sincerely recommend this lesson to all our friends, as combining

brilliancy with effect, possessing an ample share of science without crudities; and, with all these advantages, though last not least, for a work of such consequence, it is of very easy execution.

H. Hertz's Grand Studii, Book 2d, dedicated to Hummel, and edited by J. Moschelles.—Cocks and Co.

We think we have at last arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of *studii*, at least in point of difficulty. The first set, which was published some months ago, we were delighted with from their brilliancy and contrast. It appeared to be the author's intention to collect the most difficult passages he could meet with, and form them into exercises; we shuddered at the difficulty—but, by dint of application, managed to conquer it: but when these rapid and cramp passages are to be performed in five, six, or seven flats or sharps, mortal patience, at least English patience, is exhausted. These pieces are, however, to those who can and will master them, most beautiful: we only regret that this character applies to so few of our pianists.

Cherry Ripe, arranged as a Rondo, by Valentine.—Willis.

As this is the only instrumental arrangement of so popular an air, it will, of course, become generally known: it is brilliant, easy, and short, and adheres very closely to the subject.

FLUTE.

Second Concertino, for the Flute and Piano-forte. By Charles Nicholson.—Lindsay.

If all these works go on progressively improving in the same ratio as the two first, what may we not expect from the latter numbers of the series! The introductory movement of this piece is completely "*nel stilo de concerto*." The airs introduced are "*The Maid of Lodi*," with variations; and "*Fra tanti Angoscie*," as a rondoletto, both excellent of their respective kinds.

The Wreath, No. I., consisting of a choice Collection of Operatic Airs and National Melodies, arranged as Solos for the Flute with occasional Embellishments. By T. Lindsay.—Lindsay.

This number consists of a selection from "*Il Crociato*," correctly printed in the oblong form. Of course it makes no pre-

tension to originality, but the airs are well adapted by Mr. L.; they are arranged in keys adapted to the instrument, and the marks of expression are carefully inserted. This number is the first of a series of six, which will consist of the remainder of "*Il Crociato*," and a book of Irish, Scotch, Italian, and German airs.

Giovinetto nel Crociato. Fantasia pour la Flute, avec Accomp. du Piano-forte, Tulau.—Cocks and Co.

In a work dedicated to Mr. Chas. Saust, we should have expected a little more display of science or execution; it is generally customary for a composer to dedicate his most learned performances to a brother professor: witness Dussec's *Fantasia* to John Cramer, Hummer's *Trio* to J. Cramer, Bochs's last piece to Hummel, Hertz's *Studio* to Hummel: that is, however, not the case in the present instance. The *Fantasia*, though brilliant, is extremely facile of execution; certainly more adapted to amateur performance than that of a first-rate professor.

Nicholson's Appendix to his Flute Preceptor.—Clementi and Lindsay.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to enter into an analytical review of the several pieces, which they certainly merit; the exercises for the instrument exhibit almost every variety of passage in their most beautiful form—some are in form of *studii*, some in the concerto style, and some, themes with variations. They have all a piano-forte accompaniment, which, without ever predominating, sustains the principal part admirably, and is, indeed, all that a mere accompaniment should be. We suspect that we can occasionally discover the masterly hand of a celebrated harp-composer—we know the parties are intimate.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE new opera which is to replace the *Crociato in Egitto* will not be produced before this number is printed. It is entitled "*Teobaldo e Isolina*"; and the composer of the music is Morlachi, whose works are little known in this country, but much esteemed in Italy. The first score of it was written for some small town, but it was enlarged afterwards for the theatres of Milan and Florence. It is said that it has undergone several alterations

here, to suit it to the voice and to the fancy of Velluti. Signora Bonini, who, according to her engagement, is to sing only with him, will also perform in it.

M. D'Egville, whose unforeseen impediments have prevented his producing the new ballet of *La Naissance de Vénus*, has already given three divertissements, which, light as they are, show that his fancy and his talents are still in full vigour. In the last, *Le Bal Champêtre*, an entertainment is given by a nobleman in his country house, and all the nobility and military in the neighbourhood are invited. When the dancing begins, the ball-room offers a magnificent *coup-d'œil*; the variety and richness of the costumes, the skilful disposition of the groups, and the graceful movements of the *corps-de-ballet*, rivet the attention of the spectator. Then follow a succession of quadrilles, waltzes, and *pas* of all sorts, most of which are not merely unmeaning steps or periculous *girouettes*, but represent the national dances of several countries. There are, for instance, a French *minuet à cinq*, a Polish waltz, a German one, a Scotch hornpipe, and a Russian dance, or rather a Russian scene, for there is in it a very expressive pantomime. This last was encored, and several of the others would have been also called for again if time had allowed. The applause was loud and incessant.

DRURY-LANE.

BUT little novelty demands our attention to this theatre. *Malvina*, an opera written on Ossian's story of *Oscar and Malvina*, which has been already produced at the minor establishments under as many different aspects as *Don Juan*, is the chief attraction. The author has adhered pretty closely to the story; he has also introduced a comedy part (would he had not done so!) to enliven the scene by quoting *Falstaff* in the time of the King of Ulster. Harley, in the original *Pedlar*, goes through the opera with only two sounds, like a cuckoo—he swears “by his pike,” and “by his pack,” and there ends the wit of the *Pedlar*. Wallack, as *Cinlath*, (a melo-dramatic hero, and the exact character for the actor) played with energetic effect. The music is executed with success by Sinclair and Miss Stephens. Perhaps Sinclair has too much to act; this fault, however, of the author, is visible in himself.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW piece, wavering between farce and melo-drama, called *Norah, or the Girl of Erin*, has been produced. Its incidents are briefly these. The *Marchioness of Derville* has, in early

life, and without the knowledge of her friends, contracted marriage with an officer; the fruit of which union is a daughter, whom the mother, after learning the death of her husband, is compelled, in order to keep her alliance secret, to entrust to the care of a nurse, by whom she is subsequently informed that the child is dead. The mother is again married, and the piece opens with the *Marchioness* again a widow, on a visit to her brother, in Ireland. Her brother, wishing to dissipate the melancholy preying on the *Marchioness*, resolves on providing for her a youthful companion—a girl, whose attainments are far superior to her situation. The girl is introduced, and after a scene of much interest, by which we learn that *Norah* has previously excited a passion in the nephew of the *Marchioness*, but has endeavoured to shun his addresses, from the consciousness of her humble station, the friendless, deserted girl, finds in the *Marchioness of Derville* a mother, and is ultimately united to her cousin. There is a pleasing simplicity throughout the piece, and whatever is attempted is done with ease, and in some respects excellence. Miss Goward's *Norah* is an affecting effort; it has a combination of timidity and pathos which most successfully excites the interest of her auditors. Miss Lacy, who always makes strong feeling and great discriminating power bear on whatever she may attempt, gave to the *Marchioness* a consequence far above her original standard. An Irish schoolmaster, by Connor, glows with all the warmth which this actor ever imparts to the honest-hearted Emerald. The piece was well received, and has been frequently acted.

After many preparatory paragraphs, *The French Libertine* has been played. The *Duke de Rougemont* (C. Kemble) is spoken of as a perfect lady-killer; gallant, witty, a great general, and a profound statesman: but the audience must take nearly all these accomplishments on trust, for never does his Grace make any claim to them. Among the numerous victims of his Grace is a *Madame Dorival*, to whom he has gained admittance under the name of his page, and having made use of a deception, commanded the attendance of *Madame Dorival* at his palace, which she leaves with shame and dishonour. The *Duke* is subsequently ordered with the army to Flanders, and the play opens with the recital of *Madame Dorival's* wrongs, and the attendance of the *Duke's* page to inform her of his master's return. *Madame Dorival*, completely heart-stricken, is in agony at the communication; when after a short interval the *Duke* arrives, is welcomed by *Monsieur Dorival*, the unsuspecting husband, and pressed to remain. The wife, in

order to avoid him, intimates that she has a visit to make in an adjacent street ; the *Duke's* page is apprized of it, bribes the coachman, and the unhappy *Madame Dorival* is, by force, again conveyed to the palace of *Rougemont*. She escapes from thence under the protection of the *Duke's* secretary, a friend of *Monsieur Dorival*, and is brought by him to her husband, who, through a perjured tale of the secretary, is unconscious of the fatal truth. Thither the *Duke* (as the *Page*) follows his victim. But this last insult has wholly crushed the once happy wife ; on beholding the *Duke*, she denounces him to her husband in his real character. *Dorival* (as the catastrophe is now altered since the first representation of the piece) wounds *Rougemont*, who is taken off repentant, and in a dying state ; and *Madame Dorival* expires on the bosom of her husband. There is a speciousness in the character of *Rougemont*—we hear that he has wit, courage, and generosity, whilst we only know that he is the blackest of villains : he disgusts us throughout—we have no sympathy for this *soi-disant* generous *Duke*. Kemble gave all possible elegance to the manners of this social ruffian. Warde, as the secretary, *Dubois*, was manly and unbending. Cooper's *Monsieur Dorival* displayed much energy and feeling towards the conclusion of the piece. The chief interest centred in the *Madame Dorival* of Mrs. Sloman : we never saw the absorption of every other feeling, into one dreadful idea, depicted with greater beauty.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THERE are people in the world so silly and so tasteless as to complain, in the same breath as it were, of the deficiency of talent amongst British artists, and of the want of patronage for our contemporaries. Now, if there were really a deficiency of talent, the complaint respecting a want of patronage would be absurd. The fact is, neither the deficiency nor the want exists. When it is recollected, that, within half a century, it was hardly practicable to fill a single room annually with new productions—and when it is considered, on the other hand, that at the present period the Royal Academy alone averages not fewer than a thousand pieces, and that, besides the Royal Academy, there are three other standard annual exhibitions—those of the British Institution, the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the Society of British Artists—how can it be said that we fail in patronage ? How could the number of our artists and the number of their productions have increased to so astonish-

ing an extent without a proportionate degree of patronage ? Never did the patronizing spirit evince itself more nobly than at this moment. The British Institution opened for the season only on the 2d of February, and within a fortnight from that time a large number of the pictures had been sold. We fearlessly assert, that fifty, or even thirty years ago, all England could not have produced so much talent as is now displayed within the walls of this institution alone.

Of Spring exhibitions in the British Gallery, we consider the present, as a whole, to be the best that has appeared. It is not the less, but the more attractive, for possessing several favourites from the Somerset House display of last year. Amongst these, we particularly notice Hilton's Christ crowned with Thorns ; Etty's Combat—Woman Pleading for the Vanquished ; Hayter's Trial of Lord Russell ; Westall's Mary Magdalene, Joanna, and Mary the Mother of James, at the Sepulchre of Christ ; Westall's L'Allegro ; Landseer's Widow ; Hobday's Pet Lamb ; Ross's Christ dispossessing the Demoniacs, &c. Mulready's Convalescent is also here, retouched, and greatly improved in effect.

Of new pictures, one of the first that catches the eye is *The Deluge* (No. 63) by Martin. Treated in the manner that Martin has treated the subject, this is a most daring effort of art. " This representation of the universal inundation of the earth comprehends (in the words of the catalogue) that portion of time when the valleys are supposed to be completely overflowed, and the intermediate hills nearly overwhelmed, and the people who have escaped from drowning there, are flying to the rocks and mountains for safety." It is extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, for the mind to be satisfied with the pictorial embodying of a conception so vast and grand, so terrific and sublime. If Mr. Martin have not achieved all that might be wished, he has accomplished more than reasonable expectation could warrant. His work is full of imagination—full of poetry. To heighten the horrors of the scene by a lurid glare of light, he has introduced the sun, the moon, and a comet in conjunction. The spot where the ark is riding under divine protection, is illumined by a lambent gleam. In this picture, the dimensions of which are seven feet ten by nine feet five, the artist, to indicate his proportions, has intimated, in a notice affixed, that the upper portion of the range of mountains to the left rises 15,000 feet ; the next range 10,000, the perpendicular rock in the middle ground 4,000, and the breaking wave in the foreground 400. To the right of

the picture is seen a huge portion of rock, torn from its support, and in the act of falling amongst assembled thousands of wretches below. To analyze this composition, with its greatly varied and almost innumerable groups, near and remote, would far exceed our limits—which, indeed, we have already transgressed. It strikes us that Mr. Martin's drawing is improved: his figures are in better proportion than formerly. The colouring, though at first sight it may be deemed monotonous, harmonizes well with the awfulness of the subject.

We are glad to see Haydon once more out of the line of portrait, in which he does any thing but excel. His Pharaoh's Submission (117) from the 22d chapter of Exodus, verses 29, 30, and 31, though deficient in dignity, especially with respect to the figure of Moses, is evidently the production of a powerful and highly-gifted mind.

In the historic department, The Entombment of Christ (187) by G. and J. Foggo, also deserves notice, as indicating considerable improvement in these industrious artists.

The Last Day (24) by F. Howard, a very young artist (son of the academican) is a work of great promise. It displays much originality of conception, with considerable skill in the grouping and general composition. An easier flow of pencil is desirable.—With The Quintin (397) another of Mr. Howard's pieces, we are much pleased. It is a spirited and well-painted picture.

Mary Stuart's Farewell to France (76) by Leahy, does not satisfy us in feeling, warmth, or mellowness.

Edwin Landseer has altogether seven pictures. The Interior of a Highland Cottage (113) with a Meg Merrilies sort of old woman boiling her pot, attended by her cat and her dog, is a very spirited clever performance. So is The Dog and Shadow (182).

Good has only two pieces—both good in the author's peculiar style: A Study of an Old Woman (15) and a Fisherman (216). We cannot imagine why this artist confines himself so exclusively to the display of one particular effect.

Stewardson has two pictures: A Boy running away with a Puppy (23); and The Biter Bit (118). The latter, a small piece, is so high that we cannot form an opinion upon it; and the former would be seen to much greater advantage were it lower down. The expression of alarm in the boy, lest he should be seized by the mother of his prey, is very strongly and naturally portrayed. The chief canine figure is less to our taste.

Fresh Arrivals (37)—a man emptying a basin.
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ket-full of newly-caught fish—by Pidding, is painted with great spirit and vividness of colour.

Farrier, we think, improves. His Simple Simon (10)—a boy attempting to place salt upon a bird's tail, that he may catch it—tells its story with truth to nature, and with considerable effect. The Mistletoe (216) is highly humorous and characteristic, but sadly deficient in harmony and contrast of colour.

Witherington's Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man (183) is a delightfully successful effort.

With Ramsay's Private Theatricals last year we were eminently gratified. In the present exhibition this artist has only two little finished sketches: The Jew (82) and Salvator Mundi (237). From the latter, a fine picture may be anticipated.

Mather Brown has only one picture—A Fair (355)—but that is one of the most favourable specimens we have seen from the pencil of this artist. The composition, the figures, and the grouping, are all excellent. The spirit may, without flattery, be termed Hogarthian. The colouring is beautiful, and the whole picture is carefully and elaborately painted. Falstaff is truly good. The objection we feel is, that the female characters possess more innocence, and more delicacy of beauty, than we should expect to meet with at a fair.

Deep Study (116) by Newton, presents a lovely young woman just fallen asleep in the midst of her literary and scientific pursuits. The colouring has great sweetness.

As far as we could judge from its height, there are much softness and mellowness of tone in Richmond Bridge, Evening (121) by Hil-ditch.

Danby has no Enchanted Island this year; but he has chosen a subject, less obtrusive, but almost as poetical—Solitude, the Moment of Sunset, with the Moon rising over a ruined City (129). To be seen, the beauties of this picture must be sought; but when found they will amply repay the labour. There is a glowing richness in the effect of the sunlight on the tops of the trees and buildings truly admirable.

Linton has two fine pieces: The Vale of Keswick (107); and An Italian Scene, Evening (239). The former is in every respect worthy of this artist's pencil; in the latter he seems to have surpassed himself. Of the sweet and tender repose of this picture, Claude himself might have been proud.

Shakspeare entertaining his Father and Mother by reciting the Character of Sir John Falstaff (298) is somewhat hard in painting; but the conception and expression of character are good; and altogether it possesses an agreeable air of the antique.

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Sharp's Bottle of Champagne (384)—our old friend of the Bee's Wing, most gloriously intoxicated! It is impossible not to pity his anxiously affectionate wife.

Stevens's Dead Game (393) we believe we have seen before. It is admirable in its way.

In *The Larder* (135) by Lance, the fruit and the plumage of the birds are particularly fine.

This month we have room to notice only a very few more; but, amongst those, we must not omit *An Italian Boy* (72) and *A Group of Italian Boys* (194) both by Edmonstone. They are entitled to great praise.

Holland has four pictures: (183) *An Over-shot Mill*; (322) *Derwent-Water, Keswick*; (347) *Windermere, and Langdale Pikes*; and (380) *A Study from Nature, near Arry-force, Cumberland*: in the usual pleasing and meritorious style of this artist.

The Portrait Approved (403) by J. Clover, is very sweetly painted; but the lady, we think, is placed too near the looking-glass.

The Cupboard Lover (396) by Kidd, possesses considerable character, spirit, and humour. *Certes* the lover is no Adonis.

We observed two pictures—*French Coast Scenery* (242); and *French Coast, with Fishermen* (256) by R. P. Bonnington, an artist whose name we have not before met with. These productions, however, are amongst the chief ornaments of their class in the gallery. They evince a knowledge in grouping, in colouring, in perspective, and especially in the effects of sunlight, that would reflect honour upon a veteran in the art.

For the present we must close with pointing out to the especial attention of the spectator—One of the *Chapels of the Church of St. Jacques, at Dieppe* (261) by D. Roberts; an artist with whose architectural paintings in the Suffolk Street Rooms last year we were eminently gratified. We seldom meet with a picture so carefully, so beautifully, so effectively painted. It is quite a gem of art.

We shall resume our notices next month.

THE PŒCILORAMA.

WE have at different times noticed, in terms of praise, the pleasant and instructive galleries of the Cosmorama;* and we now have to announce the opening, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, of a new exhibition, entitled, perhaps somewhat affectedly, the Pœcilorama—an exhibition which, in some of its admirable

views, combines the leading mechanical principles of the Diorama with the magnifying power of the Cosmorama. The paintings are, we understand, by Mr. Stanfield, an artist high in estimation for his scenic productions at our national theatres. Of the views, seven in number, we shall, without entering into the minutiae of criticism, offer a brief notice.

The first is Turin, taken from the church of the Superga, which occupies an elevated site about five miles from the city. The scenery, embracing the Po, and the plain of Piedmont, with the Alps and Appennines to their utmost limits, is bold, grand, and imposing. We are sorry to remark that the figures in the foreground are unworthy of so fine a landscape.

Holy Island, or Lindesfarne, with a Shipwreck, comes next in order. The figures in the foreground here are superior to those in the view of Turin. The ruins of the monastery, described in Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, are seen in the middle ground—the German Ocean in the distance. The wreck, here represented, occurred in the winter of 1813, when a sketch of the vessel was taken upon the spot.

The Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Rousseau and by Byron, must at all times, independently of its historical interest, awake the liveliest emotions in the sensitive mind. Of this structure, the Pœcilorama presents two views, an exterior and an interior. Nothing can be more distinct than the idea which the former conveys. The scenery possesses great variety, boldness, and beauty.—The interior architectural view is an illusion so fine, that, had it appeared before we were acquainted with the architectural paintings exhibited at the Diorama, it would have excited the utmost astonishment.

London, as it stood in the year 1590, with its bridge covered with houses, is at once very curious and very interesting. The view is from the south side of the Thames, with the bridge to the right. The objects, remarkably clear and distinct, are all traceable with great facility by the aid of the catalogue. Of this view the general effect is much heightened by a warm and beautiful sky.

Netley Abbey is, from its combination of principles, as well as from the soft and tender beauty of the subject, more interesting, at least to the spectator of poetic mind, than any of the preceding. The time is night. In a corner of the noble ruin, to the right, is seen a gipsy fire. Through a dilapidated window, in the middle ground, the full moon appears just rising above the horizon. During her slow and gradual ascent to the meridian, the ever-varying effects of her light upon the in-

* Vide *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. i, page 227, and vol. ii, page 42.

terior walls and floor of the abbey, as well as upon the distant scenery, surprise, delight, and rivet the attention of the beholder. The sky, with its glittering host of stars, is the finest thing of the kind we ever saw.

The view of the city of Rouen is, from its variety of changes, and from the skill with which they are effected, a still greater triumph of pictorial and mechanic art combined. The spectator, standing, as he must suppose himself, on the summit of Mount St. Catherine, to the east of Rouen, commands not only a full view of the town and its circumjacent scenery, but of the river Seine, as it runs towards the sea. At first the view is illumined by a bright sunlight; gradually the sky becomes overcast; a storm is evidently approaching—a deep gloom succeeds. The heavens partially clear—fitful gleams of sunshine penetrate the obscure—a beautiful rainbow appears—the rainbow is reflected in the water—it disappears—light clouds fit across the sun—and at length a full and brilliant light returns!—This view is worthy of forming an exhibition by itself: it must be seen for its effect to be understood, for its merit to be appreciated.

The subjects of the Pœcilorama, it will be observed, are well chosen; and it would be injustice not to add that the descriptive catalogue is drawn up with more than usual taste and ability.

THE DIORAMA.

THIS very attractive exhibition opened on the 20th of February with two new views; the Interior of the Chapel of Roslyn, near Edinburgh, and the City of Rouen. It was our strong wish, when contemplating last year the exquisite moonlight view of Holyrood Chapel,* and understanding that a sun-light piece was in preparation, that that production and the sun-light view should be exhibited at the same time, in order that the effect of each might be heightened by contrast. This idea has not been adopted; but, as the beauties of Holyrood must be fresh in the recollection of every visitor of the Diorama, it is not, perhaps, much to be regretted. Roslyn Chapel, painted by M. Daguerre, is equally excellent; and if it fail in awaking such tender, such poetic, such enthusiastic feelings as Holyrood Chapel, it is only because the object itself would, from its nature, equally fail. As a picture, it is beautiful, grand, and impressive; as an illusion, it is impossible to imagine the power of painting and mechanism combined capable of producing

any thing superior. It was laughably suggested by an artist, who was with us at the private view with which we were indulged, that the effect might be heightened by turning a raven loose to fly about in the venerable structure; and really, so completely unconscious were we at the moment that we were gazing only upon a plain surface, that we saw no other difficulty in the accomplishment of this fancy than that which might arise from attempting to keep the sable bird within his proper boundaries!

The rich and clustering ivy, and other foliage, seen through the open windows of the chapel, are equally illusive, equally true to nature; and the varying effects of light, now from a bright and now from a partially-obscured sun, as displayed upon the walls, columns, arches, and floor of the building, cannot be imagined without being seen.

Fine as they are, we have never been so entirely satisfied with the landscape as with the architectural views at this exhibition. The city of Rouen, however, painted by Mr. Bouton, cannot fail of having many admirers. It is remarkable that this view appears to have been taken from nearly the same point as that which we have mentioned at the Pœcilorama. The foreground of the picture is broken finely into masses; and the water, throughout the different changes of light and shade, is almost reality. Some of the atmospheric effects are also very good.

THE MUSICAL SISTERS.

WE are glad to find that these interesting little girls, whose commencing efforts in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, we noticed last month, are daily improving in the great requisite of self-possession, and in freedom, force, and strength of execution. That such mere infants should perform with correctness and expression the elaborate pieces of Kalkbrenner, Cramer, &c. on the harp and piano-forte, must excite surprise. They do great credit to their musical instructor, and we cordially hope that their merit will obtain its due reward.

WALKER'S ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.

Mr. Walker, to whom the rising generation in particular has been so much and so long indebted, commenced his customary lectures on the Eidouranion, at the Opera Concert Room, in the Haymarket, on Wednesday, the 15th of February. His nights are every Wednesday during Lent. We never attend these lectures without renewed feelings of satisfaction and delight. They are equally successful in the valuable information which they impart to the

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. i, page 182.

young, and in the refreshing recollections which they excite in the memory of the old.

Mr. Bartley, also, is delivering his usual astronomical lectures during Lent at the Lyceum.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Johnson's Monument to the memory of Caxton, &c—In the first volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE** we noticed an extraordinary production entitled, "Typographia, or the Printer's Instructor," by J. Johnson, printer. The same ingenious individual has recently published, on a single sheet, one of the greatest curiosities ever achieved by typographic art. It represents an arch and column, with a monument at the extremity to the memory of William Caxton, Wynken de Worde, Richard Pynson, &c. To describe its numerous ornaments and general effect would require at least a page, and then the reader would have only a very imperfect idea of the original. We must therefore content ourselves with stating, that it is not only curious but handsome; and, in the words of the author, that it "is com-

* Vide page 89.

posed of type and brass rule, containing upwards of 60,000 moveable pieces of metal, and above 150 different patterns of flowers."

Dramatic Costume—We have much pleasure in announcing the successful progress of this work;* the fifth Number of which, including *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice*, is now before us. Mr. Planché's chief authority, upon this occasion, is a celebrated work of Titian's, published at Venice by the brother of that artist, Caesar Vecellio, in the year 1590. His research, however, has not been confined to that work, "*Habiti Antichi e Moderni, &c.*," a work at all times invaluable to artists. The style in which the numerous plates of Mr. Planché's book are executed is now greatly superior to that of the earlier numbers.

Portable Diorama.—This is one of the most valuable presents that can be made to young persons interested in the fine arts, and desirous of sketching from nature, drawing in water colours, or painting transparencies. With a variety of mechanism, curious views, &c. it develops some of the most important principles of art.

* Vide *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. ii, pp. 235, 238.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

UNDER Ivan I. in 1462, the Russian Empire contained 18,494 square miles; at his death, in 1505, 37,137; at the death of Ivan II. in 1584, 125,465; at the death of Michael I. in 1645, 254,361; on the accession of Peter I. in 1689, 263,900, and 16,000,000 inhabitants; at his death, in 1725, 273,815, and 20,000,000 inhabitants; on the accession of Catherine II. in 1763, 319,538, and 25,000,000 inhabitants; at her death, in 1796, 331,830, and 33,000,000 inhabitants; at the present day, 367,494 square miles, and 50,000,000 inhabitants.

The Russian Senate has decreed a colossal statue to the memory of the late emperor: to be inscribed, simply, "Russia, to Alexander I."

Accounts from Tripoli announce that Major Laing had reached Gadamés in October. He was met there by Attila, the chief who is to accompany him to Timbuctoo, at which city he expected to arrive by the middle of December. The Government Survey of the Coast of Africa is going on very prosperously. Having been refitted at the Cape, the ships were, at the end of October, ready to start for the Congo.—The French African traveller, Mons. de Beaufort, died on his route towards Timbuctoo, by the High Senegal.

The objects of Captain Beechey, with the vessels under his command now in the Pacific,

are to make surveys of coasts little known, and then to proceed to Behring's Straits, and look out for Captain Franklin, &c.

The project of making Paris a port, by means of a canal to be fed principally by the Seine, is still in agitation.

The King of France recently subscribed 2,000 francs to the monument erecting to the memory of Larochejacquelin, Lescure, and Donnisson.

St. Pierre Huet, the oldest soldier in the French service, died lately at the Hôtel des Invalides, aged 119. Since the inauguration of the statue of Louis XIV. he had enjoyed a pension of 300 francs *per annum* from the city of Paris.

The Table of the Probabilities of Human Life, calculated by Domitius Ulpianus, Prime Minister to Alexander Severus, and extracted from Emilius Macer, is precisely the same in its details as the Registers of Mortality which are kept in the city of Florence at the present day.

Chevalier Rienzi arrived at Bombay, by the way of the Red Sea, last autumn. He had traversed the three Arabias, Abyssinia, &c. and had made a fine collection of antiquities, natural history, and other objects of curiosity. He is the first European who had visited the

country between Mount Samen and Assab, and the vicinity of the ancient Adulia.

A valuable collection of the vegetable materia medica of India has been presented to the University of Edinburgh by Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras.

Dr. Wallich has returned to Calcutta, having successfully accomplished his scientific journey to examine the state of the forests in the northern districts of the East-India Company's possessions. He has possessed himself of vast treasures in natural history, particularly in botany. His third volume of his *Flora Indica* is in the press at Calcutta.

Some fragments of Arabian armour, dug up in a field near Tours, in France, are described as of very beautiful workmanship in steel and silver. They are conjectured to be of the time of the Sultan Abderame, defeated by Charles Martel.

The North Sea has broken the isthmus which connects Jutland with the rest of the Peninsula, in three places. The remains of ancient forests have been laid open by the action of the water.

The late Lord Radstock's pictures are to be disposed of by auction in the course of the spring.

The washing of salads for three or four minutes in sea or salt water, is recommended as an effectual means of freeing them from all insects. Vegetables of every kind ought to be so cleansed, and afterwards washed in the usual mode in fresh water.

M. Marcet, of Geneva, has ascertained, by numerous experiments, that metallic poisons act upon vegetables nearly as they do upon animals, in the destruction of life; and that vegetable poisons, especially those which have been proved to destroy animals by their action upon the nervous system, also cause the death of plants.

Works in the Press, &c.

Memoirs of Casanova de Seingalt, from the author's MS., first published by Schütz, and now translated into English, in Three Volumes. This work is one of the most extraordinary and interesting memoirs ever committed to paper, comprising observations and anecdotes of the most distinguished personages in politics, literature, and rank, in Spain, Italy, France, England, and Germany, from the author's personal communication with and actual observation of them.

Etchings of Antiquities in Bristol, from Original Sketches taken by the late Hugh O'Neill, illustrative of *Memoirs of that City*, by the Rev. Samuel Seyer, A.M., or to form a separate volume.

A new and corrected edition of Debrett's *Peerage of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*.

A *Narrative and Descriptive Tour in the Upper Pyrenees*, with a Lithographic Atlas, by Mr. E. B. Frossard.

A Series of *Historical Discourses*, illustrating the Book of Genesis, by the Rev. Francis Close, of Cheltenham.

The *fourteenth* edition (newly and considerably enlarged) of *Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master* (a little book which, as the many editions printed of it evince, enjoys so much popularity with young readers) is on the eve of publication, to meet inquirers at the Easter holidays. Among its well-known leading features, is a tendency to inspire a disposition hostile to *cruelty to animals*, but free, at the same time, from the morbid sensibility, and impracticable vigour of system, which only injure the cause, as we hear it pleaded by some well-meaning persons.

The Dwarf of Westerburg, from the German.

By Dr. Henderson, author of a *Residence in Iceland, &c.*, *Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia*, including a Tour in the Crimea, and the Passage of the Caucasus; with Observations on the state of the Rabbinical and Kairite Jews, the Mahomedans, and the Pagan tribes inhabiting the southern provinces of the Russian Empire.

Southey's Vindication of the Book of the Church.

Butler's Vindication of the Book of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Birds, a Poem, with notes by Mr. James Jennings, author of *Observations on the Dialects of the West of England*.

The Civil and Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, containing an ample historical account of its Roman Catholic Church, and the introduction of the Protestant Establishment.

A new edition of *Mr. Sumner's Evidences of Christianity*.

In Monthly Parts, to be completed in Two Volumes, 8vo., with Thirty Engravings, a *System of Natural Philosophy*, comprehending *Mechanics in Theory and Practice*, by Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., Member of the Geological and Astronomical Societies, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Anderson's Institution, and author of a "Dictionary of Chemistry," &c.

The Labours of Idleness, or Seven Nights' Entertainments. By Guy Perceval, are in the press.

Mr. John Cole, of Scarborough, announces for publication the *Fugitive Pieces of the late Thomas Kindewell, Esq.*, with a *Memoir of the Author*.

Mr. T. K. Hervey, author of *Australia* and other poems, has in the press, *Sketches from the Note-book of the late C. Hamilton, Esq.*

The Miscellanist of Literature, containing the quintessence of the books of the past year, will be ready for publication within the month.

Mr. Bowdler's expurgated edition of *Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, will shortly be published.

Mr. Watts's *Lyrics of the Heart* will speedily be published.

Major Denham's *Travels in Africa* will be ready in a few days.

A third part of *Points of Humour*, with Cruickshank's Illustrations, is preparing for the press.

Mr. John H. Brady is preparing for the press a work on the *Derivation of the Names of the principal Market Towns, and Remarkable Villages in England, with Anecdotes, &c.*

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—The Empress of Brazil.—Lady Elcho.—The lady of Sir C. Cuyler, Bart.—The lady of E. Wodehouse, Esq., M.P.—The lady of George Arbuthnot, Esq.—The lady of James Colquhoun, Esq.—The lady of H. S. Montagu, Esq.—The Marchioness of Tweeddale.—The lady of Sir F. Sykes, Bart.—Lady Louisa Ducombe.—The lady of the Hon. James Stewart.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of Major Witty.—The lady of L. Lenignan, Esq.—The lady of Dr. Lushington, M.P.—Lady Mary Ross.—Lady Granville Somerset.—The lady of the Rev. T. Gooch.—The lady of Sir Jos. Radcliffe, Bart.—The lady of Capt. Wheeler.—The lady of G. Lacey, Esq., M.P.—Lady Caroline Lascelles.—The Right Hon. Lady Petre.—The lady of the Hon. the Dean of Windsor.—The lady of Pascoe St. Leger Grenfell, Esq., M.P.—The lady of Colonel Carey.

MARRIAGES.

At Petworth, Sussex, the Rev. R. C. Willis, M.A., only son of Admiral Willis, to Frances, youngest daughter of W. Hale, Esq., of Petworth.

At Bedale, Yorkshire, the Rev. T. R. Ryder, Vicar of Ecclesfield, to Anne, third daughter of H. P. Pulleine, Esq., of Crakehall.

Major Pringle, son of Sir J. Pringle, Bart., to Anne, daughter of Robert Stewart, Esq., of Alderston.

Capt. Wm. Fletcher, R.N., to Elizabeth, second daughter of J. L. Luscombe, Esq., of Coombs Royal, Devon.

Lieut.-Colonel Hicks Beach, to Jane Henrietta, eldest daughter of J. Browne, Esq., of Salperton House, Gloucestershire.

Charles Barnett, Esq., of Stratton Park, Bedfordshire, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Peter Payne, Esq., of Hunston Hall, Northamptonshire.

Henry Bettesworth Trevanion, Esq., to Georgiana Augusta, eldest daughter of George Leigh, Esq., and niece of the late Lord Byron.

The Rev. A. C. Lawrence, to Emily Mary, youngest daughter of the late G. Finch, Esq., of Eastwell Park, Kent.

At Calcutta, Capt. G. Murray Greville, nephew of the late Earl of Warwick, to Miss Pearson, only daughter of the Advocate General of Bengal.

The Hon. Thos. Lister, only son of Lord Ribblesdale, to Adelaide, eldest daughter of Thomas Lister, Esq., of Armitage Park, Staffordshire.

Lord Dunally, to the Hon. Emily Maude, youngest sister of Viscount Hawarden.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Sir Augustus Henniker, to the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Henniker, fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady Henniker.

The Rev. S. Carr, M.A. Rector of Everden, to Mrs. Charles Buxton, of Hampstead.

DEATHS.

At Prome, in the Kingdom of Ava, Capt. Henry Parsons.

At Brighton, Elizabeth, widow of Major-General John Smith, and daughter of Sir Bellingham Graham.

At Mountstuart, Isle of Bute, aged 21, Gertrude Amelia Villiers Stuart, only daughter of the late Lord Henry and Lady Gertrude Stuart.

At Weymouth, Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Cox Hipposley, Bart.

The Hon. and Rev. Francis Knollis.

Aged 71, Charles Mills, Esq., M.P. for Warwick.

At Woolwich, Lieut.-General Rimington.

In Portman Square, the Countess Dowager of Harcourt, relict of Simon Lord Harcourt, and sister of the present Lord Vernon.

At Combe Bunch, Kent, Harriet Eleanor, youngest daughter of W. Manning, Esq., M.P.

At Petworth House, Sussex, the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon.

At Leybourne Grange, Kent, aged 81, Sir Henry Hawley, Bart.

At Whitby Abbey, the Hon. Horatio Nelson Hood, youngest son of Samuel Lord Bridport.

At Lymington, Hants, Charles St. Barbe, aged 76.

At the Royal Naval Hospital, Stonehouse, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Lavie, K.C.B.

At Haselwood, Yorkshire, Sir Thomas Vavasour, Bart.

At Rolleston, Staffordshire, Sarah Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.

At Belle Vue, near Dublin, the Right Hon. the Countess of Egmont.

At Bath, aged 63, the lady of Sir Thomas Whichcote, Bart., of Aswarly House, Lincolnshire.

At Durham, the Ven. and Rev. R. G. Bowyer, LL.B., Archdeacon of Northumberland, Prebendary of Durham and Salisbury, Vicar of Northallerton, &c. &c. &c.

Aged 76, the Rev. J. Townshend, founder of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

At Burton Bradstock, Rear Admiral Ingram.

In Russia, Count Nicholas Romanzoff.

Mary, relict of Sir Edmund Every, Bart., of Eggington Hall, Bart. wife of A. Moseley, of Park Hill, Derbyshire, Esq.

James Kirkpatrick, eldest son of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, Bart.

At Bayswater, aged 21, Robert, son of Major General Dighton.

At Portsmouth, aged 78, the Rev. George Cuthbert, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, Prebend and Subdean of York, and Rector of Shaw-cum-Donington, Berks.

At Arundel, aged 80, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, mother of Lord Howard, of Effingham.

At Belmont, Herefordshire, aged 70, John Matthews, Esq., M.P.

At Taunton, aged 74, Lieut.-Col. Pearson. Mr. Edward Knight, comedian.

La Belle Assemblée, OR COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XVI., FOR APRIL, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Most Noble AMELIA ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF LONDON-DERRY, engraved by J. THOMSON, from a Drawing by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Private Concert Dress.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Exhibition Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. BRANDRETH's first request shall, with much pleasure, be complied with, directly or indirectly. Thanks for his "*Song*." If the publisher of the work he mentions will transmit a copy to the Editor of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, an early and a faithful notice may be insured.

"*Romance-writing*," by "C. H.," in our next.

"Mrs. H——" will please to accept our thanks for her "*Lines on the Picture of Pharaoh's Submission, painted by Haydon* [not Hayter] *in the Gallery of the British Institution*." They unfortunately arrived too late for the present No. The "*Song*" shall appear very soon.—If "Mrs. H——" will favour the Editor with her address, her query shall be answered.

"*The Miser, a Tale*," is accepted.

"*The Two Family Portraits*" are not accepted.

In our "*Sketch of the Progress and State of Literature for the First Six Months of the Year 1825*" (LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. I. *New Series*) the following paragraph occurs:—

"'*Ambition*,' in three volumes, presents us with some pleasing and neatly-sketched pictures of modern life, from the pencil of one who is evidently no stranger to the charms of good society."

Has the author of "*The King's Stag, a Dorsetshire Tradition*," received a private letter from the Editor of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, sent by post about three weeks ago?"

We are sorry to say that some mistake unfortunately occurred in the transit of the books alluded to by our obliging friend and correspondent, "Miss M. G. L.," which we have not now the means of rectifying. That lady will have perceived that her production was not allowed to pass altogether unnoticed.

We should like to know from our friend "S. A." at Bungay, whether the suggested arrangement answered his purpose.

When shall we have the pleasure of hearing again from our friend "J. B." of Yoxford?

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

APRIL, 1826.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR APRIL, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE MOST NOBLE AMELIA ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

A PORTRAIT by the highly-gifted President of the Royal Academy forms, at any time, a valuable acquisition to the Picture Gallery of Britain's Female Nobility, in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE*; especially when, as in the present instance, it excites admiration of beauty, and illustrates the record of virtue.

The noble lady, Amelia Anne, relict of Robert, second and late Marquess Londonderry, has long been known as a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion; and, what is infinitely more to her honour, she has as long been respected, esteemed, and beloved for all the best, the most amiable qualities of mind and heart. Her Ladyship was the only daughter of John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, by Caroline, daughter of William Conolly, of Stratton Hall, in the county of Stafford, Esq., by Lady Anne Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, third Earl of Strafford.

The Hobart family are traced back to the fourteenth century, as land-owners at De la Tye, in the county of Norfolk. It is, however, from Sir James Hobart, Knt., Attorney-General to Henry VII, that the several branches of the family chiefly date their rise. This Sir James was the younger son of Thomas Hobart, of Leyham, in Norfolk. "He was," observes Fuller, in his

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History of the Worthies of that county, "a right good man, of great learning and wisdom." At Lincoln's Inn he made such progress in the study of the laws, that, in 1478, he was elected Lent reader, and one of the governors of that society, and so continued till 1507. In the second year of Henry VII. (1486) he was constituted Attorney-General to the King; he was afterwards sworn of His Majesty's Privy Council; and he held the office of Attorney-General till his decease, in 1507. Holland, in his *Additions to Camden*, thus writes:—

The river Yare receiveth a brook, which passeth by nothing memorable but Halles Hall, and that only memorable for the ancient owner, Sir James Hobart, Attorney General, and of the Privy Council to Henry the Seventh, by him dubbed Knight, at such time as he created Henry, his son, Prince of Wales; who, by building from the ground the fair church of Loddon, being his parish church, St. Olave's Bridge (commonly called St. Tooley's), over Waveny, that divideth Norfolk and Suffolk, the causey thereby, and other works of piety, deserved well of the church, his country, and the commonweal, and planted three houses of his own issue.

Weever, in his *Funeral Monuments*, states that Sir James Hobart was buried in Loddon church, near his wife, Mar-

garet, daughter of Peter Naunton, Esq.; and we are informed, that there yet remains in the north chapel, next the chancel, a raised tomb formerly inlaid with brass, with two portraitures thereon. Bloomfield, however, in his History of Norfolk, and Dr. Browne, in his Repertorium, affirm that he was buried in Norwich Cathedral.

Sir Henry Hobart, grandson of Miles, second son of Sir James,* was the first Baronet. He served repeatedly in Parliament; was (with his son John) knighted by James I. on his accession; and, in 1611, he was advanced to the degree of a Baronet, on the first erection of that dignity. He studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was successively Sergeant at Law, Attorney of the Court of Wards, Attorney-General, and Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. After his death (in 1625) were published—"The Reports of that Reverend and Learned Judge, the Right Honourable Sir Henry Hobart, Knight and Bart., Lord Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and Chancellor to both their Highnesses, Henry, and Charles, Prince of Wales, &c."—By his wife, Dorothy, daughter of Sir Robert Bell, of Beaupré Hall, Norfolk, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, he had sixteen children; of whom, his eldest surviving son,

Sir John married, *first*, Phillippa, daughter of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester; *secondly*, Frances, eldest daughter of John Egerton, first Earl of Bridgewater. Dying without surviving male issue, he was succeeded by his nephew,

John Hobart, Esq., son and heir of his brother, Sir Miles Hobart, Knt.† This

* From Sir Walter, the eldest son of Sir James, Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1535, descended the Hobarts of Halles Hall, and Blyford, in Suffolk, and also the Hobarts of Morley, in Norfolk. The Hobarts of Monks Illeigh, afterwards of Lindsey, and the Hobarts of Milding, descended from William (elder brother of Sir James) by an heiress of the Tilney family. The Hobarts of Wayte, in Norfolk, descended from John, second son of Miles, second son of Sir James, by Anne, daughter of Sir Philip Tilney.

† Sir Miles, M.P., knighted by James I. in 1623, was a distinguished opponent of the court in the early part of the reign of Charles I.

gentleman married, *first*, Mary, daughter of John Hampden, of Hampden, Buckinghamshire, Esq.; *secondly*, Frances, only surviving child of his uncle, Sir John, by the Lady Frances Egerton. His eldest son and successor by his first wife, was

Sir Henry, M.P. for the county of Norfolk, in the Convention Parliament. Amongst the first who stood forward in favour of the Revolution, he then declared for the vacancy of the throne. He was gentleman of the horse to King William, and attended him at the Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland. In 1699, resenting some words spoken by Oliver Le Neve, Esq., a duel ensued, in which he was mortally wounded.* By his lady, the eldest daughter of Joseph Maynard, Esq., son of

He was one of those members who (on March 2, 1628-9) foreseeing the dissolution of the Parliament, forcibly held the Speaker in the chair, whilst they published a protest in the House, declaring: "1. Whoever shall bring in innovation of religion, or by favour or countenance seek to extend or introduce Popery or Arminianism, or other opinion disagreeing from the true and orthodox church, shall be reputed a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth. 2. Whoever shall counsel or advise the taking and levying of the subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not granted by Parliament, or shall be an actor or instrument therein, shall be likewise reputed an innovator on the government, and capital enemy to the kingdom and commonwealth. 3. If any merchant, or person whatsoever, shall voluntarily yield, or pay the subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by Parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberties of England, and an enemy to the same." On this the Parliament was immediately dissolved, and Sir Miles Hobart was imprisoned for locking the door of the House during the publishing of the protest. He was not discharged till the year 1631, and was then obliged to give sureties for his good behaviour. The Long Parliament voted, in 1646, that £5,000 should be given to his children, in recompense for his sufferings, and for opposing the illegalities of the time.—Sir Miles married Susan, daughter of Sir John Peyton, of Iselham, Bart., by whom he had issue, John, his son and heir, and a daughter.

* Mr. Le Neve was tried at Norwich, March 16th, 1699-1700, and found guilty of manslaughter.

Sir John Maynard, Knt., one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal in the reign of King William, he had one son,

John, first Earl of Buckinghamshire, and three daughters.* He was several times representative in Parliament for different boroughs, and once for the county of Norfolk. In 1721, he was appointed one of the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations; in 1725, he was installed one of the Knights Companions of the Order of the Bath; on the accession of his Majesty George II. he was made Treasurer of the Chamber; on the 28th of May, 1728, he was advanced to the dignity of a Baron of this realm, by the title of Lord Hobart, Baron Hobart of Blickling, in the county of Norfolk; and, on the 5th of September, 1746, he was further advanced to the dignity of an Earl of the Kingdom of Great Britain, by the name, style, and title of Earl of Buckinghamshire. His Lordship, in 1739-40, was sworn Lord Lieutenant of the county of Norfolk. On his resigning his office of Treasurer of the Chamber, his Majesty constituted him, in 1744, Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners; and, on the 3d of January, 1745, he was sworn of the Privy Council.—His Lordship married, *first*, Judith, daughter of Robert Britiffe, of Baconsthorpe, in Norfolk, Esq., by whom he had three sons; of whom the first and third died young, and the second (John) succeeded him as second Earl of Buckinghamshire. By this marriage, his Lordship also had five daughters; one of whom, Dorothy, married Colonel Charles Hotham (eldest son of Beaumont Hotham, Esq., one of the Commissioners of the Customs), who afterwards became Sir Charles Hotham, Bart., and K.B., and took the name of Thompson. His Lordship married, *secondly*, Elizabeth, sister to Robert Bristow, Esq., one of the Clerks Comptrollers of his Majesty's Household; by whom he

had two sons—George, the third Earl; and Henry, many years M.P. for the city of Norwich, and Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means: he married Anne Margaret, daughter of John Bristow, Esq.

John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, succeeded his father on the 22d of September, 1756. Whilst he bore the title of Lord Hobart, he "was returned at the general election, in 1747, both for the city of Norwich, and the borough of St. Ives: but chose his seat for the former, and was Knight of the Shire for Norfolk, when he succeeded to the Peerage. His Lordship, in February, 1762, exhibited a noble instance of public spirit and regard for matrimony, by allotting an annual donation of ten guineas to five young women, daughters of freemen of Norwich, upon their marriage with the sons of freemen. In his father's life-time he was comptroller of His Majesty's Household, and soon after his accession to the Peerage, was constituted a Lord of the Bed-chamber, and sworn of the Privy Council. When the late King ascended the throne, his Lordship was continued at the Council Table, and Lord of the Bed-chamber; which last he resigned November 6th, 1767. On July 17th, 1762, he was declared Ambassador-extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Peter III. Emperor of Russia; but that Prince departing this life about that time, his Lordship was employed in the same quality to his Imperial consort and successor, Catherine II. He resided at the Russian Court till January 1st, 1765, when he had an audience of leave of that Princess; and arriving at London, on March 28th following, met with a very gracious reception from his Majesty. In 1776, his Lordship was appointed Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of the Kingdom of Ireland; and arriving at Dublin on January 3d, 1777, was immediately sworn into the said high office, and took upon him the government of the said Kingdom."—His Lordship married, *first*, Mary Ann, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Drury, of Overstone, in Northamptonshire, Bart., by whom he had issue:

1. Henrietta, born 1762, married, *first*, 1780, Armar Corry, Earl of Belmore, *secondly*, 1792, William, Earl of Ancram, afterwards Marquess of Lothian, died 1805;—2. Caroline,

* 1. Henrietta, married, *first*, Charles Howard, ninth Earl of Suffolk; *secondly*, the Hon. G. Berkeley, fourth son of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley;—2. Catherine, married Lieut. Gen. Sir C. Churchill;—3. Dorothy.—The first-mentioned of these ladies lived at Marble Hill, Twickenham, and was a well-known acquaintance of Pope, the poet, under the name of Mrs. Howard.

born 1767, married 1792, the Hon. William Asheton Harbord, eldest son of Lord Suffield;—3. Sophia, born 1768, married 1789, Richard, Earl of Mount Edgcumbe;—4. Julia, born 1769, died 1771.

The Countess of Buckinghamshire died during the period of her confinement; and the Earl married, *secondly*, September 24, 1770, Caroline, daughter of William Connolly, of Stratton Hall, in Staffordshire, Esq., by the Lady Anne Wentworth, daughter of William, third Earl of Stratford, by whom he had issue:

1. Amelia Anne, born March 17, 1771;—2. John, born 1774, died 1776;—3. Henry Philip, born 1775, died 1776;—George, born 1777, died 1778.

The Lady Amelia Anne, the first and only surviving child of the Earl, by his second wife, was married, June 9, 1794, to Robert, second Marquess of Londonderry, with whom, until the time of his Lordship's lamented decease, on the 12th of August, 1822, she enjoyed a life of conjugal affection and happiness, rarely if ever surpassed.*

The Right Honourable the Earl of Buckinghamshire, the Marchioness of Londonderry's father, died on the 3d of August, 1793; his lady, the Countess, survived him till the 26th of January, 1817.

George,

* The Noble Marquess was, at the period of his decease, Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, a Lord of Trade and Plantations, an Official Trustee of the British Museum, a Commissioner for the Affairs of India, Governor of the County of Londonderry, K.G., M.R.I.A. &c. An opportunity, we expect, will shortly present itself, for introducing in the pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, some particulars of the public services of this truly amiable man and eminent statesman, whose loss will be long deplored, whose many estimable qualities will ever be gratefully remembered.

George, his Lordship's half brother, succeeded him as third Earl. He married, in 1757, Albinia, daughter and coheir of Lord Vere Bertie, second son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster, by whom (who died in 1816) he had issue—1. George, died in infancy;—2. Robert, the fourth Earl;—3. George Vere, born 1761, died 1802 (having married, *first*, Jane Cattano, by whom he had issue, George Robert, the present Earl, and several other children; *secondly*, in 1802, Janet, daughter of Colonel Maclean, of Coll, in North Britain);—4. Charles, a Lieutenant in the Navy, killed in the action with the Count de Grasse;—5. Henry Lewis, D.D., Dean of Windsor, and of Wolverhampton, Registrar of the Order of the Garter, and Rector of Chipping Warden, in Northamptonshire, married, 1824, Charlotte Selina, second daughter of Richard Moore, Esq., of Hampton Court Palace;—6. Albinia, born 1759, married, 1784, Richard Cumberland, Esq.;—7. Henrietta Anne Barbara, married, 1789, the Right Hon. John Sullivan, of Ritchings Park, Herts;—8. Maria Frances Mary (twin with Henrietta) married, 1785, George, second Earl of Guildford, died 1794;—9. Charlotte, married, 1789, Edward Disbrowe, of Walton, Derbyshire, Esq.

Robert, the fourth Earl, born 1760, succeeded his father in 1804. In 1812, his Lordship was appointed President of the Board of Control, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; offices which, in a short time, he resigned. His Lordship married, *first*, 1792, Margaretta, relict of Thomas Adderley, of Innishannon, county of Cork, Esq., by whom (who died in 1796) he had issue Sarah, married, 1814, the Right Hon. Frederick John Robinson, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. His Lordship married, *secondly*, 1799, Eleanor Agnes Eden, daughter of William, first Lord Auckland, but by her had no issue. Dying on the 5th of February, 1816, his Lordship was succeeded by his nephew,

George Robert Hobart Hampden, the fifth and present Earl, who married, May 3, 1819, Miss Glover, of Keppel Street, Russell Square. In the year 1824, his Lordship took, by royal sign-manual, the name and arms of Hampden.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. VI.—EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

It has been asserted by men of taste and talent—by the enthusiastic admirers of a late noble and richly-gifted bard—that, now Byron is gone, the sun of poetry has set in the land;—that no minstrel is left to uphold our claim to a single foot of ground in the regions of Parnassus. With all due appreciation of the mighty mind, whose almost appalling grandeur has, for a series of years, challenged our wonder and admiration—whose full tide of song has rushed in upon our souls, and hurried us away from the tamer feelings of existence into the wide sea of passion—the stormy world of human crime and human suffering—a sense of justice to living talent impels us to deny—prondly deny—the truth of an assertion so broad and sweeping, howsoever learned may be the lips whence it proceeds. In this denial we shall, we trust, be fully borne out by the mention of even *one* of the many poets who rise up as a host amongst us, to redeem the credit of our native land, and maintain her title to the glories of poetic fame.

Living, as *we* live, in an age of taste—an age of the proudest mental cultivation—an age in which genius has only to be *seen* that it may be felt and acknowledged—we marvel much that the name of Edwin Atherstone* is not more frequently heard—that the powerful, the extraordinary productions of his muse are not more widely diffused, more deeply felt, more highly prized. We have just risen from the perusal—the *reiterated* perusal—of his “Midsummer Day’s Dream;” and, in our judgment, if there ever were a work evincing splendour of conception, depth of thought, and an almost boundless fertility of imagination, these lofty attributes will be found in that poem. Let us not be taxed with presumption—with a want of reverence for those venerable and chartered names that have so long been held dear and sacred amongst us—if we venture

to predict, that, should the maturer efforts of his pen fulfil the splendid promise given, Atherstone will become the Milton of our day. True—his is not the lyre, his are not the inspirations of Byron; he rides not on the whirlwind—he revels not within the bowers of mortal passion; but his song is high, and grand, and pure as that which comes to us in visions of the night, from a far-off land “where happy spirits rest.” While dwelling on his page, we are transported, as by the bright and winged messenger that guided *him*, “to purer elements, all unfettered by grosser matter,” where we behold unutterable things—things that we have dreamed of in our wildest or tenderest imaginings. We live amidst the ruins of an elder world; we pursue the track—we see the glare—we feel the shock of the fiery comet; we witness the destruction of a vaster globe—of a mightier race than our’s. We dive to the fathomless caverns of the great deep, and behold the shape, and listen to the shoutings of the Fiend of Storms. We take the wings of the morning, and fly to the regions of the sun, to bask in their noontide effulgence, or to slumber, lulled by the murmurs of eternal fountains, beneath their purple twilight;—and then to be awakened from that sweet sleep by strains of Paradise, and odours wafted by the snowy wing of such bright forms as our fancy might mistake for the beautiful spirits of those whom we have loved and lost on earth. In truth, we know not how to deal out the measure of praise when speaking of *such* poetry, lest we should be accused of extravagant enthusiasm. We shall therefore abstain from comment on the admirable poem before us; contenting ourselves—in the first instance at least—in order to justify what we have already said, with the following extract from the “Midsummer Day’s Dream,” which we pronounce, without dreading a reversal of sentence, to be nearly, if not *fully* equal to Lord Byron’s “Darkness.” It will, we trust, appeal more forcibly to the taste, feeling, and judgment of the reader, than any thing

* Author of “A Midsummer Day’s Dream;” “The Last Days of Hercules;” “Abradates and Panthea,” &c.

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we have said in this brief, warm, and honest, though perhaps feeble tribute to contemporary genius. It describes the destruction of a former world, as related by the Spirit of the Sun.

Then suddenly there came a fiery star,
Wandering from out its orbit, masterless.
The dwellers of the earth,—they were a race
Mightier than your's,—look'd nightly on the sky,

And their thoughts were troubled: night by night the star

Grew brighter, larger; waving flames shot out
That made the sky appear to shake and quiver.
Night after night it grew;—the stars were quench'd

Before its burning presence;—the moon took
A paler—and a paler hue: men climbed
Upon the mountains every eve to watch
How it arose; and sat upon the ground
All night to gaze upon it. The day then
Became the time for sleeping; and they woke
From feverish rest at evening to look out
For the terrific visitor. Night by night
It swell'd and brighten'd: all the firmament
Was kindled when it came. The waning moon
Had died away; and when she should have come

Again into the sky, men found her not.
Still, still the heaven-fire grew!—there was no night;

But to the day succeeded a new day
Of strange and terrible splendour. Darkness then

Became a luxury; and men would go
To caves and subterranean depths to cool
Their hot and dazzled eyes. The beasts of the field

Were restless and uneasy, knowing not
Their hour for slumber: they went up and down

Distractedly; and, as they fed, would stop
And tremble, and look round, as if they fear'd
A lurking enemy. The things of prey,—
Monsters that earth now knows not,—came abroad

When the red night-sun had gone down; for day

With its mild light less glar'd upon their eyes
Than that fire-flashing firmament. Yet,—yet
With every coming night the terrible star
Expanded: men had now no thought but that:
All occupations were laid by:—the earth
Was left untill'd:—the voyagers on the deeps
Forsook their ships, and got upon the land
To wait the unknown event. O'er all the world

Unutterable terror reign'd. Men now
By thousands, and by tens of thousands, met—

Wond'ring and prophesying. Day and night
All habitable regions sent to heaven
Wailings, and lamentations, and loud prayers.
The ethereal shapes that peopled earth, as now,
Saw with astonishment, but not with fear,
This strange disorder;—for the wreck of worlds
Injures not them. The spirits of the sun
Look'd wondering down, expecting what might come;

For right tow'ards earth the blazing terror held
Its awful course; and all the abyss of space
Resounded to the roarings of its fires.

Night after night men still look'd out;—it grew

Night after night, faster and faster still.
The crimson sky announc'd its terrible coming
Long ere it rose; and after it went down
Look'd red and fiery long. Each night it came
Later,—and linger'd later in the morn,
Till in the heavens the sun and it at once—
Eastward and westward—shone with different lights:

The sun, as still he shines, ineffably pure;
The other of intensest burning red.
But one was still the same;—the other swell'd
Each day to a terrific bulk, and grew
Dreadfully bright, till the out-blaz'd sun
Look'd pale,—and paler,—and at last went out;
And men knew not when he arose or set.

The terrible event was then at hand:
Throughout the day the roarings of its fires
Oppress'd all ears;—and when the fury sank
Beneath the horizon, still throughout the night

They heard its threatenings; dying far away
Till midnight; then with every hour returning
Louder and louder, like advancing thunders
Riding upon the tempest.

Yet once more
It rose on earthly eyes. One-fourth the heavens

Was cover'd by its bulk. Ere it had reach'd
Its middle course, the huge ball almost fill'd
The sky's circumference;—and anon there was
No sky!—nought but that terrible world of fire
Glaring,—and roaring,—and advancing still!

Men saw not this:—th' unsufferable heat
Had slain all things that lived. The grass and herbs

First died:—the interminable forests next
Burst into flames:—down to their uttermost
deeps

The oceans boil'd,—spurting their bubbling
waves,—

Rocking and wallowing higher than the hills:—
The hills themselves at last grew burning red;
And the whole earth seem'd as 'twould melt
away.

Intensest expectation now held all

The ethereal natures silent. From the heights
Of space they look'd, and waited for the shock ;
For in right opposite courses the two orbs
Rush'd towards each other, as two enemies
haste

To meet in deadly combat. 'Twas a sight
Sublime, yet sad, to see this beautiful earth,—
Strip'd of all verdure, empty of all life,—
Glowing beneath the comet's terrible breath,
Like a huge coal of fire !

They now drew nigh :
Rapidly rolling on they came !—They struck !

It is, however, in the last portion of the
poem, that we find passages of a more
deep, tender, and impressive beauty. The
subjoined simile, which meets our eye, *en
passant*, is very pleasing:—

The thankless oft are noisiest in their thanks ;
As on the unfruitful pavement every drop
That falls from the kind sky is told aloud :
But in the grateful heart a blessing sinks,
Like the same shower upon a sunny field,
That drinks it silently, and shows its thanks
By smiles and glad increase.

The ship, in one of the oceans of the
sun, with its crimson sails, and ropes of
twisted gold—its planks of fragrant, unde-
caying wood, all sheathed in silver—its
masts of cedar coated with gold, and its
bright decks of pearl, is magnificent.

Then shouldst thou see how through the
mighty billows

The glittering ship rides on ; its crimson sails
Full swell'd, and leaning gracefully ; its sides
And silver keel shining intensely bright
Beneath the blue waves ; from its glowing
prow

Dashing the waters by, and throwing up
Clouds of all-coloured spray that wrap it round
With a hundred rainbow girdles :—up it climbs
To the liquid mountain's top, and the sails
strain

And quiver : there it stands a moment, glittering
Like some most gorgeous bird pluming itself
In the golden light of morn ; then down it goes
Swiftly and smoothly o'er the long descent
To the deep watery vale ; and then again
Its prow is lifted, and it shoots aloft
Exultingly.

Some of the god-like forms, inhabitants
of the sun, are described as of “ stupendous
size,” and some

Of lower stature and more delicate shape ;
With less of majesty, but more of grace,
And of ineffable beauty.

These are “ what lovely woman is to man.”

All that in woman we think lovely ; all
Of dignity, or purity, or grace,
Was their's with tenfold charm :—the bright,
mild eye,

The locks of radiant gold,—the sunny brow,—
The soft and rapturous blush,—the rosy lip,—
The smile that maddens with delight,—the
glance

That kindles us like the first glimpse of heaven,
The gentleness,—the tenderness. Their robes
Were pure as light,—of every beauteous hue :
Their presence was divinity :—they moved,
But I heard not their footsteps :—they dis-
coursed,

And it was more than music : all the air
Teem'd with delicious fragrance where they
passed.

Rapidity of motion and immensity of
space have perhaps never been more
powerfully, more effectively described than
by Mr. Atherstone ; but, as we cannot
here quote without mutilating, and conse-
quently injuring, we pass on. The follow-
ing notion, respecting the formation of
new suns, or worlds, is evidently founded
upon Herschell's theory :—

——— He who hath destroyed can re-
create.

In empty space and darkness, suddenly
We have beheld a cloud of pearly light ;
And all about, to infinite extent,
The ether thickening like a radiant mist ;
Working tumultuously,—and round, and round,
Rushing in endless circles,—wheel in wheel.
Anon the pearly cloud becomes a sphere ;
Condenses—brightens—glows—revolves—ex-
pands—

Flashes—and burns—and darts excessive light—
And grasps the kindling ether as it rolls,
Turning it all to fire ; and round and round,
Swifter and faster vehemently whirls and burns,
And gathers prodigious bulk,—till, lo !—it is a
sun !”

Whether the two last rough, rugged,
rumbling lines which we have distinguished
by *italics*—lines which, in point of fact, are
not verse at all—have been intended by
the writer for beauties—for sounds accord-
ing with the sense—we presume not to de-
termine ; but, if so, the idea, we think, is
an erroneous one. It ought to be the
pride and the aim of a poet, rather to over-
come a difficulty than to create or leave a
blemish. Atherstone, we are aware, may
cite Milton as his authority ; yet, great as

is the precedent, we cannot regard the production of lines such as these—too many of which, indeed, occur in the “*Midsummer Day’s Dream*”—as snatching a “*grace beyond the reach of art.*”

However, we hasten towards a close; for we have yet some brief excerpts to offer, which, in our estimation, are superior even to those relating to the comet.

The dreamer, with his ethereal attendant, the Spirit of the Sun, describes “in the dusk, dark beam, dimly distinguished,” “the ruin of a dependant world, that with its ruler,” an extinct sun, had perished:—

— cold and dark ;—

Lifeless and motionless,—a giant corpse
Slowly decaying in this vault of night.
Trees, — rivers, — oceans, — all have passed
away,—
Dissolved into their primal elements
Imponderous,—invisible ;—and float
Through the wide ether,—matter for new
worlds.
The very earth hath melted off ; and nought
Remains but the huge, mis-shaped skeleton
Of rock, dissolving also. Men will dream
Of everlasting fame ; and conquerors
Slay myriads to be glorious through the earth ;—
Let them look here, and ask where lie the bones
Of *this* earth’s great ones ?—where their monu-
ments
Of brass, or iron, or unmouldering granite ?—
And let the proud worms know a time may
come
When their world too shall sicken, and expire,
And dwindle to a skeleton,—and pass
Away like a thin vapour.

With the immediately succeeding description of “the huge dim wreck” of that extinct sun—

Of a once brighter, vaster world than ours—
we are constrained, though reluctantly—
for we could wish to introduce many other
passages—to close this paper. It is at
once tender and beautiful, terrific and sub-
lime:—

Look on it:—hence thou mayst descry its
form ;
Its shadowy hills and mountains,—all entire,
But faded : for corruption comes not here,
As in beginning of decaying earths ;
Nor pass these purer elements away,
Wandering like their’s along the infinite,
Till lapse of ages inconceivable.

Look where the eternal gloomy forests
stand.—

No branch hath withered,—not a leaf hath
dropped ;—

The rivers flow not ;—the dusk ocean lies
Solid and motionless as rock ;—the air
Still as an icy sea,—enveloping,
Like an imperishing tomb, the dark remains.
But view it nearer : on this mountain stand,
And look upon the city at its base—
Huge—dark—and silent. Not a stone hath
fallen ;

Pillars, and domes, and arches,—all firm-fixed
As at the first ; but their original lustre
Dimmed by the darkness of a million years.
Where be the builders ?—They are here. This,
this,

Is solitude !—a nation of thy earth
Hath not more habitants than here ; and yet—
Hark ! how among the drear, gigantic piles,
The echo of my low voice moans and sighs :
How temple talks to temple ; tower to tower ;
Dome mutters unto dome, that yet again
Whispers it onward. We descend, and lo !
The dim, huge forms of the departed race !
In them alone can I behold decay ;
Yet not as clay decayeth : they are still
Perfect in shape and hue ; nor taint of death
Is on them, such as makes the earthly corpse
Ghastly and loathsome : but their mighty forms
Have dwindled somewhat, and the solid hath
Become like vapour. Nor, like parting clay,
Suffered they pain or fear, but passed off
In long, sweet slumber ; by the fountain’s side,
In the cool bower,—upon the mountain’s
brow,—

Beside the ocean,—or upon the lake,—
Amid the woods,—or in the scented vales,—
In temples,—or in gardens. Wheresoe’er
That moment found them, there they fell
asleep.

Here one who touched this shadowy harp, be-
like

To the sweet voice of her who on his breast
Finds her last slumber. Here they held the
feast

Around the fountain ;—see !—the coloured
fruits,

Just where they dropped from the relaxing
hand,

Are fresh still ; and the beautiful flowers, up-
heaped

In ruby vases, by the graceful hands
Of these fair sleepers, seem perfumed yet.

All in the same hour perished. Tenderly
The ethereal natures bade them to their rest.
For they perceived the doom had passed forth :
The vast orb shook us with a mortal wound,
And year by year flagged heavily : the tints
Of the once pleasant, clear night-hours grew
deep,

And deeper,—and of dense and deepest black-
ness,—

And lengthened as they deepened: the bright
noons

Waned slowly to a dim and sickly light;
Age after age more sickly, and more dim,
Till change of night and day was none,—but all
Subsided to one drear and lurid red:

And, year by year, the planets in their course
Loitered, and swerv'd, through feebleness, aside

From their appointed path; and darkness fell
Slowly upon them,—a long dreary night,—
A night of death,—a night that knew no morn,
And all things perished in them. Yet awhile
They wandered faintly through the murky air,
Frozen and dead,—huge sepulchres of dead;
Then, one by one, stood still:—the sun stood
still:—

The system had expired.

H.

CATHERINE OF LANCASTER, OR THE TOURNAMENT OF TOLEDO.

“Lay of love for lady bright.”—SCOTT.

It was a day of unclouded splendour: the bells of Toledo rang out their most joyous peals; all that was gay, gallant, or beautiful among the English, Portuguese, and that part of the Castilian nobility who were disaffected to the existing government, were there assembled to witness the bridal festivities of the young King of Portugal and the Lady Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose marriage was there celebrated with a grandeur suitable to the rank of the royal bridegroom and the magnificent spirit of the father of the bride, who contemplated in this alliance the aggrandizement of another part of his family.

It is scarcely necessary to remind those who are acquainted with the chronicles of those days, of the claims which that Prince made to the crown of Castile, in right of his second wife, Constantia, eldest daughter of Peter the Cruel. To substantiate this claim he entered Spain with an English army of twenty thousand men, and the promise of farther assistance from his nephew, Richard II. of England. This, and the probable co-operation of the King of Portugal, caused great uneasiness to the reigning King of Castile, John of Trastamara, who, though his defective title was powerfully counterbalanced by the popularity of his government, and the disgust which the majority of the Castilians felt to the line of Peter the Cruel, was yet aware that the Duchess of Lancaster was not without a strong party among the old adherents of her father in Castile. The pretensions of this lady were, indeed, likely to receive

the ablest support from her husband, one of the richest and most powerful Princes in Europe; and, above all, the family alliance now formed with the King of Portugal rendering his assistance no longer a matter of political speculation, raised to their acmé the hopes of the aspiring house of Lancaster. The hand of the fair heiress of these hopes and expectations was consequently sought by many a noble and even royal suitor, among the princes and grandees of the Peninsula, now assembled at Toledo to assist at the tournament proclaimed by the King of Portugal in honour of his bride.

Of these the King of Portugal's brother, Don Pedro, was the man most favoured by the Duke of Lancaster; but the Lady Catherine beheld her princely lovers with equal indifference, and appeared oppressed with a melancholy for which no one could account, and which contrasted strongly with the gaiety that surrounded her, and with the overflowing happiness of her sister, the Queen of Portugal.

Attached to each other by a more than sisterly love, these Princesses appeared to have forgotten that they owed their birth to different mothers, and the sadness of the Lady Catherine was generally attributed to the approaching separation between herself and that beloved sister. The royal bride herself was among the foremost in placing the dejection of the young Princess to that account; for, not even to her had Catherine revealed the cause of her disquiet. Well, indeed, was she aware, that the Queen of Portugal, notwithstanding her gentleness, sweetness of temper, and un-

bounded affection towards herself, was, in pride and zeal for the aggrandizement of her family, a true daughter of the house of Lancaster. It was not to *her*, therefore, that Catherine could declare that, while her alliance was sought by almost every royal house in Europe, her heart had been given in secret to an obscure individual (who, whatever were his graces of person and manner, and knightly accomplishments) she could not conceal from herself was a nameless adventurer.

At the bull-fights, riding at the ring, and all the other late chivalrous exercises of skill and courage, the prizes had been won by a young cavalier, unattended, save by a single 'squire. His only adornments were his white plumage and scarf. He displayed neither banner with armorial bearings, nor heraldic devices on his shield: no one knew him; and, contrary to the custom at such pageants, he gratified not the curiosity of the assemblage by raising his vizor when he received the palm of conquest. To the courteous entreaties of the Duke of Lancaster that he would declare his name and quality, he replied that he was a soldier of fortune, a wandering knight, who could claim no other name than that which he received at his baptism; and as he bore that in common with so many of every Christian nation, it could afford no particular satisfaction to that illustrious company even were he to reveal it.

In like manner he declined all invitations to partake in the princely hospitality of the Duke of Lancaster; and they who beheld him daily sharing in all deeds of hardihood and chivalric emprise, sought him in vain in the banqueting rooms, or in the princely halls where the fair and the brave nightly assembled, to conclude with dancing and minstrelsy the diurnal pleasures prepared for them by the royal bridegroom and the father of the bride.

The general interest and curiosity excited by this singular conduct was felt by no one more powerfully than by the Lady Catherine, who, charmed with his knightly prowess and noble bearing, earnestly desired to penetrate the mystery that surrounded him.

It was with a feeling of pleasure which she could scarcely account to herself for experiencing, that she recognized his stately

figure amongst a gaily-dressed group one evening at a mask given by her father on the banks of the Tajo. He wore the habit of an ancient Paladin, and appeared as though his sole business at this entertainment were to watch her movements. By a singular coincidence she had assumed the dress and character of a Saracen princess, and she availed herself of this circumstance to address him with the license allowed by this fascinating diversion.

"So far from Paris, Sir Paladin, when the Moor so closely besets the walls of the good city?"

The stranger Knight started at her observation, and replied—"Fair enemy, are thy words lightly spoken? or is it from the daughter of the invading Sultan that the loyal Paladin receives a friendly warning?"

"Sir Paladin, I see you are not a ready reader of riddles, and I leave you to the enjoyment of the perplexity I have unwittingly occasioned," said the Princess, turning from him with an air of playful coquetry. "Leave me not, fair arbitress of my destiny," said the Paladin, detaining her, "till I have poured forth my passion at thy feet."

"How, Sir Paladin! does a Christian Knight avow his love for a Pagan lady? What will holy mother church say to conduct so unorthodox?"

"Alas, fair tyrant! you but amuse yourself with the sufferings your beauty inflicts," said the Knight, withdrawing the Princess to a more retired spot. "But how can I, the nameless and obscure son of a nameless race, how can I dare to hope that a mighty princess, the sister of a queen, and the presumptive heiress of a crown, would listen to a suit like mine?"

"You forget, Sir Knight," said the Princess, faintly struggling to disengage her hands from his passionate grasp—"You forget that I hold conference with you only in my assumed character, and with that freedom which the divertisement of masking permits. If you proceed to address me as Catherine of Lancaster, I must resume the fetters of state and haughty reserve which that name and rank impose on their possessor." She sighed as she concluded. "Would," said the Knight, "that that lofty name might be forgotten, and that exalted rank exchanged for the lowly

estate of a village maiden, that I might be allowed the opportunity of proving how little a heart like mine regards the adventitious circumstances of birth and grandeur."

The Knight would have been indeed a novice had he not perceived that this language was far from displeasing the Princess. She had almost unconsciously seated herself beneath the shade of the orange-trees that overhung the moon-lit waters of the Tajo, and had removed her mask for the benefit of breathing the fragrant breezes that played round her, and sported in her hair of darkest luxuriance. Perhaps the Knight, well versed in all the movements of the heart of woman, might suspect her of wishing to display the touching effect which moonlight gave to her beautiful dark eyes, and transparently pure complexion.

"It is not in the stately halls of Toledo, or in the royal balcony, at the games where the kings and princes of the land contend to win your smiles, that you appear in your true power and loveliness, fair Plantagenet," said the Knight, gazing passionately on her. He, too, had removed his mask, and it was with feelings of the most thrilling interest that the Princess contemplated, for the first time, the features of her beloved; and, as she timidly raised her eyes to his face, she was struck with his manly and heroic beauty. His complexion was of the true Castilian olive, and his features of that noble cast which gave her the idea that his was no common lineage. Glossy raven hair clustered in rich curls round a forehead of lofty beauty, and the somewhat stern expression of his countenance was softened by eyes of the most melting and lovely blue.

"And who is it," said the Princess, sighing, "that would address to Catherine of Lancaster language which she must not hear except from royal blood?"

"Which he who boasts not even nobility for his portion must therefore pour forth hopelessly," said the Knight; "and yet he is bold enough to believe, that had the lofty distinctions of the Prince of Portugal been his to back his suit withal, he should not have sighed in vain."

"Ah, think not," she replied, "that ambitious feelings would influence the heart of her who would prefer a cottage

on the banks of the Tajo with love, to a throne without, and who would not for a moment hesitate to exchange the proudest diadem in the world for the wild flower-wreath of peace gathered by the hand of love." She sighed, and sank into silence.

The Knight threw himself at her feet, and by his passionate eloquence drew from her a full confession of the secret interest with which she had beheld him from the first day he made his appearance in the lists. "And now," said she, "that you have obtained from me an acknowledgment of all my weakness, let me no longer remain in ignorance of the name of him to whom I have blindly given my maiden heart."

"Demand it not, fair Princess!" said the Knight, resuming his mask, and drawing the folds of his cloak yet closer round him. "It is a name that must not even be whispered within the walls of Toledo, where I appear, even when shrowded within this disguise, at the risk of that life to which thy pure and unbought love has given a value which it never before possessed in my own eyes. Farewell, most lovely, most beloved lady! my moments are numbered, and I must away."

"But when, and where, shall I see you again?" asked the Princess, anxiously.

"At the approaching tournament, lady, I shall be among the combatants, and shall gather the inspiration that will lead me to conquest from thy eyes. I shall behold thee as usual surrounded by noble flatterers and princely lovers.—But, oh, Catherine! remember, they do not, they cannot love thee like him who rushes through all perils, and braves chains and death to catch but a look or smile of thine."

"In the lists, then, I shall expect to see thee," said the Princess, "yet, among the numerous cavaliers resorting thither, many may chance to wear the same colours and martial array, as thou, chosen of my heart."

"Give me, then, fair Princess, some token, by which valued distinguishment thou shalt recognize him who boasteth no heraldic bearings, or crest of nobility," said the Knight; and the Princess, selecting from the orange-trees that overshadowed them a sprig, rich with the fragrant blossoms, presented it to him, bidding him wear it for her sake. "Ay!" returned

the Knight, pressing it to his lips, "and ever will I preserve it as a memorial of this sweet hour."

The approach of a crowd of masks forced them to separate, and the Princess retired to her own apartment, and sought her pillow, not to sleep, but to recal every particular of the scene which had taken place between her and her mysterious lover.

Howsoever sweet might be the remembrance of that scene, her reflections on it were sufficient to banish the smiles from her lip, the colour from her cheek, and to cloud her brow with that expression of pensive thought which at length attracted the attention of the court. That the appearance of mystery is seldom assumed for worthy purposes, or by those who have not very urgent reasons for concealment, may be established as a general maxim; but, while this truth appealed in all its force to the reason of the Princess, her heart obstinately refused to admit a doubt injurious to the honour of the brave Castilian.

On the morning that was to witness the celebration of the tournament, it was observed by her ladies in waiting that she rejected all the magnificent dresses ostentatiously offered to her attention by her tire-women on this important occasion, and selected a simple robe of white taffeta, made in the Castilian mode, with pearl ornaments; and, instead of the tiara of gems which she had been accustomed to wear when she appeared in public, her beautiful dark hair was unadorned save with a single sprig of orange blossoms, and with the string of pearls which confined her long white veil, whose transparent folds were carelessly arranged, so as partially to shade her snowy bosom and exquisitely-formed arms.

"Although the simplicity of that dress well becomes the touching cast of your style of beauty, my fair sister," observed the Queen of Portugal, when they met in the gallery of the palace, "yet methinks robes and jewels befitting your high station would have been more suitable to the princely divertisement which your royal brother-in-law has provided, as much in your honour as in mine."

"Truly, royal sister," said Don Pedro, who now joined them, "the Lady Catherine is minded to shew how far her un-

adorned loveliness will surpass the charms of the over-dressed beauties of Spain and Portugal."

"In complimenting my poor charms at the expense of your fair countrywomen, Sir Prince, you seem to forget that I am, by the maternal blood, at least half a Castilian."

"Ay! and the bright heiress of the Castilian throne!" returned the Prince, tendering her his homage.

"I did not accuse you of forgetfulness on that point," rejoined she, disdainfully; "and well, I trust, are my princely suitors aware of that appanage to Catherine of Lancaster."

"You forget, fair Madam, that your dowry is yet to be won at the point of the sword," retorted Don Pedro, reddening; "and little, I ween, does that lover deserve to be taunted with seeking you for the sake of a heritage which is to be forced from Henry of Trastamara."

"Fie! fie! Don Pedro!" exclaimed the young Queen; "had your brother Juan wooed me in this fashion I had doubtlessly preferred one of my father's 'squires to his kingship, or gone to my grave as Philippa Plantagenet.—And yet, Catherine, I must say that you received your subject's homage in a manner uncourteous enough to provoke a retort from a better-tempered prince than Don Pedro."

"Her ungraciousness shall have no other effect on me than to nerve my arm in the lists, where I trust this day to prove myself such a champion in her cause as her hopes of the Castilian succession may require," returned he; "her colours, I see, are white; of the same immaculate hue shall be my scarf and plumes. She has unkindly refused me a token of her favour; but this day I will wear in my beaver a sprig of our national flower, the orange-blossom, with which she has chosen to adorn her ebon tresses."

"No!" said Catherine, turning petulently from him; "I have given you no permission to wear my colours, and methinks those of your liege lady, my sister, would better become you."

"The laws of knight-errantry do not preclude a champion from wearing the livery of a cruel mistress, and this day, fair Catherine, I shall appear in your's."

"With the assurance of my sincere wishes for your overthrow for your wages withal," returned the Princess, and they parted.

From the earliest hour in the morning, Toledo, and every avenue leading thereto, had been thronged with gallant and noble adventurers. The flower of English, Spanish, and Portuguese chivalry were there assembled, well mounted, and splendidly caparisoned. The city was a scene of gay bustle and confusion. Banners and plumes were waving, music was resounding, and steeds were curvetting through every street. Train after train of gallantly-arrayed horsemen appeared, and, taking the road to the scene of action, disappeared only to be succeeded by fresh bands of knights and cavaliers resorting to this chivalric pageant.

Never was tournament more splendidly attended than this. Many a noble and even royal knight bore the colours of the Lady Catherine; but among them all the Prince of Portugal alone wore orange-blossoms in his helmet; and she looked in vain for him, who should have been also distinguished by this token, among the gallants who saluted her by lowering their lances as they passed the balcony where she was seated, with the Queen of Portugal and the Duchess of Lancaster her mother.

The King of Portugal, after breaking a lance in honour of his bride, at her request declined entering farther into the business of the day, and joined the Duke of Lancaster as one of the umpires of the lists.

It was Don Pedro's good fortune to overcome every adversary who presumed to engage his powerful arm; and, towards the close of the day, none among the knights and nobles assembled evinced any desire to dispute with him the honour of the victory. The Duke of Lancaster, therefore, directed him to order his defiance to be three times repeated; and, should the third challenge remain unanswered, he would be entitled to the prize as the victor of the day.

Already had the echoes twice returned the inspiring notes of Don Pedro's trumpets, and twice had the warlike notes been suffered to die away without reply; but how did the heart of Catherine flutter with tumultuous emotions when the third trium-

phant flourish was answered by a faint blast from a distant trumpet! All listened with overwhelming interest as the sound was more distinctly repeated, and the next moment the streets of Toledo echoed to the furious riding of a single knight, who had far outstripped his squire and trumpeter, and, soiled with dust, and breathless with speed and agitation, now rode up to the lists, and, flinging his gauntlet on the earth, pronounced these words:—

"I, a Christian knight and true, do hereby, in the name of St. Michael and St. James, accept the defiance which the successful combatant has just offered to all the world, and challenge him, in presence of this goodly company, to enter the lists with me forthwith, there to prove which of us two is more worthy to wear the colours of the brightest Princess in the world, the Lady Catherine of Lancaster."

"First prove, presumptuous man!" returned Don Pedro, "some qualification which may entitle an obscure and crestless adventurer to challenge the son of a king."

"Then let this badge, Don Pedro, satisfy you that I am not only entitled to offer defiance to a younger brother of the House of Portugal, but even to the proudest monarch in the world, who could not plead his quality to decline the challenge of a Knight of St. Jago without risking the name of Craven," said the cavalier, throwing off the cloak he had hitherto worn, and pointing to the cross of that illustrious order.

"By the soul of the great Edward, my father!" exclaimed the Duke of Lancaster, kindling with the knightly enthusiasm of his youth, "if Don Pedro refuse now to meet you in the lists, I will myself fill his place, and esteem myself honoured by breaking a lance with so worthy an adversary."

"And yet, of all men breathing, the Duke of Lancaster is the last whom I would choose to engage, even in mimic hostilities," returned the Knight.

The Duke of Lancaster eyed him with attention for a moment, and then said—"Beshrew my heart, Sir Knight, I would I knew what father is made proud by a son like thee."

"And I, Sir Duke, replied the Knight, "if it were permitted me to call your

Grace father, would not envy the heir of any legitimate monarch upon earth his title or expectations."

"I like your spirit, brave youth," returned the Duke, smiling; "it well accords with your knightly prowess; and, had I ten champions like thee in my army, I should trust soon to see the claims of my Duchess to the crown of Castile recognized, and the usurping family of Trastámara reduced to their duty."

"Truth, my Lord Duke," replied he, "the audacious rebels would well deserve any chastisement your Grace could devise, if they submitted not to such fair sovereignty."—He bowed his plumed head to the royal gallery as he spoke, and the Duchess and her daughters returned his salutation with equal courtesy. "Go to, go to, Sir Knight!" said the Duke, laughing; "your gallantry well becomes you; but if you carry it much farther, I shall suspect your business at my court is not so much on chivalric emprise as to ensnare the heart of our fair heiress."—"He who can win her may well deserve to wear her!" said the Knight; "therefore to the lists, Don Pedro! I trust we shall both contend like men on whom bright eyes are glancing."

The particulars of the combat, though long and furious, it is unnecessary to relate. It may readily be imagined that it possessed powerful interest to the spectators, especially to the Lady Catherine, who, pale and breathless, awaited the event in excessive agitation; yet could not withhold a smile when the Knight of St. Jago, with a malicious blow, scattered Don Pedro's white plumes and orange-blossoms to the gale. The next moment, however, was sufficient to restore her to seriousness, when, with a furious shock, the lances of both combatants were shivered, and horses and horsemen went down together, with a tremendous crash.

The combat was then resumed on foot; and, after a few passes, a deafening shout from the Castilian part of the spectators announced that victory was decided in favour of their countryman, who, by a well-aimed blow on the helmet of Don Pedro, stretched him, unwounded, but breathless, on the plain.

"I do not bid you demand your life,"

said the Knight; that would be taking an ungenerous advantage of the smiles of fortune. Neither do I ask you to resign your pretensions to the Lady Catherine, which would be infringing on her proper privilege of rejecting or accepting among her lovers whomsoever she listeth; and, besides this, I am persuaded, that, like myself, you would resign her only with life."—So saying, he offered to assist Don Pedro to rise; but the Prince, with a furious gesture, rejected his aid.

The victorious Knight then advanced to the front of the balcony, and, kneeling before the Queen of Portugal, received from her hands the prizes—a ruby chain of great value, and a ring of exquisite workmanship, set with the most precious gems.

"This toy," said he, laying the chain at the Princess Catherine's feet, "may perhaps be rendered worthy of the acceptance of the lady under whose colours I have fought, by its being the meed of valour conferred by the hands of royal beauty. As for the ring," added he, "the devices on it are so well suited to the sweet bonds of wedlock, that I, being a poor bachelor, shall retain it in my own keeping till I can induce some gentle lady to take compassion on my forlorn condition, and to accept it as our bridal ring."

The Queen of Portugal and the Duchess of Lancaster laughed heartily at this sally, and commended him for his provident care for the future; telling him, "that it would be his own fault if the ring remained long in his own possession, as ladies seldom frowned on a victorious champion." And, indeed, had the Knight looked around the circle, he would have seen store of bright eyes glancing on his noble figure, and seeking to penetrate the envious vizard that concealed a face doubtlessly worthy of a form so fine. But, to the disappointment of every one, he refused even the solicitations of the royal party to stay and share the banquet, and join in the dance which was to conclude the amusements of the day; and, vaulting on his fiery jennet, he rode off the ground long before the ladies had retired from the balcony.

The bridal festivities were at length concluded, and tilts and tourneys were to be exchanged for the business of the red campaign; festive halls for the battle-field, and

the soft songs of love and pleasure for the cry to arms.

Active preparations were now making, both by the Duke of Lancaster and the King of Castile, for the commencement of hostilities.

Some weeks had elapsed since the day of the tournament; and, since that time, Catherine had neither seen nor heard aught of the secret object of her love. And now the painful idea intruded itself on her mind, that he must be one of the adherents of the usurping King of Castile.

All communication had been for some time cut off between the kingdoms of new and old Castile, and every person entering Toledo was examined with the most rigorous care by her father's order. This confirmed her suspicions that her lover belonged to the Trastamara party.

One day, when she had been indulging her melancholy musings in solitude, she received a summons to attend her father in his closet. She found him alone with her mother; and, after a few prefatory speeches, he told her "that he had just received a proposal of marriage for her, which he had determined to accept, and expected her to receive with perfect submission to his will."

Catherine, at this commencement, turned very pale; and leaned for support against her mother's chair.

"Be not alarmed, my child," said the Duchess, observing her agitation; "you are not called to any painful sacrifice, but only required to become the consort of a young and amiable Prince, who will hereafter raise you to the throne of your grandfather, Peter of Castile. In a word, Catherine, being willing to spare my unhappy country the horrors of civil war, I have resigned my title to the crown of Castile in your favour, and your father is graciously pleased to accede to my intreaties of giving peace to Spain by bestowing you on the son of Juan of Trastamara, who has this day demanded you in marriage."

Catherine burst into tears, and remained silent.

"How! perverse one! and is it thus you reply to intelligence which ought to fill your heart with gladness?" said the Duke, angrily.

Catherine wept yet more abundantly,

and at length faltered out her dislike to the marriage.

"Do not suppose," said the Duke, "that I am bound to observe your childish caprices, in the rejection of every princely lover who honours you by seeking your hand; but, if you prefer a union with the prince of Arragon, or of Portugal, to becoming the wife of Henry of Trastamara, I will give you that alternative; therefore decide quickly—shall I bestow you on Philip of Arragon?"

"He is older than yourself, my dread lord!" said Catherine, sobbing; "and marvellously ill-favoured besides."

"Oh, then, I suppose Don Pedro is your choice?"

"No!" returned she, angrily; "I will never become the wife of so evil tempered a prince, who flouts me even in his days of courtship, and seeks me only for the sake of my heritage, and because he sees I loath his addresses."

"Then," said the Duke, "as you reject these, prepare yourself to-morrow to receive Henry of Trastamara for your husband; for, by the soul of the great Edward, my father, I will no longer be trifled with." So saying, he flung out of the room, leaving Catherine overwhelmed with affliction.

"Why, my daughter, should you thus object to a man whom you have never seen?" said the Duchess. "Fame, I assure you, speaks bright things of Henry of Trastamara; and, if he resemble what his father was at his age," she added, with a sigh, "methinks the brightest maiden in Christendom might be flattered by his addresses."

"His father was your relation, Madam," said Catherine.—"He is my relation still; but how much more he *was* is known only to myself and him," returned the Duchess, with emotion. "The ties of love that united my cousin Juan's heart and mine in early youth, long subsisted after the hatred of our parents had arisen to a pitch most deadly; and secretly did I indulge the hope of one day sharing my lineal throne with the beloved of my soul—but fate had willed it otherwise. Catherine, you resist your father's mandate, and sullenly refuse to be convinced that it is rarely in the power of a princess to marry the object of her affections. You see me

the happy wife of a beloved husband, and you esteem me one of the fortunate few. But, oh ! my child ! you know not—may you never know—the woes that clouded the morning of my life ! How can I ever forget the pangs that rent my heart, when, divided for ever from the love of my youth, and placed as a hostage in the hands of the Prince of Wales, by my unnatural father,* who pawned the heiress of the land as a pledge for a debt which he never meant to pay, and, finally, left her unredeemed in the hands of a justly-incensed ally to pay the penalty of his broken faith.—It was with feelings whose bitterness I will not attempt to describe, that I gazed, for the last time, on the land of my fathers and of Juan, from the deck of the Prince of Wales's vessel. It was my own fair inheritance ; but I was borne from its shores, as a forfeit for my father's treachery, by a foreign prince. But let me do justice to the magnanimity of the generous Edward : it was with the holy tenderness of a brother that he bore himself towards my partner in affliction, your aunt Isabel, and myself, during the voyage ; but nothing could sooth my proud spirit, or mitigate the anguish of my heart. Very different were the feelings of Isabel, when we arrived in England : she had left no fond tie behind to endear her native land to her, and she was delighted at exchanging the monotony of a convent for the splendour of the most gallant court in Europe. Finally, she became, as you well know, the happy wife of your uncle York, then the Earl of Cambridge.—But I, though wooed by your princely father with all the fondness and ardour of which his noble nature is capable, and powerfully persuaded by the Prince of Wales to smile on his brother's suit, remained in hopeless sorrow with a heart immoveably wedded to the remembrance of my native country and of Juan. Alas ! the news I soon received from Spain was

* When Peter the Cruel solicited the assistance of Edward the Black Prince against his rebellious subjects, he placed in his hands his two daughters as hostages for the performance of certain articles agreed on between themselves ; and, afterwards, breaking his agreement, he left the young ladies in the possession of the Prince, who brought them with him to England.

such as to overwhelm me with affliction the most poignant. Poignant, do I say ? that word can give no idea of the stunning agony that wrung my heart, and oppressed my brain, till reason itself tottered, when, informed that my father had died by the hand of the Count Trastamara, his bastard brother, and that brother the father of my Juan ! It could not add a pang to my affliction to hear that the fratricide had followed up his crime by usurping the crown of Castile, my own inheritance, while I remained a captive in a distant land. Alas ! I felt only that the hope of years must now be relinquished ; for, even religion, morality, nature itself forbade me to espouse the son of the murderer of my father. A burning fever, occasioned by mental anguish, followed ; and though, through the tender cares of my sister and the Princess of Wales, I did recover, I remained for months in a state of infantine weakness. It was during this period, Catherine, that your father evinced the most touching proofs of his love, in the solicitude with which he watched every turn of my malady ; holding me dearer on the bed of sickness, and stripped of my inheritance, than when in the bloom of beauty, and presumptive heiress of Castile. Juan had become the husband of another. Pride aided reason in the conquest of a love so calamitous. I beheld myself, too, a stranger, and an unredeemed pledge, in the hands of the King of England. The choice was in my own power, to become his daughter, as my sister had done. Lover and friends had forsaken me : I had neither a country nor a father. Reason and gratitude alike moved me to become the wife of the Duke of Lancaster. Won by the entreaties of the Prince of Wales, that friend so true, and the disinterested affection of Prince John, I at length consented to become his, and never had cause to repent of my resolution.

“ However strong was the youthful passion I had entertained for Juan of Trastamara, it was in time effaced by the love with which I repaid the conjugal tenderness of your father ; and the sweet cares of maternity which, in due time, followed our union, succeeded in obliterating the idea of the faithless Juan from my heart.—And now, my child, I trust you will, from

the example of your mother, learn to submit to the destiny that awaits you. Your father *will* be obeyed; and let not the sorrows of my youth be renewed by witnessing a vain contention between objects so equally dear to me."

Catherine, thus urged, threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed out her acquiescence to her wishes on her bosom.—The re-entrance of the Duke, her father, was unobserved by her, till she heard him thus address her mother:—"How, now, Constantia, is the perverse one inclined to return to her duty?"—"My dear Lord, she has just consented to sacrifice her inclinations to your paternal authority, and is ready to receive Henry of Trastamara for her husband, since you will it so."

"'Tis well!" returned the Duke; "and now let her confer some value on her obedience by drying those refractory tears, and looking on these tokens of his love, which Don Henry has sent his betrothed bride."

Catherine averted her eyes, with an air indicative of the strongest reluctance.

"Come, come!" said the Duke, "you know I will be obeyed in one instance as well as another." So saying, he unlocked and placed before her a small golden casket enriched with gems. "Ha!" exclaimed he, raising the lid, "methinks our young bridegroom elect has not given very costly proofs of the magnificence of his spirit in his bridal gifts."

Catherine cast a disdainful glance from under her long dark lashes at the casket; but, starting from her seat, uttered a cry of astonishment at the sight of its contents. These consisted only of a sprig of faded

orange-blossoms, and a very small packet which bore this superscription—"The bridal ring of Henry of Castile."

To tear asunder the silken folds that enveloped it was but the work of a moment; the next served to convince her that it was the identical ring the palm of conquest had bestowed on the victor at the tournament of Toledo.

A flood of bewildering thoughts and strange recollections now rushed over her mind; and, overcome by her contending feelings, the ring dropped from her relaxing grasp—the colour forsook her cheeks—she heard not the inquiries of her terrified parents—but sank, fainting, on the bosom of her mother.

Were her senses deceived, or was it really the fond voice of love that recalled her from the semblance of death? and did her unclosing eyes indeed behold truly when she saw the Knight of St. Jago kneeling at her feet, and conjuring her, by every tender epithet, to revive, and look upon him once more?

She seemed like one under the influence of a dream; but it was no delusion. It was her own, her beloved cavalier, whose ardent glances recalled the colour to her cheek, when her father presented him to her as Don Henry of Castile, her future husband; and the burst of tears which relieved her full heart flowed from feelings to which no words could do justice, when she heard herself hailed as the bright peace-offering of a divided nation, the future Queen of the land of her ancestors, and the destined bride of the chosen of her heart, the noble and heroic Henry of Trastamara.

EPITAPHS ON SERVANTS.

It has been happily observed by Dr. Johnson, that "as honours are paid to the dead in order to invite others to the imitation of their excellencies, the principal intention of epitaphs is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as the observation of his life." Also, that "the best subject for epitaphs

is private virtue—virtue exerted in the same circumstances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators." If these remarks be accurate with respect to epitaphs generally, they must be considered applicable in full force to epitaphs on servants. The relations between master, or mistress, and servant, are so important in their nature and consequence to society at

large, that it is at all times desirable to keep up the best possible understanding between them, that each may have confidence in the other, that the superior may implicitly rely upon the fidelity of the inferior, that the inferior may have equal trust in the countenance and support of the superior, that, after a life spent in honest and faithful servitude, the due reward of virtue shall not be withheld.

Our attention has been drawn to this subject, by a volume equally singular in its contents and in the style of its typography, entitled "*Epitaphia, or a Collection of Memorials, inscribed to the Memory of Good and Faithful Servants, copied on the Spot, in various Cemeteries throughout the Counties of Berks, Buckingham, Derby, Essex, Gloucester, Herts, Kent, Middlesex, Northampton, Oxford, Salop, Stafford, Surrey, Warwick, Worcester, and York.*" There is not much of peculiarity, or quaintness, or curiosity, in this collection, which embraces about three hundred memorials; but we are pleased with the sentiment which it impresses: it shews us that good servants are not so rare as many would persuade us, and also that the kindest feelings of gratitude and respect prevail amongst the higher classes towards their domestics. Thus we find on a wood-rail tomb in the church-yard of St. Peter's, near St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, a memorial of "Matthew Rogers of this parish, late servant to Thomas Kinder, Esq., whose family, as bailiff, he served faithfully for five generations. He died the 24th day of May, 1805, aged 71 years." There appears to have been a connexion between the family of Kinder and that of Rogers, which delightfully reminds us of the devotedness, which, in the days of our feudal glory, descended from father to son, between master and servant; for, in the same church-yard, we find a memorial of another "Matthew Rogers, who, during his whole life, was a faithful servant to Thomas Kinder, Esq., of Beamonts, in this parish. He died the 24th of May, 1816, aged 52 years." In the church-yard of Isleworth, Middlesex, we also find a memorial of "Thomas Hoy, who departed this life, May 1st, 1822, aged 72 years," having been "forty years gardener to three noble

Dukes of Northumberland."—Again, we find on a wood-rail tomb, at Epsom, in Surrey, a memorial of "Mary Baily, aged 85, who passed sixty years of her life in the faithful discharge of her duties in the service of one family, by whom she was honoured, respected, and beloved. She died lamented, on the 18th day of February, 1807."

Memorials such as these, and so placed, cannot but have a salutary tendency; since the love of occasionally wandering amongst the habitations of the departed seems to be a principle inherent in our nature.

The following, at Wooten Waver, in Warwickshire, is not without interest:—

"Here lies the body
of JOHN HOITT,

late of Henley, in Arden,

who died May the 2d, 1812, aged 83 years.

He was huntsman to Somerville and others

near 70 years; but his occupation in the fields,

where he eminently excelled,

did not prevent his attention to other business,

or prevent him from bringing up a large family

by care and industry, with credit, the eldest of whom,

Thomas, caused this stone to be erected

to his memory, as a small token

of his duty and affection.

Here Hoitt, all his sports and labours past,

Joins his lov'd master, Somerville, at last;

Servant and lord, when once we yield our breath,

Huntsman and poet are alike to death;

Life's motley drama calls for powers and men

Of different casts to fill the changeful scene.

But all the merit that we justly prize,

Not in the part, but in the acting lies,

And as the lyre, so may the huntsman's horn,

Fame's trumpet rival and his name adorn."

We conclude with the following from the church-yard of Ashford, in Kent.

"THE REMAINS OF
WILLIAM WATERS, commonly called
OLD WILLIAM,

And MARY his Wife, are deposited

At the foot of this stone.

She died 22 of March 1815, in the 77 year of her age.

He died 17 of June 1816, in the 90 year of his age.

They lived together as Domestic Servants

In the same family FORTY YEARS.

RESPECTED and BEFRIENDED

By all classes of Inhabitants of this Town,

They passed the remainder of their Years

CONTENTED and HAPPY

On the Fruits of their

Honest Industry.

Reader! whether thy lot in this world be

POVERTY or AFFLUENCE,

Learn from the example of these

Good old faithful Servants,

that the sure way to

PEACE and HAPPINESS,

Is diligently to do your duty

In that situation of Life

In which you have been placed by your

ALMIGHTY FATHER."

SKETCHES, No. III.—THE PENITENT.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath has lost all its faint perfume ;
And the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale but no longer fair.—BARRY CORNWALL.

"AND so, you inform me, the poor woman, whom you so humanely rescued from perishing in the severe snow storm last week, is much worse?" said Mr. Montague to his confidential servant, Williams, as the latter entered with the newspaper while his master was at breakfast.

"O yes, Sir, I fear there are but little hopes of her recovery, for Mrs. Mason says that her mind being so unhappy, has caused an increase of fever, and the inflammation in her arm cannot be kept down."

"I will walk over myself and see her in the course of the morning," replied his master; "and in the mean time do you request the housekeeper to furnish Mrs. Mason with all that is necessary for the poor invalid."—The man bowed and withdrew.

The sorrows, the neglect, and treachery met with in the world, have too often the effect of rendering the heart of the individual who has so suffered, callous to the woes of his fellow-creatures, hateful of their society, and entirely absorbed in his own selfish feelings. It was, however, far otherwise with Mr. Montague. He had, indeed, "drunk of the bitter cup of sorrow, even to the very dregs," yet he was on that account but the more alive to administer comfort to those who were in affliction, and to pour the balm of consolation on the mourner's heart. His fortune was ample, and he possessed a delightful residence near the sea in the county of Dorsetshire. He was of middle age, but there was a settled melancholy on his countenance which betokened his former suffering. His wealth, his numerous acquirements, and polished manners, would have rendered him a welcome guest at the gay parties given in the vicinity of his residence, yet he had constantly declined joining any of them. The time had long passed when he mingled among the festive throng: then he delighted in the song and the dance, his brow serene, his face wearing

the smile of contentment, his heart untouched by care.

Mr. Montague had formerly been a merchant of the first opulence and respectability. He married early in life a beautiful but portionless orphan, and his first love, Amelia Somers. For some time their union seemed to promise uninterrupted happiness; the birth of a son increased their felicity; and Montague, as he placed the infant on his knee, delighted to observe, in his cherub face, the sparkling eyes and fascinating smile of his lovely wife; while she, on her part, repaid his attentions and his love with the best affections of her young heart. About this time Montague introduced to his wife and to his table Captain Dallas, an old college friend of his whom he encountered in his rambles one morning, and who had recently returned from the Continent, where he had resided for the last five years.

Handsome in person, of the most prepossessing manners, and gay and lively in conversation, his fair exterior covered a vile and depraved heart. He no sooner beheld the interesting wife of his friend, than, charmed with her grace and beauty, he resolved to win her affections. He thought not of Montague's honour, nor of destroying the reputation and peace of his victim. Self-gratification was his prevalent feeling, and his principles were of too convenient a nature for him to allow the old-fashioned virtues of piety and justice to disturb his repose. Amelia, herself naturally of a frank and lively disposition, was pleased with the society of Dallas, which formed a favourable contrast to the reserved and quiet disposition of her husband; and insensibly she began to feel a void on those evenings when he did not make his appearance, and to wish for his presence. Oh, dangerous state of mind! Let no woman, misled by sophistry or the love of admiration, listen even for an instant to the insidious tempter who would

teach her to forget the duty and love she has vowed to her husband. Let her not trust in her own unassisted power, for *such* strength is utter weakness; but let her chief reliance be on "the rock of ages;" then will she pass through the ordeal unhurt, and her reward be peace of mind, and an approving conscience.

It is needless here to tell the arts which Dallas made use of to wreck the peace of Amelia. Alas! he succeeded but too well; and, conscious of her preference for another, she dreaded to meet her husband's looks. His smiles, and anxiety for her health, which he fancied declining, were insupportable. Things could not remain long in this state; and Amelia, torn by conflicting emotions, reluctantly consented to leave her once-loved home, and set off with her betrayer for the Continent.

A note left on her dressing-table revealed to Montague the afflicting and disgraceful truth. Stunned by the suddenness and unlooked-for blow, reason deserted him, and for many weeks he was unconscious of all that passed around him. The natural strength of his constitution, and the attentions of his friends, gradually restored him; and, for the sake of his dear boy, he still wished to live. After a little time he declined his mercantile pursuits, and retired into Dorsetshire, where the education of his son formed a delightful employment for him. Often, when he has beheld his child sporting around him with all the gaiety of youth, unconscious of coming evil, he has sighed to think that his once-loved mother was an outcast of society, and a disgrace to her child.

Fifteen years had now passed away, and though time had abated the poignancy of Mr. Montague's sorrows, and his son bade fair to answer his fondest expectations, he felt that in this world happiness and he had parted for ever.

Anxious to relieve the sufferings of the unhappy, Mr. Montague did not forget the poor invalid; but, as the morning was fine, and Mrs. Mason's cottage not above two miles from his own mansion, he was not long in arriving there. On inquiring as to the health of her inmate, Mrs. Mason informed him that she had risen, and was considered rather better that morning. "Although her clothes are mean, Sir,"

said she, "I am certain she is a lady; for her manners are not like a poor person's, and she is the most gentle and patient creature I was ever with."

Mr. Montague imagined, that if he could see her, and converse with her himself, he should be better enabled to form a judgment as to the way in which he could best serve her; accordingly he proceeded up stairs. The door of the invalid's apartment stood ajar: Mr. Montague knocked slightly; but as no answer was returned, he entered the room. Opposite the window was an easy chair, in which the poor woman was seated: her back was towards Mr. Montague, and she appeared wrapped in profound meditation. A gentle inquiry after her health apprized her of the presence of a stranger. She turned her head, and their looks met. A deep groan burst from the lips of Montague; and, uttering the name of "Amelia," he sank on a chair beside him; while Amelia—for it was, indeed, that unhappy being—covered her face with her hands, and wept in agony.

At length, making an effort to suppress her emotion, she rose tremblingly from her chair and threw herself at the feet of her husband. "Spurn me not," she cried, "O best of beings, for you know not how I have wept and prayed for this hour—that I might kneel at the feet of him whom I have so deeply injured, and implore his pardon ere the light of this world close on me for ever." Montague was deeply affected: he looked on her pallid face and attenuated figure; he forgot for an instant her crime and ingratitude: he saw only his first love before him, in sorrow and in tears; he raised her, clasped her fervently to his heart, and exclaiming—"May heaven pardon thee as I do," carried rather than led her to her seat.

"Oh, this is too much of happiness for one so guilty and unworthy as I am!" said she, after a moment's pause. "Yet I have deeply suffered: he for whom I left my home was the first to upbraid me with my folly, and reproach me for my misconduct."—"Wretch!" murmured Montague; but Amelia went on.—"After some time, disgusted with his conduct and brutal manners, I left him. I wandered in various parts of Italy until the money I made by the sale of my jewels was nearly expended.

A prey to the bitterest remorse, I resolved on coming to my native shore; and, when I met with the accident which caused my removal hither, I was on my way to a daughter of my nurse who resides in this county, and who, I knew, would willingly receive me."

"You shall have ample means afforded you, Amelia, of residing wherever you please," said Montague.

"You are too good," she replied; "I feel I shall not need it long; but there is one question I wish, yet dread to ask—my son!—does he live?"—"He lives, and is well," said Montague; "but he is on the Continent with a friend."—"O God!" exclaimed Amelia, "this is indeed a trial, that I may not look on the face of my boy, nor press him to the heart of an affectionate, though guilty mother. Do not," said she, earnestly turning towards Montague, "do not, I implore you, teach him to despise me."—"Fear it not," he replied; "he loves your memory still."—"Oh, blessed news!" she cried; then, clasping her hands, "May every earthly and eternal blessing be showered upon him, and may he rejoice your heart when I am in the silent grave."—"This emotion is too much for your weak frame," said Montague, and

he took her hand; "you distress yourself too much."—"Oh, my dear husband (for once I will call you so)," replied Amelia, "death has no terrors now for me; adversity and suffering have taught me that there is hope for the sinner, and balm in the Redeemer's love for the believing and broken-hearted penitent.

Montague wept. "I know," continued Amelia, "that we must part, and that on earth I may not hope to see your face again; but in heaven, dearest Montague, I trust that we shall be reunited in purity and happiness. Farewell, in this world, for ever! Think of me with pity; for my last thought and prayer shall be for you and my son."—"May the blessing of God be with you, my still dear Amelia!" said Montague; and, imprinting a kiss on her pallid brow, he rushed from the room.

A week after this interview took place, the remains of the once-lovely and fascinating Amelia Montague were consigned to the silent tomb. Let the young and the gay behold in her remorse, her sufferings, and disgrace, the inevitable consequences of a woman's departure from virtue, and betrayal of the unsuspecting confidence of him whom she has sworn to obey.

Mrs. H—.

MR. SMITH AND MR. BROWN; OR, THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

"ONE sees something of life, as you say, Sir," said the landlord, "living here in the public line; but our town not being in the high road, it is not often that any thing very particular happens: we have just our regular customers, a chance passenger now and then, and a trifle to do in the posting way with travellers crossing the country. At odd times a swindler or two will try their luck; but I'm pretty well up to those sort of gentry, and was never much of a loser by them; and so we go on, from year's-end to year's-end, soberly and quietly enough. We had once a queer chap of a young officer in the recruiting service quartered here, who used to make us look about us: he wasn't particularly obstreperous neither, but odd; and was apt to take strange fancies into his head. He rang the bell one night very furiously;

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I flew up stairs in a violent hurry, and found him stretched in the middle of the floor; he told us that his last hour was come, and so I sent for the doctor and offered to lift him on the couch, but he would not hear of such a thing: he said that he had made a vow never to die in his bed, and so, Sir, there he lay, and no persuasion could induce him to move until the apothecary had pronounced him out of danger. Another time, during quarter sessions, he was so offended at being obliged to give up his apartment to the lawyers and go a story higher, that he well nigh got me into trouble by playing the rogue's march upon his flute, as two barristers, an attorney, and their clerks were walking up stairs. But he was a quiet sort of person, compared to a couple of mad sparks, who set the whole inn in an uproar

2 A

for the time they stayed. I have been in this house, man and boy, for a matter of five-and-thirty years, and I never saw any thing like those two gentlemen. It was during the war, as long ago as eighteen hundred and eight, that one morning a post-chaise and four drove up to the gate. I was head waiter then, and the inn was kept by a widow, a little infirm in her feet, so that most things were left to me. Two young men, dressed, Sir, in the very height of the fashion—you never saw greater bucks—jumped out of the carriage, and to my thinking they were a pair of as handsome young fellows as ever I set eyes on. I ushered them into the best apartment; but they were in the fidgets to be off, and ordered fresh horses. Presently the bell rang a fine tantarara, and when I went into the room they seemed to be in warm debate: but though they were Englishmen, they spoke in an outlandish language, either Latin or French, and except when they addressed me I did not know what they said; but I found out they were considering whether they should remain where they were, or go on. I saw that they had plenty of money: their purses were out in their hands in a minute, paying for the last stage, and they behaved like princes to the post-boys. I met them grinning on the stairs with gold in their fingers, so I bethought me as my young mistress was out on a visit, and not likely to come home in a hurry, it would be for the good of the house to get them to stay, and I answered their questions accordingly.

“ ‘It will never do,’ said one, ‘there is no possibility of existing in this place; the whole town has the air of a rattery, and there is nothing to be seen from the windows but a pleasing variety of butchers’ shops.’ His friend, however, had established his feet upon the bars of the grate, and was inclined to listen to my recommendations. ‘It is a pretty decentish sort of a place, for its size, Sir,’ says I, ‘and there’s a stage-coach passes through every day for London: we’ve two circulating libraries, a play-house (I said nothing about the actors, who, it must be confessed, very seldom came, and had little encouragement when they did) and the neighbouring gentry talk of seeing about a ball or two.’ They made no answer; so getting courage

to go on, I continued, ‘Very good shooting over the adjoining manors, and ‘Squire Thorney’s hounds are within fifteen miles; and what with the rector, and the banker, and the doctor, Lawyer Grampus, and Mr. Buggins, the society is reckoned’—‘Curse the society,’ exclaimed both gentlemen at once, ‘we shall take care not to be bored with that: we do not come out of —shire to look for society;’ and then they jabbered in French and laughed. ‘See what you can give us to eat,’ cried the stoutest of the two, ‘and then we shall be better able to judge of the capabilities of your town.’

“ ‘Luckily the larder was well provided: we had a most capital partridge pie, and I ordered the cook to toast a few rashers of dried salmon, which my mistress got a present from Wales; and, with a cold sirloin of beef, a foaming tankard of ale, and a bottle of wine out of a choice bin which was only touched upon great occasions, I sent up a luncheon fit for the king himself, and they were soon in high good-humour, and ordered dinner and beds. I will say that for them, they were not so difficult about their eating as customers that I have met with since—made no fuss about having French cookery, and were content with wholesome Christian fare. Things went off pretty smoothly for that day: but the next set in for a heavy rain, and our new guests gave every soul in the house work enough to do. I was obliged to run about the town trying to get newspapers for love or money, rummaged all the books out of my mistress’s closet, and went to both libraries beside; but though there was Mavor’s Universal History, and Pratt’s Gleanings, The Life of Bamfylde Moore Carew, Coxe’s Travels, Hayley’s Poems, The Letters of Henry and Frances, The Midnight Bell, and The Sorrows of Sensibility, I could find nothing to please them; they wanted to hire a billiard-table, but I could only procure a backgammon-board. They wrote off to London for a set of chessmen, and then sat down to cards. But this did not last long: they took it into their heads to make new arrangements in the sitting-room, and ordering every article of furniture out of their sight, chose chairs, tables, and sofas from the other apartments which suited their fancy better. My mistress was out of the bustle

or she would never have stood it. We had a grand rumpus about the picture of Admiral Keppel, which hung over the mantle-piece: it was a venerable, handsome full-length portrait of a comely gentleman in uniform leaning upon an anchor; but they would by no means permit him to remain. Unfortunately there was a blemish in the paper which this picture hid from view, and which looked very unseemly when it was taken away, so they turned the Admiral with his face to the wall; behaving, I must say, more like overgrown boys than men: but they paid liberally, and seemed sadly to want something to do. The whole house was in a frustration to know who or what our travellers were; and the town's-folks at first shewed some curiosity, which, however, soon died away, for the gentlemen confined themselves a good deal to the inn. They seemed to be nearly of an age, and were much of the same height: but there was no resemblance between them, and their names different. Mr. John Smith was stouter than the other, a fine grown man, with brown hair, florid complexion, and blue eyes. Mr. Thomas Brown, his companion, was considerably slighter and more elegantly formed, pale, but of a healthy paleness, with eyes and hair as black as a coal; and though both had a grand look, he might have passed for a prince. He gave less trouble, too, than Mr. Smith, and seemed to indulge him in all his fancies, more to pacify and keep him quiet than for any thing else, except, may be, when he gave way to his own wild spirits; though for that matter both the friends were sometimes low enough, but Mr. Smith was always the most irritable of the two. They would heave deep sighs, and lie stretched upon the sofas and chairs for hours together, especially after they received letters, and having read and groaned over them, they were sure to put them into the fire; so there was no chance of being any the wiser through carelessness on their part, at least; and I could have told my mistress that her labour was lost, when she used to send for their clothes and search their pockets for papers. As I was saying, Sir, they had their melancholy fits, but these were soon over, and then they had no mercy on the bell—ring, ring, ring, from morning till night, asking for the

strangest and most unaccountable things. They went, as I observed before, very little abroad, and though they purchased Miss Perkins's whole stock of lavender-water, and extract of roses, and sent forty times to know if she had any essence of sweet peas, I question whether they were more than once within her shop-door; and she was a smart-looking lass then, dressed in the tip of the mode, and had put on an extra ribbon as soon as she heard of the new comers. Much admired was Miss Perkins by the beaux of the town; her shop used to be thronged on market days, and I seldom passed the window, early or late, without seeing a man's elbow leaning on the counter. Folks used to tell a good deal about her and the banker's son, and there was some ill-natured things said that were never properly cleared up; howsoever, she married pretty tolerabish, after all, though nobody even so much as dreamed that sober Saunders the miller would take such a flighty madam when his old wife was laid under the sod."

After this episode of Miss Perkins, the landlord paused, drew breath, and continued his tale:—

"Well, Sir, a week or more passed away, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown called it purgatory. Every day I expected that they would go, but still they stayed, saying they supposed they were as well off at ——— as any where else; yet they would rather live with the devil himself; which, I must say, I thought very strange, seeing that there was no compulsion. All of a sudden they sent for me, and told me that I was a good fellow; that they were tired of their lives, and must change their style of living. They offered to pay any money that my mistress asked, and to give as little trouble as possible, if she would consent to a new arrangement. I answered that I was sure my mistress would be agreeable to any thing in reason. 'We have made up our minds,' said Mr. Smith, 'since there is nothing to be seen in this inhuman place, to sleep throughout the day, and, as unfortunately we can't take entirely to our beds, to get up at night: you will have nothing to do but to provide coffee before you go to rest, and to order one of the scullions to boil a leg of mutton and turnips, and send it up to us at three

o'clock in the morning. We shall ride out after dinner, and we give our honour that we will not set the house on fire.' I stared at this strange proposal; but they were in earnest, and whilst the whim lasted the house was amazingly quiet, considering who was in it, only they kicked up a terrible bobbery in the neighbourhood, riding, as I am told, like mad along the roads, to the great alarm of the farmers, setting all the dogs barking for miles round, and sometimes having a chase after the fashion of the wild huntsman, I think they called him—wild enough, I'll warrant.

"I had soon reason to congratulate myself upon the new system, for very unexpectedly my young mistress came home. The typhus fever had broken out in the place where she was visiting, and her friends, in great alarm, had sent her away. I suppose Sir, in a long summer's day you would not see a prettier girl than Miss Lucy. She had been well brought up, and was very modest, never, to my knowledge, giving the least encouragement to any of the young sparks who used to loiter about the inn when she was at home; but there was something about her, an air and manner, though humble, too, so much above her station, that made me tremble for the consequences of a meeting with either of the gentlemen who had taken up their quarters at the Black Bull. She laughed heartily when her mother told her of the harem scarem doings of our guests; and expressed her determination to have a peep at them; but as I was confident she would not throw herself in their way, *that* did not give me any pain.

"An unfortunate accident brought about the acquaintance which I so much dreaded. The gentlemen, one fine frosty night, had taken a longer ride than usual, not coming home until eight o'clock in the morning—they were generally accustomed to be in bed by six. Miss Lucy, not expecting to see them, came tripping down the great staircase, and before she could turn round they were at her elbow. They bowed to the very ground, and made way for her in the most respectful manner possible. She blushed, curtsied, and hastened away. Instantly the bell rang, as in old times. I ran up to the drawing-room, and was immediately assailed by a thousand questions

from both gentlemen about the young lady who had just passed them. She did look like a lady certainly: notwithstanding she never dressed half so smart as Miss Perkins, she was by far the genteelest of the two: that every body allowed. I was taken so completely by surprise, and examined, as it were, and cross-examined, too, that I could not think of any palpable falsehood, and was fain to tell the whole truth about Miss Lucy. Well, Sir, they did not go to sleep that day, but resumed their ordinary habits, only with less clatter, and they were continually on the staircase, or in the lobbies, or down in the yard, trying to catch a glimpse of my young mistress. She gave them, I verily believe, as little opportunity as she could help of speaking to her, and, but for the folly of her mother, probably nothing more would have come of it. Old mistress was now able to hobble about a little, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown were ever ready to offer her an arm; and so they wheedled and cajoled her over to such good, or I may say, evil purpose, that they soon had the run of the small parlour behind the bar, where Lucy sat at work. I was almost at my wit's end: at last I bethought me of putting them on some new adventure.

"It happened that twice in the year Sir Godfrey Hilborough, who had large estates in our county, and used to divide his time regularly between his two houses, passed through our town, which being just half-way from Brockley Grange and Hilborough Park, he always staid to dine at the Black Bull for the good of the house. The Baronet had one only daughter, who was as beautiful as she was rich. She was mewed up, however, more like a Spanish nun than an English lady, for her father having determined that she should marry young 'Squire Thorney, a neighbour's son; a boorish sort of fellow, always hunting or cock-fighting, or bull-baiting, would scarcely allow her to be out of his sight, and never admitted any other unmarried man within his doors. The time was now at hand for his removal to Hilborough Park, and he had sent as usual to bespeak the dinner. I told all this to Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, and inflamed their curiosity so much, that they were all agog to see the divine Clarissa, as the handsome

heiress was generally called. They thought of a hundred plans to approach her without raising the jealousy of her father, and at last resolved to officiate as waiters: It was as much as my place was worth if I should be found out, but I gave in to all their schemes, and as Sir Godfrey's own servants always helped to attend, and might, we thought, smoke the disguise, it was agreed to put brandy into their ale, and make them too drunk or too stupid to observe any thing. I had some difficulty about dressing our gentlemen so as to pass

off for common people. They dipped their heads into water to take out the curl, but it would not do, and I ran over to the barber, and got two scratch wigs. They spared no expense, and bought coats and waistcoats of the town tailor, uncouth and rustical when compared to their own, and they put on cotton stockings, and tied their neckcloths in a countrified manner; still I had some fear of their being found out—but I put a good face upon it, and was ready to answer any questions with a bold heart.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ENGLAND'S ANCIENT BARDS.—No. VIII.

RICHARD ROLLE flourished in the early part of the reign of Edward III. He was an Augustan hermit, and Doctor in Divinity, who lived in solitude and retirement, near the nunnery of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster, in Yorkshire. There was an establishment of nuns at that place, but our ascetic was proof against the charms of female society, and devoted his hours to contemplation, and the composition of various pieces, both in poetry and prose. Richard died in 1349.

Warton says: "His Latin theological tracts, both in prose and verse, are numerous; in which Leland justly thinks he has displayed more erudition than eloquence. His principal pieces of English rhyme are a paraphrase of part of the Book of Job, of the Lord's Prayer, of the seven penitential Psalms, and the *Pricke of Conscience*. But our hermit's poetry, which indeed, from these titles, promises little entertainment, has no tincture of sentiment, imagination, or elegance." The *Pricke of Conscience* is divided into seven parts. I. Of Man's Nature; II. Of the World; III. Of Death; IV. Of Purgatory; V. Of the Day of Judgment; VI. Of the Torments of Hell; VII. Of the Joys of Heaven. It is suspected, that most, if not all of the poems attributed to this author, were merely translations from Latin authors. Mr. Ritson, however, in his "*Bibliographia Poetica*," asserts the claims of Dr. Rolle to their authorship, on the express authority of Lydgatt. Ritson enumerates seventeen pieces as belonging to Rolle. Warton

gives a long extract from *The Pricke of Conscience*, but it certainly scarcely repays the trouble of reading.

Robert Langland, to whom is generally ascribed that very curious poem called "*The Vision of Pierce Plowman*," was a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury, in Shropshire, and was fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. The poem is a satire on the vices of every profession—particularly of the priests—and "is divided into twenty distinct *passus* or breaks, forming a series of visions, which he supposes to have appeared to him while he was asleep, after a fatiguing walk, amongst the Malvern Hills, in Worcestershire."

This author did not avail himself of the rising and rapid improvements of the English language, but adopted the style of the Anglo-Saxon poets, which was probably better adapted to the genius of the common people, to whom the poem appears principally to have been addressed, and the structure of the versification is very peculiar. There are no determinate number of syllables—no measured feet—in a line; nor does the flowing rhyme fall smoothly on the ear. In fact, there is no apparent test to distinguish this composition from prose, except a studied recurrence of the same letter at the commencement of a word, at least three times in each line, prevailing, for the most part, though not uniformly, through the poem.^(a)

(a) We cannot exactly agree with our correspondent respecting the structure of Lang-

There are some curious passages in the "Vision," a few of which I shall quote.

The following is a scene in which Pierce addresses himself to Hunger, and "prayeth Hunger to teach him a *leech-craft* for him and his servant."^(b)

"I wot well, quoth Hunger, what sickness
you aileth:
Ye have *manged*^(c) over much; and that
maketh you groan.
And I *hote*^(d) thee, quoth Hunger, as thou thy
heal^(e) willest,
That thou drink no day ere thou dine some-
what:
Eat not, I hote thee, ere Hunger thee take,
And send thee of his sauce to savour with thy
lips:
And keep some till supper-time, and sit not
too long,
And rise up ere Appetite have eaten his fill.
Let not Sir Surfeit sit on thy board:
Leve^(f) him not, for he is lecherous, and licor-
ous of tongue,
And after many manner of meat his maw is
a-hunger'd,
And if thou diet thee thus, I dare lay my ears,
That Physic shall his furred hood for his food
sell,
And his cloak of *Calabrye*^(g), with all his
knaps^(h) of gold,
And be fain, by my faith, his physic to *let*⁽ⁱ⁾
And learn to labour with hand; for *livelode*^(j) is
sweet.
For murderers are many leeches: Lord *hem*^(k)
amend!
They do men die by their drinks, ere destiny
it would.

land's verse. Godwin (*vide* Life of Chaucer, vol. ii. page 414, 4to. edition) in our humble opinion, is more correct, when he thus expresses himself on the subject:—"The versification of Pierce Plowman is anapaestic, without rhyme; each verse consisting of four feet of three syllables each, the last syllable of each foot receiving the emphasis. When regular and complete, each verse should contain three words [syllables] beginning with the same letter; two of those words in the first hemistich, and one in the last. Example—

"Death came drivynge after, and all to dust
pashed."

(^b) In future extracts I shall modernize the spelling. (^c) Eaten. (^d) Advise. (^e) Health. (^f) Believe.—Saxon. (^g) Calabria. (^h) Buttons. (ⁱ) To leave. (^j) Life-leading; we now say livelihood. (^k) Them.

"By St. Paul (quod Pierce) these are profitable words!

Wend thee, Hunger, when thou wilt, yet well
be thou ever!

For this is a lovely lesson, Lord it thee for-
yield!

"*Bihote*^(l) God! (quod Hunger) hence ne
will I wend

Till I have dined by this day, and drunken both.

"I have no penny (quod Pierce) pullets for
to buy,

Ne neither goose, ne *grys*^(m) but two green
cheeses,

A few curds and cream, and an *laven-cake*⁽ⁿ⁾

And two loaves of beans and bran, bake for my
folk.

And *yet*^(o) I say by my soul, I have no salt
bacon,

Ne no *cokeney*^(p) by Christ! collops for to
make.

And I have parsley, and *porets*^(q) and many
cole-plants,

And eke a cow and a calf, and a cart-mare

To draw a-field my dung the while the drought
lasteth;

And by this *live-lod* I must live till Lammas
time.

By that, I hope to have harvest in my croft;

And then I may *dight my dinner as my dear
liketh*^(r)

"And all the poor people *tho* peascods fet;
Beans and broken apples they brought in her
laps,

Chyboles^(s) and chervil, and ripe cherries many,
And proffered Pierce this present to please
with Hunger.

"All Hunger ate in haste, and asked after
more.

Then poor folk, for fear, fed Hunger *yern*^(t)

With green porete, and peasen; to poison him
they thought.

"By that it nighed to harvest; new corn
came *to-cheaping*^(u)

Then was folk *fain*^(v) and fed Hunger with
the best,

With good ale, as Glutton taught, and *gail*^(w)
Hunger asleep."

York.

W. C. S.

(^l) If God permit? (^m) *Gryce*, pig.
(ⁿ) Out-cake. (^o) Still farther. (^p) Cook.
(^q) Leeks, Fr. (^r) Dress my dinner as me
pleaseth. (^s) *Ciboule*, Fr. *Cipolla*, It.; a
species of onion. (^t) Eagerly, Sax. (^u) Cheap.
(^v) Glad. (^w) Made.

Original Poetry.

THE LOVERS.

By Miss M. G. Lewis.

And there they stood—loved—loving—lovely—
pure,

As the first pair in Eden's sinless bowers ;
As blest as though their rapture could endure
Through all eternity :—they had no hours
Of sad foreboding :—happy, they were sure
Of future bliss :—that thorns grow with love's
flowers

They little knew or reck'd :—enough for them
That they possess'd bud—blossom—flower—
and stem.

Yet they are parted—parted now for ever ;
And time may lend its soothing aid to heal
His deep and bleeding wounds ;—but, for her,
never

Can that distracted bosom cease to feel
What it so long hath deified : they sever,
And woman's pride, or passion may conceal
The venom'd arrow rankling in her heart,
But pride, nor ire, can bid the barb depart !

Oh ! there are times, in her deep solitude,
When memory will pourtray the scenes of
yore,
And with its shadowy train of thought intrude
Upon a bosom bleeding at its core,
Where, but to glance, were to attempt too rude
A view of that which Hope will gild no
more ;

Whilst, over Fate's horizon, beams no ray
Through Sorrow's night, to tell of coming day.

Such is the usual lot of woman :—born
To love but *once*, and once, perhaps, to be
Adored and worshipp'd ; then resign'd in scorn
For some new shrine and lovelier deity !—
A ruler from his crown and kingdom torn—
A friendless captive struggling to be free—
Have known *despair*—but *their's* cannot excel
Her's who hath felt she lives to love too well !

THE JOY OF LIFE.

'Tis not in dreams of pleasure,
The heart's pure bliss can dwell ;
'Tis not in hoards of treasure
That Fancy builds her cell—

Within the fairy bower
Of woman's smile 'tis seen ;
'Tis virgin love's wild flower,
That charms with beauteous mien.

Delight sincere reposes
In beauty's kindling eye ;
Sweeter than summer roses,
Is beauty's nectared sigh !

Then may the heart where virtue glows
With beauty's smile be blest ;
Affection still repose
On woman's faithful breast.

F.

GREEK WAR SONG.

On, warriors on—'tis our country calls
Her sons to the battle-field ;
And soon, though they stand in proud array,
Will we make our foemen yield.
Oh ! they knew us not, that they should deem
We could still sit calmly by,
Nor swear by the homes made desolate
To avenge the orphan's cry !

On, warriors on—though our lives be the price
With which victory be bought,
Ages to come shall hallow our names
For the deeds that we have wrought !
Away ! away ! for our cause is just—
Success to our gallant band,
And all bold hearts that are leagued to save
Their own dear native land.

Mrs. H—

TO MARY.

Oh ! raise those eyes, my Mary dear,
For from their lucid ray
My sorrows instant disappear,
As night before the day.
Thy voice it soothes my madden'd heart,
As speech to angel giv'n ;
To ease the guilt-inflicted smart,
And point the wretch to heav'n.

When gall'd by disappointment's sting,
Or torn by worldly storm ;
To thee, the ruffled feelings wing,
Subsiding at thy form.
How oft, when mis'ry bursting free,
'To curse the sordid vile
Has fleeting fancy brought from thee,
To gild the tear, a smile.

D. W. J.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—PRIVATE CONCERT DRESS.

A FULL round dress of white *gros de Naples*, with eight narrow flounces of *crêpe-lisse*, falling over each other, and caught up in front, *en festons*, with a white satin rosette and a *bouquet* of roses. The *corsage* is made to fit exactly to the shape, and plain, excepting that *fichu*-bracers cross it over the bust. These are of rich white ribbon edged with blond; the ends rounded, and falling over the front of the skirt, nearly as low as the knee. Short sleeves, with the fulness confined across the top of the arm, next the shoulder, by rows of falling ornaments, composed of narrow blond. The head-dress consists of a dress-hat of white crape, ornamented with white ostrich feathers, placed in various elegant directions. The jewellery articles worn with this dress are several rows of pearls, twisted, and forming a necklace. Each ear-ring is formed of one large pearl.

No. 2.—MORNING EXHIBITION DRESS.

A DRESS of celestial blue, or of spring-bud-green *gros de Naples*, with two broad flounces round the border, very handsomely pinked and scalloped at the edges: between each flounce, and above the upper one, is a beautiful row of raised embroidery, in *chenille*, or floize silk, of a colour a few shades darker than that of the dress, which has a very charming effect. The body is made high, and finished downwards by several narrow *rouleaux*; or some ladies prefer having the *corsage* laid in very small flat plaits. This should depend on the *embonpoint* or slightness of make of the fair wearer, each mode having the same effect as to ornament. A collar falls from the throat, trimmed round with braided satin, and a rosette of ribbon, the colour of the dress, fastens it in front: this is surmounted by a double French ruff, rather narrow, of Urling's lace. The

sleeves are long, rather close to the arm, and are confined at the wrists by three rows of the same material as the dress, *bouillonné*. The hat is in the Valois shape, of pink *gros de Naples*, and is slightly ornamented with satin and flowers of blue, or when the dress is green, of suitable colours; with strings of the same hue, left untied. A gold chain, with a convent-cross depending, finishes this lively costume, which forms a fashion admirably appropriate to the coming season of spring.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THERE seems to be, at this time, an indecision among the most distinguished votaries of fashion, and they debate the important question of "Shall we continue our winter fashions, with only some slight variation, or shall we adopt those of spring?" In spite of some days in the month of March evincing the warm temperature of July, the middle-aged ladies are not willing to anticipate the seasons, in a climate like our's, and they judge wisely: the more youthful, fond of change, are eager to adopt the light garments appropriate to a season so emblematical of their own blooming attractions. However, a middle plan seems to have been determined on: though the married ladies retain their satin dresses, and both the glowing and more retired tints suitable to winter, the hats and head-dresses have a more spring-like appearance, and the young ladies are seen at evening parties with dresses of gauze or *tulle*, and short sleeves.

Mantles and shawls are yet preferred, for out-door costume, to pelisses. The truth is, the spring pelisses have scarcely made their appearance; and from a high dress, the shawl and mantle are more easily thrown aside when the weather is

warm. The newest pelisse we have seen is one of *gros de Naples*, of a light stone-colour, the bust elegantly trimmed on each side with foliage in narrow *rouleaux*, leaving the plain space between in the form of a stomacher: a French collar stands partly up, and then turns down again: down the front of the skirt are Bavarian straps, forming a useful ornament, as they give a richness to the pelisse, while they fasten it. Fine cloth pelisses continue to be worn as promenade envelopes, but only when the weather is chill.

Black satin bonnets, with ribbons of two different colours, have been seen in Hyde Park. We never could admire the whimsicality of having one string of blue and the other of orange-colour. We were the more vexed to see this grotesque mixture of colours on the heads of our lovely countrywomen, because it is a fashion that was in favour, last summer, among the French ladies, and they now have done with it. Leghorn, and fine Dunstable bonnets, have already made their appearance in the morning promenades: they are plain, large, and simply trimmed with white or coloured ribbon, with a bow on each side of the crown, and are slightly fastened with strings of the same under the chin. In several carriages we have seen white satin hats crowned with flowers; but bonnets of coloured satin, or *gros de Naples*, are more in request, and are elegantly ornamented with bows of the same, with flowers, or *esprit* feathers.

At a friendly dinner-party given by a lady of fashion, we saw some dresses which excited universal admiration: one was of *gros de Naples*, of a beautiful gold-colour; it was made low; and over the shoulders was an elegant collar *en paladin*, which was double, of the finest India muslin, richly embroidered: the skirt of the dress had two full quillings of the same material as the robe, plaited in the middle, and set at some distance from each other: on each side of the bust was the same sort of quilting, forming a stomacher of the intermediate space. Another dress was of levantine, of the lightest shade of stone-colour, made and trimmed like the above gold-colour dress, excepting that it was partially high, with the sleeves *en gigot*, though not nearly so capacious as formerly; and,

though the bust did not vary in its trimming, the skirt was simply ornamented with three bias folds. A third dress was of puce-coloured *gros de Naples*; with three flounces, handsomely pinked at the edges, set on in festoons, and each flounce headed by a *rouleau*. In front of the *cor-sage* was a pointed stomacher, of beautiful, but rather elaborate workmanship of *rouleau* embroidery: the body was made partially low, and the sleeves long, and not very full. The other ladies wore black satin, black lace, and black gauze dresses. A favourite evening dress is of fine black lace over pink satin, with long lace sleeves and full *mancherons*. A dress of white Japanese gauze, also, is in high favour for evening parties, with a great number of pointed flounces, falling one over the other, and cut in bias; the upper one headed by a *rouleau* of coloured satin; and the whole caught up in a festoon, in front, by a bow of broad, coloured satin ribbon; the flounces seeming here to have a division like the folds of the Arcadian robe. The waist of this dress is plain, the sleeves short, with bias points falling over from the shoulder to correspond with the trimming on the skirt. *Fichu* bracers and sash, of broad coloured satin ribbon. An evening dress of pink satin has been much admired: it was simply trimmed round the hem with a broad, full-wadded *rouleau*. The body was plain, and made low, with deep Vandyke points of white crape edged with blond. The sleeves are long, of white *tulle*, with pink *mancherons*, *à la Perse*: the long sleeves are fastened at the extremity, round the wrists, with a very broad bar of gold, clasped with an emerald brooch: a belt of satin encircles the waist, with a clasp of the same jewellery. Gauze dresses, both white and coloured, prevail much at balls. A full round puckering surrounds the border of the skirt, on which are leaves of satin, edged round with blond: a row of the same sort of ornaments surmounts the top of the puckering. These dresses are made low, with plain boddice of satin; and a cleft collar, *en paladin*, trimmed round with blond, falls over the back, bust, and shoulders: a sash encircles the waist, with a small bow behind, and very short ends: the sleeves are short and very full, and are ornamented

in a manner corresponding with the trimming on the skirt.

The caps improve daily in their becoming shape, and in the taste that is displayed in the disposal of their ornaments: those for in-door costume are of fine lace, or *tulle* and gauze; their ornaments are chiefly bows of ribbon. The general mode of wearing the hair is to have it parted from the forehead, and ending in clusters of curls on each temple; bows of hair on the summit of the head, with puffings of light-coloured gauze interspersed. Turbans of white gauze and ribbons, with sprigs of wheat hanging over the right ear. Turbans of coloured crape, and richly-striped gauze, are also much worn in evening dress: they are made in the Turkish style. Young ladies, at balls, have their hair arranged in braids and plaits, but with very few curls. Flowers, full blown, are tastefully and lightly scattered among the braids, and a splendid coronet-comb of wrought gold is placed on the summit of the head, on the left side of which is a full cluster of flowers. Some ladies arrange their hair on one side, *à la Madonna*; on the other are clusters of curls, much smaller than those which have been lately in vogue. A turban of Parma-violet colour, with a fan-ornament in front, of China-rose colour, is a very favourite head-dress. Puffings of cornflower-blue satin mingled among the hair with Glauvina pins, of gold, form a *coiffure* that is much admired when the wearer has fine hair. The favourite head-dress for the Opéra, is a hat of white crape, or satin, with a very full plume of ostrich or marabout feathers.

The most approved bracelets are of wrought gold, clasped with rubies; and cut cornelians, of a fine red, are much worn in ear-rings and necklaces. Rubies and garnets, set *à l'antique*, with a brooch of the same, with many drops depending, are favourite jewellery-ornaments at evening parties, and dinners of ceremony. Many ladies wear bracelets of chased gold, very broad, and separated in different joints, so as to encircle the wrist with ease. The coloured gems being so easily imitated, and so well, by those that are false, it is reckoned most elegant to have the bracelets clasped with gold. Topazes and yellow chrysolites are much in favour.

The most approved colours are Parma-violet, tea-colour, amber, bright geranium, drake's-neck-green, and cornflower-blue.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

PARIS is now filled with all those females who are eminent for beauty and fashion. The French ladies are the same as they have been for several centuries; they study the art of pleasing, they seek diversion, and pass the greatest part of their time in adorning their persons.

Shawls of cachemire, both square and of the scarf kind, are favourite envelopes for the carriage, and also for the promenade. Mantles, however, are yet in favour, and the glory of the Scotch tartan has not faded, either as to the brilliancy of its colours, or the general favour it is yet held in; but plain mantles, of every colour, are much worn: they are cut with great skill; for as they fall gracefully over the shoulders, they no less elegantly enfold the fair forms they cover, as they are wrapped over to the feet; those for the carriage trail on the ground.

In carriages we see hats of white crape, adorned with flowers and gauze, edged with satin *rouleaux*, and white satin hats with plumes of ostrich feathers. Carriage hats are also often seen of yellow satin, or of straw-coloured watered *gros de Naples*: these are lined with lilac, and have yellow ribbons striped with lilac. The flowers on such hats are, the bleeding wall-flower, lilacs, and small tulips: sometimes round the crown are placed broad bias bands, put on in festoons, and in front is an aigrette of marabouts, white and lilac. On white watered *gros de Naples* hats are rosettes of Scotch tartan, and these are often lined with sarcenet of the same tartan pattern as the ribbon, and the lining is turned over so as to form a binding: the rest of the trimming consists of feathers of divers colours spread over the crown.

Ball dresses consist chiefly of Arcadian

robes of white or coloured *tulle*, over satin; the skirt is trimmed round in a novel manner, by puckerings of gauze, in a kind of lozenge figure, and the puckering so disposed as to form a zig-zag down each of these long diamonds, which are divided each from the other by a satin *rouleau*. The short Arcadian robe is trimmed round with four *rouleaux* of satin; and the sides are fastened together, near the hip, with a *bouquet* of various sorts of flowers. *Fichu* bracers of celestial blue satin, trimmed round with narrow blond, ornament the shoulders and bust. The body is plain, the sleeves short, and trimmed in a correspondent manner with the lozenge puckerings on the petticoat; and on the shoulders, in lieu of a *mancheron*, is a *rûche* of the same colour as the bracers. Another handsome ball dress is a robe of *tulle*, over white satin; the robe descending only to the ornament on the border of the petticoat, which ornament is of stiffened *tulle*, in puffs; the puffs kept in shape by a layer of lavender-coloured satin ribbon, and each puff fastened by a *bouquet* of barberries and clusters of green foliage. The robe is trimmed down on each side with two *rouleaux* of satin of lavender-colour, and finished by light *languettes* of white, edged round with narrow *rouleaux* of lavender-colour. The *corsage* is made plain (of white satin), except a *bouffant* drapery of *tulle* across the bust. The waist is not so much drawn in at bottom, in this or any other style of dress, as formerly; but is more easy, *à la Grecque*; and is encircled by a lavender satin belt, with a small rosette behind. The sleeves are short, of lavender satin, over which are *buffant* draperies of *tulle*, and on each shoulder are wings, *à la Psyche*, of fine blond. Can anything be more ethereal? An evening dress of *tulle* has been much admired at a very splendid party; it was over white satin, and was trimmed at the border with three *rouleaux*, set close together, of white satin: over these fell a rich, but light trimming of *tulle*, in separate *bouillons*, discovering the *rouleaux* between each separation: surmounting this broad, and conspicuous ornament, is a white satin ribbon, with a quilling of blond at each edge; above which is a row of long, distinct leaves of the same, placed upright,

though rather obliquely; each leaf ornamented up the middle with small bows of satin. The *corsage* is made slightly *en gerbe*, and very simply ornamented at the centre of the bust, with a satin rosette. The sleeves are long, and of *tulle*, with very full *mancherons*, reaching nearly as low as the elbow: they are formed of a double row of *tulle*, *bouillonné*; the puckerings of each confined by bands of satin. The long sleeves are finished by small bows down the conspicuous part of the inside of the arm, and are ornamented at the wrists with white satin points, *à l'antique*.

One of the newest head-dresses is a Jewish turban of white crape; the hair is arranged *à la Sainte Vierge*: the turban consists of three divided folds, like the Assyrian turban, and has a point over the forehead, enriched with various gems, in which the emerald and sapphire predominate. A string of lemon-coloured satin, studded with small sapphires, confines this head-dress under the chin, in the same manner as the Moabitish turban. Though this *coiffure* is becoming, to very few features, its ancient style, to use an artist's phrase, is in good keeping. A *toque* of tissue gauze of four different colours is also another novelty: these colours are Raymond-blue, white, scarlet, and bottle-green: it is ornamented with two white *aigrette* feathers, one on the summit, the other falling over the left shoulder. This is, in the painter's phrase, in bad taste, and has nothing to recommend it but its novelty. The hair, at balls, is often arranged in Madonna braids next the face, but being remarkably short at the ears, and the bands not lying flat, they appear like a heavy bow.—You see, I can blame my countrywomen when they deviate from what is tasteful and elegant, as severely as your *arbiter elegantiarum* of your English fashions. Behind the above-described bands is a wreath of fancy-flowers, of scarlet, green, and gold, surmounted by very short white feathers, *à l'Inca*.

The ball head-dresses, worn by several young persons, are infinitely more becoming: the hair is very short at the ears, but it is arranged in beautiful curls; and a profusion of flowers, of a dark and rich tint, encircle the head, at the back of which is a tortoise-shell comb.

A favourite article in *bijouterie* is a necklace, formed of rows of small gold beads, close together, to which is appended a very diminutive smelling-bottle of beautifully wrought gold. Turquoise stone necklaces in two rows are next in

favour, and rubies. The favourite ear-pendants are of plain gold, and the bracelets are gold, set round with amber or topazes.

Colours most in estimation are violet, auricula-brown, jonquil, blue, *ponçeau*, lilac, and rose-colour.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

WE rejoice to find that the stream of literature, impeded for a time, and rendered almost stagnant by failures in the book-trade, is again flowing freely in its accustomed channel. For some weeks scarcely a work of note was published, scarcely an advertisement of a new book was to be seen; but now, the newspapers are again crowded with announcements, and publications of all sorts and sizes are issuing rapidly from the press.

One of the productions from which we have lately derived the most pleasure, is a post octavo volume, entitled "*Six Months in the West-Indies, in 1825*," by, as we are informed, Mr. Coleridge, a cousin of the Bishop of Barbados. It is a book which, with occasional affectation, and even flippancy of manner, and an outrageous display of classical quotation, excites the liveliest interest, and to the liberal mind affords the warmest satisfaction. The author, it should be observed, is a warm friend of church and state. Though exceedingly vivacious, his understanding is excellent, his reasoning clear and sound. His powers of description are of a high order; his sentimental flights, narrative and didactic, are many of them at least equal, in point of merit, to those of the far-famed Washington Irving.

We have no room in which to lead the reader step by step through Mr. Coleridge's volume; but as we are certain of thereby affording pleasure, we shall venture to be more liberal of extract than usual.

Mr. Coleridge thus describes the reception of the Bishop on his arrival in the Bay of Barbados:—

I was present when the first Protestant Bishop arrived in the bay, and the landing was a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The ships of war were dressed, and their yards manned, and salutes fired; this was pretty and common: but such a sight as the carenage presented very few have ever witnessed. On the quay, on the mole, on boats, on posts, on house-tops, through doors and windows, wherever a human foot could stand, was one appalling mass of black faces. As the barge passed slowly along, the emotions of the multitude were absolutely tremendous; they threw up their arms and waved their handkerchiefs, they danced, and jumped, and rolled on the ground; they sung, and screamed, and shouted, and roared, till the whole surface of the place seemed to be one huge grin of delight. They then broke out into a thousand wild exclamations of joy and passionate congratulations, uttered with such vehemence, that, new as it was then to me, it made me tremble, till I was somewhat restored by a chorus of negro girls,—“De bissop is come; de bissop is come! He is coming to marry us, coming to marry us, coming to marry us all!!”

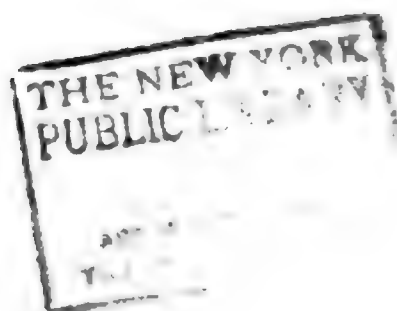
The anticipations of many of these sable lasses were realized. After a very animated sketch of the baptism of a large party—a noisy multitude—of men, women, and children, an account of the immediately succeeding ceremony of marriage is thus amusingly related:—

About a dozen couples were agreed, but seven or eight more were influenced by the sweet contagion, and struck up a marriage on the spot, as we see done at the ends of the old comedies. One woman, I remember, turned sulky, and would not come to the scratch; but Chesapeak, her lover, was not to be so done: “Now you savey, Mol,” said he, “me no

THE







tand your shiny shams; me come to be married, and me *will* be married; you come beg me when I got another:" still Mol coquetted it; Chesapeak went out, staid five minutes, and, as I am a Christian man, brought in a much prettier girl under his arm, and was married to her forthwith. I suppose Chesapeak had his reputation. I have known cases in England, where something of this sort of manly conduct would have had a very salutary effect. Now a grand difficulty arose from there being no rings; those in the women's ears being too large by half. Hereupon I took—not thy hair, my Eugenia! oh no—but a gold hoop which my good father bought for me from a wandering Jew; this I proffered for the service of the sable bridegrooms, and I now wear it, as a sort of charm, as close as possible to Eugenia's hair. It noosed thirteen couples. I gave away most of the brides; one of them, a pretty French girl, behaved very ill; she giggled so much that the clergyman threatened to desist from the ceremony; and her mate, a quiet and devout Protestant, was very angry with her. When she was kneeling after the blessing, I heard her say to her husband—"Dit-on, Jean! hooka drole manière de se marier! hé! hé! hé!" I'll warrant she leads her spouse a decent life of it.

We have not the slightest intention of entering upon the great question of emancipating the negroes in our colonial possessions. Respecting slavery in the abstract, there cannot be two opinions amongst Englishmen; but, to invest people with the full privileges of freedom, before they are qualified for the exercise and enjoyment of those privileges, is no better than turning loose a herd of wild beasts to ravage a country, and then devour one another. Considering, as we do consider, that our missionaries and our emancipators have too often commenced their operations at a point where it would be more proper to close them, we perfectly agree with Mr. Coleridge, that "schools for the children of the slaves are the first and chief step towards amelioration of condition, and morals, in every class of people in the West-Indies." He well observes that—

The question lies between our fingers. We all profess an intention of ameliorating the condition of the slaves, and a wish to raise them ultimately to an equality with the rest of the citizens of the empire. The dispute is about the means. Now, unless we are infatuated by the mere sound of a word, we must acknow-

ledge that the power of doing whatsoever a man pleases, if unaccompanied with some moral stimulus which shall insure habitual industry, and correct the profligate propensities of savage nature, is so far from being a step in advance, that it is rather a stride backwards; instead of being a blessing, it is plainly a curse. The body of the slave population do not at present possess this moral stimulus. Emancipation, therefore, would not put them in the road to become good citizens.

What must be done, then? Manifestly, this one single thing: we must create a *moral* cause, in order to be able to abolish the *physical* cause of labour; we must bring the motives which induce an English rustic to labour, to bear upon the negro; when the negro peasant will work regularly like the white peasant, then he ought to be free.

How are we to originate this moral stimulus? By various means.

I. By education;—that is to say, by teaching every child to read; by providing bibles and prayer-books at moderate prices; by building or enlarging churches, or increasing the times of service, so that every one may be able to worship in the great congregation once at least on the Sunday.

II. By amending the details of existing slavery; that is to say, by thoroughly expurgating the colonial codes; by enacting express laws of protection for the slaves; by reforming the judicatures; by admitting the competency of slave evidence; by abolishing Sunday markets, at all events; by introducing task-work; by declaring females free from corporal punishment.

III. By allowing freedom to be purchased at the market price.

Having disposed of this important subject, we offer a brief specimen of Mr. Coleridge's talent at description:—

If Trinidad is sublime, Grenada is lovely. I do not know why it should have put me in mind of Madeira, but it did so continually.—The harbour is one of the finest in the West-Indies, and the hurricanes have not ranged so far to the south yet. The town covers a peninsula which projects into the bay; Fort George stands on the point, the spired church on the isthmus; within is the carenage full of ships, and the wharfs of the merchants surrounding it; beyond it lie three or four beautiful creeks indenting the cane fields, an aqueduct at which the boats water, the mangroves growing out of the sea, the great Lagoon, and Point Salines shooting out a long and broken horn to the south-west. Over all, and commanding every

thing in the vicinity, tower the Richmond Heights, which are crested with fortifications of prodigious extent, from which the Bocas of Trinidad have been seen on a clear afternoon. The rest of the prospect is delightful; in every direction the eye wanders over richly cultivated valleys, with streams of water running through them, orchards of shaddocks and oranges, houses with gardens, negro-huts embowered in plantain leaves, mountains and little hills romantically mixed and variegated with verdant coppices of shrubs and trees. The view from Government House, which is situated on a ridge at the end of Hospital Hill, is the Bay of Naples on one side, and a poet's Arcadia on the other. The planters seem to have had some such notions themselves, though, heaven knows, being chiefly Scotchmen, they are not overburthened with Greek; the vale below they call Tempe; the river, I suppose, Peneus; and a cloven eminence near to it Mount Parnassus, whence sugars of the finest quality in the colony are produced.

One more excerpt and we have done: in beauty of style it has been rarely surpassed; and, in sentiment, it will find a warm response in every well-regulated mind, in every generous and honourable heart.

I dislike the man, swordsman or not, who deliberately trifles with the affections of a woman. I would rather shake hands with a highwayman, than with a gentleman who has sacrificed to his own vanity the life-long happiness of an inexperienced girl. I fear this sort of conduct has never yet been sufficiently reprobated, and females too often betray the cause of their sex, by accepting, with pride, the homage of a man who has become notorious for the conquest and desertion of their sisters—as if his mercy and love could be depended upon, who has once been cruel to an affectionate woman! The world laughs, and store of lying proverbs and stupid jests on the briefness of woman's love, are administered; but you will find, if your heart be not hardened by selfishness, that this will be in vain. Perhaps you had no intention of being serious—you only flirted, tried to be agreeable, and to please for the moment; you had no conception that your behaviour could be misconstrued, and you shudder at the bare thought of earning the icy damnation of a seducer. It may be so; for there is a descent to the hell of seduction, though that descent is perniciously easy; an

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus;

but what if, while you were meaning nothing, your trifling created anguish, your sport be-

came death to the poor object of it? When by exclusive attentions you have excited regard, by the development of talent, or by the display and devotion of personal graces you have fascinated the mind and the heart—when by the meeting and the sinking eye, the faltering voice, the fervid tone, the retained hand, you have awakened the passion which you cannot lay—when you have wilfully done this in the cold blood of vanity, and it suits your convenience or your sated coxcombry to finish the scene by an altered mien, a distant courtesy, or an expression of surprise at the unexpected efforts of your civility—will you be able to quiet your conscience with a jest? Will you sleep on an adage of fools and a lie of your own? What if the poor being, whose hopes you have changed into despair—whose garden you have blasted with mildew and rust—whose heaven you have darkened for evermore—shall suffer in silence, striving to bear her sorrow, praying for cheerfulness, pardoning without forgetting you, till the worm has eaten through to the life, and the body is emaciate which you have led in the dance, the voice broken on which you have hung, the face wan which you have flattered, and the eyes frightfully bright with a funereal lustre which used to laugh radiantly, and hope, and love, when they gazed upon you? What if a prouder temper, a more ardent imagination, and a stronger constitution, should lead to spite and impatience, and recklessness of good and ill—if a hasty and loveless marriage should be the rock of her soul, or the provocative of her sin? Is there mandragora could drug you to sleep while this was on your memory, or does there really live a man who could triumph in such bitter woe?

But

*Varium et mutabile semper
Fœmina.*

O, I believe it not! For the dear sake of our household gods, call it and cause it to be a lie! Be ye sure that coquettes are the refuse of their sex, and were only ordained to correspond with the coxcombs of our's. Women have their weaknesses, and plenty of them, but they are seldom vicious like our's; and as to their levity of heart, who shall compare the worldly skin-deep fondness of a man, with the one rich idolatry of a virtuous girl? A thousand thoughts distract, a thousand passions are a substitute for the devotion of a man; but to love is the purpose—to be loved the consummation—to be faithful the religion of a woman; it is her all in all, and when she gives her heart away, she gives a jewel which, if it does not make the wearer richer than Croesus, will leave the giver poor indeed.

To the lovers of the ridiculous and the absurd, we cordially recommend the perusal of a "*Visit to the Falls of Niagara in 1800.*" Horace advised that a work should be laid by for nine years. This volume appears to have been reposing in the silence of its author's scrutoire for nearly three times nine years: they who wish to form an estimate of the result, must read the book.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. Martin Leake's "*Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution, with a few Remarks on the present State of Affairs in that Country,*" may be read with great advantage, by those who are desirous of possessing a general knowledge of the events which have lately excited, and still continue to excite a deep interest amongst the friends of Greece.

The antiquarian reader will be eminently gratified in perusing "*Testamenta Vetusta; being Illustrations from Wills of the Manners, Customs, &c., from the Reign of Henry II. to the Accession of Queen Elizabeth;*" by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq., F.A.S., the author, we believe, of the Life of Davison, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary, and more recently, of a Life of Lady Jane Grey. The present work is in two octavo volumes, abounding with curious matter.

A re-publication of that singular and most amusing volume, "*The Life of Edward, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, written by Himself,*" has long been wanted: it is now before the public in a neat and handsome form.

The "*Memoirs of Antonio Canova, with a Critical Analysis of his Works, and an historical View of Modern Sculpture,* by J. S. Memes, A.M." in one octavo volume, is a production which, from the critical acumen it displays, is eminently entitled to notice. We have room only to extract from it one touching anecdote of Canova's early days.

In the story of his earliest love, if a juvenile and vague aspiration may be so termed, there was something of romantic and melancholy interest, which seems long to have shaded with perceptible colouring his future musings. While pursuing his studies in the Farsetti palace, on first arriving in Venice, he one day beheld a female, somewhat older than himself and very beautiful, enter the gallery accompanied by a friend or attendant, who daily departing soon after, returned again before the hour of closing, leaving the former to

pursue her studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. Chance first placed the youthful pair near each other: and some secret excellence, hitherto undiscovered, subsequently determined him constantly to select, as models, such subjects as brought him nearest the fair artist. Time thus rolled away, and the youth found his bosom penetrated with new—delicious—but undefinable sensations. He knew not why he wished to be near her, or why he delighted to gaze on her mild and lovely countenance—so pale, so delicate, yet so full of feeling; nor could he tell why the furtive glance was so often directed to her sylph-like form and graceful movements; but he felt that with such a being he should be for ever happy, although incapable of defining his ideas of that happiness. One day the object of this silent adoration was absent; another and another passed, still she did not appear. Antonio was inconsolable—but he shrunk from inquiry, for he feared that every one already possessed the secret of his thoughts. Many days elapsed in this uncertainty, during which he was indefatigable in study; for she had once, while leaning on the shoulder of her companion, praised his work as being *assai bello*; words never forgotten, though answered only by a silent obeisance, and he hoped again to attract her notice. At length the attendant again appeared—alone, and habited in deep mourning; the heart of the youth failed at the sight, but summoning courage as she passed in departing with a portfolio, he ventured to inquire for her friend. "*La Signora Julia,*" replied she, bursting into tears, "*is dead!*" No more was asked, and nothing more was said. Who Julia was, Canova never knew; but her name, her image, long remained engraven on his memory. He was then engaged under Ferrari on the statues which still embellish the villa Trepolo, near Carbonara. How irksome must the labour, bestowed on these stiff-mannered and uninteresting figures, have been to his ardent imagination, glowing with the enthusiasm which his feelings were then calculated to inspire! The incident, in fact, aided in the formation of more elevated conceptions; he longed to realize in the perfection of art the beauty he had unconsciously loved. Even in after life, when labouring to unite the purity of angelic charms with the soft living forms of mortal loveliness, fancy reverted to early impressions, and clothed in her vivid hues the young—the beautiful—the unfortunate Julia.

The "*Diary of an Ennuyée,*" evidently the production of a woman accustomed to the best society, and moving in the higher circles, is replete with lively sketches and

anecdotes of our contemporaries—Lord Byron, Rogers, &c.

"*The Omen*," a short tale of singular structure, and of strong excitement, is understood to be the production of a popular Scotch writer. It contains powerful writing; but many of the incidents and scenes are widely out of nature; and the point upon which its horrible catastrophe turns, is not slightly objectionable in its character.

Of "*The Last Man*," a novel in three volumes, by the author of *Frankenstein* (the widow of Shelley, the poet) we feel it only necessary to say, that it is well calculated to rank with its predecessor.

We are not fond of religious novels, if so they may be termed, ourselves; but, we doubt not that evangelical religionists will be greatly pleased with a new work from the author of "*May You Like It*"—"Is this Religion? or a Page from the Book of the World." It is elegantly written; some of the scenes are very affecting—powerfully so, indeed; but the spirit is sectarian.

Three volumes of "*New Arabian Nights' Entertainments, selected from the Original Oriental M.S., by Jos. Von Hammer; and now first translated into English by the Rev. George Lambe*," constitute a valuable acquisition to our stores of Oriental literature. From the preface to these volumes it appears, as has long been known, that the Arabian manuscript, from which the first French translation by M. Galland was made, was imperfect. Of the genuineness of these additions, since discovered, no doubt is entertained: internal evidence is strong in their favour; and, to the rising generation, in particular, they cannot but prove highly acceptable.

A very neatly-printed pocket volume, entitled "*Hours at Home, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson*," has just reached us. When we state that a large portion of its contents has already enriched the pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, higher praise will not be required. Mrs. Wilson has here very laudably collected her little poems, most of which, she assures us, were written in the scenes, and on the occasions they attempt to describe. They evince in every page the most amiable feelings of the woman—the wife—the mother. The fair

author is, indeed, as she wishes to be considered, "a domestic poet;" and, as she justly observes, where can woman's "abilities display themselves to greater advantage, than in that hallowed circle where all the best and purest feelings of her nature are awakened—all the warmth and beauty of her affections called forth?"

Regretting that a want of space prevents us from inserting an entire poem from the pieces now first published by Mrs. Wilson, we have much pleasure in offering the succeeding eight stanzas, forming the commencement of "*The Bridal*."

They stand within the sacred fane—around

The bridal group is gathered; the young
BRIDE

Casts her meek dove-like eyes upon the ground

With Woman's tenderness; seeking to hide
The struggling sighs that heave her gentle
breast,

Where Hope and Fear by turns become a
trembling guest!

Look to her HEART! What thoughts are passing there,

That cast a pensive shadow o'er her brow?
Thoughts in which Love's bright dream can
claim no share,

Yet thoughts, which Love himself must still
allow,

Rush o'er her soul;—and leave that trace of
care

Which throws its shade awhile o'er features
heavenly fair!

Perchance the thoughts of HOME?—that home
which now

She leaves to grace another;—happy years
Of peaceful, calm endearment;—as the vow
Her scarce-heard voice has uttered, wake
those tears

That, bursting through concealment, or control,

Down her fast-fading cheeks their pearly currents roll!

Perchance—a FATHER's dying look of love

Yet hovers o'er her;—or a Mother's voice,
Whose gentle accents sanction and approve

The object of her young heart's early choice,
Dwells in her ear; but who shall dare reveal
All the fond, tender thoughts that through her
bosom steal?

YOUTH! if her gentle heart and eyes o'erflow,
From thoughts like these, it argues future
bliss;

And coming years of peace and love shall show
Th' unfathomed depth of Woman's tenderness!

Years, which from thee their future hue must
take,
As THY Love's ebb or flow, shall bright or
gloomy make !

Chide not these signs of sorrow—for they tell
No tale of coldness, or distrust to THEE—
But feelings of the heart, that only dwell
Where Truth and Love have made their
sanctuary.

Chide not these mournful smiles—these gentle
tears,
Like April's dewy showers, through which the
sun appears.

And now the rite is o'er;—the white-robed
train,

'Mid joyous peals that float upon the air,
Depart the sacred temple;—ne'er again

On such an errand shall that TWAIN repair
Unto its holy walls—till ONE shall be
The Bridegroom or the Bride of cold Morta-
lity !

The fate of ONE is sealed for aye on earth,
It may be BOTH ! Thrice happy they who
prove

The depth of faith that in the soul has birth,
And the true heart, that knows no SECOND
Love !

That on ONE altar kindles all its fires,
And when that altar falls, the hallowed blaze
expires.

NEW MUSIC.

" *Truth and Young Romance*," composed
by J. Sinclair.—Willis and Co.

This is certainly the best specimen of
Mr. Sinclair's composition that we have yet
met with. The melody is light and pleas-
ing, the accompaniment and symphonies
easy and brilliant, and the whole song in
strict keeping with the poetry. In fact, for
a ballad of the sort, it is all we could wish.

" *Morning around us is beaming*," a Sere-
nade, the words and music by J. A. Wade,
Esq., 2s.—Willis and Co.

So says the title-page; but really Mr.
Wade and his publisher must consider us
as the most gullible of all people, when
they pretend to tell us that the music is
original. Not a little Miss of ten years old
but knows Mozart's Waltzes. We hope,
indeed we are almost sure, from a glimpse
over leaf, that it must be a mistake of the
engraver. We must, however, independent
of the beauty of the poetry, which does
No. 16.—Vol. III.

not properly come within our cognizance,
give Mr. Wade every possible praise for the
tasteful manner in which he has altered and
adapted an instrumental waltz to a very
elegant and effective song. We recom-
mend it to all our friends: the original air
is an old favourite; the poetry we have
already praised, and the alterations are
improvements, even on Mozart.

" *She Smiled, and I could not but Love*," a
Ballad, sung by Mr. Sapio, and composed
by G. F. Stansbury.—Willis and Co.

The composer professes, in the heading
of the song, that it is written "in imitation
of the celebrated Serenade, 'Isabel.'" The
tune and the style of the accompaniment,
we allow, are similar, but it has none of
that peculiar plaintive Spanish character
about it that is so striking in the original;
and, as an imitation, we consider it has
failed in the principal point, the particular
national expression of the music. We
think that, as a song, it is highly beau-
tiful; perhaps fully equal to its predecessor,
and much more likely to be well sung.

" *Vuoi ch'io lasci ò mio tesoro*," by C. Horn.
—Willis and Co.

Our friends will hardly recognize Cherry
Ripe in its classical dress. Whether the
idea originated with the author or publisher
of this song, we know not, but it was
certainly a very excellent one. The air was
really elegant; but the words (for poetry we
cannot call them) were sheer nonsense:
perhaps the composer has soared a little
too high in adapting Metastasio's divine
stanzas; but it is an error on the right side.
We must say that the Italian language
seems more congenial to the song than its
native tongue.

The Gondola Glides, a Cavatina, composed
by B. G. H. Gibsone.—Willis and Co.

We have previously noticed some of the
productions of this composer, and have
had occasion to blame his extreme pro-
pensity to complex modulations. When
we can give unqualified praise we are al-
ways delighted to do so; in the composi-
tion before us Mr. G. has certainly correct-
ed himself of his former error, and pro-
duced as elegant a little simple ballad as
we would wish to see. He has been fortu-
nate in meeting with some very elegant
amatory lines by T. K. Hervey, and has

completely entered into the spirit of the poesy.

"*Sorrow's Tears unnumbered Shed*," a Duet from *Aureliano in Palmira*, by Rossini.—Willis and Co.

This is merely a translation of "*Mille Sospiri e Lagrini*," which was introduced by Madame Garcia and Velluti in "*The Barber of Seville*;" the duet is beautiful and well anglicised.

PIANO-FORTE.

Divertimento, in which is introduced the favourite Air of the "*Bonnie Wee Wife*," by Rawlings.—Willis and Co.

This divertimento consists of three movements, a short adagio introduction, an allegro moderato, and Mrs. Miles's air "*The Bonnie Wee Wife*," *en ronde*. The three parts are all good, but have no connecting link between them; it would seem as if the composer had dipped, *par hasard*, into his *portefeuille*, and taken the three first pieces that came to hand. The discrepancy is not, however, so great as to be disagreeable, and the divertimento forms, on the whole, a pleasing lesson of an easy class.

Introduction and Polacca, dedicated to Miss Samuel, by J. B. Cramer.—Goulding and Co.

This introduction is short and elegant, and the Rondo à la Polacca highly brilliant and beautiful. The piece is about of the same difficulty as the last, but very superior in effect.

Six favourite Waltzes, by J. N. Hummel, of Vienna.—Cocks and Co.

These waltzes are such as might be expected from such a composer, spirited and beautiful. No. 4 is an oddity; the waltz is harmonized for two tenors and two basses, and the piano-forte has only the accompaniment; we should imagine it was intended to be sung by the dancers.

Sacred Melange for the Piano-forte, by C. Dumon.—Goulding.

Mr. Dumon's idea is novel, and we hope may be successful. The present number consists of a selection from Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, viz. "*Total Eclipse*," "*Sound an Alarm*," Mozart's "*Benedictus*," we think, from his first mass, and two pieces from Haydn, which, though we recollect, we cannot recognize by name. Should Mr.

D. be tempted to extend his selection a little farther, there are some most splendid morsels, by Hasse, Graun, Leal, Moriera, and other continental church writers, which we should be happy to see more commonly known.

Variations on a favourite Air in the Opera of La Cenerentola, by Don Matthew Ferner.—Paine and Hopkins.

These variations are far inferior, in point of merit, to Pine's Rondoletto on a favourite Bolero, and are adapted, on the whole, more for juvenile performers; but these possess some character, and may form a useful practical lesson.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE first half of the season is nearly over now, and no great success has yet attended the Italian Opera. The too frequent repetitions of *Il Crociato in Egitto* had the effect of lessening the taste of the amateurs for serious operas; and when a new one was produced, under the title of *Teobaldo e Isolina*, it was hardly listened to, except at the first representation, to which a thirst for novelty drew an immense crowd. In the two or three following, its attraction was exhausted, and notwithstanding the great exertions of Curioni and Velluti, and the acknowledged merits of several parts of the opera, it became necessary to replace it by some more popular work. Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* was revived, and was performed three times with very great success. Madame Caradori Allen acted, for the first time, the part of *Rosina*, and sang with delicacy and expression. De Begnis resumed his character of *Bartolo*, and displayed, as usual, his great comic powers. Curioni, as the *Count Almaviva*, sang and acted with uncommon energy. Porto did ample justice to the part of *Basilio*. The character of *Figaro* was performed by Signor Pellegrini, who made his *début* in this country. His talents, both as a singer and actor, have been long valued on the Continent; they are of the first rate: his voice is a deep tenor or a *baritono*. He is an excellent musician, and sings in the best style and taste. In his acting he is equally eminent; we have never seen the part of *Figaro* acted with more spirit and humour, and at the same time with more propriety. His reception was very flattering, and should he be engaged for the remainder of the season, as we hear he is likely to be, there is no doubt of his becoming a great favourite with the public.

Veluti and Madame Bonini are soon to re-appear in *Pietro l'Eremita*; and the comic opera of *Cenerentola* is also to be revived.

It is still said that Madame Pasta is to come to this country, if she can be brought to any thing like reasonable terms.

The grand mythologic ballet, which has been long announced, is to be produced on the first night after the holidays.

DRURY-LANE.

Benyowski, an operatic play, altered from Kotzebue by Mr. Kenney, has been produced here, with the usual attention to scenery, and carelessness of worthier adornments. The plot is comprized in the following brief notice:

Benyowski, with many other Russian nobles and merchants, is condemned to exile in the dreary regions of Kamtschatka, in expiation of state crimes, committed albeit, against his knowledge. As the golden age has never yet dawned in Russia, a trifle makes a political offence, and a man is a traitor in "the city of domes," although he may very complacently believe himself the best of subjects. During the sojourn of *Benyowski* in Kamtschatka, he gains the patronage of the Governor (a humane and enlightened officer), and is frequently admitted into his family; the consequence of which is, *un liaison du cœur* between the patriot and *Athanasia*, the Governor's daughter. This circumstance does not escape the observation of *Stephanoff*, the late friend of *Benyowsky*, who cherishes a hopeless love for *Athanasia*, and determines, as his better affections are to be blighted, to indulge a cruel and dastardly revenge. To this end he sows distrust among the exiles (who have already conspired for freedom, and elected *Benyowski* as their leader), that their chief is about to betray their interests as the price of his admission into the Governor's family. On being charged with this, *Benyowski* proves the purity of his motives by inviting the conspirators to the wedding of himself and *Athanasia*, and instantly after the completion of the ceremony to attack the authorities. The faith of *Benyowski* is again received; preparations are made for the nuptials, and the exiles attend. At this moment *Stephanoff*, maddened at the approaching happiness of his former friend, discovers the whole plot to the Governor. *Benyowski* is arrested, but subsequently escapes, and the exiles are for a time subdued. *Benyowski*, wandering secretly among the rocks, and spent with anxiety and fatigue, is met by the traitor; the destitution of the patriot works on the better feelings of *Stephanoff*, who, struck with remorse, asks the forgiveness of his injured friend, and devotes

himself to his cause and that of liberty. Another attack is made; the exiles are triumphant; *Stephanoff* is slain in the attack, and *Benyowski* is rewarded with *Athanasia*.

Wallack's *Stephanoff* was a fine, rugged piece of acting; the *Benyowski* of Bennet highly respectable. Harley, as an unfortunate poet, brought into successful play his never-failing perseverance, and lost no opportunity to excite good-humour. Miss Foote's *Athanasia* was pleasingly acted; but surely this lady's vocal abilities are not equal to the first operatic business. As to the music of this piece, that termed original is dull in the extreme, nor are the selections made with a great regard to good taste. We also never witnessed such a sublime indifference of time and tune as was manifested by several vocalists on the first night of the piece. The operatic advantages of *Benyowski* cannot, we think, do much for it; if compressed into a two-act melo-drama it may be somewhat effective.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Nothing worthy of note has been produced at this theatre since our last.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

MR. MATHEWS has recommenced his Lectures *At Home* under the denomination of *Invitations*. This is his seventh season; we may, in his own words, say "he has served his apprenticeship to us." He commences his entertainment with enumerating the difficulties which attend a search for novelty—casts a Parthian glance at his former sketches—regrets that although he has ransacked "air" and "water" for amusement, he cannot launch into fire—and ultimately determines to make several *Invitations* subservient to his purpose; and to register the follies and eccentricities of mankind, whilst "dining out." His first portrait is a *Mrs. Worrit*, a lady who establishes her claims to the leisure and good-humour of the actor on the circumstance of having known him when in long-clothes, and during the trying season of teething. We are next introduced to a brace of valetudinarians, who mutually contend for the honour of suffering the most complicated diseases. This party is hit off to the life by the actor; nor can we forget his portraiture of a dogmatic servant, who affects his right to be impertinent by the lengthened period of his servitude. A *Sir Harry Skelter* is one of the most amusing and original characters in the piece. He is one of the *nil admirari* school; has travelled to the falls of Niagara, and seen nothing but water—witnessed an eruption of Vesuvius, and thought it merely

flame and smoke. This is a clever satire on those who vainly believe an elevated taste to consist in being startled at nothing, however grand or powerful. As to *Mr. Pepper*, the nephew of *Major Longbow*, we could very readily spare him; he reminded us of his—shall we say immortal—relative, and the reminiscence is by no means favourable to *Mr. P.*: the truth that talent of any character is not created hereditary, receives a melancholy illustration from the dull kin of the exquisite blusterer, the *Major*. All who witnessed the acting of Mathews as *Monsieur Mallet* must ever remember the touching pathos, the paternal anxiety affectingly developed by the afflicted Frenchman. In *Invitations* there is a second attempt to excite feeling, by a more violent display of the passions of a, by turns, successful, ruined, and maniac gamester, called *Harry Ardourly*. It is well portrayed by Mathews, though far beneath his first effort; he evinces a want of physical strength to wrestle with the madness of passion, and the power of self-abandonment to its effects. The grief of *Monsieur Mallet* was affecting from its taciturnity, and the attempt made to subdue it. *Harry Ardourly* touches somewhat on bombast. A visit to the *Dilberrys*, and a consequent introduction to eight junior branches of the family, contributed to the mirth of the entertainment. The Monopolylogue is called the *City Barge*, in which we have the rivalry of *Sassafras* and *Giblets* for the possession of a female hand.

On the whole, we cannot but express our opinion, that *Invitations* is, by far, beneath the comic dignity of its predecessors. Those who have seen Mathews must admit, that there is no subject so common-place, no joke so hacknied, but which may receive an illustration and a point from his attention and delivery—this is precisely the case with *Invitations*. Some of the most ancient jests have suffered violation from the authors and compilers of the entertainment—*Joe Miller* and *Munchausen* have been ransacked with impunity, and even the staple-jokes of fox-hunters of the last century illegally made use of. As reviewers, we perhaps feel compelled to say thus much on paper, although we must confess that, whilst under the agency of the whim and humour of the actor, we swelled the general ground of mirth with our heartiest laughter, and for a time hoodwinked the eyes and stuffed cotton in the ears of prying criticism. The house has been filled to overflowing since the commencement of *Invitations*; and to judge of the boisterous merriment of the audiences, we should scarcely think that a bank had broken or even a bankrupt been published for the last six months.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

IN proceeding to point out a few of the many remaining pictures which most attracted our notice in this exhibition, we observe, with great pleasure, that the patronizing spirit maintains its power amongst purchasers.

Singleton's *Hermia*, *Lysander*, and *Puck* (270) is very poetically conceived: the principal figure is beautiful. Richardson's *Sun Dispelling a Mist*, in a view near Linlithgow, Scotland (46) is in its effect extremely pleasing. So also, though very different in its principle, is Wing's *Landscape* (332) a sweet moonlight upon the water. In the *Salmon Fishery* (366) by Vincent, the scenery is bold, and a strong contrast is produced by fire-light and moonlight. Johnson's *Bathing Place* (354) a deep mellow sunset, reminds us forcibly of some of Danby's best touches.

P. Nasmyth has two landscapes, a *Cottage Scene near West Cowes* (44) and a view near Lewes, Sussex (56): the former is clear and brilliant; the latter is more soft and warm, yet equally bright. The distance to the right is very sweet. Hilditch's *Walks at Ham House*, the seat of the Countess of Dysart (64) is extremely beautiful in its perspective. The effect of his sun-set landscape (147) is also extremely pleasing.

Kidd's *Epicure* (201) a fine, warm, gouty old fellow leaning upon his crutch, and much enamoured of the roasting pig, poultry, game, fish, &c., by which he is surrounded, is admirable in its expression. His *Boy receiving his Dumps*—we should say *Knucks* (219) is a piece of much expression and humour. *Les Deux Chats* (119) by E. Bristow, is clever, but it strikes us that the animals are all too intellectual. The man's head, in the same artist's *Preparing for Market* (257), is excellent: the picture is altogether a piece of great promise. The cattle in Van Worrell's *Landscape and Cattle* (317) are quite superb: as graziers we should be eminently proud of them. Dearman's *Cattle Piece, Evening* (300) is a clear, warm, mellow production; the air tint very fine. Stanley's *View on the Avon at Clifton* (318) is a spirited, pleasing picture. Conway Castle (97) by Barnicle, in the narrow limits of 11 inches by 13, forms a sweet view of that fine old structure. Stanley's *View of Rouen, from the Paris road* (232) is worth comparing with the views of Rouen now exhibiting at the Diorama and Pæcilorama. *Streatley Ferry on the Thames, Berks*, by Wate (153) is interesting from its atmospheric effects—an overcast sky, rainbow, &c.

Game (173) by Fowler, is remarkably clear, brilliant, and true, but perhaps a little hard. Wyatt's study from a Jew's Head (165) is good; and Miss Beaumont's Elizabeth, from the Exile of Siberia (231), presents a face of sweet and interesting expression. Fraser's Lucky Fisherman (85) has the luck to possess a very lovely wife. The flesh tints in this picture, which is altogether well painted, are remarkably good.

Of Sculpture, this season, the catalogue presents us with only eight numbers. Pity (413), by Sievier, from Mrs. Barbauld's Tales, evinces much grace, beauty, and delicacy of form; though, in our apprehension, it by no means embodies the conception of Mrs. Barbauld. The "bosom" is indeed "bare," but certainly it presents no indication of "throbbing." Affection, a Finished Sketch (409), by E. G. Physick, jun., is meritorious. Adonis, a statue in marble (414) by Carew, who we have been informed is a self-taught Irish artist, displays much genius, and holds forth high promise of future excellence.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

REPORT speaks most favourably of the approaching exhibition of the Suffolk-street rooms. Northcote has a piece superior, it is said, to any thing that he has produced of late years. Lonsdale has a portrait of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and some other portraits of interest. Roberts, whose view of one of the chapels of the church of St. Jacques, of Dieppe, now at the British Institution, attracts so much notice, has an interior of St. Geneviève, much higher in merit. Linton, whose fortune we hope rises with his fame, contributes a piece entitled "A Grecian Armament returning from a Victory"—a noble composition of architecture, and landscape. Richter sends two pieces: the Poet in his Garret, writing a dedication; and the Parish Wedding. Martin—we hope he will render justice to the grand simplicity of his original—is at work upon a subject from Lord Byron. Glover sends a View of Vale Crucis Abbey; Hosland, a View of Sheffield; Stanfield, a View of Cologne; Stanley, a View of the Boulevards at Rouen; and Cartwright a representation of the blowing up of L'Orient.

MURILLO'S ADORATION OF SAINT ANTHONY.

THE *cognoscenti* have been greatly delighted with a picture which is at this time to be seen at one of the rooms of the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. It is entitled "The Adoration of Saint Anthony," and is, we believe, an undoubted production of the celebrated Spanish artist, Murillo. A certificate, signed in the

Capuchin Convent at Cadiz, on the 18th of October, 1825, thus commences:—"I, Friar Pedro Maria de Stardales, ex-Lecturer and now Guardian of this Convent of Capuchins, certify, that a sale was made to Mr. Flinter in the year 1822 of the canvas on which is painted St. Antonio de Padua, kneeling, and receiving in ecstasy the infant Jesus from the hands of the Virgin Mary, in the midst of Cherubims and Angels, with a Lilly and a Book on the one side, and an Angel dividing the Clouds on the opposite side: the size of it is seven feet, and the Saint three-quarters high, which was placed on an altar dedicated to him." The chiaroscuro of this picture is very finely managed: the deep and subdued, yet rich and mellow back ground throws forward the principal figures with great force and effect: a strong yet pleasing contrast is produced by the dark habit of the Saint, and the brighter attire of the Virgin Mother; and the flesh tints are so transparent and true to nature throughout, that a sight of this painting acts as a charm upon the visual sense. In the graceful floating forms of the Cherubim, the artist has been eminently happy. If at all disposed to censure, we should say that the countenance of the infant Saviour is not sufficiently elevated in character over that of his ethereal attendants. Breadth of manner and firmness of touch, are aided by the closest attention to the harmony of colours.

The picture, now in the possession of Mr. Green, is said to have been sold by the principals of the Convent on account of the grievous necessity to which they had been reduced by the calamities of the times.

LA MUSEE FRANÇAIS.

SUCH of the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE as may have seen either the grand gallery of the Louvre, enriched as it was with the plunder of half the cities of Europe, previously to the restoration of the Bourbons, or that magnificent work La Musée Français, in four volumes, with finished engravings of many of the finest paintings in the world, will be gratified in learning that the copyright of the latter, with all its unsold impressions, and all its copper-plates, has been purchased by those spirited publishers, Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. A still greater treasure to the fortunate individual who may become its possessor exists in the drawings, 325 in number, which were made from the original paintings for the use of the engraver in producing that work, and which are also the property of Messrs. H. and R. Considering these designs merely as drawings, by the first artists of their day in

France, we are not aware that the British metropolis affords another treat so rich in its kind to the lovers of art. Here are specimens, in every variety of style, from all the great masters of the Italian, French, Dutch, and Flemish Schools. To enumerate them within our narrow limits is impossible; but, we earnestly recommend, to all who can enjoy the inspection of such gems, a visit to the gallery in Pall-Mall, in which they are deposited.

THE DIORAMA.

We observe, with much pleasure, that the Interior of Roslyn Chapel, at this exhibition, excites all the attention, and affords all the gratification that we anticipated. We cannot imagine the possibility of surpassing this effort. Unless our eye deceive us, some improvements have been effected in the mechanism by which the atmospheric changes are produced in the View of Rouen.

THE PÉCILORAMA.

THIS exhibition bids fair to become equally successful, and deservedly so, with the Diorama, the leading principles of which, in some of its views, it has adopted. With us it has become a favourite lounge, and we have always found it numerously attended. Several changes of effect are now produced in the View of London in 1590, and in the Exterior of the Castle of Chillon. In Netley Abbey, also, the moon, rendered less rapid in its course, is considerably improved in effect.

THE COSMORAMA.

SINCE our last notice of this exhibition, the subjects have been nearly all changed; the present views are—Breghez and the Lake of Constance; Mount St. Bernard; Interior of St. Peter's, at Rome; the Piazza Navona; City of Bern, in Switzerland; Mount Vesuvius, during an Eruption; Mont Blanc; Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral; La Pièce d'Eau des Suisses, in the Garden of Versailles; the Palace of Versailles, from Le Bosquet du Rocher; Park of Versailles; and Jerusalem.

From its character, illustrative of geography and history, we have always considered the Cosmorama to be an exhibition admirably adapted to the attention of youth in aid of their studies. Some of the present views are, as works of art, superior to their predecessors. Trinity Chapel, copied, we believe, from the view of the same structure which was formerly exhibited at the Diorama—and, as we suspect, by the original artist—is decidedly the finest interior that has been

shewn in this gallery. The illusion is wonderful—correct in perspective, and remarkable for the accuracy and effect with which the lights are thrown. The general tone and contrast of the transparent windows on the opposite sides of the chapel are very striking. The stone chair, too, in the remote distance, is a pleasing object.

Next to Trinity Chapel, we think we prefer, as a picture, the Park of Versailles. The three connected views of Versailles are well imagined to convey an accurate idea of that splendid royal residence; but the view of the Park is by far the best painted and the most gratifying to the eye. The sun-light, proceeding from the left of the picture, is beautiful.

Interesting in its character, Mount St. Bernard is very clear and distinct in its details—bold and imposing in its general effect. The other views of Swiss and Italian scenery also form useful aids to the imagination. The localities of the Piazza Navona are well portrayed; and, in gazing upon the Interior of St. Peter's, the mind is filled with the vastness of that noble and beautiful structure.

THE APOLLONICON.

THIS powerful instrument has been opened for the present season under great advantages. The rooms have been newly and handsomely fitted up; and the instrument itself, from the new and tasteful front which it has received, now forms a beautiful object to the eye. The barrel pieces are the overtures to Figaro and Der Frieschutz; and the reiterated plaudits with which they are constantly received—and of late we have always found the rooms crowded on Saturdays—constitute no mean proof of the skill with which they have been arranged and set on the cylinders by the junior Mr. Flight. Mr. Purkis continues, as usual, to perform selections from the works of the first masters.

THE INFANT LYRA.

IN our preceding volume (page 42) we presented various minute and interesting particulars respecting this young musical prodigy. Our fears at first were, that the physical exertion of exhibiting four times a day would soon prove too much for her infant frame. We are glad, however, to find that upon her return to her old quarters in Pall-Mall, this season, her health appears to be not only unimpaired, but invigorated; and we are additionally pleased to perceive that her *home* performances are now only twice a day. It is impossible, without witnessing, to conceive the enthusiasm of this little creature—the power with which she

draws forth thrilling sounds from her harp, an instrument which, from its size alone, must always be formidable to a child.

The family, of which this young lady is a member, seem to be all musical; as, by the bills distributed in the room, we learn that her mother and three sisters, the eldest of whom is said to have composed nearly three hundred pages of music between her eighth and twelfth years, aided by the Infant Lyra herself, occasionally attend the evening parties of the nobility, furnishing an entertainment of much interest upon the grand piano-forte and four harps.

THE MUSICAL SISTERS.

THE attraction of these little girls, whose delightful performances we have repeatedly witnessed with renewed pleasure, continues to increase. On the piano-forte, the fingering of the elder is now remarkably fine; and, as she evidently pays the strictest attention to the instrument and to the written music before her, with a love of the science amounting to enthusiasm, there is not a doubt of her becoming a first-rate performer. A new harp, of a smaller size, has just been constructed for the younger sister. The delicacy and timidity of these children, when absent from their instruments, impart an additional charm of interest.

THE INFANT APOLLO.

ANOTHER musical prodigy has just come forward in the person of Charles Frederick Bellinger, a fine lively boy of eight years old. However, he pretends not to have acquired his skill by intuition. He has been under the care of a professor for three years; and, most assuredly, his master has good reason to be proud of the progress which he has made. We heard him to great disadvantage, for the room (at Shade's in Soho Square) was bad, and his instrument, an upright piano-forte, was ill-tuned, and hard of touch. It is not merely, however, in precision and strength of finger—freedom, spirit, and general effect of execution—that this boy excels. As a timist he is wonderful; as a sight player, nothing comes amiss to him; he extemporizes, and even composes. We much wish to hear him in a better room, and with a superior instrument. Under even moderately favourable circumstances, it is impossible that he can fail of achieving first-rate success.

THE NEW BAZAAR.

A NEW and most attractive lounge for the fashionable world has just been opened as a general mart in King Street, Portman Square.

A portion of that extensive building, formerly occupied as horse-barracks, had for some time past been appropriated as a place of general inspection, and sale by auction and otherwise, for horses, carriages, &c. The horse and carriage bazaar is continued, and, in addition, the whole of the building has been fitted up as a bazaar for general purposes in the handsomest style. The paper and painting alone, of the principal room, spacious in size, and magnificent in appearance, is said to have cost £500. Throughout, the appointments appear to be of the first order. From the most expensive plate and jewellery, china and glass, down to millinery and haberdashery, boots and shoes, tea and coffee, and children's toys, every thing is in abundance.

Amongst the greatest novelties in articles for sale, we were particularly struck with a variety of beautiful figures, modelled, we apprehend, in *terra cotta*, by some of the unfortunate Spaniards who have been compelled to seek, from the troubles in their own country, a refuge in our's. These figures, many of which display the varieties of national character and costume in the different provinces of Spain, are well adapted for the mantle-piece, &c. Their beauty, symmetry, and expression, are admirable. Some of the Spaniards have standings, as they are termed, in this bazaar, and deal extensively in ladies' handkerchiefs, reticules, &c. of their own manufacture, with Spanish books, music, &c. They will, we trust, experience that encouragement which the English are ever happy to give to the unfortunate

THE SOHO BAZAAR.

POSSIBLY it may be information to some of the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE to state that, in consequence of the increased attendance of company, and of the increased demand for standings, at this place of fashionable resort, an additional suite of rooms has been opened up-stairs. This bazaar is well entitled to the patronage it enjoys, were it only for the support which it affords to young and respectable women.

THE WESTERN REPOSITORY.

THE building originally intended for a chapel, and lately known as the Regent's Bazaar, in the New Road, near the Regent's Park, is now open under the denomination of the Western Repository for the Cabinet Makers' Society. It is deserving of a visit from the handsome articles of cabinet work and upholstery which it contains; and as, upon the general principle of bazaars, the price of every article is marked, it may also be advantageous

to housekeepers in forming their estimates of the expense of furnishing.

THE AUTOMATONS.

THIS exhibition, with which we were so much pleased last year,* at the Gothic Hall, in the Haymarket, is again open in *grande parure*, all the figures having been newly dressed and painted, and all the apparatus newly varnished, gilt, &c. The appearance is really splendid. This assemblage of mechanism, it will be recollected, consists of a boy who draws and writes alternately—a lady who performs various airs upon a finger organ—a rope-dancer keeping time to the music of the machinery—a magician, answering all sorts of questions—a self-sustained walking figure—a vase manufactured for Buonaparte, and exhibiting the stories of Charon ferrying the departed spirits over the Styx, and Vulcan forging armour for Achilles—mice, spiders, snakes, humming-birds, caterpillars, lizards, &c.—With the automata are also seen various suits of ancient armour, and several pistols, sabres, &c. formerly the property of Napoleon.

THE FRENCH GIANT.

ONE of the *greatest* men at this time in his Majesty's dominions is, unquestionably, Monsieur Louis, who is now "at home" in the Haymarket. M. Louis, who is seven feet six inches in height, is a well-proportioned, handsome man, of the age of five-and-twenty. His features are remarkably good, and his teeth amongst the finest and most regular we ever saw. His frame is well-fleshed, without the least tendency to corpulence; and, notwith-

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. ii, pp. 43, 135.

standing the domestic confinement to which he is necessarily subjected, he appears in full health and spirits. His weight is said to be 339 lbs.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Lodge's Portraits.—We have always great pleasure in announcing the progress of this interesting and truly national work; Nos. XVII. and XVIII. have just reached us. The former contains Lady Jane Grey—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—Cardinal Pole—William Kerr, Earl of Lothian—and William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle; the latter—Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I.—Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick—William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke—Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton—and William Seymour, first Marquess of Hertford.—In excellence of engraving, and elegance of memoir, these numbers perfectly correspond with their predecessors.

The Princess Charlotte.—We have just seen a beautiful and highly-finished specimen of ornamental penmanship designed by Walter Paton (R. Halliwell, *scripsit et sculpsit*), and "dedicated, by permission, to His Most Gracious Majesty, George the Fourth." In the centre is a medallion portrait of the late Princess Charlotte, engraved by Cosmo Armstrong, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. The inscription, which is displayed in great variety of characters, is—"Sacred to the Memory of Her Late Lamented Royal Highness, Charlotte, Princess of Wales, and of Saxe Cobourg Salfeld." Instead of "Charlotte, Princess of Wales," the words, we conceive, ought to be, "The Princess Charlotte of Wales, &c." At the bottom of the piece are six elegiac lines by Campbell. Altogether, the execution is eminently fine.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

THE collection of marbles at the British Museum has received a valuable addition in a beautiful representation of Mythras, rather less than life. The composition is similar to the group of Victories sacrificing bulls, of which there are two in this Museum. The work was purchased at Rome for the trustees of this institution. The Museum has also received a curious Burmese goddess, considerably larger than life, and sitting, like most of the Indian deities. It is resplendent with gold, the whole figure being apparently plated with that metal. It is hollow, and the nostrils are perforated, probably for the purpose of

enunciating predictions or commands. It has much of Egyptian character.

Baily's Eve, to prevent its being sent to the Continent, has been purchased by some of the artist's fellow-citizens, of Bristol.

Captain King, who not long since returned from a survey of the coasts of New Holland, &c., is about to sail on another expedition, which, it is calculated, will occupy a term of five years. He will first proceed along the South American coast from the Rio de la Plata to Cape Horn, and endeavour to open an intercourse with the natives of that vast peninsula, of whom little is known.

It may be recollected by our readers, that the late Mr. Sharp commenced a line engraving of Dr. Edward Jenner, as a companion to his celebrated portrait of Dr. John Hunter. After Mr. Sharp's decease, this plate was placed in the hands of Mr. Shelton, by whom it has been completed, and impressions from it are now ready for delivery.

Mr. Ackermann has also in readiness for publication a Portrait of Sir Humphrey Davy.

Poor Mrs. Belzoni continues in a state of deep distress, the subscription for her relief having fallen considerably short of an adequate sum.

Report states that Vauxhall will open this season with entertainments consisting of recitative and song, for which Braham, Sinclair, Miss Stephens, and Signor de Begnis, have been engaged. Bishop is to compose. For the accommodation of visitors attending the performance of these little dramas, the principal room is to be fitted up with boxes.

Dr. Paterson, of Calcutta, has from examination ascertained that the skull of a Hindoo bears the proportion of two to three to that of a European; or, in other words, that the head of a European fifteen years of age is as large as that of a Hindoo of thirty.

Prince Abbas Mirza, of Persia, has issued a firman authorizing Mr. Wolfe, an English missionary, to open a school in the city of Tauris.

The population of France in the year 1780 was 24,800,000; it is now estimated at 30,400,000. Longevity is on the increase. Formerly, out of 100 infants who were born, 50 died within the first 2 years; now, only about 38 31-0ths die out of the same number in that period. Vaccination is evidently one of the causes of this salutary change. Formerly 1 individual died annually out of 30; now, only 1 dies annually out of 39. In all stages of life, the comparison is invariably in favour of the present day. Marriages, however, and consequently births, diminish in number. Formerly, the calculation was 1 marriage in 111 persons; now, it is only 1 in 135. At present only 1 birth annually is allotted to 31 persons; while formerly 1 took place in 25.

A German peasant at Paris, availing himself of sixteen different Jews'-harps, changing from one to another, runs with ease over four octaves, and executes with grace and expression the most difficult Italian, French, and German pieces.

The population of Venice, which in 1797 amounted to 118,000, is not at present more than 100,000; and one-third of the inhabitants, it is said, are destitute of sufficient means of existence.

A museum of national antiquities, and a cabinet of natural history, are about to be established at Bergen, in Norway.

M. Canel, bookseller of Paris, has announced his intention of publishing a collection of Engravings from the full-length Portraits of celebrated Personages of the present time, painted by Gerard, first painter to the King of France.

Victor Hugo, the author of *Hans of Iceland*, has published another novel at Paris, entitled *Brig Jargal*. The hero is an African,

and the scene is laid in St. Domingo amidst the revolt of negroes.

Another new French novel now exciting some attention, is *Foscarini, or the Patrician of Venice*.

Sir W. Scott's *Life of Dryden* is among the last translations into French. Moore's *Life of Sheridan* is announced.

A complete edition of Chateaubriand's Works, in 25 vols., including much new matter, is talked of in Paris.

A manuscript has, it is stated, been recently found in the castle of Péguet, Canton de Vaud, which contains a particular account of the Wars between the Swiss and Savoyards, and the Campaigns of Henry IV. of Savoy.

Works in the Press, &c.

Tales round a Winter Hearth, in two volumes, conjointly by Miss Jane and her sister Miss Anna Maria Porter, now on the point of publication, will, we understand contain five distinct pieces:—*Glenrowen*, a Scottish Tradition; *Lord Howth*, an Irish Legend; *Jeannie Haliday*; *The Old House of Huntercombe*; and *the Pilgrimage of Berenice*, a record of Burnham Abbey.

Some Considerations on the Policy of the Government of India, more especially with reference to the Invasion of Burmah, by Lieut. Colonel M. Stewart.

Annals of the House of Brunswick, by Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D.; illustrated with an Engraving from Chantrey's Bust of his present Majesty, by Reynolds, and thirteen Portraits of the most distinguished Heroes of the Brunswick Race, from ancient Effigies and Paintings.

Continental Adventures, three vols., by a Lady.

Richelieu, or the Broken Heart, an Historical Tale.

The Martyr, a Drama, in Three Acts, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie.

Worthies of Christ's Hospital, or Memoirs of Eminent Blues, by the Rev. A. H. Burgess.

The History, Antiquities, and Topography of the Town and Borough of Southwark, by Ralph Lindsay, Esq., late Deputy-Bailiff of Southwark, and Mr. Allen, author of the *History of Lambeth*.

By the Translator of *Popular Stories of the Northern Nations*, a new Translation from the German, of a romantic Tale, called *The Gipsy*.

The first Volume of a Work, by a Lady, entitled *The Progress of Fashion*, from our first Parents to our own Times.

A new and improved Edition of Morris's *Life of the Rev. Andrew Fuller*, with an Appendix containing some Pieces never before printed.

A brief descriptive History of Holland, in Letters from Grandfather to Marianne, during an Excursion in the Summer of 1819.

Mr. Alexander Barclay is printing *A Practical View of the Present State of Slavery in the West-Indies*; or, an Examination of Mr. Stephen's "*Slavery of the British West-India Colonies*."

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—Lady Kennedy.—The lady of Astley Cooper, Esq.—The lady of Captain Willis.—The lady of Captain Oliver.—Lady Lucy Smith.—Lady Poore.—The lady of Sir E. P. Stanhope, Bart.—The lady of Captain Polhill.—The lady of the Hon. Thomas Knox, M.P.—The lady of Sir C. Blunt, Bart.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of Sir Colin Campbell.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Buller Elphinstone.—The Hon. Mrs. Fraser.—Lady Caroline Long.—The Countess of Clanricarde.—The Hon. Mrs. Ferguson.—The lady of the Rev. W. F. Mansel.—The lady of Major Gibbes.—The Hon. Lady Bagot.—The Lady Georgiana Neville.

MARRIAGES.

At Shimpling, Suffolk, Thomas Chitty, Esq., of the Inner Temple, to Eliza, fourth daughter of A. Cawston, Esq., of Shimpling Hall.

At Cheltenham, Christopher Armitage Nicholson, Esq., of Balraih, County of Meath, to Anne, daughter of the late G. Lenox Conyngham, Esq., of Spring Hill, Derry.

At Teddington, the Rev. Thomas Proctor, M.A., to Charlotte, third daughter of the late A. Montgomerie, Esq., brother to the Earl of Eglinton.

At Mickleham Church, Henry Spirling, Esq., to Maria, fourth daughter of H. P. Spirling, Esq., of Norbury Park, Surrey.

At Shimpling Thorne, Frederick Caldecott, Esq., to Ellen Susanna, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Fische, Rector of Shimpling Thorne and Kettle Baston, Suffolk.

The Right Hon. Lord Southampton, to the Hon. Miss Stapleton.

At Quidenham, Norfolk, Henry Frederick Stephenson, Esq., of the Middle Temple, to the Lady Mary Keppel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle.

At St. George's, Southwark, Lieut.-Col. Baumgardt, to Maria, eldest daughter of G. Parsons, Esq., and niece to the Rev. Dr. Parsons.

At the Royal Lodge, Windsor, Lord Strathaven, to Lady Elizabeth Conyngham.

The Rev. James Radcliffe, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late John King, Esq., Vice Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and niece to the Bishop of Rochester.

At Bath, the Rev. G. A. Seymer, Rector of Straton, Dorsetshire, to Susannah Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Rev. C. Birch, Rector of Cheslebourne.

At Coalston, Gilbert Young, Esq., to Patricia, eldest daughter of the Hon. W. Maule, of Penmure.

At Fethard, Lieut.-Col. F. H. Philips, to Margaret, third daughter of J. Pallister, Esq., of Darrylusk, Tipperary.

DEATHS.

At Redgrave Hall, Suffolk, George Wilson, Esq., Admiral of the Red.

At Knightsbridge, Colonel De Roos, Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

At Kelham Hall, near Newark, aged 74, J. Manners Sutton, Esq., elder brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

At Rome, the Archbishop of Ravenna.

In Portman Square, the Hon. Mrs. Bucknall.

Alicia Harriet, daughter of Captain C. W. Hillier, R.N.

At Bronwyfa, in the county of Flint, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Browne, K.C.H. aged 25.

In St. James's Square, S. Fenning, Esq., aged 64.

In Upper Grosvenor Street, Mrs. Iremonger, sister of the Rev. Lascelles Iremonger, Prebendary of Winchester.

On his passage from Rangoon to Madras, aged 26, Lieut. George Burnaby Greene.

At Hammersmith, aged 89, Walter John Impey, Esq., of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple.

At Allington House, Lincolnshire, aged 83, the Dowager Lady Welby, relict of Sir W. E. Welby, Bart.

At Canterbury, aged 80, the Rev. W. Chafy, Vicar of Sturry, and Rector of Swalecliffe.

At Dublin, Viscount Ardee.

At Penang, aged 29, J. R. Cuppage, Esq., youngest son of Lieut.-Gen. Cuppage, of Shooter's Hill.

In George Street, Hanover Square, aged 87; Viscount Carleton.

Aged 67, Elizabeth Harriet, Viscountess Warren Bulkeley, relict of the Right Hon. Viscount Bulkeley.

Aged 72, J. H. Pakenham, Esq., nephew of Thomas Pakenham, first Lord Longford.

Edmund Tyrwhitt, Esq., only brother of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt.

At Knapton, near Walsham, aged 61, the Rev. H. Hunter, Vicar of Dilham and Honing, and of Horsey, Norfolk.

Aged 80, Major Perkins, formerly His Majesty's Consul at Tunis, and Equerry to the Duke of Sussex.

At Dorton House, Bucks, Sir John Aubrey, Bart., M.P., aged 86.

At Merville, aged 75, Lord Downes, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland.

Jane Silence, only daughter of Sir David Erskine, Bart.

The Hon. Colonel John Lindsey, brother to the late Earl of Balcarras.

At Brighton, aged 62, Colonel William Bulkeley.

At Market Weighton, Mrs. Anne Holmes, aged 117.

At the British Museum, G. H. Noehden, LL.D. F.R.S., Assistant Keeper of the Antiquities of that establishment.

The lady of Lieut.-Gen. Roberts, of Wexham Lodge, Bucks, and daughter of the late Sir W. Dalrymple, Bart., of Cousland.

At Toulouse, aged 80, Madame La Peyrouse, widow of the celebrated naturalist.

La Belle Assemblée, OR COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XVII., FOR MAY, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable HARRIET CHARLOTTE BEAUJOLLOIS, VISCOUNTESS TULLAMORE, engraved by I. COCHRAN, from a Miniature by W. F. WILKIN.

A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Carriage Dress.

A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Costume.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE papers from our fair friend at Kennington have been duly received ; but we are sorry to say that they are not quite in accordance with our feeling. They want force, point, and originality.

" *A Fox-Hunter's Adventure* " stands high upon our list.

" *Cruel Friendship* " shall now very soon appear.

Thanks to our kind young friend " E. M. P. " for her promise. We almost feared that she had forgotten us.

Most cordially are we gratified in having again heard from " L. S. S. ; " and as sincerely do we regret that the absence of that first of blessings, health, should have been the cause of her long silence.

" *Irmingland Hall, or the Ghost of Ireton*," shall appear as early as prior engagements will permit.

Thanks to Mr. Brandreth for his " *Song*." He will perceive that we have endeavoured to meet his wishes on more points than one.

The authors of various rejected articles—not those announced for publication—shall speedily have them returned.

The request of our obliging friend at Sherborne shall not be disregarded. We should feel very grateful for his performance of the little task which he has volunteered.

" J. B. " of Yoxford shall hear from us very shortly. We hope that in future we shall hear more frequently from him.

We are sorry that we cannot satisfy our taste in the acceptance of " *Cupid and his Monitor*."

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MAY, 1826.





LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR MAY, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. HARRIET CHARLOTTE BEAUJOLOIS, VISCOUNTESS TULLAMORE.

THE family of the Campbells, Dukes of Argyll, from which the Lady Viscountess Tullamore is maternally descended, appears to have been of Anglo-Norman origin, and to have settled in Scotland soon after the Conquest. Gillespie Campbell acquired the Lordship of Lochow, by marriage with an heiress in the eleventh century. Sir Colin Campbell, his descendant, surnamed *More*, or *Great*, was one of those distinguished persons who were summoned, by Robert Bruce, to Berwick, in the year 1291, when Edward I. of England went thither, to decide the dispute between him and John Baliol respecting the succession to the crown of Scotland. Sir Duncan Campbell, the fifth in descent from Sir Colin, was the first of the family who assumed the title of Argyll. He was created a Baron of Parliament, Lord Campbell, of the county of Argyll, in the year 1445. His Lordship married Margery, the second daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland. His grandson, Colin, was, in 1457, created Earl of Argyll; in 1470, Lord of Lorn; and, from 1483, till his decease in 1492, he held the honourable and important office of Lord High Chancellor of Scotland.

Archibald, his son, the second Earl, commanded the van of the Scotch army, at the battle of Flodden Field, in 1513, and was killed in that conflict, with his royal master, James IV. Archibald, the seventh

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Earl in direct descent, married Anne, daughter of William Douglas, Earl of Morton. His son,

Archibald, the eighth Earl, was created Marquess of Argyll in 1641. He exerted himself strenuously in the cause of Charles II.; and, in 1650, he had the honour of placing the crown of Scotland on his royal master's head at Scoon. After the Restoration, however, in 1661, he was accused by the Earl of Middleton of supporting Cromwell in the death of Charles I.; and, for that crime, he was condemned by Parliament, and, on the 27th of May, 1661, he was beheaded at the Market Cross of Edinburgh.

Archibald, his son, by Margaret, daughter of William Douglas, seventh Earl of Morton, was, in 1663, restored to the honours and estates of his ancestors, as Earl of Argyll only. In 1681, he was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to death, and his estates confiscated. Contriving to escape from prison, in the dress of a lady's page, he went to Holland. In 1685, having collected some officers and soldiers in that country, he embarked them in three ships, and landed in Argyllshire. There he sustained a defeat, was taken by a peasant, and sent prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh; and, on the 30th of June, 1685, he was beheaded at the Market Cross in that city, on his former sentence. His eldest son,

Archibald, by Mary Stewart, daughter

of James, Earl of Murray, was acknowledged as Earl of Argyll by the Parliament before they took off the attainder; and, on the 23d of June, 1701, he was created Duke of Argyll, Marquess of Kintyre and Lorn, Earl of Campbell and Cowall, Viscount Lochow and Glenila, Lord of Inverary, Mull, Morven, and Tyrie, to him and his heirs male. His Grace married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Lionel Tolle-mache, of Helmingham, in the county of Suffolk, Bart. (ancestor to Lionel, Earl of Dysart, by Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William Murray, Earl of Dysart). His eldest son,

John, the second Duke, acquired eminent distinction by his bravery and conduct through the entire course of Queen Anne's wars. He was, in 1705, created Baron of Chatham, and Duke and Earl of Greenwich; but, on his death, in 1743, those titles became extinct,* and he was succeeded by his brother,

Archibald, as third Duke of Argyll. That nobleman had previously been created a peer of Scotland, by the titles of Lord Oransay, Dunoon, and Arrase; also Viscount and Earl of Ilay; which titles, on his death without issue, in 1761, became extinct. His Grace was succeeded by his cousin,

John Campbell, K.T., son of John Campbell, of Mamore, second son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll. His eldest son,

John (by Mary, daughter of John, second Lord Bellenden) was the grandfather of the Lady Viscountess Tullamore. Born in the year 1720, he married, on the 3d of May, 1759, Elizabeth, widow of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, and second daughter of John Gunning, of Castle Coote, in the county of Roscommon, Esq. He succeeded his father, as fifth Duke of Argyll, in 1770. He attained the rank of Field Marshal in the army, and was Colonel of the third regiment of Foot

* His Grace's eldest daughter, Caroline (who married, *first*, Francis, Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of Francis, second Duke of Buccleuch; *secondly*, the Right Hon. Charles Townshend, second son of Charles, third Viscount Townshend) in 1767, was created Baroness of Greenwich; but she died in 1794, without male issue to succeed to that barony.

Guards. On the 19th of December, 1766, whilst Marquess of Lorn, he was created a peer of England, by the title of Baron Sundridge, of Coombank, in the county of Kent,* with remainder to the issue male of his brothers Frederick and John. By his wife, the Duchess, he had five children;† of whom the youngest,

Lady Charlotte Susan Maria Campbell, was the mother of Lady Tullamore. Her Ladyship was born on the 21st of June, 1775; and, on the 14th of June, 1796, she was married to Colonel John Campbell, eldest son of Walter Campbell, of Shawfield, North Britain, Esq. By that gentleman (who died on the 15th of March, 1809) Lady Charlotte had a numerous family. One of her daughters,

Harriet Charlotte Beaujolois Campbell, whose portrait we thus introduce in the Picture Gallery of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, was married, on the 26th of February, 1821, to the Right Honourable Charles William Viscount Tullamore, only son and heir-apparent to the Right Honourable Charles William Bury, Earl of Charleville, Baron Tullamore,‡ by whom she has issue—1. Charles William George, born in 1822;—2. Henry Walter, born in 1823;—3. Katherine Eleonora Beaujolois, born in 1824.

* Her Grace, his wife, was, on the 20th of May, 1776, created a Peeress of Great Britain, by the title of Baroness Hamilton, of Hameldon, in the county of Leicester.

† 1. George, died an infant;—2. George William, the present Duke, uncle to Lady Tullamore, born September 2, 1768, succeeded his father, May 24, 1806;—3. Lord John Douglas Edward Henry, born 1777, married, *first*, in 1802, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Campbell, of Fairfield, Esq.; *secondly*, in 1820, Miss Glassell, of Long Niddrie, North Britain;—4. Lady Augusta, born 1769, married Lieutenant General Clavering, son of the late Sir John Clavering, K.B.;—5. Lady Charlotte Susan Maria.

‡ For a beautiful portrait of the Countess of Charleville, engraved by Thomson, from a painting by Hamilton, accompanied by an Illustrative Memoir, embracing a genealogical and historical account of the noble families of Charleville and Cremorne, ancestors of Lord Tullamore, the reader is referred to LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. ii. page 139.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. VII.—THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

THE Rev. H. H. Milman, the Oxford Professor of Poetry, is now a bard of some standing, and of no mean portion of fame. It must, we apprehend, be twelve or fourteen years ago since his tragedy of "*Fazio*," with the "*Belvidere Apollo*," and other poems, first came before the public. His mind was then richly imbued with classic lore; and, since that period, he has drunk deeply at the purest sources of poësy—the sacred scriptures. His productions have been uniformly distinguished by a consciousness of moral dignity; a lofty generous feeling marks their structure and their conduct; a spirit of piety and religion pervades and sustains them at every point.

Mr. Milman's poetry, however, may be said to possess strength and power rather than sublimity. It has little pathos—little of intense passion; it evinces nothing that may indicate a profound knowledge of the human heart. In language Mr. Milman is generally too verbose; he is not lucid in the construction or arrangement of his sentences; his diction is often heavy, forced, and turgid. Glitter and sound not unfrequently usurp the place of simple ornament and graceful harmony. Often, too, the structure of his verse is defective, and his cadences are unmusical. This must be ascribed to one of three causes:—negligence, of which we would not willingly suspect him—metrical defectiveness of ear, with respect to blank verse—or a system erroneous in its formation.

We have not yet adduced all our objections against the style of the Rev. Professor. At times, it displays much confusion of metaphor: his similes are too numerous—they are frequently ill-placed—they generally weaken the intended effect. Yet, with all these faults, his poetry abounds in tender, and brilliant, and powerful passages.

As a dramatist, we doubt whether Mr. Milman has ever fulfilled the high promise held forth in his tragedy of "*Fazio*." That was a lovely, vivid, glowing sketch, from a well-known Italian story, entitled

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"Grimaldi." If, in the course of producing it, one lucky thought had struck him—that of making the object of Fazio's illicit attachment only *seemingly*, not *really* criminal—it would have constituted, with a little more filling up, one of the best and most delightful dramas of the age. However, as it was, some of our theatrical managers, with an injustice eminently disgraceful, and a degree of impudence not often paralleled, thought it worth while, after rejecting the tendered manuscript, to produce the play, when printed, without the sanction of its author.

With the exception of "*Fazio*," we believe we may safely state, as a general position, that there is a want of distinctness, and of individuality of character in Mr. Milman's dramatic poems. In all, or nearly all of them, he seems to depend chiefly upon incident for the development of character. He must be admired more for his powers of description, than for the force or propriety of his sentiments, or the dramatic spirit of his dialogue.

Next in order, we believe, after the appearance of "*Fazio*," was Mr. Milman's heroic poem, entitled "*Samor, Lord of the Bright City*." Though redundant in description, and tedious, ill-connected, and deficient in perspicuity, it displays much richness of imagination, and considerable pathos. The character of Samor, the avenger, is finely sustained; and, notwithstanding the affectation of Ossian-like phraseology, by which the style is sadly disfigured, it is impossible not to be pleased with Lilian, the gentle daughter of Caswallon, or with Myfanwy, the beauteous and devoted slave of Abisa. Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, and wife of Vortigern, is also an interesting portrait. Enamoured of Samor, she thus speaks of Vortigern:—

— he was a King, upon his brow
The beauty of a royal crown, his height,
Dominion, like a precious mantle, dipt
In heaven's pure light arrayed, and o'er him
flung

Transcendant grandeur; above all he stood:
And I by such fond splendours wooed and won,

2 F

Took seat upon his eminence ; a plant
To spread, and mantle an imperial throne,
Not like tame ivy round a ruin creep,
Or wreath the tomb of royalty.

Rowena, when rising from the grave of
Vortigern, and after she had embraced the
Christian faith, is thus described :—

————— Veil fell of, and band
Started ; through her bright tresses her pale face
Glittered, like fine chafed ivory set in gold.
Between the criminal and judge her stand
Rowena took : him as she saw and knew
Flushed a sick rapture o'er her face and neck,
A fading rose-hue, like eve's parting light
On a snow-bank ; but from her marble brow
She the bright clustering hair wiped back, and
thus :

" Samor, the last time thou this brow beheld'st
The moonlight was upon it ; since that hour
The water hath flowed o'er it, holy sign
Hath there been left by Christian hand, and I
Thy creed have learnt, and one word breathes
it all,
Mercy."

The story is most confusingly crowded
with characters ; but by those who can
bear in memory its respective persons, and
the connexion of its incidents, the interest
will be found to rise towards the close.

" *The Fall of Jerusalem* " opens nobly
with Titus and his Roman legions invest-
ing the capital of Judæa. This poem had
novelty as well as force to attract atten-
tion ; and it consequently became exceed-
ingly popular amongst readers of the
highest class. The beautiful episode of
Miriam and Javan, though it injured the
singleness of the fable, and diverted the
mind from the grand object of the drama,
excited a very lively emotion, heightened
in no slight degree by the contrast of the
sisters. But we need not dwell upon a
production with which our readers are so
well acquainted.

" *The Martyr of Antioch* " is Mr. Mil-
man's finest subject—decidedly his finest
poem. The subjoined description of the
sun, is in the writer's best manner :—

————— Mark how the purple clouds
Throng to pavilion him : the officious winds
Pant forth to purify his azure path
From night's dun vapours, and fast scattering
mists ;
The glad earth wakes in adoration ; all
The voices of all animated things lift up
Tumultuous orisons ; the spacious world

Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,
Disdainful of the universal homage,
Holds his proud way, and vindicates for his own
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude,
Of peerless glory unapproachable.

Margarita's death is in a different but
very touching strain :—

————— A quick and sudden cry
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng,
Proclaimed her father's coming—forth she
sprang,
And clasped the frowning headsman's knees,
and said—
" Thou know'st me, when thou laid'st on thy
sick bed,
Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow :
There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,
And thy pale cheek would smile and weep at
once,
Gazing upon that almost orphaned child—
Oh ! by its dear and precious memory,
I do beseech thee slay me first and quickly ;
'Tis that my father may not see my death."

With that the headsman wiped from his swarth
cheek
A moisture like to tears. But she, meanwhile,
On the cold block composed her head, and
crossed
Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heaved,
She was so tranquil ; cautious, lest her gar-
ments
Should play the traitors to her modest care.
And as the cold wind touched her naked neck,
And fanned away the few unbraided hairs,
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she looked up
As softly to reproach his tardiness.

Mr. Milman's description of the Statue
of Apollo—which, in fact, is that of
the Apollo Belvidere—in the grove of
Daphne, is by no means in accordance
with that of Gibbon. The historian re-
presents the Deity as "*in a bending atti-
tude, with a golden cup in his hand, pour-
ing out a libation upon the earth ; as if he
supplanted the venerable mother to give to
his arms the cold and beauteous Daphne.*"
Gibbon, indeed, admits that the "*colossal
figure almost filled the capacious sanc-
tuary ;*" but this, by no means warrants
the expression of Callias. "Darest thou
see," he exclaims—

The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns
On his arched brow ? Lo, how the indignation
Swells in each strong dilated limb ! his sta-
ture

Grows loftier, and the roof, the quaking pavement,

The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels
The offended God!

"*Belshazzar*," though far inferior to Mr. Milman's earlier publications, has much of imposing gorgeous splendour in the scene. The outline of this poem, as its title indicates, is from scripture; its manners, but not its incidents, are from Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus. Its opening—the descent of the destroying angel upon the city of Babylon—resembles in manner, but is unequal to it in execution, the first scene of "*The Fall of Jerusalem*." Only that its plot is complex instead of simple, the poem might be considered as having been constructed on the Greek model—a model, indeed, of which Mr. Milman never altogether loses sight. The general effect is greatly injured by this complexity of plot: a common-place love-story—for, in truth, it has scarcely an original feature—harmonizes ill with the sublime incidents connected with the fate of Belshazzar, or the fall of Babylon.

Belshazzar, the hero of the drama, is vain, imbecile, and contemptible. His character ought to have been elevated by the poet. By such treatment Lord Byron excited a lively interest in favour of Sardanapalus;—why should not Mr. Milman have been equally successful with respect to Belshazzar? Belshazzar excites no commiseration, no sympathy, no pity—he is too mean and worthless to excite indignation. The grand festal scene, professedly a commentary on the sublime scriptural passage in Daniel, is one of the best scenes in the poem. When Belshazzar is first struck with the sight of the hand-writing upon the wall, many voices exclaim—

The king! the king! look to the king!

Arioch. Where? I can see nor king, nor people—nothing

But a bewildering, red, and gloom-like light
That swallows up the fiery canopy
Of lamps.

Sabaris. Hath blindness smitten thee?

Arioch. I know not!

But all things swim around me in a darkness
That dazzles—

Sabaris. See, his shuddering joints are
loosen'd,

And his knees smite each other: such a face
Is seen in tombs:—what means it?

Arioch. See'st not thou

That taunted'st me but now—upon the wall—
There—there—it moves—

Belshazzar. Oh, dark and bodiless hand,
What art thou—thus upon my palace wall
Gliding in shadowy, slow, gigantic blackness?
Lo! fiery letters, where it moves, break out:
'Tis there—'tis gone:—'tis there again—no,
nought

But those strange characters of flame, that burn
Upon the unkindled wall:—I cannot read
them—

Can ye?

I see your quivering lips that speak not—
Sabaris—Arioch—Captains—Elders—all
As pale and horror-stricken as myself!

Are there no wiser? Call ye forth the
Dreamers

And those that read the stars, and every priest,
And he that shall interpret best shall wear
The scarlet robe and chain of gold, and sit
Third ruler of my realm. Away!—No—leave
me not

To gaze alone;—alone, on those pale signs
Of destiny—the unextinguishable,
The indelible.—Strew, strew my couch where
best

I may behold what sears my burning eye-balls
To gaze on—and the cold blood round my
heart

To stand, like snow. No—ache mine eyes,
and quiver

My palsied limbs—I cannot turn away—
Here am I bound as by thrice-linked brass,
Here, till the burden of mine ignorance
Be from my loaded soul taken off, in silence
Deep as the midnight round a place of tombs.

Contrasting with this in manner, we offer a portion of one of the speeches of Benina, an Israelitish damsel, when yearning for the promised return to the land of her fathers. It is tender, touching, and truly poetical:—

In the deep midnight, when our lords are
sleeping,

I've seen the brethren from the willows take
Their wind-caressed harps, their half-breathed
sounds

Scarce louder than the rippling river's dash
Around the matted sedge; and still they pour'd
Their voices down the stream, as though they
wish'd

Their songs to pass away to other lands
Beyond the bounds of their captivity.

I've listen'd in an ecstasy of tears,
Till purer waters seem'd to wander near me,
And sweeter flowers to bloom beneath my
feet,

2 F 2

And towers of fairer structure to arise
Under the moonlight; and I felt the joy
Of freedom in my light and sportive limbs.

The speech of Belshazzar, when the streets of Babylon are in flames, and the people are falling beneath the scimeter of the Mede, is spirited and effective, but we have not room for its insertion. In this, as in his former dramas, some of Mr. Milman's lyric effusions are entitled to great praise—they are, as occasion requires, polished and tender, beautiful and sublime. Others, however, are unmusical in their structure, and tame in their effect.

We now pass to Mr. Milman's new poem, "*Anne Boleyn*." This, it will be observed, is a departure from his usual class of subjects—a deflection from the sacred scenes of scripture to the comparatively insignificant occurrences recorded in modern annals. The author tells us in his Introduction, that the subject had long appeared to him "peculiarly adapted to the purposes of poetry." We confess that, for reasons which we shall assign hereafter, it does not so appear to us. The subject is indeed fortunate in one respect: Anne, the lovely, the devoted, the barbarously-murdered Anne, is in possession of all our sympathies. As Miss Benger very happily observes, "the wainscoted apartment which she occupied, with plain open panels, is still in existence. The long gallery she so often traversed with impatience still seems to re-echo her steps; and, after the vicissitudes of three centuries, the impression of her youth, her beauty, and singular destiny, is still fresh and vivid to the imagination." We admit, too, rather for the intrinsic beauty and justness of the sentiment, than for its correct applicability in the present instance, that, "in reverting to the tragical history of the passions, we cease to measure the distance that separates us from the departed age; and whilst each surrounding object wears an antiquated aspect, the records of suffering and feeling are not obsolete: the image of one, whose heart has long ceased to throb with human emotion, still speaks to our sympathies, and imperatively appeals to our pity or our justice."

Before we state our objections to the history of Anne Boleyn, as a fit subject for the drama, either in the closet or upon

the stage, we shall venture upon a brief analysis of Mr. Milman's poem.

The scene opens about the time when Henry, the tyrant who never spared man in his anger, or woman in his love, has conceived an illicit passion for Jane Seymour. Mark Smeaton, the favoured minstrel of the court, appears with his sister Magdalene, a nun from one of the dissolved abbeys. The youth's enthusiasm for music is thus beautifully expressed:—

Oh! Magdalene, thou know'st not *here*
In our chill, damp, and heavy atmosphere,
The power, might, magic, mystery of sweet
sounds!

Oh! on some rock to sit, the twilight winds
Breathing all odour by—at intervals
To hear the hymnings of some virgin choir,
With pauses musical as music's self,
Come swelling up from deep and unseen distance:

Or under some vast dome, like heaven's blue
cope,

All full and living with the liquid deluge
Of harmony, till pillars, walls, and aisles,
The altar paintings and cold images,
Catch life and motion, and the weight of feeling
Lies like a load upon the breathless bosom!

There is a sweetness, a touching tenderness, a devotedness of sisterly affection in Magdalene which we greatly admire. She, in virgin timidity, shrinking from the very thought of sin, has been taught to regard Anne Boleyn as an "heretical and wicked queen;" her brother, in the fervour of unconscious love, defends and eulogizes her as a paragon of goodness. Angelo Caraffa, a priest of the Order of Jesus, enters, discovers Mark Smeaton's secret, and determines to make him his tool for the ruin of the Queen. In a subsequent scene with Anne Boleyn, her attendants, and her almoner, Lady Rochford gives indication of her hatred. That lady also is speedily wrought upon by Angelo, the jesuit. "The Protestant's Hymn to the Virgin," the supposed composition of Lord Rochford, and the only lyric attempt in this drama, is sung by Smeaton to his lute before the Queen and her brother. Their patience must have been of no mean order, or their affection for the "harmony of sweet sounds" must have far exceeded our's; for the hymn, which unfavourably reminds us of Leyden's Portuguese Hymn to the Virgin Mary, is extended to the length of eight

stanzas of eighteen verses each ! Angelo finds another tool in Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester ; with whom, however, he has more difficulty than with Mark Smeaton, or with Lady Rochford. He tells the Bishop—

——— she shall die—die on a scaffold !

Die branded like a base adulteress !—

Die like a heretic—the Church's foe !—

Die unabsolved, unhousel'd—die for ever !

Angelo thus powerfully excites the ambition of Gardiner :—

——— I have forsworn the world,
Not with the formal oaths that burst like flax,
But those that chain the soul with triple iron.
Earth hath no guerdon I may covet, none
I may enjoy.—Thou, Stephen Gardiner,
Shalt rule submissive prelates, peers, and kings,
Loftiest in station, as in mind the mightiest ;
And a perpetual noon of golden power
Shall blaze around thy lordly mitred state.
I'm girt for other journeys ; at that hour,
When all but crown'd the righteous work, this
isle

Half bowed again to the Holy See, I go
Far in some savage land unknown, remote
From civilized or reasonable life,
From letters, arts—where wild men howl
around

Their blood-stained altars—to uplift th' un-
known,

Unawful Crucifix : I go to pine
With famine ; waste with slow disease ; the
loathing

And scorn of men. And when thy race is run,
Thou, Winchester, in marble cemetery,
Where thy cathedral roof, like some rich grove,
Spreads o'er, and all the walls with scutcheons
blaze,

Shalt lie. While anthemed choirs, and pealing
organs,

And incense clouds, and a bright heaven of
lamps

Shall solemnize thy gorgeous obsequies ;
O'er my unsepulchred and houseless bones,
Cast on the barren beach of the salt sea,
Or arid desert, where the vulture flaps
Her dreary wings, shall never wandering priest
Or bid his beads or say one passing prayer.
Thy memory shall live in this land's records
While the sea girds the isle ; but mine shall
perish

As utterly as some base beggar's child
That unbaptiz'd drops like abortive fruit
Into unhallow'd grave.

Anne's jealousy is speedily excited—

——— I saw it—

'Twas no foul vision—with unblinded eyes

I saw it : his fond hands, as once in mine,
Were wreath'd in her's ; he gazed upon her
face

Even with those sorcerous eyes, no woman
looks at—

I know it, ah ! too well—nor madly dote
[dotes?].

Henry is thus characteristically introduced, on the suit of "the old high-born Prior of the Carthusians," and two of the brethren of his house, who had refused subscription to the King's supremacy :—

Refuse our mandate—shut their abbey gates
Against our Poursuivants—refuse our oaths—
Now, by St. Paul, not one of them shall wear
His shaven crown on his audacious shoulders !

Cranmer. Your Majesty will hear your
faithful servant.

King. I'll none of it—their heads or their
allegiance.

God's death ! have all our Parliament and
peers,

Our reverend bishops, given their hands and
seals,

And shall we thus be mocked and set at nought
By beggarly and barefoot monks ? Archbishop,
Out of our love to thine own reverend person,
We do refuse thy most unwise petition.

Good foolish man, not one of them but urged
By that old Priest of the Seven Hills would
burn us,

Body and soul. We'll have no kings but one,
None but ourself.—Tut, not a word. How
now ?

What, Nan ? what blank ? what all a mort ?
Thy jests,

And thy quaint sayings, and thy smiles—

In a subsequent scene between Mark Smeaton and his sister, the youth, flattered by a slight mark of attention from the Queen, expresses himself still more warmly in her favour ; and, when encountered by Angelo, fresh fuel is added to the aspiring flame. Angelo and Gardiner meet in raptures after the effect produced at the tilting match at Greenwich, by the falling handkerchief of the Queen having been caught by Sir Henry Norreys, who

——— wreathed it in his plume, regained his
spear,

And smote right home the quivering ring : th'
acclaim

Burst forth like roaring waters ; but the King
Sprang up, and called to horse, while tumult
wild

Broke up the marred and frightened ceremony.

The doting fondness of Lady Wiltshire for her grand-daughter, Elizabeth, is thus pourtrayed:—

She sleeps—thysself, dear Anne, not half so lovely :

Come sit by her, and gaze on her, for hours,
For days : a violet on a bed of snow,
A pearl in ivory set ; the brightest star
Where all are bright in the soft milky way—
There's no similitude she doth not shame.
Her forehead arched by heaven to fit a crown !
I've almost wished thou ne'er shouldst bear a boy,

Dear Anne, to bar her from the throne she's born to.

Anne is, in due historical order, committed to the Tower. In a powerfully-written scene between Angelo Caraffa and Mark Smeaton, the latter is persuaded, under the belief that only a divorce would ensue, and thus the Queen's life be saved, to confess a criminal intercourse.

The Queen's speech on entering the Tower, is poetical, but verbose ; it is expressed in the language of calm description, rather than of deep feeling.

——— Oh ! Sir, pause—one look,
One last long look, to satiate all my senses.
Oh ! thou blue cloudless canopy, just tinged
With the faint amber of the setting sun,
Where one by one steal forth the modest stars
To diadem the sky :—thou noble river,
Whose quiet ebb, not like my fortune, sinks
With gentle downfall, and around the keels
Of those thy myriad barks mak'st passing music :—

Oh ! thou great silent city, with thy spires
And palaces, where I was once the greatest,
The happiest—I, whose presence made a tumult

In all your wondering streets and jocund marts :—

But, most of all, thou cool and twilight air,
Thou art a rapture to the breath ! The slave,
The beggar, the most base down-trodden out-cast,

The plague-struck livid wretch, there's none so vile,

So abject in your streets, that swarm with life—
They may inhale the liquid joy heaven breathes—

They may behold the rosy evening sky—
They may go rest their free limbs where they will :

But I—but I, to whom this summer world
Was all bright sunshine ; I, whose time was noted

But by succession of delights—Oh ! Kingston,
Thou dost remember, thou wert then lieutenant,

'Tis now—how many years?—my memory wanders—

Since I set forth from yon dark low-browed porch,

A bride—a monarch's bride—King Henry's bride !

Oh ! the glad pomp, that burned upon the waters—

Oh ! the rich streams of music that kept time
With oars as musical—the people's shouts,
That called heaven's blessings on my head in sounds

That might have drowned the thunders—I've more need

Of blessing now, and not a voice would say it.

In a scene with Cranmer, the Queen presents that prelate with the celebrated letter which, as our historians record, she wrote in the Tower. Will it be believed that this letter, so sweetly simple, so exquisitely beautiful, so deeply pathetic in itself, is here *versified* by Mr. Milman !!!

The work proceeds regularly ; Angelo, all for the glory of God, never losing sight of his tool, Smeaton. With one or two exceptions, the mock trial of the poor Queen is passed over in the most common-place style imaginable. Once, when the Queen is charged with guilty commerce with her brother, she exclaims—"Great God of Thunder refrain thy bolt !" We know not what George Colman as a dramatist would have said to this : but, as a licenser, we are sure he would have struck the pen through it. It *may* be sublime : from the sublime to the ridiculous, however—the phrase "is somewhat musty." The best point in the scene occurs where Mark Smeaton's confession is announced.

——— My Lords,
Who is it hath suborn'd this wretched boy?
I do arraign that man, in the dread court
Whose sentence is eternity ! My soul
Shall rise in judgment, when the heavens are fire

Around Christ's burning throne, against that man ;

And say on earth he murder'd my poor body,
And that false-swearing boy's lost soul in hell.

The Queen's defence is respectably but not powerfully written. By far the best scenes are those which occur between

Angelo and Mark Smeaton, and Smeaton and his sister. The best-drawn character in the piece is that of Angelo Caraffa; the next are those of Mark and Magdalene Smeaton; the rest are simply historical, without elevation of sentiment or of manner. It is hardly necessary to add that the respective executions take place in due succession; the drama closing with the Queen upon the scaffold.

Having conveyed to the reader a general idea of the conduct of Mr. Milman's poem, we now pause to inquire, whether it is not shewn by the author's confiding the chief agency to an imaginary character (Angelo Caraffa) rather than a real one, that he found the subject not essentially dramatic? That he did not find it essentially dramatic, is yet more evident from his having introduced *two* imaginary characters—Angelo Caraffa and Magdalene Smeaton; and still further from his having admitted the anachronism—certainly not an “unpardonable” one—of the organization of the Society of Jesus, “which society,” as he himself remarks, “was not formally incorporated till about five years after the death of Anne Boleyn.”

In despite of Mr. Milman's opinion—an opinion which the execution of his poem has by no means borne out—we cannot consider this unfortunate Queen to be a subject favourable for dramatic delineation. Anne Boleyn, though a lovely woman, and a good woman, was not a great woman. Her life and death were of themselves deeply interesting; and, from the important events which they involve, they form a noble theme for the historian. History, however, has not rendered full justice to the memory of Anne Boleyn. It should never be lost sight of, that this Queen was, in many cases, a willing instrument, in others a mere tool in the hands of the Reformers. As such, she was naturally hated by the Roman Catholics, who exerted themselves to the utmost to accomplish her ruin. Mr. Milman might have availed himself of this knowledge to a far greater extent, and with infinitely greater effect than he has done. He might have exhibited a strong and deeply-wrought conflict between the opposing powers. That Anne was judicially murdered is

incontrovertibly shewn by the proceedings yet extant, of what was misnomered her trial. The wilful destruction, too, of all the mock evidence that was adduced against her, upon the charge of not merely unnatural, but impossible crimes, shews that it would not bear the light. Mark Smeaton, the only individual who confessed any thing against the Queen, was never confronted with her, nor kept to be an evidence against her, for he had received his sentence three days before, and consequently could be no witness in law. That the court before which Anne Boleyn was put upon her trial was composed of Roman Catholic peers, is, perhaps, the only rational position, by which we can account for the horrible fact of a woman—a young and beautiful woman—a Queen of England—having been pronounced guilty without evidence of her guilt. Many of those peers, too, it should be remembered, were, from their fears, or from their hopes or expectations, devotedly subservient to the despotic will of Henry.

Anne Boleyn constitutes a fine subject for the biographer as well as for the historian; but, if her character have failed of obtaining justice in the page of history, still less fortunate has she been in that of biography. Miss Benger's portraiture, though possessing many good points, is not graphic. Were we painters, we should say that that very amiable woman, that very pleasing and instructive writer, has, in the instance before us, failed in her composition: her fore-ground is deficient in light, her back-ground in shadow: her groupings are not happy: her principal characters are not brought sufficiently forward upon the canvas; they want force and prominence, distinctness and individuality. In this case, as in that of Mary Queen of Scots—both of them difficult of treatment for a lady—Miss Benger has not brought with her sufficient nerve for the task.

In conclusion, we must repeat that, in our opinion, the subject of Mr. Milman's selection was not well suited to his purpose: he has not successfully handled it; he has imparted little of splendour, of passion, or of pathos to the scene; his drama of “Anne Boleyn” cannot increase his poetical reputation.

H.

MR. SMITH AND MR. BROWN; OR, THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

(Concluded from page 165.)

"EXACTLY at the appointed time," continued the landlord, "Sir Godfrey Hilborough's coach and four drove into the inn yard, and I took care that our two bucks should not shew themselves immediately, more especially as 'Squire Thorney was there to hand the ladies out. It was a bitter cold day, and I had provided a rare jug of hot spiced ale with eggs in it for the servants; we saw no more of them. Our Francis, whom the gentlemen—why, I never could find out—had taught to say 'anon, anon, Sir,' was luckily laid up with the lumbago, and therefore we absolutely required some assistance, which accounted for the stay, as the whole conducting of the dinner fell upon me, and I was in a good deal of trepidation, yet I could not help observing the behaviour of our sparks. Sir Godfrey Hilborough sat at the head of the table, his lady and daughter at his right and left hand, and 'Squire Thorney at the bottom. The servant of the latter, almost as quiet a lout as his master, stood behind his chair: I took my station at the Baronet's elbow, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown waited on the ladies. Their ready dexterity put Sir Godfrey into good humour, who was marvellously out of sorts at the conduct of his serving men; poor Lady Hilborough was entirely occupied in soothing her husband, and 'Squire Thorney employed himself solely with the dishes before him. Miss Clarissa was not so unobservant: she appeared to me to be more beautiful than ever; she had taken off her hat, and her fine dark hair waved over a forehead as white as the driven snow. She ate little, and seemed very unhappy, poor lady, as her eye wandered from her father and mother, to her intended husband. Presently she perceived that there was something strange in the room. I saw her give several piercing looks at her new attendants, which made them withdraw glances too expressive of adoration, and cast their eyes demurely to the ground: then rose an indignant blush which terrified me, but this subsided. She looked now and then as if she was striving to repress a

smile, and before the dinner was over seemed quite propitiated by the graceful assiduity of our gentlemanly waiters. I received a good lesson that day; I never saw a napkin handed, a dish removed, or a cork drawn in such style in my life; I was only vexed to perceive that Mr. Brown was evidently the most struck and eager of the two, whereas I had hoped that Mr. Smith would have been drawn off from his pursuit of Lucy, by a handsomer face, and as he was by far the boldest, and, as I feared, the most unprincipled, there was less danger to a grand young lady from his addresses, than a simple girl who knew next to nothing of the world.

"When the ladies retired to the drawing-room, which they did very soon, Lady Hilborough fell asleep in the great chair, and Mr. Brown went in, without his wig, to stir the fire and snuff the candles; I followed with Mr. Smith to hand round the tea and coffee. The gentlemen, I must say, were very guarded in their behaviour; neither of them spoke a word more than was necessary; and, as it was scarcely possible for Miss Clarissa to be offended by their conduct, she, I suppose, thinking it prudent to take no notice of a mere frolic, was satisfied with maintaining her own dignity. The Baronet's servants having slept off their tipsy fit, were as fresh as the day, and the coach and horses were out at the gate at the identical moment at which their master always left the Black Bull. Every thing being ready, Sir Godfrey, who was as full of ceremony as my Lord Mayor of London, handed his lady down stairs, and left Miss Clarissa to 'Squire Thorney. It happened that just as she was quite ready to give him her hand, up comes his servant with a message about a dog; so, instead of attending to the young lady, he stood parleying with the man on the lobby. Mr. Brown, who had resumed his own clothes, was standing by, and so Sir, without more ado, he stepped forward, and, to my amazement, offered his arm to Miss Clarissa, with such a modest air, and such an eloquent bow, that

she, casting a look of scorn at her clod-hopping lover, accepted it, and down they went together, unseen by Sir Godfrey, who, it being a cold night, had got into the coach, thinking, to be sure, that 'Squire Thorney would take care of his daughter.

"I had no great reason to be pleased with my contrivance. Mr. Brown spent almost the whole of his time at Hilborough Park, in some disguise or other, and left the coast clear at home to Mr. Smith, who was scarcely a moment absent from Miss Lucy's elbow. He was clean an altered man: there was no swearing at the servants, no grumbling or racket now, but there was he sitting all the day in the parlour, reading to my young mistress. I had enough to do to watch him, and to help Mr. Brown to get a sight of Miss Clarissa. Once he dressed himself as a miller; then he went up to the hall with a pedlar's pack, and I was obliged to get him a real hawker's license, because I knew he durst not go before Sir Godfrey, who was a trimming magistrate, without one. Afterwards he bethought himself of acting the part of a blind fidler, blind only of one eye though, and they got him into the servants' hall, and were all as merry as beggars; and many a cold winter night did he pass in the conservatory, or under Miss Clarissa's window.

"Things were in the mean time going on dismally for me at the Black Bull. Lucy had lost all her fine spirits, and she was thoughtful now, and sad too, often being scarcely able to refrain from tears. The sight of her grief, guessing, as I did, that it was caused by her attachment to one whom I feared would prove unworthy, cut me to the heart; so I went to Mr. Smith, and plucked up a spirit, and put the question fairly to him, whether he meant to make Miss Lucy his wife. He gave me a look as black as midnight. 'How dare you,' said he, 'inquire into the motives of my conduct, or presume to lift your eyes to a girl so far above you?'—'Sir,' says I, 'I am aware of my inferiority, and Miss Lucy knows that I would not offend her by word or look for the whole world; but she has neither father nor brother to protect her, and whilst I am in her mother's service, I will do my humble endeavour to keep her out of harm's way.'

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And then I went straight to the little back parlour, and opened my mind, so far as related to Mr. Smith, speaking all the time in the most respectful manner that I could think of, and my young mistress cried a good deal, and said I might be sure that she would never do any thing to afflict her mother. After this conversation she seemed more shy of Mr. Smith; and though he used to look fierce enough at me, and never deigned me a civil word, I did not care for that—all I wanted was to keep Miss Lucy out of his clutches.

"Soon after letters came from London, which seemed to please our gentlemen hugely. Mr. Brown told me in confidence that he had persuaded the young lady at Hilborough Park to go off with him to Scotland, and desired me to be in waiting at twelve that night with a post-chaise and four at a particular spot in the neighbourhood. My mind was not altogether in the job, but I did not like to refuse a gentleman who had always behaved very handsomely to me, more especially as there being an alarm about poachers, in consequence, I believe, of his prowling so much over the Baronet's grounds, that he did not like to trust to the discretion of the postboys, in case of their falling in with the gamekeepers. It was two o'clock in the morning before he could get Miss Clarissa away, and just as the chaise drove off I saw a letter lying on the ground: it was moonlight, and I could read the direction well enough, to 'Thomas Brown, Esq.,' so I carried it home, intending to give it to his friend. Mr. Smith was, however, gone, and my mind misgave me when I learned that Miss Lucy had also left the town on a visit to her aunt; I determined then to read the letter, thinking it might give me some clue to our late guests. It began, 'My dear Lord;' and I gathered from it that these two gentlemen were both sprigs of nobility, obliged to live *incog.* in consequence of the one who called himself Smith having dangerously wounded a gentleman in a duel. The writer made sport of their shooting a privy-counsellor; for it seems Mr. Brown was the second, and congratulated them upon the termination of their exile amongst the barbarians of —shire. I soon ascertained that Miss Lucy had accompanied

Mr. Smith in his journey, and without saying a word to any body, I saddled the best horse in the stable, and rode as hard as he could lay legs to the ground, in the same direction that this worthless nobleman had taken. I had no difficulty in tracing him upon the road; and, at eleven o'clock, arrived at the inn where he proposed remaining the night. Determined to see Miss Lucy somehow or other, I stood upon the stairs considering in what manner I should contrive to speak with her alone; and as I was cogitating the matter over, a door flew open, and she rushed past me, never stopping until she had reached the street. I flew after her and found her in extreme distress. Mr. Smith (I forget the honourable name which his conduct disgraced) had beguiled her away from home under a promise of marriage; and thinking that she was now entirely in his power, had ventured to reveal his base views. In the height of her grief and indignation, it was not difficult to persuade her to return home with me. I hired a chaise from another inn, and we began a very melancholy journey. I thought she would have died upon the road. The consequences of her late imprudent step stared her in the face; she was afraid of becoming the talk and derision of the whole town, and mourned over her blind credulity in such a piteous manner, that her heart, poor thing, seemed quite broken. I found it difficult to keep my resolution of acting only a brother's part, yet I did not like to take advantage of her distraction and despair; but at length seeing how much she suffered from the apprehension of losing her good name, I could no longer conceal my long-smothered attachment, and besought her to give me a legal claim to protect her from the malice of the world. She seemed more grieved than surprised at the proposal; and candidly confessed that her affections, though blighted, were still fixed upon the man who had endeavoured to bring her to ruin. She concealed nothing from me, assuring me that she could only consent to become my wife to save her mother from the disgrace which her elope-

ment with Mr. Smith would bring upon her. I was too madly in love not to rejoice to make her mine upon any terms, knowing that she was unfortunate and not guilty; and before we returned to the Black Bull the marriage ceremony had taken place. My mistress, though very angry at first, soon forgave us; and I was in hopes that I should make Lucy happy. She never uttered a complaint, and indeed I am sure that she was grateful to me for my kindness, and for the confidence which I placed in her, for I adored the very ground she walked upon. But she drooped daily: the shock which she had received was too rough for her gentle nature; and, perhaps too, she had a hard struggle to do her duty by one who, in happier circumstances, would not have been her choice. Our neighbours used to say cruel things; and though I treated their slanders with contempt, they weighed heavily upon Lucy's mind. She strove to be cheerful, but it would not do. It was fortunate for Mr. Smith that he never came in my way, for I think I should have been the death of him. However, I never mentioned his name to Lucy, and it is a great consolation to me to reflect that no single word of reproach ever escaped my lips. Two years after our marriage I became the father of a beautiful girl, and life seemed sweeter to my wife after the birth of her child; but the fatal blow had been struck, and at the end of twelve months I followed her to the grave. I have never given a step-mother to her daughter, and I never will: she will be a comfort, I trust, to me in my old age; for she is a good girl, Sir, and to my partial eye has much of my Lucy's sweetness and gentleness about her.

"There was fine storming, you may be assured, at Hilborough Park, about Miss Clarissa; but luckily the Baronet and 'Squire Thorney fell out, and so Sir Godfrey became reconciled to his daughter's choice. Lord and Lady L——p often bait their horses at the Black Bull, and I believe they are as happy a couple as any in the county."

WANDERINGS IN THE LAND OF HAFIZ.

(Continued from page 105.)

A SKETCH OF THE GUEBER WORSHIP; THE FIRE-WORSHIP OF MOORE'S HAFIZ.

SINCE poetry and romance, and most particularly the pens of Moore and Byron, have awakened a new interest in the objects of faith really professed by these persecuted sons of the East; and as it will certainly contain a compendium of the rise and progress of all pagan idolatry, this portion of our account of Persia can hardly be more satisfactorily closed, than with a brief sketch of the past and present creed of the Gaur, Giour, or Gueber; for which the writer is indebted to the kind communication of Sir Robert Ker Porter, whose own work on these subjects has been some time before the public.

"We must all be aware, that the pure faith of Noah, the second universal father of mankind—faith in the one pure God, and the purity of man's life, consistent with his worship—would be revealed by that patriarch, to his immediate descendants; and from them, to the original diverging stems of every people in the world. Hence we have now to trace how such revelation became lost, in the gradual perversion of the attributes and works of the Creator, into objects of his creature's adoration; and in no field can we better study its progress, than in that of Persia, a country so near the cradle of mankind. During the earliest ages, history tells us, its religious creed comprized the true faith in one supreme God, who made the world by his power, and governs it by his providence; who demands from man, a pious dread of offending the purity of his Maker, by a conduct contradictory to such unerring justice, mercy, and universal love. This divine code, seeming too simple, to the conceits of men, or too benign for a cordial reception by their selfish passions, gradually became encumbered, and changed, according to the imaginations, or the fancied interests of those who had the power, with the perverting inclination. And here we find the first stage of the corruption; the very guardians of the purity of the primeval

religion of mankind were the agents to destroy it, and by the introduction of symbols of omnipotence, which they caused to be worshipped under various forms, and with as many misleading ceremonies. When this infatuation of intellect took place, the first step in the path of error, was to identify the sun with the deity, as the most perfect emblem of the supreme Being, and from whose genial influence all nature appeared to receive its birth or reanimation.

"The priests of this new doctrine, in the midst of the confusion of ideas it wrought, would still refer to a superior God, who was the creator of this very sun, which he had made the shrine of a secondary deity; to whom these magi of past ages gave the name of Mithra, and appear to have represented as holding the Persian nations in especial guardianship. His orb, together with the planets of our system, which they also filled with subordinate spiritual beings, were supposed to revolve for ever round the throne of the Most High, called by them the Great Ormuzd. Certain influences on the fates of men, were imagined to belong to the duty of these minor deities; and hence prayers and rites were proffered, suitable to their fancied characters. Here then, with such notions, began the idolatry of the world. Men first worshipped these tutelary divinities in the orbs which they supposed contained them; then worshipped the orbs as the very deities themselves. Accordingly, when they paid their devotions, they always looked towards the planet to which they were addressed; but when these orbs, in the course of their revolutions, became hidden below the horizon, the worshippers were at a loss where to point their adoration; and to remedy this, the priests had recourse to the invention of symbolical images; either, the sacred fire, emblematic of the sun, or those figures, wrought by the hand of man, made to represent some idea of the planetary gods, into which,

certain incantations, they believed, could attract some portion of the divine presence and its attendant powers. Here starts the beginning of image-worship: for to these things, whether of molten metal, graven wood or stone, the sages who presented them to the people, gave the names of the gods and goddesses whom they professed to worship in the heavenly host. After this, a notion prevailed, that certain heroes and celebrated lawgivers had an interceding influence with the divinity after their deaths; and, to propitiate their departed spirits, images were sculptured to their honour, which, in process of time became identified with the subordinate race of deities, and in like manner received idolatrous rites.

"From the same source of extravagant imaginations, sprang all the phrenzy of astrology, witchcraft, and, in a word, magic; the bold resorts of the magi (the first magicians) to support the unstable structure of their wild and pernicious doctrines. Scripture bears evidence how early these perversions were introduced into devotional practices of the East; and, in consequence, Abraham was called from Chaldaea (a land bordering on Persia), to preserve, in his own person, and that of his descendants, a lasting repository of the faith of Noah—a true knowledge of the Divine Being, his moral laws, and universal providence. Whatever might be the state of Persian apostacy at that time, it does not appear that it fully embraced the worst superstitions of idolatry, until after the death of Cyrus; when, probably, his conquests over the notoriously pagan Babylonians introduced those odious and abominably impure rites, which, in the subsequent reign of Darius Hystaspes, excited the horror of the sage Zoroaster; and who, under the sanction of that truly great monarch, attempted to restore religion to the simpler creed of Mithra, and its less corrupted code of morals. In part he succeeded; and from that period, with more or less mingling of polytheism or fire-worship, it continued the established religion of the country, till its altars, and the ancient race of kings, were extinguished together by the conquering hands of the Caliphs. After the final defeat, and death of the last Mithratic prince, his subjects

either fled to distant countries, or changed their faith at home; or, if they retained it at any risk, while clinging to their native soil, were resigned to persecution, and the branded name of Gueber. Being excellent husbandmen, gardeners, and mechanics, they found refuge in the remotest parts of the empire; and, in after times, the liberal spirit of Shah Abbas tolerated them so far, as to assign them a suburb in Ispahan; which, though nearly uninhabited, yet bears the name of Gueberabad. Their principal residences now, are the towns of Yezd and Kerman, where they can only pay their adorations by a kind of '*maimed rites*;' but so late as the tenth century, fire temples existed near the naptha pits at Baku, a place still superstitiously revered by all of the religion, as one of the most honoured fountains of their eternal fire.

"This little district of hidden, subterraneous flame, is found on a wild rocky peninsula, running out into the Caspian Sea; and at a short distance from the naptha springs, spreads the celebrated burning plain, to the extent of nearly a mile. Hither, both the ancient and modern disciples of Zoroaster came in long pilgrim bands to adore the imperishable blaze, and to convey to their own altar-hearths a portion of its sacred element. When the traveller of our own day visits this spot, once the proudest sky-canopied temple of its worshippers, he finds a few little huts scattered about, whose inmates, when requiring fire for any domestic purpose, have only to make an incision through the thick loam of the earthen floor, and on a light being applied to the hole, the flame arises; which, when needed no more, can be as expeditiously repressed again, by closing the aperture. With the blaze, much of the inflammable gas escaping unignited, the smell of sulphur continues in these little humble apartments a long time after the flame is extinguished. This gas could be carried away in leathern vessels, to feed more distant altars: but the whole country around Baku is so impregnated with inflammable matter, that during the moonlight nights of winter, a bright blue flame is often seen to cover the whole western range of mountains, or appears rolling down their sides in glowing channels."

Not far from the immediate neighbourhood of this most appropriate land, and refuge of the Guebers, the ruins of a rock-fortress present themselves; which, from situation and aspect, might well be pronounced the original from which the author of "Lalla Rookh" drew his admirable picture of the sea-girt strong-hold, where Hafiz, the prince Gueber, led his remnant of brave followers, and perished with him in the Mithratic flame. If the poet had not this spot in his idea as a model, from any aforegone knowledge of it, we can only say how nearly genius borders on inspiration! How wondrously the poet's fancy can call up reality, and paint the truth he hath not seen! The reader of Mr. Moore's poem of "The Fire-Worshippers" has only to compare his description of its fortress-rock, over the sea; and all its wild, romantic, stupendous features, with the following portrait of that which overlooks the Caspian, to admire the strange coincidence.

On arriving at the western shore of the sea, we perceive some old walls running down into the dashing waves, near which stands, and projects, a bold and rocky peak. On the summit appears the remains of towers, and a battlement of rude stone. In ascending, we clamber, by a rather oblique path, the precipitous height, which, to the east is broken, craggy, and at points perpendicular to the sea. During the ascent amongst the ancient walls, we pass round several large square holes, as if in-

tended for throwing down stones on the heads of attacking besiegers; also, by a vaulted building, part broken in, and leaning against, or hanging from the cliffs, in huge and mouldering fragments. From thence the traveller climbs, about thirty fathoms, to the top of the peak; which he finds of a semi-circular form, surrounded by its ancient battlement. Here gazing around, as if "*citadel'd in clouds*," we discover a flight of steps, of rugged stone—a hundred of them at least—which lead down to a square platform, bulwarked by a wall of not less than twelve feet on every side. Then proceeding round the rock in a northerly direction, we see nothing beneath but precipice and sea, till the clouds often intercept the view below, while all above is serene and blue. But on the western side, and on the same elevation, between two huge cliffs, a square chamber is discovered; a sort of apartment, half cavern, and half building. It must be very ancient; and the people about have a tradition it was once the asylum of a great prophet. At the south point of the peak, a stone pillar, measuring sixty feet in height, and five in diameter, stands like an extinguished beam, or a monument of some past deed of glory; at its foot, the rock is black all around to a great distance. Here, imagination might place the funeral pyre of the Gueber Hafiz; and fancy see, on the flame-lit sea beneath, the floating vessel of his departing bride.

P. J.

(To be continued.)

ROMANCE WRITING.

I AM a young woman, not yet eighteen years of age, and one of the loveliest of my sex. Nothing can equal the colouring and expression of my fine features, except the ethereal lightness and elastic elegance of my figure, and the dignified, yet graceful and feminine softness of my manner. My soul has been entranced in the blissful satisfaction of pure, devoted love, plunged in the overwhelming depths of anguish, and convulsed by agonizing, though, sometimes, needless terror.

I have no vanity whatever; and I only mention my personal advantages, because

I humbly hope that these, combined with my intensity of feeling, may qualify me for a heroine of romance. One doubt, however, rests upon my mind.

I have seen heroines undergo fatigue which would have put an end to my existence, and grief and terror which would have destroyed me, had I been gifted with the number of lives assigned to a cat, without appearing to be the worse for their sufferings or exertions. I have wondered that the floods of tears shed by one of these ladies did not ruin her eyes; that the multitude of her deep-drawn sighs

did not injure her lungs; and that tremblings, sufficient to compose a dozen reasonable fits of the ague, did not affect her health. Yet her strength has not decayed, unless it should have been found expedient to introduce an interesting and dangerous illness; nor has her colour faded, unless it were thought advisable to make her look beautifully pale. After sleepless nights and anxious days; after enduring the horrors occasioned by imaginary spectres and real assassins; the heroine has been prepared to encounter the dangers of an escape, the terror of being pursued, and the fatigue of riding on horseback over rocks and mountains, through trackless woods and gloomy defiles. Nor is this all; for, at the end of her journey, other perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes have awaited her, and she could neither know nor need repose, till she was married.

Here then, I fear, I should be found wanting. And I will honestly confess that I have some distrust of my mental, as well as personal endowments. I possess sufficient judgment to discover what I believe to be right, and sufficient firmness to adhere to it; whereas a heroine must reason and pause on every occasion, weigh every argument on both sides of a question with the nicest precision, and then act in direct opposition to the dictates of common sense. How else could she be the heroine of a romance?

Again, I have, unfortunately, sufficient presence of mind to endeavour to escape from danger by the most natural and obvious means; whereas a heroine must meet it in the teeth. She must loiter in unfrequented places, and contemplate the moon, for the purpose of being carried off by a dreaded villain, when common prudence would have seated her by a comfortable fire-side; and she must be benighted in her travels, for the purpose of falling into the hands of a murderer, when she might have been safe in bed. How else could her adventures constitute a romance?

Such being the requisites for a heroine of romance, I fear I must resign my claim. But if these requisites be unnatural; if romances cannot be kept within the pale of

probability; why should they be written? Is it not a mark of a vitiated taste, when the mind seeks such aliment; as it is of a vitiated appetite, when rich sauces and highly-seasoned meat are preferred to pure and unsophisticated viands? When imagination would bristle up our hair with "fleeing figures," "shadowy forms," "noiseless steps," and "unearthly sounds," does she not pass the confines of good taste and good sense? It is a circumstance greatly to be lamented, but not to be wondered at, that the author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Italian," should have become the victim of this unnatural excitement, and have survived her reason.

The old romances were put to flight by Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet, and have been held in exile by the authors of "Waverley," and "Sir Andrew Wylie," by Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Miss Hutton: though the Great Unknown has certainly a touch of the "superhuman." But we may hope for a new race of romances far exceeding the former, when imagination is suffered to riot in the formation of "Magic Rings."

Novels are the legitimate descendants of the old romances. The genius which can conjure up a series of interesting events is admirable, and if some of these are wonderful it is well, for wonderful events do sometimes happen. The talent which can add to these, diversified and well-drawn characters, striking reflections, and some portion of wit and humour, and can clothe the whole in pleasing and appropriate language, is scarcely less admirable; but, in the opinion of an untaught girl, like myself, poetry and prose should be ever distinct from each other. It appears to me that no eye, but that of a poet, should "glance from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;" no imagination, but his, "body forth the forms of things unknown;" no pen, but his, indulge in highly-wrought descriptions, and highly-figurative language, and that a novel should have truth and nature for its basis, while elegance and simplicity form its most becoming attire.

C. H.

THE IVORY BOX.

"Five-and-twenty shillings, Sir, you shall have it for five-and-twenty."—"No, I don't want it; it is too dear," replied Witherden, as he turned off the step of a pawnbroker's shop in — street, where he had been cheapening a chess-board, at the moment that a young girl, hastily passing him, entered it. The transient glimpse that Witherden caught of the extraordinary beauty of her features riveted him to the spot; and, affecting to occupy his attention on the motley exhibition in the window, he resolved to wait until the accomplishment of her errand should afford him an opportunity of a second view, and more leisure observation correct or confirm the impression of extreme admiration already created.

"Ha! my old acquaintance come again!" exclaimed the shopman, as a poor woman untied the old silk-handkerchief in which her husband's best hat was carefully enveloped. "Well, what price shall we set upon his head to-day? Four shillings? No, hang it, I think it has come to three-and-sixpence now; it is getting something the worse for Sunday's wear. Don't stand gossiping there all day about nothing.—Here, a shawl and muff—Mary Brown.—In heaven's name, who took in all this lumbering music here?"—"I did, Sir, 'twas the old Frenchman brought it."—"What, has he been here again? well, never mind. Pair of shoes; no, they won't do, they've been soled already you see; haven't you got nothing else?—Here, Mary Brown, my dear, here's your shawl, eighteen shillings and fourpence."—"I've only got threepence, you won't mind the other penny now, I'll bring it next time I come, I always use this house."—"Won't do, my good soul—pence make pounds—I'll put it by, you can have it when you call again."—"Lord, Mrs. Cummins, is that you? I thought I knew your voice. Come, make haste, there's a good fellow, and give us the cash."—"I say, mind and take care of your duplicate this time; wasn't it you dropped it down an area?" "Well, you'll go over to the Three Cups, you know, and I'll be there presently."

"Now, my little maid," addressing the

fair object of Witherden's interest, "what's for you? What is it, a snuff-box! How much do you want on it?"—"I was to have as much as I could, mother said."—"Yes, I dare say you were; but I don't know—you see all this inside is only gilt, and the ivory is so yellow and old-fashioned, besides it is too large and heavy for a snuff-box, and it's good for nothing else; no I don't see it's of any value to us—I can give you half-a-crown for it, if you like."

Witherden, whose patience had become exhausted just at this juncture, re-entered the shop, and having overheard the tender for the box, made it a pretext to take it up and examine it. "Why, this is quite a curiosity," said he, at the same time regarding its owner with looks of unqualified admiration. Her round dimpled cheek and pouting lip would have given a Hebe cast to her countenance, but that her large blue eye, whose soft lustre could scarcely be called brightness, had an expression of deep tenderness in it that amounted almost to melancholy; and as she lifted up her timid gaze to Witherden in reply, the faint bloom on her cheek kindled to a crimson glow. Her coarse and ill-conditioned garb was but little calculated to display her loveliness to advantage; yet the dark cotton pinafore, which in awkward embarrassment she twisted round her arm, escaping from its negligent fastening, disclosed a finely-moulded shoulder of alabaster whiteness, and all the rising graces of a youthful form; for Lucy Gray had only just completed her fifteenth year.

Witherden expressed a desire to possess the box; and, having inquired of Lucy her name and place of abode, he put a sovereign into her hand, and, leaving the shop, returned to his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn; where, having laid it upon the mantle-piece, the multiplicity of professional pursuits soon dissipated all recollection of his unprofitable purchase, and its fair vender. "Now do be quiet for ten minutes, just while I finish sketching out this schedule," cried Witherden, to his intimate friend and client, Sir Walwyn Devereux, "and amuse

yourself with the tables of interest, prices of stocks, and the almanack, there's a good fellow."

"Upon my honour I cannot but admire your taste in conchology and mineralogy," exclaimed the Baronet, presently infringing the prohibition imposed on his loquacity; "six little shells, and four bits of Derbyshire spar; why they would positively form a museum for a virtuoso. And, let me see, a cigar, and a toothpick-case, and—where did you get this box, pray?" continued he, dropping at once from his strain of raillery to a tone of concern and real interest.

"Oh! that, that's my beauty-box," replied Witherden, looking half round; "I bought it of a little girl the other day—but I'll tell you by-and-bye;" and he was about to resume his writing when he was interrupted by a loud exclamation from Sir Walwyn—"My own box! the very same! where did you get it? what do you say? a little girl—quick! tell me instantly, whose little girl?"

"Faith, that's more than I can tell you," answered the other; "but for heaven's sake, Devereux, what's the matter? I never saw you so agitated in my life."

"Ask me no questions, man, but tell me about this box—how long have you had it?" Witherden then circumstantially related the little history of his purchase, which Sir Walwyn heard, without listening to; the words vibrated on his ear without reaching his understanding; his eyes were riveted on the box that he held in his hand, but his spirit was away with the past; till, starting from his dream as Witherden ceased speaking, he cried, "Ay? what was her name? where did you say she lived?"

"I cannot recollect, for the life of me—she did tell me, too; but I did not pay much attention at the time, and have entirely forgotten both the name of the street, and the number; but come, Walwyn, we are old friends, there should be no reservations between us; what is it all about?"

"Did you ever hear that I have been twice married, Witherden?" asked his friend abruptly.—"Well, and suppose you have?"

"Ay, but twice at once; there may be two Ladies Devereux living at this moment

for aught I know. Make fast the outer door, and I'll tell you the whole of the matter; perhaps your legal knowledge may assist me; but first let me quench the nervous fever the sight of that thing has occasioned with a glass of your Madeira."

Witherden ordered luncheon, which having been despatched, Sir Walwyn Devereux commenced his relation.

"You may probably remember that I was born a younger son, and destined to make my own fortune in one of the learned professions. With this design I entered at Queen's College, Oxford, and kept several terms there. In my frequent excursions thence to my father's seat in Leicestershire I was accustomed to stop at an inn on the road, in the neighbourhood of —, where a remarkably beautiful girl officiated in the capacity of bar-maid. I not only thought so then, but even now—her form in all the bloom of eighteen rising to my recollection—she was one of the most deliciously lovely beings I ever beheld. I made love to her, but she repulsed me with unaffected modesty. However, not easily daunted, I took every opportunity of renewing my protestations and promises, until, having chanced to hear that she was about to be united to a person in her own station of life, the very thought of such exalted beauty in vulgar arms was insupportable, and, in all the impetuosity of nineteen, I married her myself! exacting from her, at the time, a solemn oath never to divulge the secret of our marriage without my concurrence. I soon afterwards quitted the university, and came to London to prosecute my studies for the church, taking Charlotte with me. We hired a small house in the environs of the metropolis; and, notwithstanding that the narrowness of our pecuniary supplies sadly curtailed our comforts and gratifications, we lived in the enjoyment of perfect love and harmony. Our difficulties, on this point, however, were removed in less than a year after our marriage by the death of my elder brother, whose heir I became in expectancy to the title and large landed estates of our family. I now took a beautiful cottage in Hampshire, and carried my wife down thither; as my father and mother were accustomed to pass a considerable portion of the year

in London; and, though it might have been suspected that my frequent and protracted visits southward involved a powerful attraction, the nature of that attraction was never even remotely surmised. More than three years elapsed, during which my friends were frequently wont to rally me on my very sober demeanour and general want of gallantry, and jocularly to insist on choosing a wife for me. I contrived, however, to elude their more serious arguments by a joke, and to keep at bay any approximation to impertinent curiosity, by occasionally sheltering myself in an exterior of haughty reserve. But it was neither the importunities of friends, nor parental authority, but the strength of my own passions, that assailed, with fatal force, my conjugal constancy and faith. It was my fate, good or evil shall I say, to meet at the house of an intimate friend of my father's with the lovely and accomplished Miss Sellon. In mind, manners, disposition, and person, she was a perfect divinity—timid, gentle, and retiring, altogether the reverse of Charlotte; who frequently exhibited a capriciousness of will, and turbulence of temper, that I found difficult to control or pacify; and which, had we been destined to reside perpetually under the same roof, must inevitably have led to a permanent separation. Not that I seek to palliate and excuse my own injustice at her expense; it was a dastardly act at best—(pour out another glass, Charles),—but wherever I went, every circle that I entered, I heard of the charms and virtues of Miss Sellon; until, in short, I became deeply enamoured of her. Isn't there a proverb that says, a woman's first love is the strongest, and a man's second? But every one loved Louisa Sellon; the sentiment of admiration was unanimous in her favour. Well do I remember one evening at a superb entertainment given by my father, I was her partner in the dance. She was looking even unusually lovely; and, fascinated by the winning *naïveté* of her manner, and the graceful elegance of her deportment, I was betrayed into a passionate expression of my feelings, paying her the most unequivocal and devoted homage. She accepted my attentions with an appearance of complacency amounting almost to pleasure; till, after two or three

subsequent interviews, I felt she was daily becoming so more and more “dangerously dear” to me, that I determined to burst from her soft enthrallment, and, without saying adieu, abruptly quitted the metropolis in the meridian of its season, and hurried down to my domestic retreat at Southampton. But the transition of scene from bustle to tranquillity brought with it no serenity of mind. Charlotte, whose ungracious manner was but little calculated to soothe a ruffled breast, seemed to my now more refined senses, vulgar, illiterate, and unfeminine. Indeed, it was her extraordinary perverseness and ill-humour on this occasion that in no inconsiderable degree decided my future conduct. After I had been at Southampton nearly a month, I received an affectionate letter from my mother, mentioning, amongst other matter, that her dear Louisa—Miss Sellon was eminently her favourite—was gone to Bath for the benefit of her health; adding, that it had been more than hinted to her that her indisposition originated in the pangs of absence, and that she pined in secret of a passion for me! I was all confusion and consternation at the discovery. What was to be done? She loved me—I adored her—she would marry me—yet I must by implication say I won't have you—I could not say I can't. Whence the barrier? it might be asked. There was but one—that was known only to one individual—that individual was sworn never to reveal it—and it was only that which interposed between me and the possession of every earthly bliss. Was it in man's mortal nature to forego the temptation? Not in mine, come what might. I resolved to offer my hand, my fortune, my life, to my angelic Louisa! In pursuance of this mad design I returned to London, whence I despatched an epistle full of anxiety and tenderness to Bath, announcing my intention of speedily joining its gaities. I felt as though I had relieved my heart of a weight; and, considering that I now stood committed for the final consummation of the hopes I had raised, I began to deliberate seriously on arrangements for the future disposal of Charlotte.

“I had warned her from the beginning, that I never could nor would publicly recognize her as my wife until the death of

2 H

my father : an event which, from the unimpaired state of his constitution, seemed scarcely within the probable occurrences of the next twenty years. Her silent satisfaction secured on this point, my next object was to settle her pecuniary provision. Charlotte had been accustomed to draw on me as her banker in uncertain sums, as her occasions might require ; but I now obtained a regular instrument to be made out, investing her with the uncontrolled disposal of £400 *per annum*, for herself and children (two little girls) for ever. On presenting her with the deed, she received and acknowledged it with a carelessness and coldness, that to my self-accusing spirit appeared as though she felt a persuasion that I was only purchasing by my generosity a title to do her injustice, and foresaw, in my uncalled-for kindness and attention, a prelude to desertion and wrong. I soon afterwards left Southampton, and hastened down to Bath, where I had the flattering gratification of meeting my peerless love in renovated health, with a mantling cheek, and an eye that beamed at my approach. I now declared myself in form, and was every where envied as the accepted lover of the beautiful and fascinating Louisa Sellon. Her pure and lovely image excluded every painful or unworthy idea, and while in her presence I was conscious only of the perfection of happiness. Do not conclude, however, that I was wholly free from inquietude, misgivings, and remorse. Nearly four years had passed before I could summon courage to ask Louisa to fix the wedding-day. I was wont to make occasional fleeting visits to my wife, and once was actually on the point of confessing all my turpitude to Miss Sellon, throwing myself on her mercy, and entreating her to cancel our engagement without betraying my secret : but love, and a kind of false shame, prevailed over my better resolves. The day was named, and we were married privately, at Dover, whence, in a few days, we crossed over to France.

" Now don't frown so, Charles ; remember I was distractedly in love. You may imagine that Lady Louisa Devereux, fifteen years ago, was a woman charming enough to bewilder and betray sounder heads, and sterner hearts than mine. Previously to

my bidding adieu to Charlotte (a final adieu as I mentally regarded it), I informed her that I was about to proceed on a continental tour ; and to prevent, by anticipation, disappointment or complaint, prepared her to expect that, as my movements would be uncertain, my correspondence must be irregular. I begged, however, that she would write as much, and as frequently as possible to me, directing her letters to my agent in London, who would punctually forward them. Perhaps, I added, she might not receive more than one epistle from me in return for a dozen of her own. She acquiesced in the necessity, and we parted friends ; notwithstanding that I had a storm of passion to encounter from her when first I acquainted her with my intention of leaving England.

" After travelling all through France, Switzerland, and Germany, and extending our route even over part of Russia ; we took up our permanent abode at Milan. Louisa proved in reality all that divine perfection of her sex that a lover's most romantic imaginings could have pictured—all goodness, tenderness, and beauty. I lived but in her smile ; and, while I gazed on her, forgot that I had wronged her.

" Having resided abroad nearly six years, urgent business in Leicestershire occasioned me to revisit England ; and, commending my loved Louisa—whose delicate and precarious state of health rendered her unequal to the fatigue of the journey—to the affectionate attention of my friends at Milan, I set out alone.

" On calling at Mr. Davison's, my agent, on my arrival in London, I was told that only a few days previously a lady had been making inquiries about me at his office. She was very minute and anxious in her questions, he said ; appeared to be deeply interested in my welfare ; and, on learning that I was expected in town, observed that she would call again. She had not left her name ; but conscience thrilled conviction of her identity ; and when it was gratuitously stated that the applicant was a tall stout lady, with blue eyes, and a florid complexion, my wife stood before me ! I resolved, in desperation, however, to brave an interview with her ; and it was not long before my self-possession and fortitude were put to the test. She came ; I pre-

pared to receive her without embarrassment, and with open arms; but she repulsed my overtures of affection with suspicious and indignant contempt. Uneasy at my prolonged absence, and silence, she had come to London expressly for the purpose of tracing the motives of my conduct; and by some means or other had acquired the intelligence of my second marriage! A tremendous scene ensued. Each alternately raved, and wept, and menaced, and intreated, and expostulated, and complained. At length I was necessitated to agree to double the amount of her present yearly income, with the additional provision that it should again be increased on my accession to the baronetcy. I was compelled also to allow her the unrestricted charge of the children, the care of their education, and disposal of their property and persons. This was the more painful, since heaven, as though in punishment of my mockery, had refused to bless my second union with any surviving offspring: her signature to a matrimonial treaty of amnesty was not, however, to be purchased by any lighter sacrifice. I attempted to imprint a farewell kiss upon her hand, but to the last she spurned me, and never have I seen nor heard from her from that day to this. Circumstances, however, have induced me to believe that she has consoled herself with another husband; she was not a likely woman to remain long in a state of widowhood."

"But the box," said Witherden, "what has that to do with your story?"

"Why that very same box—I could swear to it, for there are the initials of her name engraven on the inside of the lid—containing a superb gold watch and chain, I made a present to her in the second year of our marriage: and now, for heaven's sake, tell me once more whose hands you found it in—from whom did you receive it?"

Witherden recapitulated his little adventure.

"Hem!" said Sir Walwyn, thoughtfully, as he concluded, "do you think you could find even the shop again?"

Witherden replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, put away your parchments, and let us proceed, *instantly*."

The two friends repaired to the pawnbroker's, and, carrying the box with them,

succeeded in recalling to the shopman's recollection the incident of its purchase by Witherden; but he was totally unable to recollect either the name or residence that Lucy Gray had mentioned. Sir Walwyn placed a sovereign in the man's hand to quicken his attention, and left a card of Witherden's address, with directions that, in the event of his obtaining any tidings, the intelligence might be forwarded. This plan succeeded. Two days afterwards the man saw Lucy in the street, traced her to her home, and gave the requisite information to Witherden, by whom it was as promptly imparted to Devereux. After some deliberation, it was resolved that Witherden should proceed, unaccompanied by Sir Walwyn, to the obscure abode of Lucy Gray, in Hollen Street. It was late in the day before his mission was concluded, and, advancing southward, he turned into a coffee-house in the vicinity of Covent-Garden, whence he despatched a note to Sir Walwyn's house, and, having ordered dinner, sat down to await the arrival of his friend. Witherden had just broached his second bottle of claret as Sir Walwyn entered, exclaiming, "Every minute has seemed an hour since the receipt of your communication. I am all impatience—here, Charles, move the table nearer the fire—farther from the door, I mean—there—and now for your recital; but first some more wine." The order promptly executed, and the waiter having retired, Witherden began.

"Well, Sir Walwyn, I have seen your wife and daughter—your beautiful lovely daughter," cried he, emphatically.

"Hush! hush!" interrupted the guilty Baronet, "for mercy's sake speak lower.—My daughter! You rack me—go on!"

"Well, having knocked at the private door of a little shop—a petty grocer's, I believe it was—my signal for admission was answered by a decent-looking woman, who, on my mentioning the name of Gray, pulled a bell that reached the second floor, and in a few minutes brought down the very person that I instantly recognized as having seen at the pawnbroker's. I requested to be shewn up stairs; when I was introduced into a clean, neatly-furnished room, in which sat a lady, wrapped up, apparently in an ill state of health, whom

Lucy introduced to me as her mother. After some apologies I opened my business by producing the box, and on asking to whom it had previously belonged, the elder lady unhesitatingly stated that it was her property, and had never belonged to any other person: it had been in her possession nearly twenty years."

Sir Walwyn turned pale, and, sick at heart, applied his unsteady hand to the decanter for relief, while Witherden continued.

"Then, I presume, Madam, your name is Devereux? I soon repented of my temerity; she uttered a violent hysteric sob, and, bursting into a flood of tears, was with much difficulty restored to composure. Indeed the sight of her agitation had the effect of restricting my inquiries, and consequently of abridging her communication; but thus much I learned—that the lady before me was indeed your—I mean Charlotte Devereux; that, for the last seven or eight years, she has been living with, she says married to, a young man of the name of Gray, an extravagant dissipated fellow, who, having obtained the control of her property, has squandered it all, reduced her to poverty, and deserted her, notwithstanding she still sees him occasionally: that your—that is, her, eldest daughter eloped from home, and returned at length only to die broken-hearted; that she has two other younger children called Gray, who were maintained at the charge of her husband's relations; that Lucy Devereux, whom she will not allow to adopt her legitimate surname, is all her comfort in the world—a paragon of virtue as well as of beauty; that it is for her sake alone that she still clings to life; though for my own part, I consider it impossible, from her weak condition, and attenuated appearance, that she can exist much longer."

Sir Walwyn was considerably affected at the recital, and, covering his face with his hands, remained silent, until a remark from Witherden recalled him to himself. After some further conversation, in which various plans were suggested, and arrangements formed, the friends separated.

Sir Walwyn's every thought and feeling were now directed to the future comforts of his once so dearly-loved Charlotte. Powerless, in poverty, and forsaken, she was no longer the imperious and vindictive being whose vengeance he had dreaded; and Witherden was despatched early on the following morning to Hollen Street, with declarations of penitence, and unlimited offers of protection and assistance. Witherden was an efficient peace-maker, and returned to Sir Walwyn with assurances of regard and forgiveness on the part of his injured wife, and her consent to undergo the trial of again beholding him. "For which," continued Witherden, "you are not a little indebted to the intercession of your daughter. Lucy is all impatience to receive a paternal embrace."

"Poor Lucy!" returned Devereux, sighing; "she was christened to my mind, after Lady Louisa, to whom I was paying my passionate devoirs at the time."

On the following day, Sir Walwyn accompanied his friend to Hollen Street. The particulars of the interview it would be painful to describe; the result was satisfactory. The invalid was removed to a more commodious dwelling, where she received every attention and comfort that affectionate assiduity could devise or pay. Notwithstanding, her health daily declined, and in little more than six weeks Witherden's prognostic was fulfilled, and her sufferings and wrongs were terminated by death.

Sir Walwyn then no longer hesitated to confide to the ear of his indulgent wife the secret of a former attachment; and, having introduced Lucy to her as its offspring, her mournful beauty and engaging modesty won for her an immediate place in Lady Louisa's heart.

* * * * *

At Sir Walwyn's death he left appended to his will a written record and acknowledgment of the whole of his strange eventful history, especially directing that the *Ivory Box* might be held sacred for ever as an heir-loom in his family.

SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH JOURNALS.—No. I.

IN France a great number of literary papers are published, few of which reach England. It has occurred to us, that, by occasionally glancing over their contents, we may at least shew how the triflers on the other side of the channel are occupied.

THE PISTOL IN THE WOOD; A ROMANTIC FRAGMENT.

***** THE moon darted its silvery rays on the summit of the trees, and I abandoned myself to my vague reveries. Silence reigned all around me; a light breeze agitated the foliage, and invited me to enjoy the charms of a fine night. I was going to sit down on a small tuft of verdure which presented itself to me, when on a sudden a spark flew under my feet which had struck against an object which I could not distinguish: I stooped, and my hand seized a rusty pistol.—A rusty pistol in a forest at ten o'clock in the evening, in the month of July! What an adventure for a heart greedy after melancholy sensations. It is matter for at least twenty meditations; and immediately, with the pistol in my hand, I cried out as follows, in the presence of night, sole confidant of my dolorous thoughts: "Pistol! murderous weapon, what has brought thee here? How long hast thou lain upon the earth, and who was thine owner? Would that thou couldst find a voice to recount to me thy singular destiny since thou departedst brilliant and polished from the hands of the armourer! In vain I search around me for traces to announce the use to which the mortal who left thee behind had destined thee! Speak, oh pistol! tell me if thou wert an instrument of death in this verdant retreat.

"Yes, every thing here would favour the project of an assassin, or the mysteries of a duel; the victim could find here no succour—his voice would be lost in the depths of the forest, and would scarcely awake an echo to his parting sighs.—But what do I perceive? The skilful hand of the workman has adorned thy form—silver and steel have united their lustre to render thee more precious—and cyphers and blazonry announce that thou hast belonged

to a mortal, noble and rich, who formerly made a brilliant figure in the world, and came to expiate in this forest the pleasures of opulence and the pride of grandeur. Who can explain to me the enigma of thine existence, and reveal to thee the name of thine owner?

"Was he a courtier disgusted with the baseness of the world? He may have done justice to himself. Was it a corrupt minister, who abused the goodness of his sovereign to carry into execution his unworthy attempts? No, men of this kind have not the courage to escape from shame and remorse by a voluntary death. Perhaps by thine assistance a desperate lover sought in the tomb a refuge against the torments of his heart. Perhaps thou hast been abandoned by some——"

Here I was interrupted by the sudden arrival of my friend Alfred ***** who came to tell me that supper was going to be put on the table, and asked me if, in my wandering, I had chanced to find a pistol, which he had dropped a few days before about that place. "I had been trying," said he, "if I could knock down pheasants with a pistol." When he uttered the words, I exclaimed, "God be praised, no blood has been shed!" "You are right," said he. "How do you know?"—"I missed every shot!"

I made no reply. Alfred said nothing further on the subject; but, putting the rusty pistol in his pocket, muttered something about having it sent to his gunsmith to be scowered. We soon arrived at the castle, and on sitting down at table I found that nothing contributes more to whet the appetite than a romantic meditation by moonlight in a forest. I shall return thither.—*Le Corsair*.

ALBUM OF A DILLETANTE.

Otello. I commenced by losing my senses with the music of this opera. In 1822 I contracted a violent hoarseness from crying *bravo, brava, bravi tutti, brave tutte*; in 1823, I did not cry any more, but still I stuck to it; in 1824 I listened still, but I slept from time to time, and I always decamped about the middle of the second

act : in 1825 I gained a little more strength and courage, thanks to Rubini. Nevertheless, *Otello* is a fine composition—but what can a man do? I have heard it eighty-two times, and that must be enough. I am a *dilletante*, but I am not made of iron.

Romeo. As for this work, I have done like Madame Pasta, and I have been tired of hearing it from the time she has been tired of playing it.

Nina. I have shouted like every body else most marvellously since this opera has been reproduced in one act—but I must confess, that I always yawned over it. The music is very good indeed, but it has no savour for us, since Rossini has made us swallow spices. *Buona notte al Signor Paisiello.*

La Cerentola. This was my favourite opera. Madame Mombelli displayed extraordinary powers, and Pellegrini was a comic actor in it of the most finished kind. These people have been dismissed. It can be acted still, by putting Fodor in place of Mombelli, Rubini in place of Bordogni. I should have no objection that Graziani should take a part in it.

Mose. I recommend amateurs not to seat themselves on the first bench of the orchestra when this opera is performing; for on the lifting of the curtain they will run a risk of hearing the following conversation, half Italian, half French.—Pharaoh lifting his eyes to heaven. *Per dio! fa freddo Amaltea*, feigning to wipe away a tear. A wind comes through that side scene. Osirides, breathing a sigh—What is Grasset ill? &c. &c. I wish to know

what all this has to do with the seven plagues of Egypt.

Il Matrimonio Segreto. Had I not the stupidity to go lately twice in succession towards the theatre Favart on the faith of the *Corsair* which announced this opera, with its old distribution of parts, I should have supposed that M. Rossini would not alter his all-powerful decision, and that when he dreamt of the revival of an opera, it was always drawn from his chest. Gentlemen, printers of the *Corsair*, make the names of the three celebrated performers who are never destined to figure here in the *chef-d'œuvre* of Cimarosa. Distribute the title of the piece, the name of the author, and the characters. Do the same for *Medea*, for *Don Juan*, for *Camilla*, for twenty other operas; and this operation will put back into your *cases* some thousands of vowels and consonants which you can employ elsewhere.

M. Rossini. I have taken this great man in hand ever since I have been informed that he bursts out laughing whenever he hears the great dinner which our *dilletante* gave him spoken of. I never was so hungry as after that dinner, for which we paid twenty francs a-head: I really forgot to eat, I was in such an ecstasy.—*Le Corsair.*

We have translated this squib because it shews the *murmura vulgi* against Rossini in Paris. In fact, he is doing nothing but reproducing, until every one is wearied of his own hackneyed pieces, and very sedulously keeping all others away from the stage.

Original Poetry.

THE DEAD SISTER.

THOU art mouldering in the grave, fair face—
On thy charms the canker-worm has fed—
Nor remains there now a single trace
Of the glories that were o'er thee spread!

The sunny smile and the vermeil cheek,
The soul-fraught glance and the brow sublime,
The lip that could such soft music speak—
Where are those treasures—where are they,
TIME?

With the dead!—She slept her last cold sleep
While the light of youth around her shone;
And an eye that can no longer weep
Shed tears—such as *Mothers* shed alone.

There were prayers said o'er her couch of death—

There were kisses sealed on her lips of clay
By lips then warm with the vital breath
Of one—who has long since passed away.

There were faithful feet that daily trod
The well-known path to her virgin grave—

There were hands that loved to deck the sod
Where rank weeds now in profusion wave.

O, flood of years!—how your sullen tide
Hath onward rolled since that hour of gloom;
Spreading a ruin, how wild and wide,
O'er the track that leads me to the tomb!

The mourned and the mourner are as one—
The wept and the weeper are at rest—
And lo, their *memory* shines alone
With undying beam in this fond breast:

Not long to shine—they are speeding fast,
The winged days of my mortal lot;—
Soon, soon the *future* shall be the *past*,
And the heart of sorrow, sorrow not.

L. S. S.

ON THE PAINTING OF "PHARAOH'S
SUBMISSION," BY HAYDON;

In the Gallery of the British Institution.

And he [Pharaoh] called for Moses and Aaron by
night, and said, Rise up and get you forth from among
my people, both you and the children of Israel; and go
serve the Lord as ye have said.—*Exodus*, chap. xxii,
ver. 31.

There is a sudden wail of woe
From the gilded hall of pow'r,
The home of Egypt's haughty king,
Heard at the midnight hour.

Alas! nor woman's bitter shriek,
Nor man's low murmuring sigh,
Can save the hope of Pharaoh's line—
The first-born son must die!

Behold! his eyes are closing fast,
And death is on his brow;
But tender arms that bore him first,
Are thrown around him now.

The mother kneels beside her boy,
One hand upon his heart;
That she may catch the latest throb—
The last sigh ere it part.

With face upturned, she seems to pray,
That heaven in mercy mild
May upon *her* its vengeance wreak,
And spare her cherished child.

Alas! to see that pallid cheek,
That look of agony—
To view the mother's wretchedness,
And know—that he must die!

Mrs. H—.

SONG.

By H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq.

Yes—Love indeed hath oft
My midnight slumbers blest,
While music, sweet and soft,
Hath seem'd to lull to rest.
Ambition then away!
What would'st thou have with me?
I'd rather pass one day
With Love, than life with thee.
Then here's to Love, who's oft
My midnight slumbers blest,
While music, sweet and soft,
Has seem'd to lull to rest.

Oh! Love is mightier far
Than wealth with all that's rare;
For Love would rule the car,
Though Jove himself were there.
E'en she, who each caress
Spurn'd of the gods above,
Left her bright sphere to bless
A mortal with her love.
Then here's to Love, who's oft, &c.

Would'st thou a fond heart buy,
That ne'er shall know to range?
Go, purchase tear and sigh—
They're sold at Love's exchange.
Yet, trust not all to sight,
E'en Love's own coin wants weight—
There's many a sigh that's light,
And tear that's counterfeit.
Then here's to Love, who's oft,
My midnight slumbers blest,
While music, sweet and soft,
Has seem'd to lull to rest.

Temple, March 17.

STANZAS TO ———.

I MAY not look on thee again,
Nor gaze upon thine eye,
Nor listen to thy lute-like voice,
Soft as the zephyr's sigh;
And though I know, when I am gone,
Some other form than mine
Will whisper gentle tales of love,
And win those smiles of thine,

I will not ask of thee, lov'd one,
To tread life's path with me;
The gloom that's thrown around my way
Is all unmeet for thee!
But had I wealth, or had I power,
I would not idly sigh;
My secret hopes I'd tell to thee,
And if disdain'd—could die.

Mrs. H—.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A ROUND dress of lavender-blossom *gros de Naples*, made high; and the border of the skirt ornamented with three flounces, scalloped very perceptibly, but the scallops not sharp; rounded, though oblong, with the edges handsomely pinked; each flounce headed by a full quilling *en ruche*, of the same material as the dress, pinked in the same manner as the termination of the flounces. The body plain, the sleeves long, and only moderately full, and laced up the outside of the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, with silk *cordon, en carreaux*; each diamond formed by this lacing fastened by a silk button. A narrow double ruff of Urling's lace encircles the throat, and surmounts a *fichu-pelerine* of the same *gros de Naples* as the dress. This tasteful out-door covering has long ends in front, and is trimmed all round with a full *ruche* of the same material. A small *cornette* of lace is worn under a hat of white watered *gros de Naples*, trimmed with *crêpe-lisse*, and ornamented with spring flowers, such as scarlet ranunculus with yellow and white narcissus, &c. From the sides, and placed under the brim, are two long strings of rich, pink ribbon, which float loose. Few parasols have, as yet appeared; but that which is represented in our engraving is one of the newest make, and likely to prevail: it is of the Chinese form, the colour sea-green, with a white border.

No. 2.—EVENING COSTUME.

OVER a white satin slip, a dress of *tulle*, with a very full *buffont* puckering round the border, forming two rows. The fulness of these rich ornaments is confined by straps of satin, placed in bias, at equal distances. The waist is *à la Suisse*, and is laced down the front with silk *cordon*. The sleeves are short, from the shoulder to rather more than the middle of the arm above the elbow: they are formed of two rows of

puckering, exactly corresponding with the ornaments at the border of the skirt, and confined by the same kind of satin straps. From these short sleeves depend the long ones; which are of *tulle*, with bows down the visible part of the inside of the arm, and they terminate at the wrists by old English points of white satin. The shoulders are ornamented with clusters of bows formed of white satin ribbon, and the gown is made of a proper, yet quite decorous lowness, round the bust, for full dress. The hair is arranged in very full curls on each side of the face, and parted on the forehead. A French *béret* turban of white crape and satin, with a full plume of white feathers on the side that is elevated; on the other side, that covers the hair, are two very small white feathers. The necklace is formed of several rows of pearls, twisted; the ear-pendants are of superb pear-pearls.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

SINCE the Easter recess the arrivals in town have been rapid; and, though we are sorry to witness the departure of some very distinguished families for the Continent; and look, in vain, for the return of those that have been long absent, the metropolis is well filled. The Opera, the theatres, and different music meetings present an assemblage of lovely females, eminent for elegance and fashion: the morning lounges and evening parties are often crowded and well attended; while Hyde Park presents a brilliant moving spectacle, in double files of carriages, from half-past three till half-past five. From such sources—and, at this fashionable time of the year, who can doubt their authenticity—we have collected the following points of modish intelligence for our fair subscribers.

Pelisses of *gros de Naples*, of every gay

and varied tint, are seen in the richly-emblazoned carriage, enveloping the forms of the noble wearers; but the most favourite appendage to a high dress that, by such an addition, serves for out-door costume, is a mantelet, or *fichu-pelerine* of *gros de Naples*, of the same colour as the dress. This is one of the most appropriate articles for the *demi-saison* we have long seen; and our artist was enabled to give us a *fac simile* of one lately finished by an eminent *marchande de modes* for a lady of rank, and which is faithfully represented in the figure of a female in carriage costume. The becoming gloss of satin is, however, yet prized by some of our matrons, and we saw a very beautiful pelisse of that material on the fine form of a lady distinguished for the neatness and elegance of her toilet. The colour was that of Egyptian-earth; the body close fitting the shape, with a broad, square, falling collar, surmounted by a Maltese *colerette* of fine lace; the sleeves very close to the arm, and the bust finished in the Anglo-Greek style. Nothing could be more simple and devoid of ornament than the skirt: it fastened close and imperceptibly down the front, within side, by means of small gold springs, and next the hem was only one simple narrow *rouleau*. This had rather a poor appearance, and we think was carrying a taste for simplicity too far. However, it is not likely that, as the warmth of the weather increases, a pelisse of this kind will be worn; it must be a mere temporary fancy, otherwise we would recommend a layer of plush silk or velvet at the border. High dresses, with shawls of a light texture, are now seen at the promenades; and mantles form the shield against cold, after evening parties, and in coming from the theatres.

A plainness in the hats and bonnets for walking is observed by all the more fashionable females; in the carriage they are of a gayer and more diversified sort; for the morning walk, the most approved are of Leghorn or fine Dunstable straw, made large, and in the cottage style. Black satin bonnets are also numerous, but are less plain, and more becoming than they were last month: they are now trimmed with a beautiful curtain-veil of fine black blond at the edge, and are often

ornamented with a plume of very short black feathers. Some black satin hats are lined and trimmed with yellow satin; and the coloured hats of *gros de Naples* are trimmed with bows of the same tint as the hat, and also of *gros de Naples*. A new bonnet has appeared, somewhat in the shape of the old Scotch bonnet, or woodman. This is likely to take, as it is very becoming, and while it shades the complexion, it does not obscure the charms of a pretty face. Bonnets of this description are generally, at least the few that have yet appeared, of white *gros de Naples*, and are bordered with a broad blond. Yellow is very fashionable for carriage hats; and when of the canary yellow, they are usually ornamented with branches of lilacs.

Pelisse dresses are in high favour for home costume: they are made in the Bavarian style from the throat to the hem of the skirt. This mode of trimming is very wide at the commencement of the bust, gradually narrowing till it comes to the sash, and then extending, by degrees, till the straps reach the border of the skirt. The colours are generally olive-green, *poussière-des-ruines*, salmon, or other unobtrusive colours. Gowns for friendly dinner-parties are made in the same manner as they have been for some time about the bust, and are called *low* dresses; but they are not so; they display more of the back than the front of the neck, which is awkwardly concealed; only a very small portion below the throat being perceptible. In gowns for full dress and evening parties, a great improvement has taken place; they are perfectly modest, yet they do not utterly obscure the well-formed contour of a fine bust, but rather

"Double every charm they seem to hide."

A favourite costume at dress dinner-parties, for young persons, has been much admired: the gown of blue Italian net, with two broad flounces, cut in points, which are bound round and headed by *rouleaux* of satin: the body is *à la Circassienne*, and has short blue sleeves, over which are transparent long sleeves, of white *tulle*, confined by broad, gold, antique bracelets. Violet-coloured dresses of *gros de Naples*, on the same occasions, are much admired for married ladies: they are trimmed with two rows of *bouillonné* ornaments

of the same material as the dress ; between which is a festoon flounce of broad white blond : the sleeves are long, and of white gauze, with *mancherons à la Perse*, of violet-coloured *gros de Naples*.

The caps worn in half-dress are beautiful ; whether of blond, Japanese gauze, or the finest thread lace, their shape is so becoming, and the style of their ornaments so charming, that they have fairly driven the turbans, for that style of *parure*, out of the field. The *cornettes*, of broad blond, of the most rich and splendid patterns, have the blond turned up from the left side of the face ; and affixed under the blond is a full-blown rose ; another, of smaller size, hangs over the right ear, and, over the whole cap, slightly and elegantly scattered, are, either full-blown summer roses, without foliage, or sprigs of geranium. Very young females, in home costume, now go without any head-covering ; too much art, too much display of long stiff ringlets is discernible. When these are very lightly and easily adopted, there is no mode of arranging a fine head of hair so charming ; but when they are heavy, and clustered too close together, the trouble may as well not be taken, for no one will believe that the hair so tortured grows on the head of the wearer. We have seen some very elegant caps of Japanese gauze, with light and delicate flowers formed of the same material ; and though the slightness and unserviceable quality of the article may be objected to, yet, perhaps, it is no more ephemeral than the fashion of their make, and one will hold out as long as the other. Some small caps, entirely of blond, are ornamented in the most simple manner, with primroses and dwarf hyacinths. A few turbans are seen at the theatres, but there are more caps. Wreaths of flowers, or detached flowers, placed among the hair, prevail much at balls. Dress-hats are worn at the opera, and sometimes in the dress circles of the theatres ; the newest are of coloured crape, and are oftener ornamented with large *bouquets* of flowers, than with feathers.

The favourite colours are violet, olive-green, Egyptian earth, pink, yellow of every shade, milk-chocolate, lilac, and spring-green.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

EASTER falling so early this year, we have gained but little intelligence respecting Longchamps. The subject is stale, for newer fashions have appeared since ; and when this annual excursion did take place, the French ladies seemed quite in a dilemma as to what style of dress they should adopt, so changeable was the weather.

The out-door costume, however, which predominated then, continues to be still preserved ; scarf shawls, of every description, are much in request ; they had plain grounds, but the ends and borders were of rich and beautiful patterns, the most favourite of which was of a Scotch tartan, of the most lively colours, and of the depth of half an ell. The new pelisses cross over on one side, and are finished on the outermost side with five large points, which are fastened to that beneath by a bow of ribbon. There is a new kind of *fichu*, invented to wear when the weather is warm, called a *demi-canecrou*. Three broad folds form draperies that cross over at the bottom. These *fichus* have no collar, but are trimmed with a quilling of *tulle* ; the back is drawn like a child's frock, but is not fastened under the arms. The sleeves of the pelisses are *en gigot* ; and some are trimmed at the wrist with a narrow blond. Some of the white muslin *canecrous* have coloured long sleeves ; but it is expected that short sleeves this summer will be very general.

Straw hats, and those of white chip, are trimmed with bows, and have strings of yellow satin ribbon ; the sides of the crown are ornamented with white feathers, grouped, amongst which are mingled purple and red feathers : two floating strings, of white satin, are bordered with a fringe, formed of very small white feathers. This hat is an elegant novelty, very much admired. The brims of chip hats are often lined with rose-coloured crape, and have lappets of the same material and colour ; they are

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very broad; about the middle of the crown is placed a bunch of flowers, in a serpentine manner, which descends to the edge of the brim. To give an idea of the profusion of ribbons, it is sufficient to remark, that one hat takes fourteen ells to be trimmed in a fashionable manner. Carriage hats are trimmed at the edges with broad blond, forming a half curtain-veil; and blond is also used in decorating the crown: this has a delicate and beautiful appearance when the hat or bonnet is white.

Dresses of white *barège* are much in favour; they are trimmed round the border with two rows of full *bouffants*, which are confined by straps of satin: the short sleeves are formed of *bouffant* puckerings to correspond with the trimming on the skirt: the *corsage* is plain, with a *bouffant* drapery across the bust, in the centre of which is a white satin rosette. Blue *barège* dresses with satin stripes, and made *en blouse*, are very fashionable at the theatres: they are trimmed round the border with fluted satin ribbon. Dresses of white crape are worn at evening parties; the bodies are *à la Vierge*, and are ornamented with narrow *rouleaux* of satin; the sleeves long, and entwined by *rouleaux*: at the bottom of the skirt nine *rouleaux* are placed in a serpentine manner, till they ascend to just below the knee, where they join by a rosette of satin. Walking dresses are made very short; the flounces are often higher than the knee; but that next the hem is made to discover the entire form of the ankle. The dresses of *gros de Naples* are most admired when of the colour of the tail of the bird-of-paradise: they have three broad flounces cut in very sharp points. Above these are six small ring-ornaments, about half a finger's breadth, disposed in zig-zag, and these are often embroidered in floize silks of different colours. It is expected that *blouses* will be in general request; the waists are not so long as formerly.

The hair is arranged in very full curls and bows, and often scattered over with the yellow flower, Solomon's Seal. The *berets*, after a long reign, are beginning to lose their empire, and handsome turbans are more in favour: these are composed of gauze, of several different colours, and of

gold *lama*: they are very much in the Turkish style. Small blond caps, with bows of ribbon and flowers, are much in request; they are placed very backward, and the flowers consist of branches of spring blossoms. A head-dress, at the first performance of the last new opera, was ornamented in front by a wreath of gold foliage; and the back of the head, as well as its summit, with golden ears of corn.

The general style of dress among our ladies belonging to the higher classes is more simply elegant than it has been for some months, I might say years; less mixture of colours, less gaudy associations, or rather *discordant* mixtures: I am sorry to hear that your ladies adopt such mixtures; for, though I wish to see my countrywomen superior in taste over every other nation, I am too gratefully attached to England, not to feel sorry when I find her charming women adopting the fashions that we have thrown aside. The communication between the two countries is now too constant to excuse such indolence on the part of your *marchandes de modes*; and I always take care to give you the earliest intelligence of all our newest fashions, as soon as they appear.

The *fichu-pelerines*, in ribbon, are expected to be as much worn this summer as they were last: there are some charming ones that have already appeared, made of Scotch tartan ribbons: there is a slight alteration in their make from those of last year; the point behind now descends as low as the sash; and they are fixed in front by two broad, floating ribbons; at the shoulders they are puckered, so as to form a *mancheron*, and are terminated by a narrow *chevaux-de-frize*, which goes all round the *fichu*.

The gowns are made with rather shorter waists; otherwise there is no change in their style.

The *reticules* are in the shape of a butterfly, with the colours and spots varying according to the most beautiful of those insects: there have appeared also some in the shape of a bee.

The favourite colours are lilac, mignonnette-leaf-green, stone-colour, blue, and rose-colour.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

PRESSED as we are this month by the regular exhibitions of the season, and by others of minor importance, to which we are anxious to pay all the attention in our power, we are compelled to allot a more restricted space than usual to the notice of new publications in general literature. This, however, we the less regret, as, with one or two exceptions, there is no very serious demand upon our attention. The chief exception is Murray's interesting and beautiful quarto "*Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney, &c., &c.*;" but, for obvious reasons, it would be impracticable for us, even under the most favourable circumstances, to offer more than a meagre outline of the route of these distinguished travellers, or, sacrificing the outline, to submit a few insulated extracts. Passing it over, therefore, for the present, in terms of general and high recommendation, we hope to render it some degree of justice, and thus eminently to gratify the reader, in our Supplementary sheets. The volume is extremely well written; and it abounds with geographical information, animated narratives, and striking sketches of character, customs, and manners. Its embellishments, between forty and fifty in number, are worthy of its literary and scientific merit: they consist of a capital map of the route of the travellers, portraits in costume, views of scenery, &c.

An octavo volume of much humbler pretensions, yet possessing considerable interest, presents itself in a "*Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyee; with Remarks on the History, Traditions, Customs, and Language of the Inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, by William Ellis, Missionary, &c.*" Mr. Ellis appears to be a man of amiable, unaffected character. His book tends, as he observes, to prove

that the Sandwich Islanders "are rapidly emerging from their former condition, and preparing to maintain a higher rank in the scale of nations. Above all," he continues, "it will furnish a decisive and triumphant illustration of the direct tendency of Christian principles and Christian institutions to promote the true amelioration of mankind in all the relations of social life." That such is, and ever must be, the effect of Christianity, no person in his senses can possibly doubt: what we have so often had to complain of is, that our missionaries, especially amongst dissenters, attempt to initiate their disciples, even the most ignorant of savages, in the mysteries of the Christian religion, before they impress them with a due sense of its simple truths and invaluable moral precepts. Let the ignorant be taught, in the first instance, that there is a great, good, just God—that our supreme creator and governor loves and will reward virtue, hates and will punish vice—and that the first step towards moral, as towards religious goodness, is for every man to do unto his neighbour as he would that his neighbour should do unto him. This, if nothing farther were done, would be the accomplishment of a great, essential, permanent good. This, indeed, is the foundation of all religion, of all virtue; and it would be a labour of supererogation to endeavour to shew the folly of attempting to raise a superstructure without a base upon which it may rest.

The late King of the Sandwich Islands, who unfortunately died in this country, abolished the worship of idols throughout his territories; consequently, Mr. Ellis's brother missionaries found the natives of Owhyee in a state fit for the reception of any new religion that might be presented. We hope and trust that the result will prove as favourable as was the opportunity. We have done these people much injury, and reparation is due to them. The hor-

rible crime of infanticide appears to be their own; but they have acquired that of drunkenness by their intercourse with Europeans. "They have been taught the art of distillation; and foreign spirits in some places are so easily obtained, that inebriety, with all its demoralization and attendant misery, is ten times more prevalent than formerly." Mr. Ellis states that there is reason to believe that two-thirds of the children of the Sandwich Islands are destroyed by infanticide. "The principal motive," he observes, "with the greater part of those who practise it is idleness; and the reason most frequently assigned, even by the parents themselves, for the murder of their children is the trouble of bringing them up."—"In some cases, where the child has been sickly, and the parents have grown tired of nursing and attending it, they have been known, in order to avoid further attendance and care, to bury it at once; and we have been credibly informed, that children have been buried alive, merely because of the irritation they have discovered."—"Many of the infants in the Sandwich Islands are buried in the houses in which both parents and child had resided together. In the floors, which are frequently of earth or pebbles, a hole is dug, two or three feet deep, into which they put the little infant, placed in a broken calabash, and having a piece of native cloth laid upon its mouth to stop its cries. The hole is then filled up with earth, and the inhuman parents themselves have sometimes joined in treading down the earth upon their innocent but murdered child."

Mr. Ellis's book contains much information, and is entitled to great praise for accuracy of statement.

Of "*Anne Boleyn, a Dramatic Poem, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford,*" we have submitted an analytical critique in our "Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction," No. VII. in a preceding sheet, to which paper we beg leave to refer the reader.

"*Dartmoor, a Descriptive Poem, by N. T. Carrington* [a schoolmaster, as we understand] *author of the Banks of Tamar,*" is a production of great merit, on the neglected model of Thomson. Mr. Carrington's episode of the French Prisoner is

beautiful, but we can find room for only a few lines:—

"Farewell, France!"

The captive sighed, as, for the gentle breeze
Of balmy Provence, loudly round him howled
The chill, moist gale of Dartmoor! Where
are now

The blushing bowers—the groves with fruitage
hung

Voluptuous—the music of the bough
From birds that love bright climes—the per-
fumed morn—

The golden day—the visionary eve—
The walk—the interchange of soul—too well,
Too well remembered? Exile, think no more;
There's madness in the cup that Memory holds
To thy inebriate lip!

Yet rise they will—

Dear visions of thy home. The birds will
sing—

The streams will flow—the grass will wave—
the flowers

Will bloom—and through the leafage of the
wood

The blue smoke curl; thy cot is there—thy
cot—

Poor exile! and the secret mighty power
The local love, that o'er the wide-spread earth
Binds man to one dear, cherish'd, sacred spot,
His home, is with thy spirit; and will oft
Throw round its dear enchantments, and
awake,

For distant scenes beloved, the deep-felt sigh,
And prompt the unbidden tear!

Conjecture has assigned to Miss Joanna Baillie "*The Seven First Cantos of the Messiah, a Poem by F. T. Klopstock; translated into English Blank Verse.*" This portion of Klopstock's celebrated poem is put forward as a specimen; should it experience a favourable reception, the translation of the whole will be completed by the same pen. Its failure would be a libel upon the taste of the age.

Were we so disposed, we could write half-a-dozen pages in ridicule of "*Josceline and Julia, and other Poems, by Edward Charles Rich.*" We like not, however, to be thought ill-natured; we are quite sure that we are not so. We have, from time to time, given abundant proof of our anxious willingness to foster youthful genius; but really, fathers and mothers, and uncles and aunts, ought to have the good sense to prevent their children from coming before the public in print, before they are fairly out of their leading strings.

What interest can the public fairly be expected to take in verses that "are but the relaxations of a youth, who has been blessed with but few intervals of leisure for literary pursuits, and been denied those advantages which result from a good and classical education?" Mr. Rich tells us he is "aware that many of the pieces are puerile and unworthy of perusal, owing to their having been written at an early age." What has the public to do with this? Poetry ought to be judged by its own intrinsic merit, without reference to its having been written by an infant, a cobbler, or a tinker. After all, we think it by no means improbable that Mr. Rich's "endeavour, at some future period, to produce something more worthy of attention," may be successful.

Who has not read—who has not been delighted, fascinated, enchained by the perusal of "The Life of Gilbert Earle?" A tale of deeper, more affecting pathos we never perused. It was not, therefore, with slight expectations that we took up the two little volumes of "*Mr. Blount's MSS., being Selections from the Papers of a Man of the World*," by the author of that publication. These volumes are in every respect worthy of their predecessor. They are evidently, without a fiction, the production of a man of the world; they display an extraordinary knowledge of the human heart, of woman's heart, in particular. They are beautifully written: their descriptive passages possess all the tender "linked sweetness" of poetry; their pathetic touches thrill the very soul. The affecting episode of Blanche Delvyn affords a finely-impressive moral; illustrating, not only the danger of the first false step in woman, but also the cruelty, the criminality of forcing a union between hearts that can never meet—hearts that, in all their affections, all their sympathies, are "wide as the poles asunder."

Mr. Blount forms a passionate attachment to a beautiful Italian girl; but, not choosing to marry, he tears himself from her society, as he believes, for ever. Years, however, roll on, and still the undying passion burns. He seeks her, and finds her in a convent. Devoted to him, with that purity and singleness of feeling which elevates woman almost to the rank

of angel, she yet respects her vows, and resists all his importunities to elope from her convent and become his wife. The revolution in Italy, however, breaks up the sisterhood of which she is a member, and, absolved from her oath, she writes to her lover in England. Preparations are made for the wedding—the ship arrives—is wrecked—Antonia perishes—her dead body is thrown upon the beach! Here, for the grand interest of the tale, all should close; but, for the moral, the hero survives his loss—from a want of fixed principles, domestic habits, and internal resource, becomes a gambler—is ruined—to retrieve himself, marries a rich widow whom he loves not—and at length dies miserably.

These volumes are indeed the production of no common mind: we cannot too warmly recommend them to the attention of our readers.

"*Sandoval, or the Spanish Freemason, by the Author of Don Esteban*," is a very spirited work, and will excite great attention. It throws a vivid light upon the Spanish character, and upon the state of the public mind and feeling in Spain. Its information is curious; its sketches are full of life and fidelity.

Another highly-wrought production, reprinted from the American original, presents itself in "*The Last of the Mohicans, a Narrative of 1757, by the Author of the Spy, &c.*" Mr. Cooper, it will be well remembered by those who have read his former works, is singularly happy in his delineations of Indian life and manners. The memory of the American Indians, a noble race now fading, as it were, from existence, are embalmed in the writings of this able and animated author. There is a freshness in Cooper's scenes and characters which will not shrink from comparison with that of the much-vaunted Scotchman himself.

"*De Foix; or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century, an Historical Romance, by Anna Eliza Bray, late Mrs. Charles Stothard, author of Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France, in 1818; Memoirs of the Life of the late Charles Alfred Stothard, F.S.A., &c.*" is a tale founded on the History of Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix, at whose castle,

Froissart, to whom the author is indebted for the groundwork of her narrative, resided for a considerable time. The Count de Foix is on the eve of renewing a war with the Lord of Armagnac, for the recovery of the lands of Bearn for the orphan Jane of Boulogne, who had been placed under his protection when an infant. The Count's family consists of the Lady Jane; Isabel de Greilly, his niece; Eustace, his adopted son (in love with Isabel) who had been confided to him while an infant, but of whose birth he is totally ignorant; and Sir Evan and Sir Gracien De Foix, his natural sons. Sir Evan is intended as the husband of Jane, and Sir Gracien of Isabel. A tournament is given, at which a stranger knight, Sir Equitan, triumphs, and gains the affections of the Lady Jane. Prior Philip, a conspicuous character, endeavours to accelerate the union of Sir Evan and Lady Jane, and to excite dissension between Eustace and Isabel, that the latter may take the veil, and her lands, in consequence, fall to his abbey. It is impossible to follow these characters through all the plots and stratagems, dangers, perils, imprisonments, and escapes, in which they are engaged. Sir Equitan is at length discovered to be John de Montpensier, of the family of Armagnac, and his life is saved only by the promise of Lady Jane to bestow her hand upon whomsoever the Count de Foix shall decree. Eustace is discovered to be the son of Sir Peter de Bearn, whom the Count de Foix had treacherously murdered. The designs of Father Philip are frustrated, Eustace and Isabel are united, and Jane of Boulogne, after the recovery of her lands from the Lord of Armagnac, in the observance of her oath, gives her hand to the Duke of Berry, the father of John de Montpensier. It is not, however, upon the construction of the plot that the interest of this work depends; for that, we should say, is defective: the conduct of the story is *too* historical; that is, the facts of history are too closely followed, by which we miss that poetical justice which is at all times so desirable in works of fiction. Two or three principal characters should also have been rendered more prominent—should have excited more intense sympathy. Enough of this. Mrs. Stothard possesses excellent sense, a

sound understanding, and a discriminating taste: she has turned her reading to good account; and for the vividly picturesque sketches she has given of the manners and customs—of the style of architecture and of costume—of the period, she is entitled to very high praise. Pressed as we are for room, we cannot resist the inclination of transcribing two brief passages illustrating the costume of the fourteenth century.

Sir Evan wore a tight dress, that reached from the hip to the foot, of pale blue silk, and above it the coat or vest sat close to the body, and fell half-way down the thigh. This vest was formed of crimson brocade, embroidered with gold, and fastened down the front with a row of brooches, like buttons, composed of precious stones. The throat was bare, and the mantle, about the shoulders, of pale blue velvet, hung nearly as low as the feet, the border being scalloped, and crossing the breast, this mantle was fastened down the right shoulder by a row of four *fermails*, or clasps, of jewels. Upon his head, Sir Evan wore a circle or fillet of fine pearls, and a belt elegantly wrought in gold, and set with jewels, was girt about his hips. The shoes, that reached as high as the instep, were of embroidered velvet.*

The Lady Jane of Boulogne appeared in a dress of white silk, that fell in graceful folds below her feet; her sleeves, of the same material, were long and tight, and fastened from the wrist to the elbow with jewels. The upper part of the dress and the waist was confined by a *cote-hardie*† of green velvet, trimmed with ermine; it reached just above the bosom, and the robe or mantle was fastened to either side by a *fermail* of jewels placed in front near the shoulders, whilst the *cote-hardie* was fastened down the breast by diamonds. Her fine brown hair, parted at the back of the head, was bound into two long tresses or plaits, that hung down the back; and around her brows, she wore a circle of emeralds, intermixed with natural flowers. A light scarf of silver tissue, that occasionally served the purpose of a veil, was thrown carelessly about her neck.

* For an example of the style of dress here described, see the effigy of William of Hatfield, in Stothard's "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain."

† The *cote-hardie* was a summer-dress with the ladies towards the latter part of the fourteenth century. See remarks on ancient costume by the late C. Stothard, in the "Memoir" of his life.

A new volume of "*Tales from the German*, by Richard Holcraft, B.A.," has appeared, with the following pieces:—*Madame de Scuderi*, by Hoffman; *The Dishonoured Irreclaimable*, by F. Schiller; *The Death of an Angel*, and *The Moon*, both by J. Paul Richter; *The Bridegroom's Probation*, and *The Broken Leg*, both by Langbein; *The Haunted Castle*, by Augustus La Fontaine; and *Woldemar*, and *The Harp*, both by T. C. Körner. These tales afford abundant proof that the sources from which they have been drawn are not likely soon to be exhausted.

The perusal of a little unpretending volume, entitled "*Christmas Week in the Country*," will agreeably fill up a vacant half-hour. It is a light, but spirited sketch of a visit paid by the author to his uncle, at the festive season, with a description of the amusements of which he partook, and of the characters with which he was associated.

"*A Visit to the Rectory of Passy, with Sketches of Character and Scenery*," is an exemplification of the duties of a clergyman, in the character of the Rev. Rowland Winston, Rector of Passy, to whom the author is represented as having recently paid a visit after a separation of many years. It contains some vivid descriptions of the adjacent scenery, and some interesting sketches of character in the various families residing in the neighbourhood. In addition to this, a tone of moral and religious feeling pervades the work, which will render it a valuable acquisition to that class of readers to which it is more particularly addressed.

A small neatly-printed volume, entitled "*Mary, Queen of Scots: her Persecutions, Sufferings, and Trials, from her Birth till her Death, with a full Exposure of the Intrigues of Queen Elizabeth; the Conspiracies and Perfidy of the Protestant Lords; the Forgeries of Buchanan, Mailland, and Walsingham, and the Calumnies, Misrepresentations, and Mistakes of Knox, Randolph, Robertson, Laing, McCrie, and Miss Benger*," contains, for its size, as concise and as well-arranged a history of that unfortunate Princess as we have long met with. It is not possible for us to enter upon the wide field of discussion thus opened. The nature and spirit of the volume, however,

are shewn in its copious title-page; and it only remains for us to add, that it is well, though not elegantly written—that the arguments employed are forcibly drawn and judiciously displayed—that the author, though zealous in the cause which he has undertaken to defend, is sufficiently temperate towards those of the opposite party. Persons to whom the more voluminous records of the period may not be accessible, will find this volume a useful acquisition.

Our brethren of the north sometimes are, or fancy themselves to be, amazingly droll, facetious, and funny. We have now before us a volume entitled "*The Cook and Housewife's Manual*, by [whom think'st thou, gentle reader?] *Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's P'*" The object of this said volume is to initiate us in the sublime art and mystery of making soups, gravies, sauces, ragouts, pies, puddings, pastry, pickles, preserves, wines, cordials, &c.; also of baking, brewing, and all the various branches of domestic economy. The Introduction—written, as we are told, merely as an attempt "to conciliate the lovers of light reading"—occupies no fewer than twenty-eight pages, as uselessly, with the exception of one or two points, as can well be imagined. The book itself, however, will be found serviceable to those who possess little experience in the *science* of which it treats. In the receipts, simplicity and economy appear to have been equally studied, and the subject has been divested, as far, perhaps, as may have been practicable, of the technicalities and mysteries in which it is usually involved.

We were much pleased, some time ago, with the announcement of "*A Practical French Grammar*," by a professed English philologist, J. Rowbotham; and now that the work has made its appearance, and we have examined it with the critical attention due to its merits, we are gratified at finding that it fully answers all expectation. Grammar, even to the aptest and quickest scholar, is at best a tedious drudgery: it is one, however, that, to ensure intellectual success, must be severely studied. Mr. Rowbotham seems aware of this; and in order to render the dose as palatable as possible to the squeamish constitution of the novice, he has so blended its bitters

with its sweets, its dulness with its better points, that it is impossible, from an apprehension of drudgery, to reject it. We allude more particularly to the nature of the exercises that he has adopted as illustrations. It is not that they are merely sterling classical models—this is a matter of course with ninety-nine grammars out of a hundred—but that they are interesting in point of information, combined with the most novel and agreeable amusement. There are two modes of instructing youth: one, the old orthodox common-place fashion of drilling them with regular but uninviting preciseness; the other (and we are pleased to find it becoming popular) the more liberal one of engaging their attention through the medium of their fancy; and thus making their pleasure contribute in no slight degree to their improvement. This last, highly characteristic, as a certain writer would say, “of the spirit of the age,” is the mode adopted by our author; and we need not observe how much it will gratify us to find his grammar become as successful and as widely circulated as it deserves to be.

“*The Elements of Arithmetic, for the Use of Schools, with an Appendix on Weights and Measures, by Elias Johnston,*” is a very useful little volume, particularly as regards the new weights and measures. The former weights, &c. are retained as subjects of reference, “and to these are subjoined the easiest methods of comparing them with the new tables, and of determining the nominal alteration which must take place in the prices of commodities.” For simplicity and perspicuity, we can safely recommend it to the notice of those who are engaged in the education of youth.

NEW MUSIC.

“*Fair one, take this Rose,*” composed and inscribed to Miss Ashe, by Mrs. Miles.—Goulding and Co.

This is a sweet elegant song, and rather original—but it seems forced; it wants the natural flowing melody for which we have previously so much admired the compositions of this lady. Mrs. Miles must have a very poor opinion of the abilities of our fair vocalists when she considers it necessary to simplify passages of such very easy execution as those in the third and fifth pages.

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“*'Tis a very merry Thing.*” Trio for Two Sopranos and Bass, composed by T. Augustino Wade.—Willis and Co.

A very light elegant little trio, in good style, and of easy execution. The melody is simple and appropriate, the harmonies generally extremely simple; but when this composer does attempt any thing like regular glee-writing, where he introduces an antiquated transition, or makes a point, he is highly successful.

“*Pretty Maiden, why wander alone?*” Duet sung by Miss Stephens and Mr. Horn, composed by C. F. Horn.—Willis and Co.

We do not recollect having heard this duet on the metropolitan stage, at which we are surprised; for though certainly not a great composition, it is just in that light familiar style, which suits the taste of our theatrical audiences, and it possesses all the accustomed clap-trap of nightingales and *flauti piccoli*, of which our gallery gods are so fond. The duet is, notwithstanding, a pretty duet, and we have heard it very pleasingly sung in private.

“*Oh hear my sweet Guitar.*” Serenade, composed by C. F. Horn.—Willis and Co.

A pretty little light air, rather common-place, with an easy brilliant accompaniment, which would be effective on the harp. We do not know whether Mr. Nathan's Alcaid or Mr. Horn's ballad was composed first; we think the opera must have had the precedence: it contains a quintet from which Mr. Horn has borrowed rather freely.

“*Tell me no more that Hearts less warm.*” Ballad, composed and sung by Mr. Braham.—Willis and Co.

We understand that Mr. Braham considers this as one of his best compositions—it is certainly the most chaste, both as regards the melody and accompaniments; but though it exactly coincides with our tone of feeling, we fear the generality of the public would think it heavy, and prefer something not so intrinsically good with a little more life and energy.

“*Languir d'Amore.*” Canzonetta da Signor Migliorucci.—Willis and Co.

The air, we believe, is only a reprint from a set of three, but it is not generally known; and we were so much struck by its simple beauty, that we were happy to have an op-

portunity of pointing it out to the attention of our readers.

PIANO-FORTE.

Capriccio for the Piano Forte, on the celebrated Round in Tarrare, by J. B. Cramer.—Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

The subject which Mr. Cramer has chosen is particularly elegant, and in his treatment of it, he has exemplified the vast resources of science of which he is possessed. The masters of the German school do certainly affect a great degree of originality in their compositions, but by their endeavours they, many of them, render their performances so crude, as to be quite unplayable, and the sacrifice of melody is almost an undeviating characteristic; our great master, however, compasses all that can be wished in the way of originality, without once losing that flowing natural style, for which he is so conspicuous: his passages are sweetly melodious; his harmonies are rich without being overstrained; the original motive is well worked up, and in short the whole of this lesson is a pattern for that style of composition.

"Le bon vieux Temps," Air varié pour la Piano-forte, dédié à M. le Marquis de Noailles, par Fred. Kalkbrenner.—Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

When we spoke in our last article of the rage for new effects which had so distorted the music of the Germans, our observation was general, and of course liable to exceptions; one, and perhaps the most striking of which is, the gentleman whose name is the subject of this notice. Mr. Kalkbrenner's style has always been pure, chaste, and free from all affectation, and we could probably instance no example better calculated to shew off the composer than this. The style of the introduction is on the model of the old masters. The andante, on which the variations are founded, will give place to none of its class; the variations, four in number, are all fine specimens of their respective classes; and the polacca, which forms the coda of the lesson, is brilliant and pleasing.

"La Petite Babillarde," Brilliant Rondo, by J. Moschelles.—Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

This rondo, though brilliant in execution, and good as relates to composition,

is comparatively ineffective, from the want of relief: it is one tissue of passages of execution from beginning to end, without the contrast of one bar of an elegant or cantabile nature.

Useful Extracts for the Piano Forte, by J. B. Cramer.—Cramer and Co.

These exercises are intended as an introduction to the study of the great masters, commencing with the scales and proceeding with various other lessons, increasing in difficulty, when we recollect the *studiâ, dolce et utile*, &c. those splendid works which Mr. C. has produced in the higher classes of this species of composition—of course it cannot be necessary to state that these exercises are all that a pupil can wish for.

Divertimento for the Piano Forte, with Variations on the favourite Air, "O leave me to my Sorrow," by T. A. Rawlings.—Goulding and Co.

The introduction of this lesson is brilliant; the theme, from Miss Kelly's delightful singing, is deservedly a favourite. The variations, four in number, are effective and pleasing, particularly the polacca. The whole piece will rank very respectably as a composition.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE whole of the last month was devoted to serious operas. In the first three weeks, Morlachi's *Tebaldo e Isolino*, and Rossini's *Pietro l'Eremita* were performed again; and notwithstanding their intrinsic merit, either from their too serious character, or from a diversity of opinion amongst the *dilettanti* respecting Veluti's voice (although there is none in regard to his talents), it was evident that each had lost its former degree of attraction, and an earnest wish for some novelty was loudly expressed everywhere. At last, the negotiations with Madame Pasta were brought to a favourable issue, and she came opportunely to lend her powerful assistance to the vocal company. She chose to re-appear first in *Otello*, and was received in the most flattering manner. It would be difficult to decide whether she acted or sang better the part of *Desdemona*, for in both she reaches the highest degree of perfection. To us she appeared to act, if not with more energy, at least with more feeling and nature than she did in the same part last year. We rejoice to learn that she is soon to appear in *Zelmira*, and some other operas which have seldom or never

been performed in this country. *Curioni*, in the character of *Otello*, seconded her cleverly; and, particularly in the last and difficult scene, acted with a proper degree of vigour and passion.

In the dancing department, we have to record a very successful effort. M. D'Egville has at last been enabled to produce his mythological ballet of *La Naissance de Vénus*, which does great honour to his inventive genius, as well as to his choregraphic talent and classical taste. It is generally admitted that this ballet is superior to any that has appeared for many years, and can be compared only with some of the same master's former works. The birth of *Venus* in the sea, her reception by the *Faunes* and *Sylvens*, the *Nymphs* and *Dryads*, and afterwards by *Flora*, *Zephyr*, *Aurora*, and *Tithon*; her admission amongst the deities—her toilette and court—her learning some of the fine arts—her receiving the homage of four rival gods, *Apollo*, *Mars*, *Mercury*, and *Vulcan*—her, “from an excessive love of domineering,” giving the preference to the last, who lays at her feet the sceptre of the world, though she evidently would like *Mars* much better—all these, and many more incidents, are so eloquently told with steps, gestures, and mimics, that from beginning to end, the attention of the spectator is rivetted to the stage, and bewildered fancy is carried up to the skies. He sees a real *Venus* in *Mademoiselle Brocard*, and the illusion is really excusable, for the goddess could not have a representative more graceful, or even to a god more desirable. *Mademoiselle Evelina Fleurot*, as *Flora*, was particularly attractive, and her dancing was greatly admired. *Madame Leblond* as *Aurora*, and *Mademoiselle Pauline*, as *La Volupté*, had also their due share in the plaudits. *Coulon* performed the part of *Zephyr* with an airy agility well suited to it, and in several *pas* with *Venus* and *Flora*, his great exertions were rewarded with well-earned plaudits. *Leblond*, as *Divin Apollo*, contributed his full share to the success of the whole; and *Theodore*, as *Mercury*, deserves also to be praised. *M. Zarra* distinguished himself in the painting of the scenery; the different views are beautiful.

M. D'Egville, with his usual activity, is already preparing another ballet, of a different character.

DRURY-LANE.

THE managers, doubtless wishing to avail themselves of the interest which the forthcoming *Oberon* at the opposing house had excited, produced a piece bearing the “self-same name,” though greatly wanting in the more lofty attributes of its tardy cotemporary. One description will serve for both plots; of the scenery

at this theatre we must speak in praise, and also of some portion of the music. The construction of the piece denies all possibility of acting, therefore the efforts of the performers may pass *sub silentio*. Indeed, the piece is in all respects merely time-serving, and deserves not any lengthened notice.

William Tell, and *Virginius*, and *Macbeth*, have been lately played; in which the masterly powers of *Macready* have been attended with their general effect. No other novelty challenges our attention.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Oberon, or the Elf-King's Oath, enriched by the music of *Weber*, was produced on the 12th ult. The following is a brief description of the plot:

Oberon (Mr. C. Bland) has sworn to separate from his Queen, *Titania*, in consequence of an argument between them on the fidelity of either sex, until two lovers shall be found, who, under all privations, shall keep their constancy inviolate. To this end, *Sir Huon of Bourdeaux* (*Braham*) is aided by *Oberon* in bearing away *Reiza* (*Miss Paton*) daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad, and who has been prepossessed in favour of the Knight by the spells of the fairy: having embarked on board a vessel, the lovers are shipwrecked on a desolate coast, from which *Reiza* is taken by a band of buccaneers, and her lover left wounded to perish on the shore. *Oberon*, however, with *Puck*, takes charge of the Knight, and conveys him to *Tunis*, where *Reiza* has been sold to the *Emir Almansor* (*Cooper*). Here, disguised as a slave, *Sir Huon* is tempted by *Roshana* (*Miss Lacy*) the deserted wife of *Almansor*, to murder the Emir, and share with her the power of sovereignty. Every blandishment is vainly tried to ensnare the constant *Sir Huon*, when *Roshana*, in revenge, follows a very ancient example, and accuses the Knight of a design on her virtue. The Emir orders *Sir Huon* to be burned alive, with the unyielding *Reiza*. *Oberon*, however, releases the victims, and they next appear at the court of *Charlemagne*, where their trials are concluded.

With respect to the Overture, we are, we cannot deny, somewhat disappointed—the grand and striking peculiarities of the master are by no means evident. The first scene by *Braham*—

“O 'tis a glorious sight to see

The charge of Christian chivalry—”

is a mighty performance both of the musician and the singer. During the whole evening *Braham* was most powerful. We cannot sufficiently praise the brilliancy, the penetrating

depth of Miss Paton's execution in her address to the ocean. Madame Vestris (*Fatima*) looked like a *houri*, and her singing was worthy of her looks. *Puck*, by Miss H. Cawse, is not so effective as we could wish, neither is the *Oberon* of Mr. C. Bland.

As to the general character of the music, we do not think it greatly calculated to advance the fame of Weber; again, it does not detract from it. The air, "*Araby, dear Araby*," will doubtless be on the piano-forte of each of our female readers. The scenery is splendid beyond description. The opera has been received with approbation, and will no doubt enrich the treasury.

HAYMARKET.

Paul Pry has recommenced his career with unabated popularity. It should seem that the interest which this piece excited toward the close of the summer season, had lived through "winter's cold," the convulsions occasioned by the "pecuniary crisis," and that the half of the good inhabitants of the metropolis, disappointed last year, take the earliest opportunity during the present to regale themselves with the irresistible whim and humour of Liston. The theatre overflows nightly.

Mr. John Reeve, of the Adelphi theatre, has been added to the *corps dramatique* of this establishment, and has played *Risk*, *Mr. Wiggins*, &c. with success. The talents of this gentleman merit an original character.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

By Government purchases to a large amount, and by a noble present of pictures by Sir George Beaumont, this institution, which is rapidly rising into importance, has lately received some valuable acquisitions. Amongst them are Wilson's celebrated *Niobe*, and another painting by the same artist; one of the finest Rembrandts in existence; three Claudes of exquisite beauty; a landscape by Rubens; a Gaspar Poussin; a landscape by Both; some admirable theatrical pieces by Zoffany; Wilkie's *Blind Fiddler*, &c. Murillo's *Laughing Boy*, has also been presented to the gallery by Mr. Zachary. We purpose taking a survey of these when the close of the annual exhibitions will allow us leisure and space.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

CONSIDERING the pecuniary pressure under which the country has for some time laboured, we cannot but regard the extensive sales which have been effected here of modern works as

indicating a spirit of patronage, and a love of the arts, beyond all expectation. We lament that our limits do not permit us to insert a list of the pictures sold, and of their (many of them noble) purchasers.

It has been stated that the exhibition will continue open this season some weeks longer than usual. Shortly after the removal of the present assemblage, the gallery will be reopened with the whole of his Majesty's splendid collection from Carlton House.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE third annual exhibition of the Society of British Artists, which commenced on the 27th of March, affords another striking proof of our advancement in the arts, of a munificent increase of patronage, and of the consequent necessity of an increase in the number of our public galleries. Had it not been for the formation of this institution, the 706 specimens of painting, and fifty-six of sculpture, now in the Suffolk Street rooms, could not have been brought collectively before the public; for it is evident that neither the Royal Academy, nor the British Institution, nor both of those receptacles together, could have admitted even half of them.

It is true that this assemblage presents little of history, and still less of poetry; but in landscape, in conversation pieces, in efforts of humour, in animal painting, and in still life, it is rich this year beyond expectation. We rejoice most cordially to see it so.

Northcote has a fine copy (159) of his admired Burial of Edward V. and Richard Duke of York, in the Tower. From the dead bodies of the children, whose limbs, we think, are defectively drawn, the subject is not a pleasing one, but it is finely treated. This veteran has also his own portrait (160); his *Daniel in the Den of Lions* (229) which has already been before the public; and the *Worthies of Devon* (367) a production—not very attractive in its composition—which has been, we believe, several years in progress.

Stump's *Cain* when he hears the Curse pronounced against him (237) is altogether without poetry: the colouring, too—something between copper and lead—is decidedly bad.

Lonsdale's portraits, though hard in manner, are distinguished by strength and accuracy of resemblance. Campbell, the poet (140); Sharpe, the engraver, who ran mad after Brothers the prophet (171); and Michael Kelly (274) will be found to support us in this opinion; and we have no doubt, from the force of character which they display, that his portraits of the Rev. Vicar of Rochdale (129)

and Mr. Dalton, president of the literary and philosophical society of Manchester (161) are equally successful.

Meyer, though he will never obtain the masterly command of the pencil that he has long possessed of the graver, evinces considerable improvement.

Hurlstone has a Moorish girl (241) strong and warm, yet soft in tone, with a truly fine character of face.

Hofland has, as usual, several delightful productions: Holstead, near Ullswater (14); two views of Sheffield (34 and 94) intended for the engraver; a Moonlight View of Kirkstall Abbey (68); a Morning View of Ullswater from Gowbarrow Park (77); *Aquâ Pendente* (290); an Evening View of Ullswater from the Matterdale road (306); and the Bowderstone, Borrowdale (315).

Linton's City of Ancient Greece—the Return of a Victorious Armament (130) is brilliant and even gorgeous; but we have seen some of this artist's productions that we like better. Yet, who could treat such a subject so well? His Sunrise in the Downs (164) we greatly admire. It is interesting and true to nature, fidelity not being sacrificed to effect.

J. Glover has no fewer than fifteen pieces. His Windsor Castle (205) is a commanding view—the cattle and the water very effective. In his Valle Crucis Abbey (236) the trees are bold and poetic—the cattle are good—the water is beautiful—and the reflection of the ruined structure in the water has a very pleasing effect. This artist seems, since last season, to have been laying in new stores for the exercise of his pencil. His Sunset—the Island of Bute, and Arran in the distance (321) has a bold rocky foreground—the golden splendour of the sun's last rays fall gloriously on the projections which seem actually starting from the canvas—and the distance to the left is extremely fine. The companion to this—Bute, &c. under a stormy sky (267) is equally meritorious. For the spirit of its bold rocky scenery, and the truth of its water, the Kyles of Bute—the last gleam of setting-sun (401) will also challenge admiration.

Nasmyth has only two views: West Cowes (177) and Carisbrook Castle (192) in the Isle of Wight. The fore-ground of the former is remarkably good.

Stark has a pleasing landscape (132).

A Moonlight River-Scene (78) by E. Williams, is soft, mellow, and very beautiful—the lights and shades particularly well managed.

Harraden's Moonlight View of Melrose Abbey (373) would be pleasing, were the leading tints more faithful.

Dearman's Marsh-Scene with Cattle (125) is good—warm and bright, clear and mellow. His Cows in an old moat, Evening (207) presents a fine assemblage of colours. This artist has also a pleasing brook-scene with cattle and figures (360).

Van Worrell is eminently successful in his cattle—we wish he would get some one else to paint his landscapes.

Tuthill's Dutch Galliot getting under Weigh, is a very spirited marine effort.

Wilson has several clever marine pieces. The Morning after a Storm (182) indicates great talent, though we are somewhat doubtful as to its fidelity. We are much pleased with his Edinburgh from the Leith Roads (291)—the water is full of life.

Childe attracts notice by his industry and versatility of talent. His Amiens Cathedral (199) is an excellent little street view. In his River-Scene—Evening (228) he must, we think, have had Turner in his eye: it is a splendid sun-light with a fine air-tint and distance, and the effect much heightened by the rising clouds in the south. Mr. Childe has six other pieces, all greatly varied in style and character.

Tennant's Hastings' Fishermen (333) reminds us very pleasantly of Collins.

We now pass to subjects of a different character.

Whatever censure may be awarded to Martin for his departures from, and his defiance of the rules of art, ample credit must be given to him for genius and imagination—fine qualities in a painter, which in him, however, are too frequently deteriorated by an affectation of eccentricity. He is this year singularly happy in his choice of subject—"Manfred—a lower valley in the Alps—a Cataract" (193). Lord Byron is the very poet for Martin—he is more within his grasp than Milton. The point of time is, when the Witch of the Alps—that "beautiful spirit," with its "hair of light and dazzling eyes of glory"—rises beneath the arch of the sun-beam of the torrent. The exquisitely descriptive passage is given at length in the catalogue. The scenery—wild, imaginative and poetic—consists of immense masses of rock. From the right hand upper corner of the picture rushes a mountain cataract, foaming and sparkling, and reflecting downwards a brilliant flood of light which illumines the whole view, but more particularly the part where the spirit rises within the sun-bow beneath the muttered adjurations of the poet—this point, as it might be imagined, occupying the lower portion of the canvas towards the left. The attitude of the poet, who stands upon an almost

insulated projection of a rock, is, as it should be, bold, commanding, and picturesque. The appearance of the spirit is extremely beautiful; but if Mr. Martin's *spirits* are so full fleshed, we know not what may be expected from his *bodies*. This said *spirit* has her *anatomy*—if spirits have anatomies—as well clothed as that of one of Rubens's Graces. This picture, which we feel disposed to rank next to that of Belshazzar's Feast, of the same artist, is, in composition, free from the defects which pervade his Deluge, now at the British Institution. Here the power of the painter and the attention of the spectator are not frittered away in multitudinous and ineffective details: on the contrary, it is simple, bold, and grand—the conception of the poet finely embodied. Would that we could accord equal praise to the colouring of this picture—it is in truth the colouring of neither nature nor art; nor, in fact, are Mr. Martin's imitations of nature, in point of drawing, at all correct. Still we must regard the picture under consideration as a splendid achievement.

Richter's Dedication (13)—a garreteer poet of the Grub Street school, in the ecstasy of having just penned a fulsome and bombastic dedication to a nobleman—is rich in the expression of strong and coarse humour, but sadly defective in colouring. On this ground alone we should like to see the present piece, and also his Annette and Lubin (216) entirely repainted. In the latter, which represents a parish wedding, the unwilling bridegroom having been dragged by constabulary force to the altar, is a strong and greatly-varied display of vulgar and rustic character. We have here a very pretty girl for a bride—a clown of a bridegroom—a well-fed, merry-hearted parson—an arch dog of a clerk—Kitty “Kadaverous” a sanctified old maid—a vindictive rogue of a constable, boiling with anger, and smarting beneath the blows he has received in effecting his caption, &c. The humour is altogether extremely forcible and characteristic.

Ramsay has a little gem of humour in “Weel done Cutty Sark” (155) from Burns's Tam o' Shanter. It is very clever, bright, and spirited.

Our old acquaintance, The Patient (39) by Clayter, will not prove less attractive here this season, than he did last year at the British Institution. It is a production of great merit. The coy milk-maid, in Let me go (47) by the same artist, has more grace, form, and air than are usually found amongst damsels of her class. The Study of a Head (262) has very much the character of an old picture; and so has Pity the Sorrows of a poor old Man (232).

Fraser's Contented Cobbler (29) and his Lover's Visit (181) are pleasing, well-painted, harmonious pictures.

Prentis has been eminently successful in The Puritan (147)—he who hanged his cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday. The humour is strong, and the story is admirably told. As a work of art, the picture might be much improved by clearing some of the flesh tints.

We have heard Sharp's Open your Mouth, shut your Eyes, &c. (188) loudly lauded: we think it poor in effect, and unworthy of its author. Much might be made of the subject.

Brough's Gil Blas and the Actress Estella (298) displays considerable humour.

Character is well sustained in Webster's Fortune Teller (394).

Meadows's water-colour piece of Falstaff personating Majesty (472) is all fire and glare.

Roberts, with whose Interior of one of the Chapels of St. Jacques of Dieppe, we were so much gratified at the British Institution, has three pieces worthy of association with that gem of art: an Exterior of the Church of St. Jacques (284); a fine view of the Church and old buildings in the Rue du Change, at Rouen (153); and the Interior of the Pantheon or Church of St. Genevieve at Paris (105). The last of these is exceedingly beautiful. The foreground, the full light from the lantern of the dome, the altar in half shadow in the distance, produce the finest effect imaginable. The respective groups, and the individuals of those groups, are admirably characteristic. The colour is brilliant without glare, and sweetly transparent. It would be difficult to imagine a finer subject for the Diorama.

Stanfield, whose productions at the Pæcilorama are deservedly attracting so much notice, has an Interior of the Dungeon of Chillon (3); a View of Cologne, on the Rhine (84); and Rouen from Mount St. Catherine (98), the most interesting subject at the exhibition to which we have just alluded.

Harriott has no poetry in his pencil: his Bridge of Sighs (111) is little better than that sad affair, Hornsey Church (323) by the Rev. J. Judkins.

Edwin Landseer has two pieces, both excellent—the Intrusive Visitor (176) and Pointers in a Turnip Field (187). In the latter the dogs seem absolutely alive—they are in colour, in form, and in action so true to nature; in the former, the serpent, which has disturbed a lion at his repast, is painted with extraordinary firmness and vigour.

Bristow has two delightful, though very small cabinet pictures—the Trouble of Pro-

perty (61); and Precarious Possession (63). In the first of these, two dogs are arguing the point, as it were, with a third, who firmly keeps his paw upon a tempting piece of flesh: in the second, a spaniel with a bone is pursued by a dog of superior strength, whilst a third member of the canine species, apparently chained, is looking over a fence anxious to join in the pursuit.

Of a somewhat similar character, but with more of detail, is Pidding's Thief (58)—a terrier in a larder, on his hind legs, in full stretch after a piece of meat which he cannot quite reach. The back ground of this picture, and all the accessories, are well painted; but, whence does the light proceed? Barbel (292) and the Wounded Snipe (309) by the same artist, are finely executed.

Bethel's Larder Invaded (165) is good, but the idea is stolen.

The two dogs and the hare in F. C. Turner's Portraits of an Old Horse and two celebrated Greyhounds (349) are inimitable. The same artist's Portrait of a Gentleman and his favourite Horse (405) is very spirited, and so is his Bucephalus (426).

Blake, and Bradley, and Stevens, and Lance, have many fine specimens of game, fish, fruit, &c.

Inskipp's Lady of the Locket (90) seems rather sullen than sad.

The Meeting of Sir Kenneth and the Soldan (393) by Davis, is happily imagined.

A drawing on stone of Cupid and Psyche, after Westall (762) by M. Gauci, is the finest specimen in this department of art that we have seen: it is beautifully soft, delicate, and tender.

Amongst the sculpture we particularly notice a bust of Northcote (745) by Bonomi; several productions by Garrard, Physic, Sen. and Jun., Rossi, Henning, Sen. and Jun.; and, though last not least in merit, a most lively bust of Master Papworth (71) by C. Moore.

We cannot relinquish the pen without remarking that, with this exhibition, as a whole, we have been delighted far, very far beyond our expectation.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

At the private view of this institution on Saturday, previously to its opening to the public on Monday the 24th of April, the attendance of rank and fashion was unusually numerous and splendid. Amongst the company were their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Feodore, Prince Leopold, the Dukes of Norfolk and Argyll, the Marchionesses of Stafford,

Lansdowne, and Aylesbury, the Marchionesses of Stafford and Exeter, the Earls of Aberdeen, Essex, Grey, Tankerville, and Gower, the Countesses of Essex and Tankerville, Lord Northwick, Sir Charles and Lady Long, &c. A desire to patronize this delightful branch of the art was abundantly evinced by the numerous purchases which were made in the room.

The collection is, we think, less imposing this year than it was last, nevertheless it embraces many charming productions, and several of the first order of merit. For the present, however, from the late period of the month, and from a want of space, our remarks must be more concise than we could wish: we shall return to the subject in our next.

Fielding stands very high. His view of Brading Harbour, Isle of Wight (8), is clear and bright, with a fine aerial perspective. His Bay of Naples (14) we cannot quite so cordially approve. The water is beautifully bright and transparent, perhaps rather too blue. The point of view is good, and the light falls very sweetly on Mount Vesuvius: but the composition does not satisfy us; nor do we consider the trees in the fore-ground to possess the true Italian character. His view, Looking to the Entrance of Plymouth Sound from Mount Edgcumbe (48) is very beautiful; but his other view across Plymouth Sound from under Mount Edgcumbe (141) is our chief favourite. The air tint is fine; the water possesses extraordinary spirit and fidelity; the shipping seem actually in motion. The effect is wonderfully heightened by the dark line passing across the picture. A third view of Plymouth Sound (195) associates well with this, but it wants force in proportion to its size. Another admirable piece is a view at Dartmouth (101).

Varley is this year more than usually successful—and that is saying much. His Barmborough Castle (12) is bold, firm, and spirited; with a fine contrast of rock and cloud, air and water. His view between Barmouth and Dolgelly (176) is very elaborately painted. We may be wrong, but we cannot help feeling that in this, and in many other instances, the skies of this artist are overcharged. We must also be permitted to think that, with him, blue is too favourite a colour. His Eagle's Nest, Lake of Killarney (49), justly commands admiration. The same subject is treated in 268. Some of Varley's small pieces are gems.

We have rarely seen a finer interior of church architecture than Nash's (237); it is most elaborately wrought, and the perspective is extraordinarily fine. Another delightful picture by this artist is the Wine Market and

Pont Tournelle, with the Cathedral of Notre Dame in the distance, Paris (248). The subject is treated delicately, yet with force; it has force both in depth and colour to oppose to distance. It strongly reminds us of Turner. With Lincoln Cathedral (88) we are less satisfied: it strikes us as deficient in harmony and contrast of colour.

Wilde has several excellent church interiors. His Choir of the Cathedral Church of York (87) is clear, but liney, and deficient in softness of pencilling. The Choir of the Cathedral Church of Cologne (98) is far superior.

Cristall has, as usual, many Welsh peasants and scenery, &c. of great merit; also several classical subjects on a small scale. His Welsh Girl crossing a Stream (149) is admirable; and so is the figure of the Matron in 270.

We cannot but *repeat* our regret that Barrett should continue so often to *repeat* himself. Almost any one of his sun-lights is a gem; and it is only by seeing the same thing over and over again that a feeling of dissatisfaction arises. His Greenwich (42) is woolly, and wants distinctness. One of his sweetest pieces is Evening (153). Westminster, from Lambeth (190), is different from his usual style, and very pleasing. The Seventh Plague of Egypt is singularly cold and tame, and too palpably borrowed from Martin.

The drawing of Walker's Greeks driving off their Cattle (264) is fine, but it has too much brownness in colour.

There is merit though not originality in the composition of Wright's King Lear (90). The historical feeling is good, but the piece has rather a Roman than a British air. Kent is the most unexceptionable figure. The expression of countenance in the King is almost offensive.

Prout has several capital pieces, but we cannot enumerate them now.

Stephanoff is this year, and greatly to his advantage, more subdued in colour than usual. His Rubens and the Alchymist (165) is beautifully painted, but the story is not very well told. The lady, her daughter, and the dog, are, we presume, a group in attendance on the artist. There is something almost fascinating in the Lalla Rookh piece (277); though we think that, without offence to delicacy, the ladies might have been invested with an air of more voluptuous beauty. The scene from the Two Gentlemen of Verona (219) is exquisite.

Richter's Annette and Lubin (32) is exactly the same as his oil piece in the British Artists' Gallery. In some respects we like it better: if less forcible, it is more clear and mellow.

Scott's Porch of Bunted Church, Sussex

(126), is interesting from the remarkable character of the structure. Sompting Church, Essex (211), is also good. In his mode of treating subjects of this nature, Scott is very successful.

Cotman is as much out of nature in his colouring this year as he was last.

Hunt's Game-Keeper (69) is clever and spirited, though somewhat loose and woolly, and perhaps somewhat too dark in its general effect. His Angler (181) possesses great merit. As a painter of dead game, &c. in water colours, the power of this artist is unrivalled: witness his Tame Rabbit (108); and his Young Pigeon (255): the truth, force, and high relief of the latter are wonderful.

Miss Byrne has some charming specimens of game, fruit, flowers, &c.

MODEL OF PARIS.

A MODEL of Paris, twenty-four feet in length by nineteen feet in breadth, and constructed upon a scale of one-twelfth of an inch to a fathom, has recently been opened at the Western Exchange in Old Bond Street. It is the production of a M. Choffin, engineer, who, with his three sons, is said to have been occupied eleven years in its completion. It certainly evinces great labour and great ingenuity. The respective palaces and other public buildings, are seen with the utmost distinctness; and, by the occasional aid of magnifiers of large power, a more accurate idea of the great city of Paris is impressed upon the mind, than can be conceived by any other means short of actual inspection. The river, the numerous streets, the monuments, the statues, the fountains, and every locality, may be traced with perfect clearness.

ELOISE AND ABELARD.

IN another apartment of the Western Exchange has been some time exhibited, a beautiful model of the monument of these faithful lovers, executed in coloured glass, by M. Gibon, of Paris. The model is one-fourth of the size of the monument erected in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The ornaments, which are executed with the utmost delicacy and grace, are also of glass; and the statues and bas-reliefs of alabaster. Many of M. Gibon's former works have been purchased, we understand, by the King of France. This ingenious and meritorious artist has prepared a very elegant present for his Majesty George the Fourth—the royal arms, most elaborately wrought, and finished in a style of beauty hardly to be surpassed.

LEVYSON'S PLATEAU.

A BEAUTIFUL gilt plateau, four feet in circumference, has lately been executed by Levyson, of Pall Mall. The top of this fine table-ornament, which is raised upon tortoises, is of plate-glass; on the sides are represented in high relief several of the principal castles in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

Some time ago Mr. Levyson manufactured for one of the native princes of India a plateau eight feet in length; and amongst other splendid works now in preparation, by the same artist, is a magnificent candelabrum, the model for which alone is said to cost 200 guineas. As far as we can judge from the drawing, it will constitute a superb display of British design and workmanship. If due encouragement were given to works of this class, why should we not rival in excellence and beauty Benvenuto Cellini himself?

THE INFANTINE ARITHMETICIAN.

THERE is now exhibiting with the mechanical and musical automata and the ancient armour, at the Gothic Hall, in the Haymarket, a very extraordinary boy—George Noakes. Only six years of age, bred in ignorance, and unacquainted, as visitors are positively assured, with either letters or numerals, he solves *instantly*, as it were, arithmetical questions, which, by the ordinary process of figures, would require considerable time and space for their answer. Having given his solution, he immediately describes the mode—always different from that of the practised arithmetician—by which he obtained it. To us, the faculty is altogether incomprehensible. Dr. Spurzheim, we understand, has examined and lectured upon the conformation of his head; a cast of which, if we mistake not, has been taken by Mr. Deville, of the Strand; and those gentlemen are said to agree that the organ of calculation or of numbers is developed in a most extraordinary manner.

THE ACCOMPLISHED CANARY BIRDS.

Two canary birds, in Bond Street, are attracting much notice by the extraordinarily clever manner in which they go through several very pleasing performances. One of them, without ever misplacing a piece, will play a game at dominoes with any of the company present. The other will, from the alphabet displayed upon the table, pick out, in due order, the letters of any given name; by means of detached figures placed in a similar manner, he will work a sum in addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division; he will select a card of any given colour; or he will discover a card

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drawn from the pack by any one present. That the *intellect* of the birds enables them to accomplish these feats, no one can be so silly as to suppose; but the means by which they are directed in their unerring execution, are, to us at least, untraceable. Notwithstanding the fatigue to which these little creatures must be occasionally subjected, they appear lively and in excellent condition. The exhibition is altogether of an exceedingly amusing and gratifying character.

SMART'S LECTURE ON READING.

MR. SMART, whose Lectures upon Elocution, and Shakespearian Readings, at his late residence at Leicester Square, we have so repeatedly had the pleasure of noticing, gave a lecture upon reading, on the 19th of the past month, at the Argyle Rooms. He very happily indicated the limits of the art, demonstrated its importance, and marked its natural divisions into mechanical, significant, impassioned, and dramatic reading; laid down the principles of articulation, modulation, and expression; and illustrated the style of impassioned reading from Byron, Southey, Campbell, Milman, &c. The lecture was followed by a reading of the Taming of the Shrew, in which Mr. Smart evinced his usual tact of comic humour. The number and splendid appearance of the audience must have been eminently gratifying to this able professor of an important art too much neglected. Mr. Smart stated it to be his intention thus to devote at least one night in the season annually.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Lodge's Portraits.—It is with feelings of no ordinary delight and satisfaction that we from time to time advert to the progress of this estimable publication, which periodically presents us with the portraits and biography of the most illustrious heroes and heroines of our country, and which, as far as women of fashion and high consideration are concerned, so closely assimilates in plan and object with the principal feature of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. We can hardly imagine any thing more purely national, in which the pride of country is so completely imbued in the life and essence of any work, as the memoirs and portraits of those worthies who have guided her councils, or led her armies to victory, and exalted her in the scale of nations. Our entire approval of the plan and execution of this undertaking stands recorded in the frequent notices we have devoted to preceding Parts; and it is gratifying to observe its excellence increasing as the work proceeds to maturity. The present Part

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(XIX.) contains—1. a singularly curious allegorical portrait of Queen Elizabeth, from a picture which formerly belonged to the great Lord Burleigh, and is still possessed by his descendant, the Marquess of Salisbury; 2. Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite, the Earl of Essex; 3. the romantic and gallant Earl of Craven, supposed to have been privately married to the daughter of James I., widow of the King of Bohemia; 4. Thomas, first Lord North, the founder of the house of Guildford; and, 5. Cardinal Allen, an emissary of the court of Rome, no less formidable to the advancement of the reformed church and the interests of Elizabeth, than his highly gifted predecessor, Pole. We shall attach Mr. Lodge's closing reflections upon the Memoir of Essex, as peculiarly forcible and illustrative of the character of that ardent and ambitious man.—“His understanding was of the sort which usually accompanies acute feelings; quick, penetrating, and versatile; admirable in its conceptions, but of uncertain execution; sometimes approaching, sometimes out-reaching, but seldom resting at, that sober and wary point of judgment which in worldly affairs is dignified by the title of wisdom. His acquirements were infinitely varied and extended. It will appear on an examination of those of his writings, which have been fortunately left to us, that his studies, or rather his perceptions, had embraced every usual object of human science. His powers of expression were equal to the measure of his knowledge: he was unquestionably the first English writer of his time, and in Latin composition he fell nothing short of the best classical models. Such was the incomparable Essex, the second Earl of his family, the great favourite of Elizabeth and of England, the admiration and the regret of Europe. Such was the man, and so designed by nature to inform, to improve, and to delight society, whom his own ambition, and Elizabeth's folly, misplaced in the characters of a statesman, a general, and a courtier.”

Goethe's Portrait.—Ackermann has lately imported a number of impressions of Vogel's portrait of Goethe, lithographed by Bendixen. The execution is of high merit in this branch of art; and, to the admirers of the great philosopher and poet of Germany, the work will be eminently acceptable.

View of Liverpool.—A panoramic view of Liverpool, drawn by G. Tytler, and engraved by Havell, has recently been published in two coloured engravings, forming together, a picture of about five feet in length. The artists have very cleverly executed their task.

Sylvæ Britannica.—Forty portraits of forest

trees, distinguished for their antiquity, magnitude, or beauty, in England, and eight in Scotland, drawn from nature and etched by Jacob G. Strutt, have come before us in a folio publication. The etchings are finely characteristic, and the accompanying literary illustrations possess more than ordinary interest.

Daniell's Longship's Lighthouse, and the Dismasted Indiaman.—These two marine pieces, painted and engraved by W. Daniell, R.A., are very striking in their character, possessing all the usual freshness, boldness, and truth of the artist. The subjects are fine, and they are admirably treated.

Ancient Arms and Armour.—Mr. Joseph Skelton, F.S.A., author of the *Antiquities of Oxfordshire*, has undertaken a work, founded upon the celebrated collection of Dr. Meyrick, and entitled, *Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour*. Its publication is to be completed in twenty-five parts, the first of which is now before us, and to contain about 150 plates of outline engravings in the folio size. It bids fair to be a work of value.

Views in Greece.—In the fifth No. of *Select Views of Greece*, a work which seems to proceed but slowly, we find engravings by J. Horsburgh, Lizars, and W. Miller, of the *Academic Grove at Athens*, *Mount Oleno*, *Part of the Temple of Minerva*, *Misitra*, *Livadia*, &c. We are glad to notice considerable improvement in this Number.

Views at Rangoon.—We noticed with much satisfaction in our preceding volume (page 273) the first part of this work. Parts II. and III. containing twelve more views of equal interest, have since been published. By the lamented continuance of the war in India, this publication will daily acquire additional value.

Map of the Burmese Empire.—This is another publication, which, from the same circumstance, will be found exceedingly useful to all who take an interest in the present contest. This map, which is engraved by Mr. James Wylde, was laid down from materials furnished by the surveyor-general at Calcutta: it has every appearance of accuracy.

Views on the Rhine.—Captain Batty's *Views on the Rhine* has reached its twelfth Number with increased and increasing interests. Amongst its contents we find the *Cathedrals of Antwerp and Cologne*, a *Moonlight View of Bayen Thurm*, and the *Town-Hall of Lovain*.

William Farren.—Wagman's *Portrait of Farren*, as *Perriwinkle*, has been engraved on a small steel plate by Woolnoth, as a frontispiece to a new and cheap series of the *British Theatre*. The likeness is good, the execution very respectable.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The *Société Royale Académique des Sciences* at Paris, has been dissolved by government.

In a late report made to the Philotechnique Society of Paris, on the collection of antiquities imported into France from Egypt, by M. Passalacqua, we find descriptions of various articles belonging to a lady's toilet; necklaces of every kind, head-pins, ear-pendants, rings, combs, mirrors, boxes still retaining pomatum for the skin, and materials for reddening the nails according to the Egyptian custom, &c.

The sale of M. Denon's cabinet of curiosities, the catalogue of which forms three octavo volumes, was to take place at Paris on the 1st of May.

Professor Rezzi, the keeper of the Barberini Library, has discovered a valuable MS. copy of the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, with Landino's commentary, full of notes in the hand-writing of Tasso.

A translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, into the Swedish language, has recently appeared at Stockholm, from the pen of Count Skoldebrand.

The Chevalier Arrighi, at St. Petersburg, states himself to be in possession of a beautiful MS. of Petrarch's Sonnets, in the hand-writing of Petrarch.

Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* has been translated into the Russian language by M. Michael Katchenovsky, and published at Moscow.

Captain Coe, late commander of the squadron in the East-Indies, has presented to the university of Cambridge, an alabaster statue of a Burmese idol, taken from the sacred grove near Ava; and two religious books, beautifully executed on the Palmyra leaf, to which none but the Burmese priests are permitted to have access.

The Enterprize, steam-packet, arrived at Calcutta in the first week in December, after a passage of 115 days.

The government of Brazil has given orders for the establishment of Botanic gardens in all parts of its dominions, for the cultivation of the tea-plant.

The President of Hayti has founded a national library at Port au Prince.

Letters have been received from Captains Clapperton and Pierce, dated Badagry, in the Bight of Benin, November 29. They were to proceed thence in palanquins, about 125 miles, into the kingdom of Hio, beyond which no obstacles were anticipated.

By boiling specimens of amber in oil, internal cracks are produced, which frequently represent very curious objects. Artists who work in amber turn this secret to good account.

It is with pleasure we record the appointment of Mr. D. Morrison of Newman Street, as modellist to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta, whose accurate and highly finished portraits by that talented artist are in the orthcoming exhibition at the Royal Academy.

Works in the Press, &c.

A Collection of Fugitive and other Poems, under the title of *Field Flowers*, by H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq.

The second volume of the *History of the Commonwealth of England*, from the commencement of the Civil War to the Restoration of Charles II., by William Godwin.

The Natural and Topographical description of Dorking, &c., by Dr. Smith.

The *Miscellanist of Literature for 1826*, consisting of Selections from the most important books of the past year, in Autobiography, History, Memoirs, Poetry, Voyages and Travels, &c.

Gaston de Blondville, a Romance, with some Poetical Pieces, by the late Mrs. Radcliffe; with a Memoir of the Author, and Extracts from her Diary, &c.

The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds, the Dramatist, by Himself, 2 vols. 8vo.

Rejected Articles, 1 vol. post 8vo.

Biographical Sketches of recently living British Characters, commencing with the accession of George IV. comprising 230 subjects. 4to.

A second volume of *Reminiscences*, by Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo.

The second volume of the *Late War in Spain and Portugal*, by Robert Southey. 4to.

Narrative of a Voyage in his Majesty's Ship *Blonde*, Captain, Lord Byron, undertaken for the purpose of conveying to the Sandwich Isles the bodies of the late King and Queen of those islands. By R. B. Bloxham, M. A., Chaplain of the *Blonde*.

A Novel, from the pen of a noble author, entitled "*Alla Giornata, or To the Day*;" the scene of which is laid in Italy.

The *Boyne Water*, a Tale, by the author of *Tales by the O'Hara Family*. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Tales from the German, by George Soane, A. B., with engravings by George Cruikshank. 3 vols.

Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character; with twenty coloured plates, etched by the Author.

The *Poetical Album of Kennett and George Reade Dixon*.

A new Translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, by Mr. Musgrave.

Ports of England, No. 1, containing two plates, Whitby and Scarborough, in highly finished Mezzotinto, by Thos. Lupton, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R. A., made expressly for the work. This publication will contain all the licensed and chartered Ports of England.

The *Practical Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and complete Decorator*, by Peter and M. A. Nicholson. 4to. with 13 plates.

"*Words*," a series of Essays on things imaginative and philosophical, 1 vol. post 8vo., will be ready in a few days.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Or Sons.—The Infanta Donna Louisa Charlotte, of Spain.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Sir H. Floyd, Bart.—The lady of Sir T. W. Blomefield, Bart.—The lady of the Right Hon. Lord Garvagh.—Princess Polignac.—The lady of Charles Calvert, Esq., M.P.—The lady of Captain Maryat, R.N.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Prenderleath, C.B.—The lady of the Hon. and Rev. Edward John Turnour.—Mrs. Henry Baring.—The lady of Lieut. General Sir William Anson, of twins.

Or Daughters.—The Hon. Mrs. Davidson.—The lady of the Rev. G. T. Prettyman.—Lady Maria Saunderson.—The lady of Colonel De Lancy Barclay, C.B.—The lady of J. Brown, Esq., M.P.—The Hon. Mrs. Heaton.—The Countess of Orford.—The lady of G. H. Cherry, Esq., M.P.—The lady of Major Cator.—The Hon. Mrs. Middleton.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Sherret.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Disbrowe.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Sir Charles Dance.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary-le-bone, Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart., to Catherine, fourth daughter of B. Way, Esq., of Denham Park, Bucks.

At Paris, General de Knyff, to Miss Clavering, eldest daughter of Sir T. J. Clavering, Bart., of Axwell Park, Durham.

At Llanidan, Anglesey, Viscount Kirkwall, to Charlotte Isabella Irby, second daughter of Lord Boston.

The Rev. Robert Greenwood, Vicar of Colaton Rawleigh, Devon, to Matilda Sophia, eldest daughter of the late T. Vincent, Esq., of Calne, Wiltshire.

William Tritton, Esq., to Jane Dennistoun, second daughter of Mr. and Lady Janet Buchanan.

At Clifton, Sir William Francis Elliott, Bart., to Miss Boswell, eldest daughter of the late Sir Alex. Boswell, of Ayr, Bart.

The Rev. Henry Perceval, son of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, to Catherine Isabella, second daughter of Andrew Drummond, Esq.

Richard G. Cartwright, Esq., of Ixworth Abbey, Suffolk, to Frances Felicia, eldest daughter of B. Cobb, Esq., of Lydd, Kent.

Kerrison Harvey, Esq., of Thorpe Lodge, Norfolk, to Eliza Beecroft, eldest daughter of Sir Edmund K. Lacon.

At Dublin, John Fetherston, Esq., of Rockview, to the Hon. Susan Maria, daughter of the late Lord Massy.

At Farnham, Surrey, Thomas Pearse, Esq., to the Hon. Caroline Kerr, eldest daughter of the late Lord Charles Beauchamp Kerr, and niece of the late Marquess of Lothian.

Lieutenant T. Smith, R.N., to Anna Amelia, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Miles, R.N.

At Richmond, the Earl of Clare, to the Hon. Elizabeth Julia Georgiana Burrell, only

daughter of the late Lord Gwydir and the Baroness Willoughby, of Eresby.

The Rev. S. Best, third son of the Lord Chief Justice Best, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Burrough.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Pellew, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Dr. Winthorp.

Hamilton Charles Jas. Hamilton, Esq., Secretary of Embassy, at Paris, to Maria Susanna, second daughter of Lieut. General Sir Frederick Phillipse Robinson, K.C.B.

Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., to the Hon. Anne Elizabeth Liddell.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. Thomas Nayler, Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to Dora, second daughter of Sir George Nayler, Garter King of Arms.

The Rev. J. D. Wingfield, Prebendary of Kildare, and Rector of Geeshill, to Anne Eliza, eldest daughter of Sir John Wyldbore Smith, Bart.

Thomas Nixson, Esq., to Fanny, coheirress of the late Sir Joseph Allin.

T. W. Rundall, Esq., late of the East-India House, to Mrs. Haworth, of Red Lion Square.

DEATHS.

In Cavendish Square, aged 92, the Very Reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham.

At Netherton Hall, Sir John Wilmot Pridaux, Bart.

In Regent Street, the Hon. George Blaquiére, third son of the late John, first Lord de Blaquiére.

Aged 74, Rear Admiral William Prowse, C.B.

At the See-house of Cloyne, Miss Selena Warburton, daughter of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne.

At Dublin, aged 82, Lord Viscount Netterville.

At Wheelock House, Cheshire, aged 42, Lieut. Col. Tryon.

At Douglas, General Stapleton, brother of Lord Le Despencer.

Aged 14, the son of Viscount Barrington, and nephew of the late Bishop of Durham.

At Tillingbourn, Colonel Delancy Barclay, C.B.

John Richard, third son of Lieut. Col. Sir Kew Cross, K.C.B.

In Regent Street, Lieut. General Philip Kearney Skinner.

In Great Marlborough Street, Sir George Alderson.

The Hon. Mrs. Boyd.

At his seat, Benacre Hall, Suffolk, Sir Thomas Gooch, Bart., aged 81.

At St. Servan, in France, the Right Hon. Lady Isabella St. Lawrence.

At Bath, aged 74, the Rev. and Venerable Charles Sandiford, M.A., Archdeacon of Wells, and Vicar of Awre and Tirley, Gloucester.

At Brora, Scotland, Alexander Urquhart, aged 111.

La Belle Assemblée, OR COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XVIII., FOR JUNE, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable LADY ISABELLA ANNE BRYDGES, engraved by THOMSON, from a Miniature by MRS. MEE.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Costume, of Urling's Lace.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Visiting Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER to the *Third Volume* of the present NEW SERIES of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE will be published on Saturday, the First of July next. It will contain an *Address to Subscribers and the Public*;—an *Historical Retrospect of Polite Literature for the last Six Months*;—a *Summary of Fashions for the last Half-Year*;—a *Title-Page and Index to the Volume*, &c.

THE defects of the communication from our fair young friend at Hampstead are those of subject and of style. The article is also much too long; but it contains nothing that can induce us to entertain an unfavourable opinion of the genius of the writer. On the contrary, we think that by study and perseverance she is very likely to prove successful. She must pay sedulous court to simplicity, carefully avoiding affectation, and all attempts at what is termed “fine writing.” Her manuscript shall be left under cover, as requested.

“*Sketches from my Diary, No. I.*” most probably in our next.

Our respected correspondent at Banff will perceive that we have already availed ourselves of one of her favours, and that another is in reserve.

“*The Smuggler’s Daughter*” shall, notwithstanding her plebeian connections, be shortly introduced to LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

“*JUVENIS*,” we suspect, is very young indeed.

We sent the MS. of “*The Maiden’s Vow*,” with a note explanatory of our reasons for declining its acceptance, agreeably to the address given; but, as the family were apparently out of town, our messenger brought it back. Perhaps its author, to whom we already feel much indebted, will favour us with a communication respecting its return.

We are greatly obliged by the attentions of “C. H.,” whose correspondence is at all times acceptable and gratifying. From her promised papers on the “*Domestic Manners, and on the Warfare of the Fourteenth Century*,” we anticipate much pleasure to ourselves and to our readers.

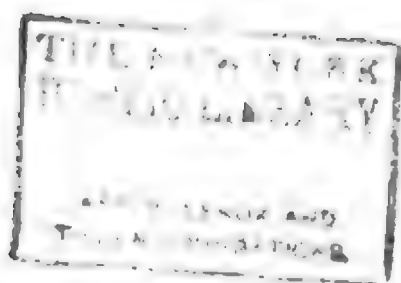
We are sorry to remark that “*Poor Mary’s Tales*” possess not that liveliness of interest which modern taste requires.

A packet for “E. B.” will shortly be left at our publisher’s—Mr. Whittaker’s, in Ave-Maria Lane.

To the author of “*The Sisters, a Sketch*,” we shall shortly have the pleasure of addressing a private letter.

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JUNE, 1826.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR JUNE, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ISABELLA ANNE BRYDGES.

THE Right Honourable Lady ISABELLA ANNE BRYDGES traces her paternal descent from the ancient family of Beresford, Earls of Tyrone, &c. Her Ladyship is the eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Marquess of Waterford. Her mother was the daughter and heiress of Henry Monck, Esq., of Charleville (a descendant of the great Duke of Albemarle) by the Lady Anne Isabella Bentinck, second daughter of Henry, first Duke of Portland. She was married on the 14th of April, 1812, to Sir John William Head Brydges, Knt., of Wootton Court, in the county of Kent, M.P. for Coleraine, late Lieut. Colonel of the New Romney Fencible Dragoons, a Major in the army, Captain of Sandgate Castle, Colonel in the army of His Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal, and only surviving brother of Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, Bart., K.J., F.S.A.

The Beresford family, originally of Beresford, in the parish of Alstonfield, Staffordshire, has flourished for many centuries in the counties of Stafford, Warwick, and Leicester; whence it spread into those of Derby, Nottingham, Kent, and Lincoln, and into the city of London. A branch of the Kentish line removed into Ireland, where it was advanced to the dignity of Baronet in the person of Sir Tristram

Beresford; and successively elevated to the dignities of Baron, Viscount, and Earl, in Sir Tristram's great grandson, Sir Marcus Beresford, Earl of Tyrone.

His Lordship's descent was derived, in a direct line, from John de Beresford, who was seized of the manor of Beresford (in old deeds sometimes written Bereford) in the county of Stafford, October 4, 1087. Thomas, second son of John, Lord of Beresford and Enston, was seated at Newton Grange, and Bentley, in Derbyshire, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.; the former of whom he served in the French wars, and it is on record that he mustered a troop of horse of his sons, with his and their servants, at Chesterfield.* He married Agnes, daughter and heir to Robert Hassal, of Arcluyd, in Cheshire, Esq., whose coat-armour of *Parti per Chevron Argent and Or, three Pheons Sable, a Crescent for Difference*, is quartered by the Earl of Tyrone. By this lady he had sixteen sons and five daughters. Tristram, grandson of Humphry, the seventh son,†

* This gentleman was buried in the church of Fenny Bentley, Derbyshire, in which is a handsome alabaster monument to his memory.

† James, his youngest brother, LL.D., Canon Residentiary, and Prebendary of Prees, in the Cathedral of Lichfield, Vicar of Chesterfield and Worksworth, &c., was the founder

went into Ireland, as manager for the corporation of Londoners, denominated The Society of the New Plantation in Ulster, at the time they made the plantation in the county of Derry, in the reign of James I. He settled at Coleraine.

Sir Tristram Beresford, Knt. his eldest son and successor, a strenuous supporter of the royal cause, represented the county of Londonderry in Parliament, in 1661. Charles II. in consideration of his faithful services and sufferings, and desirous of conferring upon him and his posterity some mark of his kingly favour, was pleased, by privy-seal, dated at Whitehall, March 24, 1664, and by patent at Dublin, May 5, 1665, to create him a Baronet.

Sir Randal Beresford, his only son and successor, was M.P. for Coleraine, in the first Parliament after the Restoration. He married, in 1662, Catherine, younger daughter of Sir Francis Annesley, Lord Viscount Valentia, by Jane, sister to Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield. He was buried (1688) at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.

Sir Tristram Beresford, of Coleraine, his eldest surviving son and successor, was attainted (May 7, 1689) by King James's Parliament. He commanded a regiment of foot in defence of the Protestants against the attacks of that king on their liberties and properties.

Sir Marcus Beresford (his only son, by Nichola Sophia, youngest daughter and coheir of Hugh Hamilton, Baron of Glerawley, in the county of Fermanagh) was left (1701) under the guardianship of Marcus, Viscount Dungarvon, and his wife; and, before he attained his majority, he was chosen M.P. for the borough of Coleraine, which he continued to represent until his Majesty George I. was pleased to advance him to the peerage, by privy-seal, dated at St. James's, June 11, and by patent at Dublin, November 4, 1720. To these honours, George II. added the superior dignity of an Earl; creating his Lordship

of Beresford's chantry, in the church of Fenny Bentley. He also founded two fellowships and two scholarships in St. John's College, Cambridge, to be called Beresford's Fellows and Scholars, for whose maintenance he gave £400 to the college, with which they purchased lands, then of £20 *per annum*.

Earl of Tyrone, by privy-seal, bearing date at Kensington, June 26, and by patent July 18, 1746.

His Lordship married, in 1717, the Lady Catherine Poer, daughter and heiress of James, Earl of Tyrone.* By her he had seven sons and eight daughters—

* Her Ladyship (who gave £50 towards the erecting of the Hospital for Incurables, in Dublin, put up ten beds for the use of the hospital, and subscribed £50 a year towards its support) descended from Sir Roger La Poer (sometimes written Power) who accompanied Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, in his expedition to Ireland, to reinstate Dermoid Mac Murrough, in his kingdom of Leinster, and who, after the success of that enterprize, assisted John de Courcy in his reduction of Ulster, for which services he was rewarded with a grant of divers lands. "If it may be said without offence," observes Cambrensis, "there was not one man, who did more valiant acts than Roger le Poer; who, although he were but a young man, and beardless, yet he shewed himself a lusty, valiant, and courageous gentleman, and who grew into such good credit, that he had the government of the country about Leighlin, as also in Ossory, where he was traiterously killed; on whose slaughter a conspiracy was formed among the Irish to destroy the English, and many castles were destroyed." Sir Roger La Poer married the niece of Sir Amory St. Laurence, ancestor of the Earl of Howth. The history of this family, from which the present Marquess of Waterford, as Baron La Poer, derives, is curious and interesting, and is related at considerable length in Archdall's edition of *LODGE'S Peerage of Ireland*, to which we are in a great measure indebted for the materials of this Memoir. Richard, Lord La Poer, was created, by patent, dated at Westminster, October 9, 1662, Viscount Decies and Earl of Tyrone. His wife was Dorothy, daughter of Arthur, Earl of Anglesey; and his two surviving sons (by that lady) John and James, successively enjoyed the Earldom. "It is very remarkable," observes the editor of the work to which we have just referred, "that in so long a succession in this family, and in a country continually disturbed and torn by rebellion and civil wars, that not one of this family was ever engaged in any rebellion against the crown of England, nor was there ever a forfeiture in the family during the space of 600 years that they have been planted in Ireland; and they at this day enjoy the old family lands and reside at the same place that they were

1. James; 2. Marcus; 3. Marcus; all of whom died young;—4. George De La Poer, his successor, the first Marquess of Waterford, and father of the Right Honourable Lady Isabella Anne Brydges;—5. John, a privy-councillor, first commissioner of the revenue board, and M.P. for the county of Waterford, who died in 1805, having married, *first*, Anne Constantia Ligondes, grand-

originally settled in, in the county of Waterford." John, the second Earl, died a bachelor, in 1693; and James, the third, who married Anne, eldest daughter and coheirress of Andrew Rickards, of Dandan-Spidoge, in the county of Kilkenny, Esq., died without male issue in 1704, by which the Earldom became extinct. His only daughter, the Lady Catherine, became the wife, as above stated, of Marcus, first Earl of Tyrone, under the new creation; the preamble to which ran as follows:—"As it hath been the constant practice of our royal predecessors to reward virtue and advance merit, by conferring honours and dignities upon such persons as have entitled themselves to receive those favours, by their personal qualifications and public services; and, in particular, as our royal father, in consideration of the ancient extraction, eminent services, and distinguished loyalty of Sir Marcus Beresford, and of his marriage with the daughter and heir of the Right Honourable James De La Poer, Earl of Tyrone, did advance him from the degree of a Baronet, to the state and dignity of Baron Beresford, of Beresford, and Viscount of Tyrone. So we, equally studious to do justice to a persevering virtue, and demonstrate, by some signal testimony of our esteem, how acceptable it is to us, and how freely we are disposed to proportion our favours to the deserts of our subjects; have, on a full assurance, taken into our consideration how our said faithful and beloved Sir Marcus Beresford, Lord Viscount Tyrone, hath adorned his dignity by his conduct, and hath rendered himself worthy of an addition of honour by his inviolate attachment to our royal person and government; his unaffected zeal for the established religion; his strenuous support of the constitution and laws of his country, even in the most critical and hazardous times; his unbounded charity, and constant provision of work for numbers of poor; with many other qualities and virtues equally deserving our royal notice: These reasons readily induce us to confer the superior title and degree of an Earl on a person, so well qualified to receive, and withal, so well enabled to support the honour by an affluent fortune. Know ye therefore," &c.

daughter of the Count de Ligondes (a general in the French army who was taken prisoner at the battle of Blenheim, and afterwards married Frances, Countess Dowager of Huntingdon); *secondly*, Barbara, daughter of Sir William Montgomery, Bart., and sister to Anne, Marchioness Townshend;—6. William Hamilton;—7. William, first Bishop of Dromore and Ossory, and afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, created Lord Decies, December 24, 1812, died in 1819;—8. Anne, married William Annesley, Viscount Glerawley;—9. Jane, married the Right Hon. Edward Carey, of Dungiven, county of Derry, died in 1792;—10. Elizabeth;—11. Catherine, married, *first*, Thomas Christmas, Esq., of Whitfield, in Waterford; *secondly*, the Right Hon. Theophilus Jones, died in 1763;—12. Sophia;—13. Araminta, married George Paul Monck, of St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, Esq., died in 1818;—14. Frances Maria, married the Right Hon. Henry Flood, died in 1815;—15. Elizabeth, married Thomas Cobbe, Esq., only son of Dr. Charles Cobbe, Archbishop of Dublin.

Marcus Beresford, first Earl of Tyrone, of the new creation, died in 1763, and was succeeded by his son, George De La Poer. His relict, Catherine, the Countess Dowager, considering herself, on the death of her father, as the lineal and chief representative of the ancient and noble family of La Poer, preferred a petition to the King, praying the restoration to her and her family of the Barony of La Poer. Her Ladyship's claim was, in the year 1767, referred to the consideration of the House of Peers of Ireland, admitted by them, and allowed and confirmed by his Majesty. Her Ladyship died in 1769, when the Barony devolved on her eldest son,

George De La Poer, who, as already stated, had succeeded to the Earldom of Tyrone, in 1763. His Lordship was born on the 8th of January, 1735. He was made, in 1766, Governor and Custos Rotulorum of the city and county of Waterford. His Lordship was also a member of the Privy Council in Ireland, and an original Knight Companion of the most illustrious Order of St. Patrick. On the 21st of August, 1786, his late Majesty was pleased to call him to a seat in the British House of Peers, by the title of Baron Tyrone, of Haverford-West, in the county of Pembroke; and, on the 19th of August, 1789, he was created Marquess of Water-

ford. His Lordship married, April 18, 1769, the Lady Anne Isabella Bentinck, second daughter of Henry, first Duke of Portland, by whom he had issue—

1. Marcus de la Poer, died, August 8, 1783;—2. Henry de la Poer, the present Marquess of Waterford;*—3. John George de la Poer, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Primate of all Ireland;—4. Isabella Anne, whose portrait accompanies this memoir;—5. Catherine;—6. Anne;—7. George Thomas de la Poer, a Major General, Privy Councillor, Comptroller of the King's Household, M.P. for the county of Waterford, &c., married, in November, 1808, Miss Harriet Schutz;—8. Elizabeth Louisa, married, July 11, 1816, Major General Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B., K.M.T., T.S., and K.S.W.

Lady Isabella Anne De La Poer Beresford lost her father, the Marquess, on the 3d of December, 1800, and her mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. On the 14th of April, as has already appeared, she was married to Sir John Brydges, of Wootton Court, in the county of Kent, Knt.†

* His Lordship succeeded his father, the late Marquess, on the 3d of December, 1800; and, on the 29th of August, 1805, he married Susan Hussey Carpenter, only daughter and heiress of George, second Earl of Tyrconnel, by Sarah, youngest daughter of John, Lord Delaval. His Lordship has had issue, five sons and three daughters:—1. Sarah;—2. George, Earl of Tyrone, died 1824;—3. Henry, the present Earl of Tyrone;—4. William;—5. Susan;—6. John;—7. James;—8. Elizabeth.

† Sir John William Head Brydges, Knt., the husband of Lady Isabella, is the third son of the late Edward Brydges, of Wootton Court, in the county of Kent, Esq., by "Jemima, daughter and coheiress of William Egerton, LL.D., prebendary of Canterbury, chancellor of Hereford, rector of All-Hallows, Lombard

Street, and rector of Penshurst, in Kent, son of the Honourable Thomas Egerton, of Tatton-Park, in Cheshire (by Hesther, daughter of Sir John Busby, of Addington com. Bucks, Knight), younger son of John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater, by Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of William, Duke of Newcastle."—[*Vide Notes on the Chandos Peerage, COLLINS's Peerage of England, by Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. vi. page 734.*] The family of Brydges, created by patent, April 8, 1554, Barons Chandos, of Sudeley, is supposed, by Collins, to derive its descent from Arnulph, a younger son of Sir Roger de Montgomery, whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, and who, amongst other vast possessions, held the castle of Brugge, now called Bridgenorth, in Shropshire. Sir Egerton Brydges, however, considers that the family came from Flanders subsequently to the Conquest; and he thinks it probable that they, like the Gaunts, were a male branch of the house of the Earls of Flanders. On the death of the last Duke of Chandos, without male issue, in 1789, the Rev. Edward Tymewell Brydges, eldest brother of Sir John Brydges, considering himself the next heir male of the body of Sir John Brydges, Lord Chandos, the first grantee, who died in 1557, claimed the Barony. The first hearing took place before a Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, on the 1st of June, 1790; but it was not until the 17th of June, 1803, that their Lordships' decision was obtained. On a division, the majority of the Lords, who then voted (being only twenty-two) resolved that the evidence at present was not sufficient to establish the claim.—Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, the Colonel's next brother, a gentleman eminently distinguished by his literary talents, was called to the bar in 1787. In February, 1808, he was chosen a Knight of the Swedish Equestrian, Secular, and Chap-teral Order of St. Joachim; and, on the 27th of May, 1815, he was created a Baronet of Great Britain.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. VIII.—MRS. HEMANS.

It is not unworthy of remark, for we feel it a credit by implication to our age and time, that, amongst all Dr. Johnson's poets, there is not one woman. Nor, if we explore the pages of antiquity, do we find record of female genius or talent to reward us for the search. Much as the divine code of Christianity has achieved for the elevation of the sex, for investing them with their due rank in the scale of creation, it seems to have been reserved for the nineteenth century, to shew us, in Europe at least, what woman really is, and of what she is capable. Here and there, a hundred years ago, our annals were illumined by the name of some learned lady—a Miss Carter, for instance, who could spout Greek like another Porson or Parr—a comet wandering from its orbit, and dazzling, though not cheering the world by its strange, unnatural light; but—what were our women *generally*, a century back, compared with what they are now—with what they are now, without affectation, eccentricity, or pretension? The papers of the *Spectator* will answer this question truly, if not satisfactorily—and satisfactorily as well as truly, for the purpose of shewing the pre-eminence of woman in our own day.

We could not select a happier instance by which to illustrate the truth of this position, than Mrs. Hemans. Now that Byron is dead, and that Coleridge has ceased to write, we hazard nothing by the affirmation that Mrs. Hemans is not only the first *lady* poet, but the first *poet* of the age. Indeed, we cannot help re-quoting the opinion that, "in *Her* we see and adore the rare union—how seldom found!—of masculine strength of thought with feminine sweetness and sensibility. Pure and bright as the heaven whence she derives her inspiration, her magic page tells us of all things dear and holy; and, while we read, we are tempted to regard its author as 'the connecting link between woman and angel.'"^{*} Of her it may be truly said,

"she has asserted her claim—a claim that has been felt and acknowledged—to a place amongst the illustrious of the land, the noble and the powerful of spirit." She has no whine, no cant, no sickly sentimentality. In tenderness and in beauty of expression—in the deep, the calm, the silent stream of poetic feeling—she probably comes nearer to Wordsworth than to any other of her contemporaries; but she has none of that writer's occasional mawkishness; she has Wordsworth's excellencies without Wordsworth's defects. It is impossible not to admire her for her genius and for her talent; it is yet more impossible, if we may be allowed the expression, not to love her for her purity, her holiness, her angelic goodness.

Mrs. Hemans's poetry is rich in picture—impressively graphic in delineation. She is full of history—of the history of great and glorious times—of the heroes of the days of old. Yet we sometimes doubt whether she is not more deeply touching, more thoroughly effective, more intensely absorbing, in her treatment of subjects that are altogether imaginary—subjects of which her own mind is the creator—subjects which, under her plastic hand, display the proud triumph of nature over art.

It is seldom that Mrs. Hemans touches upon love as a passion: *her* love is conjugal—maternal;—the pure, the holy, the devoted affection of a better world—of a better race than our's. There are many passages of her poetry—and in none of her works, perhaps, more than in "*The Forest Sanctuary*," now before us—in the perusal of which we are compelled to pause, and pant, and gasp for breath. If this prove not the exalted genius, talent, and power of a writer, we know not what does.

It may possibly be deemed strange that, in taking a summary view of this lady's productions, we fix upon her latest poem first. The fact is, we feel our attention so irresistibly attracted and enchained by her "*Forest Sanctuary*," that we cannot tear ourselves from its pages until we have endeavoured to impart to our readers some

^{*} Vide page 36.

portion of the high enjoyment that we have experienced in its perusal. This poem, the author informs us, "is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge with his child in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum."

It will be seen at once from this brief statement, that a less artificial disposition of materials could not easily be adopted. Indeed as far as fable, if fable it can be termed, is concerned, we could have wished for something more dramatic. The narrative, however, is most ably sustained—the respective scenes and incidents are sketched with that breathing vitality and force which fix them upon the mind—the interest from the commencement to the close is never allowed to flag.

Before we venture upon extract, let us in a dozen lines present an outline of the story. The suffering hero of the tale returns from a distant land to his native Spain, on the very morning of an *Auto da Fé*. In silent awe he watched the fearful rites, a Romanist in faith. Amongst the destined martyrs, Alvar, the companion of his boyhood, the friend of his youth, the saviour of his life in battle, passes by. Alvar is followed by his virgin sisters Theresa and Inez. The horrible sacrifice is about to be offered. The narrator rushes in the agony of madness from the spot—

Away—away I rush'd;—but swift and high
The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,
Till the transparent darkness of the sky
Flush'd to a blood-red mantle in their hue;
And, phantom-like, the kindling city seem'd
To spread, float, wave, as on the wind they stream'd,
With their wild splendour chasing me!—I knew
The death-work was begun—I veil'd mine eyes,
Yet stopp'd in spell-bound fear to catch the victims' cries.

What heard I then?—A ringing shriek of pain,
Such as for ever haunts the tortur'd ear?
—I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing strain
Piercing the flames, untremulous and clear!
—The rich, triumphal tones!—I knew them well,
As they came floating with a breezy swell!
Man's voice was there—a clarion voice to cheer
In the mid-battle—ay, to turn the flying—
Woman's—that might have sung of heaven beside the dying!

The narrator, invoking the spirit of his departed friend to come back and shew

him truth, takes refuge in an ancient cathedral. Calmed in his mind, he seeks his home, where he finds his wife with her babe greeting his return with smiles. Thus closes the First Part of the poem. In the Second Part the speaker describes his imprisonment because his "soul had drawn light from the book whose words are graven in light." He escapes, after years of suffering—flies again to his home—receives his father's blessing—and, to insure his safety, embarks with his wife and child for America. His beloved Leonor, true to the ancient faith, yet devoted with all a woman's love to her husband, pines, sickens, and dies ere the becalmed vessel can reach the promised land. This, with a few connecting paragraphs, will be sufficient to render intelligible the passages we are about to quote.

The poem thus opens:—

The voices of my home!—I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight!
I hear them still, unchang'd:—though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright,
Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

This sentiment is carried on, and heightened, through the three succeeding stanzas:

—These skies above me spread,
Are they my own soft skies?—Ye rest not here, my dead!

On the morning of the *Auto da Fé*—the morning of the speaker's return to Spain—silence reigned through his pine-hung mountains.

Music and mirth were hush'd the hills among,
While to the city's gates each hamlet pour'd its throng.

Silence upon the mountains!—But within
The city's gates a rush—a press—a swell
Of multitudes their torrent way to win;
And heavy boomings of a dull deep bell,
A dead pause following each—like that which parts
The dash of billows holding breathless hearts
Fast in the hush of fear—knell after knell;
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder-rain,
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing fane!

Describing the passage of the victims, he says—

And there were some, from whom the very mind
Had been wrung out: they smil'd—oh! startling smile
Whence man's high soul is fled?—Where doth it sleep the while?

• • • • •
They moved before me but as pictures, wrought
Each to reveal some secret of man's thought,
On the sharp edge of sad mortality,
Till in his place came one—oh! could it be?
—My friend, my heart's best friend!—and did I gaze on thee?

He pass'd me—and what next?—I look'd on two,
Following his footstepe to the same dread place,
For the same guilt—his sisters!

Of Theresa, the elder—she who had
“made no deeper love a guest, 'midst her
young spirit's dreams, than that which
grows between the nurtur'd of the same
fond breast, the shelter'd of one roof”—
he says—

And if she mingled with the festive train,
It was but as some melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present, though afar.

Could a rose brave the storm, such might her emblem be!

—Some sustaining passion's wave
Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for the brave!

Of Inez—

To think of that fair girl, whose path had been
So strew'd with rose-leaves, all one fairy scene!
And whose quick glance came ever as a token
Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voice
As a free bird's in spring, that makes the woods rejoice!

And she to die!—she lov'd the laughing earth
With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and flowers!
—Was not her smile even as the sudden birth
Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal showers?
Yes! but to meet her fawn-like step, to hear
The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,
Which, oft unconsciously, in happier hours
Flow'd from her lips, was to forget the sway
Of Time and Death below,—blight, shadow, dull decay!

And now—oh God!—the bitter fear of death,
The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing dread,
Had grasp'd her!—panting in her quick-drawn breath,
And in her white lips quivering.

Alas! that earth had all too strong a hold,
Too fast, sweet Inez! on thy heart, whose bloom
Was given to early love, nor knew how cold
The hours which follow.

The mass was sung—

—Voices that die not might have pour'd such strains!

— the incense cloud was driven
Before the breeze—the words of doom were said;
And the sun faded mournfully from heaven,
—He faded mournfully! and dimly red,
Parting in clouds from those that look'd their last,
And sigh'd—“farewell, thou sun!”—eve glow'd and
pass'd—

Night—midnight and the moon—came forth and shed
Sleep, even as dew on glen, wood, peopled spot.

— the midnight sky
Brought softly that rich world round those who came to
die.

The darkly-glorious midnight sky of Spain,
Burning with stars!—What had the torches' glare
To do beneath that temple, and profane
Its holy radiance?

The pictures which succeed are almost
too painful, too heart-rending to dwell
upon.

The trampling of a steed!—a tall white steed,
Rending his fiery way the crowds among—
A storm's way through a forest—came at speed,

And a wild voice cried “Inez!” Swift she flung
The mantle from her face, and gas'd around,
With a faint shriek at that familiar sound,
And from his seat a breathless rider sprung,
And dash'd off fiercely those who came to part,
And rush'd to that pale girl, and clasp'd her to his heart.

— on his breast,
Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay,
But blest—in misery's very lap—yet blest!

He woo'd her back to life—
She look'd up wildly—
— the young cheek flush'd and faded,
As the swift blood in currents came and went,
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershadowed,
And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
Thro' its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings
pass'd
O'er the frail form, that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown—
Pale in love's arms she lay—she—what had lov'd was
gone!

Yes! this is “love strong as death!”

It is after the death—the rejoicing death
—of Alvar and Theresa, that the narrator
rushes from the dreadful scene. He wept
not for his friend—he “could not weep.”
What follows is eminently grand and
powerful.

There are swift hours in life—strong, rushing hours,
That do the work of tempests in their might!
They shake down things that stood as rocks and towers
Unto the undoubting mind;—they pour in light
Where it but startles—like a burst of day
For which th' uprooting of an oak makes way;—
They sweep the colouring mists from off our sight,
They touch with fire, thought's graven page, the roll
Stamp'd with past years—and lo! it shrivels as a scroll!

In his flight, he enters, almost uncon-
sciously, “a lonely fane:” this gives oc-
casion for an admirable description of the
interior of an ancient Spanish cathedral:—

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast!
Silence was round the sleepers, whom its floor
Shut in the grave; a shadow of the past,
A memory of the sainted steps that wore
Ere while its gorgeous pavement, seem'd to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude,
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men,
And all was hush'd as night in some deep alpine glen.

More hush'd, far more!—for there the wind sweeps by,
Or the woods tremble to the stream's loud play!
Here a strange echo made my very sigh
Seem for the place too much a sound of day!
Too much my footstep broke the moonlight, fading,
Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading;
And I stood still: prayer, chaunt, had died away,
Yet past me floated a funereal breath
Of incense.—I stood still—as before God and death!

For thick ye girt me round, ye long-departed!
Dust—imaged form—with cross, and shield, and crest;
It seem'd as if your ashes would have started,
Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest!

The description of the altar is yet finer—
it is indeed one of the finest pictures in
poetry we ever met with.

————— what glimmer'd faintly on my sight,
Faintly, yet brightening, as a wreath of snow
Seen through dissolving haze?—The moon, the night,
Had waned, and dawn poured in;—grey, shadowy,
slow,
Yet day-spring still!—a solemn hue it caught,
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught
With stoles and draperies of Imperial glow;
And soft, and sad, that colouring gleam was thrown,
Where, pale, a pictur'd form above the altar shone.

Thy form, thou Son of God!—a wrathful deep,
With foam, and cloud, and tempest, round thee spread,
And such a weight of night!—a night, when sleep
From the fierce rocking of the billows fled.
A bark show'd dim beyond thee, with its mast
Bow'd, and its rent sail shivering to the blast;
But, like a spirit in thy gliding tread,
Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that stormy sea
Through rushing winds, which left a silent path for thee.

So still thy white robes fell!—no breath of air
Within their long and slumberous folds had sway!
So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
From thy clear brow flow'd droopingly away!
Dark were the heavens above thee, Saviour!—dark
The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark!
But thou!—o'er all thine aspect and array
Was pour'd one stream of pale, broad, silvery light—
—Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding night!
Aid for one sinking!—Thy lone brightness gleam'd
On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
With its worn, fearful, human look that seem'd
To cry through surge and blast—"I perish—save!"

Independently of its own intrinsic and inimitable beauty, these stanzas afford, with Danby's fine picture, at Somerset House (Christ walking on the Sea; from St. Matthew, chap. iv. v. 24 to 31) a remarkable illustration of the different modes of viewing and treating the same subject by persons of genius. Mrs. Hemans and *her* art—her *heavenly gift*—triumph: the passage here quoted is, we think, completely decisive on the often-agitated question—"Whether poetry or painting be entitled to the higher honour."

In the Second Part of "*The Forest Sanctuary*," through which we must proceed more rapidly, we find the illusions of imagination, conjuring up visions of the past, during a season of imprisonment, most vividly and most poetically portrayed, but we have here no room for extract. The moment of regained liberty is described with equal force and truth:—

————— unchain'd I trod
This green earth, taking back my freedom from my God!
That was an hour to send its fadeless trace
Down life's far sweeping tide!—A dim, wild night,
Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,
Yet how my heart leap'd in her blessed light!
The shepherd's light—the sailor's on the sea—
The hunter's homeward from the mountains free,
Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright
The thousand streams!—I could but gaze through
tears—
Oh! what a sight is heaven, thus first beheld for years!

A storm follows, with great sublimity of effect:—

————— through the black ravine the storm came
swelling—
Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast!
In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast!
A rent oak thunder'd down beside my cave—
Booming it rush'd, as booms a deep sea-wave;
A falcon soar'd; a startled wild deer pass'd;
A far-off bell toll'd faintly through the roar—
How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds once
more!

And with the arrowy lightnings!—for they flash'd,
Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
And brightly shivering where the torrents dash'd
Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray!
And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,
The strong pines groaning with tempestuous life,
And all the mountain-voices on their way,—
Was it not joy?—'twas joy in rushing might,
After those years that wove but one long dead of night!

The arrival at home—the meeting of the son with the father, the husband with the wife and child—are touched with much pathos:—

————— I murmur'd "*Leonor!*"
And her heart answer'd!—Oh! the voice is known
First from all else, and swiftest to restore
Love's buried images with one low tone,
That strikes like lightning, when the cheek is faded,
And the brow heavily with thought o'ershaded,
And all the brightness from the aspect gone!

The buoyancy of man's heart, which "swells high" on quitting his native shore, "whate'er he leaves behind," is thus contrasted with the deep regrets of woman:—

————— Closely *her* still heart
Doth twine itself with ev'n each lifeless thing,
Which, long remember'd, seem'd to bear its part
In her calm joys. For ever would she cling,
A brooding dove, to that sole spot of earth
Where she hath lov'd and given her children birth,
And heard their first sweet voices. There may spring
Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,
But hath its breath of home, its claim to farewell grief.

Leonor's evening hymn, at sea—

Ave sanctissima!
'Tis night-fall on the sea;
Ora pro nobis!
Our souls rise to thee," &c.

awakes this beautiful soul-thrilling recollection:—

"Ora pro nobis, mater!"—What a spell
Was in those notes, with day's last glory dying
On the flush'd waters!—seem'd they not to swell
From the far dust, wherein my sires were lying
With crucifix and sword?—Oh! yet how clear
Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear!
"Ora!"—with all the purple waves replying,
All my youth's visions rising in the strain—
—And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain!

The death-hour of Leonor approaches.

And yet I live! I feel the sunshine's glow—
And I am he that look'd, and saw decay
Steal o'er the fair of earth, th' ador'd too much!
—It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch.

What heart that loves—that ever loved—
shrinks not from this agonizing truth?

A fearful thing that love and death may dwell
In the same world!—She faded on—and I—
Blind to the last, there needed death to tell
My trusting soul that she *could* fade to die!
Yet, ere she parted, I had mark'd a change,
—But it breath'd hope—'twas beautiful, though
strange:

Something of gladness in the melody
Of her low voice, and in her words a flight
Of airy thought—alas! too perilously bright!

And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet wild,
And quick, and eager, like the flashing gaze
Of some all-wondering and awakening child,
That first the glories of the earth surveys.
—How could it thus deceive me?—She had worn
Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,
A pensive tenderness through happiest days,
And a soft world of dreams had seem'd to lie
Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual eye.

And I could hope in that strange fire!—she died,
She died, with all its lustre on her mien!

————— from her lips the mountain songs of old,
In wild faint snatches, fitfully had sprung;
Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold,
The "*Rio verde*," on her soul that hung,
And thence flow'd forth.—But now the sun was low,
And watching by my side its last red glow,
That ever stills the heart, once more she sung
Her own soft "*Ora mater*!"—and the sound
Was even like love's farewell—so mournfully profound.

The boy had dropp'd to slumber at our feet.

————— her voice grew weak;
And on the flowery crimson of his cheek,
With her white lips a long, long kiss she press'd,
Yet light, to wake him not.—Then sank her head
Against my bursting heart.—What did I clasp?—the
dead!

————— I look'd my last
On the sad beauty of that slumbering face;
How could I think the lovely spirit pass'd,
Which there had left so tenderly its trace?
Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow—
No! not like sleep to look upon art Thou,
Death, death!—She lay, a thing for earth's embrace,
To cover with spring wreaths.—For earth's?—the wave
That gives the bier no flowers—makes moan above her
grave!

On the mid seas a knell!—for man was there,
Anguish and love—the mourner with his dead!
A long low-rolling knell—a voice of prayer—
Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread,—
And the pale-shining Southern Cross on high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red.

—————
Then the broad lonely sunrise!—and the plash
Into the sounding waves!—around her head
They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
Then shut—and all was still.

————— Oh! wherefore doth the thought
Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright hair,
The sea-weed into its dark tresses wrought,
The sand thy pillow—thou that wert so fair!
Come o'er me still?—Earth, earth!—it is the hold
Earth ever keeps on that of earthy mould!

—————
And if the love which here was passing light
Went with what died not—Oh! that *this* we knew,
But this!—that through the silence of the night,
Some voice, of all the lost ones and the true,
Would speak, and say, if in their far repose,
We are yet aught of what we were to those
We call the dead!—Their passionate adieu,
Was it but breath to perish?—Holler trust
Be mine!—thy love *is* there, but purified from dust!

Oh blessed, blessed trust!

Our readers will not regret that we
pause here—that we mean to devote
another paper to Mrs. Hemans. H.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. IGNATIUS.

THE peasants inhabiting a sequestered village in eastern Lombardy were gathered together on a beautiful greensward, which formed a natural terrace on a ledge of rocks, to celebrate a holiday. Remote from the public road, although the troops of Pope Julius II. and those of Louis XII. of France were continually skirmishing on the frontiers of Ferrara, they heard little and saw less of the contending armies: yet the miseries of war had reached this obscure hamlet; hordes of robbers infested the passes of the hills, and what the soldiers spared became the prey of lawless banditti. Fortunately the strong towers of the castle of Val de Monte arose in the immediate neighbourhood, and to the pro-

tection of its walls the peasants committed their richest effects. This precaution proved effectual in the occasional visits of the *Landynechts* in the service of France, when, foraging throughout the country, they happened to discover this retired village, and found little to invite the spoiler's hand; but with the robbers it scarcely availed: lurking in the woods, they sprang upon and captured the defenceless passenger, and the sorrowing relatives of the wretch thus forcibly detained were compelled to give up their most valuable property for his ransom, or see him hanging from the branches of some spreading tree. Few of the inhabitants had escaped injury from these ruthless depredators; and al-

though their numbers had latterly much diminished, in consequence of the temptation held out in richer districts, the terror of the villagers had by no means subsided, since they were still exposed to the daring assaults of a single ruffian who baffled every attempt which they made to take him.

Harassed by imposts, and exposed to continual apprehension, the people of Bellino had little reason for rejoicing; but they grew weary of continual lamentation, and when the festival of their patron saint came round, they resolved to celebrate it with all the mirth and good cheer which their poverty had left them. The report of the merry-making in the village had drawn out even the Lady Rosalie from the castle of Val de Monte, where, under the guardianship of an uncle, who hoped, by forcing her into a convent, to possess himself of the large fortune which the death of her brother in the Holy Land had left her sole heiress to, she lived in the closest retirement. Escaping like a bird out of a cage, Rosalie, happy in her brief period of liberty, shared in the pastime of the peasants. She it was who bestowed the prize at the wrestling match, and crowned the most virtuous maiden with a wreath of flowers. A nice sense of decorum unfortunately obliged her to dance with the personage of the greatest consequence in the place; and Messer Phillippo Gritti, who was old, and very lame from an attack of the rheumatism, being a sort of podesta, was the only man who dared aspire to the honour of her hand. Rosalie would have kept up the sprightly round until all her companions had relinquished the diversion in utter weariness, had she followed her own inclination only; but, compassionating the weak knee of her antiquated partner, she seated herself under the shade of a cluster of myrtles, alternately participating in the harmless glee of the rustics, and sinking into mournful reveries and regrets that she was not permitted to take her place in the train of the Duchess of Ferrara, and enjoy the pleasures befitting her rank.

While the gaiety was at its zenith, the mirth of the dancers was suddenly abated by a cry of "Rimualdo!" the name of the bandit whose deeds had obtained such a fearful notoriety. The terrified crowd dispersed in confusion, and were flying on

every side, but were quickly reassembled by the shout of triumph uttered by well-known voices; and, issuing from a thick wood, six of the stoutest of the village youths were seen dragging a man along, who wore the dark green vest and plumed hat which distinguished the chief of the robbers. Apparently he had not been secured without difficulty; for, his captors relaxing a little in their vigilance as they drew near to the crowded village, he seized the moment to attempt to escape, knocked down two of his guard, and wrestled so stoutly with the remainder, that, had not all the male population flown to their assistance, he would have thrown them off, and obtained another chance for liberty. Completely overpowered by numbers, however, he was bound hand and foot, and thus perfectly incapacitated from farther exertion, the peasants threw their manacled prisoner on the turf in the midst of the circle lately occupied by the dancers, and then debated on his final destination. Numerous voices clamoured for the infliction of a cruel death upon the spot, but disagreed respecting the nature of the torture by which he should expire. The elders, anxious for an opportunity of displaying their wisdom and authority, interposed to prevent a speedy decision; and in the interim, amid shouts and cries and maledictions on the head of the offender, the women stepped forward, peeping over the shoulders or between the elbows of the men; and, while gazing on the prostrate foe, a murmur of admiration ran through the assembled group. When the lips were silent the eyes eloquently expressed the pleasure afforded by the contemplation of the beautiful lineaments which met their view; and the glance and the whisper were soon exchanged for vehement exclamations of delightful wonder.

Rosalie, perceiving the effect which the sight of the outlaw had produced on her female companions, turned towards the person from whom she had at first shrunk in horror and aversion. She, too, was deeply struck by the noble countenance and graceful form of the man who lay pinioned at her feet; and she, too, felt a sentiment akin to pity steal over her heart as she gazed upon features which seemed formed in nature's happiest mood.

"Holy Ignatius," exclaimed the swart and clumsy host of the village caravanserai, "an' a fellow have a smooth face and a straight leg, let him be the most pestilent villain that ever graced a gallows, he will find an advocate, I trow, among the women! By our lady, it were better to have the gift of good looks than all the virtues in Christendom; for an ugly dog, however honest, shall be kicked out of company, while the devil himself, an' he hide his tail and his claws under a dainty skin, will be caressed and encouraged, ay, from the princess down to the serving-wench. 'Twere less sinful, methinks, to have committed a score or two of murders, than to be found guilty of a misshapen carcass."

Rosalie felt the justice of the rebuke: while the village maidens only laughed at the invective of Andrees, she withdrew from the circle, yet could not banish the impression which Rimualdo's splendid and surpassing beauty had made upon her imagination. Exasperated by the representation of the innkeeper, and the undisguised approbation bestowed by their wives and sisters on the handsome robber, the villagers suddenly agreed to cast their fettered prisoner down the precipice, and leave his mangled remains to the vulture and hawk. Rosalie shuddered as she heard this cruel sentence. They were proceeding to put it into execution, and had already dragged their victim within a yard of the edge of the rock, when a thought flashed upon her mind, and, starting forward, she seized the arm of Messer Phillippo, and exclaimed, "What will my uncle say, when he hears of this outrage on his dignity? Surely the Lord of Val de Monte ought to be consulted ere you doom one of his vassals, however guilty, to death." The bailiff, or podesta, instantly assenting to the truth of this admonition, interposed his authority, and the people of Bellino, aware of the danger of offending a powerful lord, reluctantly complied, and prepared to conduct the robber to the castle. Rosalie, now more than ever interested, though aware that she had only prolonged the doomed captive's existence for a very short time, took an upper path towards her home, whence she could see the cavalcade winding through the defiles below. The

robber, sufficiently loosened from his bonds to admit of the use of his limbs, trod in the centre with a firm and dauntless step, and Rosalie thought that his eyes were turned to her whenever he could catch a glimpse of her white garments. Ashamed of having attracted the regards of a sanguinary bandit, she determined to withdraw to her own apartment, nor busy herself farther with his destiny. But she could not keep this resolution. She was irresistibly impelled to the great hall; and as she passed an open archway on her route to the gallery allotted for the accommodation of female spectators during judicial proceedings, the prisoner, who stood guarded by two of the peasants, with his back to the entrance, turned his head, as if roused by her light step, and said, "*Nous sommes perdus.*"—Surprised by a sentence pronounced in a language which none knew but herself, and which, in the present state of affairs, seemed to bind the imprisoned robber with the party of the Duke of Ferrara, whose alliance with France could alone save him from the arms of his enemies, Rosalie paused in the expectation of hearing more; but the guard exclaiming, "What devil's matins are these—dost thou hope to conjure up the fiend to aid thee?" the bandit relapsed into his former silence, and the lady, perplexed and agitated, moved forwards.

The politics of Rosalie were diametrically opposed to those of her uncle. She hoped, through the assistance of her kinswoman, the Duchess of Ferrara, to be emancipated from his control; while he clung to the interests of the Pope as his only expectation of being enabled to devote his ward to the monastic life, and to seize upon the whole of her vast estates for himself, or at least to divide them with his patron. The troops of Julius were triumphant, the turbulent pontiff claimed Ferrara as the inheritance of the church, and the ducal coronet of the gallant Alfonso was placed in the most direful jeopardy by the fall of Mirandole. In this anxious and imminent peril, the slightest circumstance assumed an important character when connected with the struggle for the liberties of Ferrara, and Rosalie listened eagerly for the prisoner's defence,

trusting that she should hear something that would corroborate her suspicion that he was engaged in the service of one for whose success she was so deeply interested. To the numerous charges brought against him, however, Rimualdo made no reply. His eyes at intervals glanced towards Rosalie, and with an expression so sweet, imploring, and melancholy, that it thrilled to her soul.

The Lord of Val de Monte, having been interrupted in a conference with one of the sovereign pontiff's prothonotaries, was ill-inclined to attend to the examination of the robber; yet, unwilling to lower himself in the eyes of his dependants, by hurrying over an affair so important to their interests, he chose rather to postpone the trial to a more convenient moment, and commanded that the prisoner should be removed to the donjon of the castle. The seneschal did not execute his lord's orders to the very letter, for the donjon was considerably out of repair: he therefore placed the still-manacled robber in an apartment which he considered much stronger; and, setting a guard in the anti-room, concluded that he had made the best possible arrangements for the security of the person entrusted to his charge. But Rosalie, when she learned the place thus selected for Rimualdo's prison, was aware of a private entrance which she had discovered in the days of her childhood, and which, as it gave her free egress and regress to many parts of the castle, where she would not otherwise have been permitted to wander at pleasure, she kept a profound secret from the knowledge of all. The question now debated by the lady, whether she should venture into this apartment and hold converse with the bandit chief, perplexed her extremely. She was conscious of feeling a far deeper interest in his fate than became a high-born maiden; and her delicacy was shocked at the idea of gratifying a sentiment which even the warm rebuke of a peasant had shewn to be reprehensible. Had he been a common ruffian, the few words he had uttered would have been a sufficient warrant for seeking to question him concerning those friends who were so justly dear to her; but she could not conscientiously affirm that the welfare of the Duke of Ferrara was her sole mo-

tive, and she determined that she would not compromise the dignity of her sex by yielding to the temptation. An hour rolled away, and still she held this stern purpose; but, as the shades of night drew in, and she began to prepare for her couch, the restless state of her mind assured her that it would be vain to hope for repose while the fate of a fellow-creature depended upon her fiat. She flew to her rosary; but, ere she had numbered half her beads, her thoughts had strayed to the prisoner's cell; and, convinced of the impossibility of combating, with any chance of success, the strong impulse which led her to commune with one whom she ought to have regarded with horror and loathing, she took her lamp, wrapped her veil around her, and trod the secret maze which led to Rimualdo's prison. Touching a concealed spring, the pannel gave way without noise, and entering, she saw the captive stretched upon the floor. His vigilant ear had caught the slight rustle of Rosalie's garments, and, raising himself, he softly exclaimed, "Fear nothing, Madonna, enter without scruple; I was not wrong in my confident expectation that your intrepidity would save the Duke of Ferrara." "Then," said Rosalie, breathlessly, "you are in his service? Holy virgin! how sorely must he be pressed to league with"—here she stopped. "The people of Bellino," returned Rimualdo, "are too much inclined to favour the pretensions of Julius, for me to have trusted them with my real character; it were better that they should fancy me the leader of a band of robbers than one of Alfonso's truest knights. I am not what I appear; but, unless I can speed instantly to Ferrara, the whole Duchy will become the prey of its invaders; the papal troops are now laying siege to Le Bastia, which is garrisoned by five-and-twenty soldiers only; if not relieved within thirty-six hours, they must surrender, although the fort is of considerable strength; should Le Bastia fall, not all the Duke's justly-vaunted ordnance, his own valour, and the troops of France, can avail against an enemy who will have it in his power to cut off all the supplies, and to reduce the duchy by famine; and Alfonso's only alternative to avoid falling into the hands of the pontiff would be a disgraceful retreat."

"Now, St. Ignatius be praised that I came to your assistance, Sir Knight," said Rosalie, stooping down and cutting the cords which bound his limbs. "Speed thee, speed thee quickly to Ferrara, for time flies, and there are many difficulties still to be surmounted. But may I crave your name, that I may know for whom to address my prayers in this perilous undertaking?"—"I am styled, fair lady," replied the liberated captive, "Agnolo, Count of Montepulciano; and, having escaped the most serious danger which could beset my path, can easily be at Ferrara by day-break. But, though the Duke may despatch troops to the relief of Bastia, and though the brave garrison may hold out for a few hours beyond the time which they have calculated for the utmost moment that so paltry a force could resist the strong host brought against them, there is a pass which, if the enemy are aware of its existence, twenty men might keep against ten thousand. Now, Lady Rosalie, it remains with you to give us timely warning should an ambush lurk in this dangerous defile: the undertaking may be attended with some hazard; but the safety of the pearl of the world, your lovely and excellent kinswoman, the Duchess of Ferrara, demands all the most generous devotion of her friends, and for the sake of one so deserving of every sacrifice you will not fail."

Rosalie, though a little displeased by the enthusiastic admiration which the knight expressed for her beautiful cousin, resolved to face the severest peril in her service. "I know the pass you mention," she exclaimed; "a garland of white flowers upon the brow of the wooden image of our lady in the adjoining dell, shall tell you that your path is safe; should the wreath be composed of crimson berries, be assured that danger lurks, and take your measures accordingly."

The knight thanked his lovely companion for her readiness to embark in the dangerous service which he had pointed out, and, guided by her, passed through the pannel, and, by winding avenues, to a postern gate of the castle, whence with the speed of an arrow he took the road to Ferrara.

Early in the morning, Rosalie announced
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her intention of spending the day at the hermitage of St. Ignatius, and the night at an adjacent convent of Carmelite nuns; and as her uncle always encouraged these devotional visits, she was secure of his approbation, and left the castle before the evasion of the supposed robber was discovered. Acquainted with all the mountain-paths, and trusting that the pilgrim's dress which she always assumed on these occasions would be her protection, in case she should meet any of the soldiers of the church, the anxious girl watched the road from La Bastia. She could distinctly hear the report of artillery, and these sounds, kept up till a late hour in the evening, assured her that the fortress still held out. In the interim, all was hushed and solitary in the wild heights around her; and, withdrawing to a rude chapel erected to the patron saint of Bellino, she wreathed, by the light of the lamp which burned before the shrine, two garlands, although that of the crimson berries she trusted was now superfluous. Descending to the vale below, having ascertained by the perfect quietude that the dangerous pass was still unoccupied, she placed the circlet of white flowers on the virgin's brow, and, shrinking behind the rock on which the pious heads of the people of Bellino had erected the blessed image, watched with a beating heart the arrival of the succours. An hour before the morning dawned the anxious sentinel heard the tramp of feet in the direction of Ferrara; and soon cautiously, but silently, the troops filed into the dell. There was light enough to distinguish the white hem of the virgin's coronal; and, satisfied that at least the road was clear for the adventurers, although, perchance, they might arrive too late, Rosalie again sought shelter in the chapel until the rising sun appeared to light her on her homeward path. Fear, lest the relief from Ferrara should find La Bastia in the hands of the papal troops, or that the small, yet gallant detachment, which could be despatched without discovery from the capital, should not be able to cope with the overpowering numbers opposed against them, agitated the bosom of the fair heroine of the wilderness. She was also apprehensive that she should be left to learn the fall or the rescue of La Bastia

from the common tongue of rumour, and that the handsome and accomplished Agnolo, devoted to the Duchess alone, would not deem it necessary to acquaint her with the success of an enterprize in which she had borne so active a part. Nothing was to be seen from the walls of Val de Monte save rocky precipices and umbrageous woods; nothing heard but the screams of the eagle as she flew above its towers, and the sighing of the wind in its lofty battlements. Towards evening, however, the shrill blast of a bugle broke the solitude, and presently pennons and bannerols were seen floating in the centre of a bright array of polished lances, which gleamed crimson in the setting sun; the standards of the Duke of Ferrara were displayed, and Alfonso himself, demanding an audience of the Lord of Val de Monte, told the traitor that though his intrigues with the Pope, and his entertainment of one of the Pontiff's prothonotaries, would justify the in-

fiction of imprisonment or death, he would spare him, for the sake of his relationship to his fair niece, who, in future removed from his guardianship, must assume her proper station at the court of the Duchess, her kinswoman. Rosalie, delighted with the noble Alfonso's kind interference in her favour, readily consented to avail herself of the protection which he offered. A magnificent litter was provided for her accommodation, escorted by Agnolo Montepulciano; and three days after the festival of St. Ignatius, led by the enamoured knight whom she had rescued from the hands of the exasperated villagers of Belmino, the fair heiress of Val de Monte took her place in the dance, at a splendid ball given at the ducal palace to celebrate the retreat of the papal troops, who, having sustained a signal defeat before La Bastia, were compelled to forego, for the present, their designs against Ferrara.

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

"To tell the glory of the feast that day,
The goodly servyse, the devisfull sights,
The bridegrome's state, the bride's most rich array,
The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royal banquettes, and the rare delights,
Were work fit for an Herald, not for me."—SPENSER.

IN the fourteenth century sovereigns were so occupied in raising money and armies, in destroying enemies and beasts of the forests, that they had little time or attention to bestow on their daughters. When daughters became marriageable, however, their importance was great; as they served to strengthen the alliance of a friend, or appease the hostility of an enemy.

The daughter of a feudal prince of the fourteenth century was considered as an advantageous object by the prince, his neighbour; and a knight, or a bishop, with a suitable train, was sent to demand her in form. The father judged that he could not employ his daughter to better purpose; great preparations were made for the wedding, and the princess was married

to the ambassador, as proxy for his master. Her consent was a thing no more to be thought of, than the consent of the figures of St. Dunstan's clock, to strike the hour, would be at present; the lady and the figures being equally under the influence of an irresistible power.

No carriage was found to convey the princess to her future lord—she mounted on horseback; but, to make amends, she had numerous attendants. Her retinue was composed of her own ladies, of a number of knights belonging to her father and her husband, and a still greater number of men at arms, carrying swords and lances. Sumpter mules, laden with the wardrobe of the princess and her ladies, and conducted by varlets, or servants, brought up the rear. With such an

equipage ladies of the highest rank travelled, when travel they must, over hill and dale, moor and moss, on paths not made with hands, but feet.

The dress of the princess was a robe of crimson velvet. The skirt was wide and long, and was ornamented with a border of embroidery, about a quarter of a yard in depth, round the bottom; the waist was fine, and rather short, and from the back and shoulders a sort of falling cape, narrowing as it went, ran down on each side, and met at the bottom of the waist, leaving a space between, which formed a stomacher, and was filled with the same embroidery that surrounded the skirt; an embroidered girdle completed this part of the dress. The sleeves were close, and reached to the wrists. As the length of the skirt was such that the princess, when walking, could not move without holding it up, it afforded an opportunity of displaying a richly-embroidered petticoat.

So far the habit of the princess exhibits nothing repulsive to our present ideas of elegance; but a part remains to be described which soars far above them; this is the head-dress. It consisted of a white* gauze cap, which covered the ears, and, over this, of a cone of black velvet, about three times the length of the face, leaning rather backwards, and ending in an obtuse point; from this point, depended a gauze veil, which reached half-way down the skirt behind. The velvet cones of the attendant ladies were considerably lower and broader than that of their mistress; rank bestowing, among its other privileges, that of displaying a greater degree of absurdity.

The dress of the palfrey of the princess was not forgotten; the animal was decorated with a scalloped necklace of crimson velvet, a similar ornament went round the chest, and the saddle-cloth was of the same material. The whip carried by the lady was like that of a modern post-boy, with this difference, that it had three lashes.

When the cavalcade drew near the residence of the prince, he was seen advancing

at the head of a noble company of bishops, knights, and ladies. He was dressed in a short wide jacket of purple velvet, confined at the waist by a girdle set with precious stones; the sleeves were wide, and even padded at the shoulders, slashed before, to shew an under-sleeve of white sarcenet, and close at the wrists. His lower garment was of one piece, from the waist to the feet, and fitted tight; his shoes had long points; his spurs, the emblem of knighthood, were of gold, and were also pointed, not rowelled. On his head he wore a black velvet cap, with a high crown, and narrow turned-up brim, which gave it much the appearance of a modern hat; and to the top of the cap was fixed a hood of purple velvet, which was fastened round the crown with a chaplet of fine pearls, and hung in graceful folds on one shoulder.

On meeting his intended bride, the prince took off his cap and hood, and bowed respectfully; then, placing himself by her side, his train joined hers, and the united party proceeded to his castle. The warder, or watchman on the walls, had sounded his horn, as the signal of their approach; the porter had opened wide the massive gates; the prince took the princess in his arms, as she alighted from her palfrey, saluted her, and bade her welcome to her destined home: he then saluted her ladies, who had been assisted by his knights, and, taking the hand of the princess, he led the way to her apartment.

The gates of the castle opened into a spacious court, surrounded by high walls and strong towers; but, instead of entering the court, the prince conducted the princess up a narrow flight of stone steps, within the gateway, which led to a covered passage on the top of the wall, lighted by here and there a loop-hole. At the end of the passage a massive tower arose, which seemed to obstruct all further progress, as there appeared to be no entrance whatever; but a small door in the castle-wall, not observable by a stranger, opened on a winding staircase which descended underground; and from this a similar flight of steps ascended to the apartment of the princess, in the keep, or principal tower of the castle, the entrance to which was on the side opposite to that which had been

* The writer of this has seen white gauze, striped with blue, known to be as old as the time of King John.

seen at the extremity of the passage. The foot of each staircase was secured by a strong door.

At the present day one might naturally enough suppose that the prince was conducting his intended bride to a prison; yet these were little more than the usual precautions incident to a state of frequent warfare, in which every great chieftain made the fortress he inhabited as strong as possible, and lodged his wife and children in the most inaccessible part of it.

The room into which the prince led the princess was a large circular apartment, the size of the interior of the tower, and was on the first floor above the court; the wall of the tower was ten feet in thickness. Here the prince again saluted his bride, and having told her that her wishes were commands, he left her.

The princess had now time to examine her future domicile, and she had reason to be satisfied with the place allotted her. This state-apartment was lighted by a magnificent window with stone tracery; it is true, that nothing could be seen from it but the keep-garden, a small interior plot of ground, inclosed by high walls; but the dangers of the times would not permit such a window towards the court. The hearth was spacious; the andirons were so large and strong that they were capable of supporting not only logs of wood, but trees; the rugged stone wall of the chamber was hidden, to a considerable height above the heads of the inmates, by tapestry, hung on hooks; the floor was formed of thick oaken planks, fashioned by the axe, and was partially covered with carpets.

An oaken screen, curiously carved, reaching as high as the tapestry, and stretching quite across, divided the room into two unequal parts. In the middle of the screen was a wide arched door-way, closed by a curtain of scarlet cloth; and beyond it was placed the bed of the princess, half encompassed with curtains of the same sort.

How much for security! how little for luxury! The lady of a modern castle has her breakfast-room, her dining-room, her drawing-room, her bed-room, and her dressing-room; the lady of an ancient

castle had all these in one. When the walls of a mansion were required to be from six to twelve feet in thickness, the space they inclosed was too precious to be given to unnecessary uses.

The furniture of the princess's apartment consisted of a massive table, two ponderous chairs with richly-embroidered cushions, and a number of stools: the chairs were exclusively for the use of the prince and princess, the stools for that of all other persons. Chests and coffers were stationed behind the curtain.

At eight o'clock in the morning following the arrival of the princess, the prince, with his prelates and knights, all richly dressed, went on horseback to the church where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. The bride soon made her appearance, attended by a group of ladies, and dressed in cloth of gold bordered with ermine. On her head she wore only a chaplet of roses—for such was the head attire prescribed by custom for a bride; and surely custom was a more rational lawgiver than fashion, which had imposed the lofty fabric of black velvet.

When the marriage ceremony was ended, the party returned to the castle, where a sumptuous dinner was provided; and when dinner was over, and the tables were removed, the minstrels, both of song and of instruments, were called into the hall, where they sang and played for the amusement of the company. In the afternoon* tilts and tournaments were performed by different knights who were desirous of shewing their skill and prowess before the bride of their lord; and the night was passed, by knights and ladies, in dancing, carolling, and various other pastimes.

The grand festivities in honour of the nuptials lasted ten days; at the end of which time the countrymen of the princess took leave, having each received a present according to his rank. C. H.

* Tilts and tournaments were different parts of the same exploit; tilting was the act of the combatants galloping towards each other with pointed lances; the tournament took its name from the turning back, at the extremity of the tilt-yard, to renew the fight.

A FOXHUNTER'S ADVENTURE.

It was on a fine morning in January, about fifteen years since, that I joined the Dorsetshire hunt at Kingrove; and having "found" there, we pursued a staunch fox over a space of ground, which, in the recollection of it, appears almost incredible. Here, however, it would be unsuitable to detail the various accidents of that eventful day: the horses knocked up, and the riders thrown down, would awake little interest in those whose bright eyes are likely to peruse this record of an adventure with which I wound up the toils of the chase. Let it be sufficient to state, that, after a hard ride at the tail of the hounds during the greater part of the day, I found myself at sunset in the middle of a heath of which I knew as little as of an Arabian desert, and where it was just as unlikely that I should find a comfortable resting-place. My horse, too, a veteran hunter, white with age, had given such unequivocal proofs of being "done up," that old Ben, the huntsman, exclaimed, as he passed me, "Ah! ho! grey hairs, they do say, belong to the grave;" by which I understood that Ben thought his career was nearly terminated. Ben was right: the hindmost red-coat had long passed from my view: the last faint cry of the retreating hounds had long been lost to my ears, when, amid the solitude of the heath, the diminishing pace of old Jack raised doubts as to his capability of carrying me to a shelter.

I was travelling in what might, from courtesy, be called a road—just that sort which is peculiarly annoying to an equestrian, however convenient it might be to a waggoner and his quadruped and vehicular companions: it was a track composed of a deep rut on each side for the convenience of the wheels, a path in the middle worked into innumerable shapes of horses' hoofs, and another on the near side just wide enough for the steady pace of the driver; the extremities on both sides being strongly defended by furze-bushes of a peculiarly luxuriant description, which deterred any erratic practices that the inconveniences of the way might induce a traveller to have recourse to.

I endeavoured to quicken my pace—an effort not at all seconded by the animal most interested; I cracked my whip—his ears had lost their sensitiveness; I applied it to his hide—he bore it with the calmness of a philosopher, and my spurs to the shank occasioned but a momentary start. As a dernier resort I mimicked the sound of a horn, and gave a most cheering view halloo: this had the desired effect—he started off at his old pace for a few yards, then stumbled and fell, giving me a fair imitation of the effect of my spurs during a roll among the adjacent furze. I arose in anger and seized the bridle to raise the horse—his head followed the tightened rein, and fell again as I relaxed it—he was dead. "Woe worth the while, my gallant grey!" Long will it be before the coverts of Dorsetshire, from Melbury to Duncliffe, resound with a fleetier or more eager step than thine!

Thus, then, was I left on the "blasted heath," at this most annoying hour, without the slightest knowledge as to the way I was to turn. I knew so much of my brother-sportsmen, that any where in the range of the hunt my red coat would procure me a dinner and a bed, but how to find one of them I knew not. All the topographical knowledge I possessed led me to imagine that I must be somewhere in the Isle of Purbeck—that if I went in one direction I might get to Wareham, and if in another, to Weymouth, or some of the intermediate villages. At all events I was certain no good could result from standing still; so, proceeding straight-forward, I by some means lost my track, and walked gently into a bog, from which I quite as gently retreated, and thinking the reverse of wrong must be right, turned back, and again reached the spot where my dead horse was lying. I now made a bolder push, and, facing the furze most manfully, arrived at a part of the heath where the undulations of the surface broke it into small glens. I was pursuing my way through one of these, which, diminishing between two sudden ascents, formed a narrow path, when I perceived two figures approaching at a quicker pace than the

nature of the ground would appear to render advisable. I paused as they came forward in entire silence, and waited till I was saluted with a rough "halloo!"

"Good evening, friends," said I.

"Good evening, good evening," replied a voice, which I recognized at once as that of George Willford, a notorious but friendly smuggler.

"Whither so fast?"

"That's no business of yours, my man; so steer to the left and sheer off."

"What if I choose to stay where I am?"

"Stay where you like—but if you mean to hinder us from passing, your head's likely to feel the strength of my stick, that's all."

"Ah, George! my head would rather feel the strength of your brandy."

"Oh! Mister Edward! is that you—I thought it was some prying fool of an officer—well, good night, 'Squire!"

"But, George, I'm at fault here; I neither know where I am, nor which way to turn for the night."

"Why, Sir, you have only to keep up the knap, and then——"

"Now, none of your directions about turning first to the right, then to the left, and then going straight-forward; they always puzzle me in the day, and will, I am sure, be perfectly unintelligible in the dark night. You have a resting-place for the night somewhere, and you must admit me to share it with you."

"Why, faith, 'Squire, you know I should be always glad to do you a service, but we're about a bit of business that you might as well know nothing on."

"Aye, aye! the old work, I suppose—an irregular debarkation of foreign wines. Well, you know I do not approve of these concerns, but my present situation prompts me to overlook all things."

"Nay, it an't that."

"Whatever it may be, you and I part not company to-night, unless your strong arm——"

"My strong arm shall wither like seaweed in a land-lubber's kitchen before it shall be lifted against your father's son, and if you won't part company, why tack about, and let a still tongue show a wise head."

George then addressed his comrade in a low tone, and in a language which, half

English with a French accent, and half French with an English accent, left me as completely ignorant of his meaning as though I heard not a word.

The stranger said little, but the frequent shrug of his shoulders, and the gesticulations which accompanied his reply, convinced me he was a Frenchman; and the muttered words which I caught—"argent, vaisseau—safety," left me in no doubt that this was an affair frequently engaged in by the smugglers during the war—that the stranger was, in fact, an officer on his parole about to effect his escape. I took an opportunity of hinting my suspicions to George.

"Why, you ben't far out, Master; we left Wincanton at dusk, and by this time to-morrow I suppose Monsieur will be at Boulogne. You see, Master Edward," continued George, in somewhat of a deprecatory tone, "I don't think I'm doing my country any harm in this matter—cause why? a soldier, d'ye see, that would act in this way, can't be any great shakes, and the sooner we be relieved from the expense of maintaining him, the better."

Without disputing George's casuistry, and feeling an entire contempt for the fellow who could thus abuse the mercy of his conquerors, and lose sight of every thing estimable in the character of a soldier and a gentleman, I took no notice of the stranger, but walked as fast as possible by the side of George's horse, the unceasing difficulties of the ground not allowing a swifter pace, notwithstanding the frequent *sacres* which evinced the impatience of the Frenchman.

At length we came to a small cottage at the edge of a wood, at which George knocked, and the door was opened by a female whom I recognized as his daughter. Soon after we entered I was not a little gratified by the preparations made for our supper.

Those who spurn law's awful yoke

Must herd with those by whom the laws are broke,

saith Mr. Crabbe; and it was evident from a leash of cold partridges and a hot mess of hare prepared by no recipe with which Mrs. Rundall or Dr. Kitchiner was acquainted, that the poacher and the smuggler were not unconnected.

George caught my eye as I raised it from

these viands to his face, and a half smile broke its hard features as he remarked—“Why you see, Master Edward, these came from the woods at Lulworth; and I don't mind getting a bird from them now and then, because the priests, you know, fast half their time, and so can't have much occasion for them.”

I shook my head; but, “hungry as a hunter,” made a hearty meal, and George produced a bottle of champagne, and another of claret, the fruits of some of his smuggling enterprizes. Lively were the effects of the wines of his native soil on the Frenchman; he danced, he sang *chansons à boire* and *chansons d'amour*—snatched a kiss from the girl—seized me forcibly by the hand—and slapped George heartily on the back: and though I could not but be amused and half sympathize with his joy, I was glad to accompany George to see the preparations for the fellow's escape. We ascended a slight promontory somewhat higher than the neighbouring cliffs, where a few dry sticks had been collected. These George kindled, and desiring me to stand in one direction, and placing himself beside me in another, the flame could be seen only from the sea in the direction of S. S. E., towards which point he directed me to look. In a few moments I observed a thin stream of sparks scarcely larger than a pin which rose for an instant only, apparently at the distance of a mile from the land, and displayed the form of a small vessel. “She's there,” said George, putting out the signal fire with the heel of his boot; “let us call Monsieur and get rid of him.”

The Frenchman was already on the look-out, and giving the girl another kiss, he danced and sang in a subdued tone, sometimes before us and sometimes behind us, till we reached a small cove, where a boat was lying, in which George and the Frenchman seated themselves.

“Now—here we be fairly on our way—there dances the Charlotte ready to shew her canvas, and now, Monsieur, down with the dust.”

For the demand the Frenchman was evidently not prepared. “He would,” he said, “pay on board the vessel.”

“Now or never,” said the inexorable George.

“Come, now, *mon bon ami*, my ver good friend. Now, George, you see the money is under my waistcoat, and will take long time to get at, and we may be discovered.”

“Well, the sooner you take it out of your waistcoat the sooner we shall be off.”

“*Mais, mais*, just hear the truth.”

“I'd rather feel the truth just now—and that's the bright guineas.”

“Well, well, you sall feel them in time; come, you are—vat you call—tired—give me the oar.”

“Give me the money.”

“Von't you take my parole?”

“Why you see that can't be worth much, since you've just broken it.”

“*Coquin!* you think nothing of my honour?”

“Honour! I don't value your honour at the price of a Portland pebble.”

“*Sacre!*” exclaimed the angry Frenchman, *c'est à moi!*” and seized the smuggler by the throat.

The quick hands of George returned the assault, and the struggle was soon for life and death. Incoherent and angry sounds continually passed between them, and in their quarrel the little boat, rolling from side to side, at length went over, and the combatants were in the waves.

Self-preservation at once occasioned a cessation of hostilities: George turned his face to the shore, whither a few vigorous strokes quickly brought him; his opponent, on whom my eye was fixed, struggled for a moment, gave a mighty effort to catch the retreating form of the smuggler, then disappeared beneath the waves.

I immediately loosened another boat which was fastened to a post on the beach, and, with George by my side, rowed round the cove to render the Frenchman assistance, should he rise again.

The moon was bright, and as we neared the rock at the narrow entrance of the cove, the light fell on the pale face of the drowned man, as a wave left him for a moment at its base: before we could reach it, another wave dashed over him, and bore the corse into the waste of waters beyond!

WANDERINGS IN THE LAND OF HAFIZ.

(Continued from page 201.)

ISPAHAN AND ITS SEVEN PARADISES.

“ ————— Sweet orient land !
 When life's dark clouds, in thronging mists of night
 Wrap forms, that wont to fill me with delight,
 Thy scenes, like light, come o'er me, with a strain
 Hushing each sigh, entrancing every pain !—
 Can I forget thee, land of love's soft reign ?”

I CHANCED to be leaning against the side of the broken altar of an ancient fire-temple cut in the rock, and writing my notes on one of its projecting corners, when I heard my mountain-guide singing to himself. His song was a lover's address to his mistress ; and myself translating, as he sang, the Persian stanza into English prose, I found it run thus :—

O ! when shall I revisit you, sweet fields, and waving trees ? O ! when again, ye fountains, behold your waters of sparkling brightness, like my love in the dew of her smiles ? When feel the cooling breath of the shaded stream, solacing to my burning bosom, like the gentle touch of her hand, cold, yet soft, as her virgin heart !—

O ! when again, beneath the chenar's sighing branches, recline on the fragrant bed of a thousand flowers, and woo the zephyr that fans her cheek, to kiss my lips, and give me taste of the fuller joy her balmy lip might yield to mine ! Oh ! she comes ! and like a woman, I sink fainting, before the eye of my destiny ; or rather, as though a houri gave me bliss, and death, at once !—

But Azule relents !—her arms entwine me ! and I awake to a sweeter life, delicious as the nightingale's perceptions, when unclosing his eye from slumber, in the bosom of the rose. Azule ! thy breast is paradise ; thy heart, its springs of immortality to me !

The songster had a clear tenor voice, and was rather a fine young man. When he ceased I inquired whether they were his own tender plaints he had been chaunting—for the air was rather a chaunt than a tune—or had he borrowed them from a friend ? He frankly replied, it was a love ditty very common with his tribe, when seeking to melt any one of their mountain-beauties, more inclined to disdain than softness. But it was attributed to the

ancient times of Shah Abbas ; and even to that gallant monarch himself, when under a severe sickness, which had secluded him within his apartment for many days, and particularly deprived him of the society of a young and lovely princess, who had lately become his wife, and of whom he was most passionately enamoured. Her palace, yet extant, stood in the gardens, or *Seven Paradises* of Ispahan ; and there, the great king used to visit her without state, happy in the simplicity of a virtuous and tender communion alone. She, then, was the subject of that song ; and to these very gardens—to the very chenar groves, under whose broad green boughs he used to repose himself in the arms of blameless joys—I was then turning my steps to the far-famed borders of Ispahan !

I had sufficiently gratified my curiosity with the novelties of Teheran, the residence-city of the present Persian sovereign ; and had also made my excursion to the remains of the old Gueber worship, yet traceable amongst its adjacent districts. At the moment I heard the song, I was pondering in my mind, whether I should linger any longer amongst the mountains there, or proceed, without delay, to the most admired capital of Persia, southward ; and those verses, so characteristic of the people and the country, determined me. They struck the romantic key of my imagination ; and when I bade my guide (a Mehmondor) move forward, I half fancied I was setting forth to pay my homage to Shah Abbas, in his courts, and to behold his lovely Azule beneath the shade of her chenar trees. I had, however, many leagues to traverse between the two metropolises, much hill and valley.

In crossing the vast southern plain,

direct from Teheran, the eye of the traveller is regaled with fine verdure and umbrageous woods; but before he approaches the steeps of Taurus, the great intervening mountain-region, a thousand differing scenes present themselves, of fertile lands, rocky deserts, or far-stretching wastes of sand. The view of the latter is full of awful grandeur, to one who has never before seen a wilderness of this kind; such as he has read of in holy writ, as lying amongst the passes between Egypt and Palestine; such as Greek story, or the subsequent histories of the crusades, and travellers like Belzoni, Ker Porter, and Denham, have since repeated, with all the terrible additions of consuming blasts, overwhelming sands, and whole caravans of human beings perishing beneath the earthy deluge. On ascending the great mountain-range of Taurus, which stands like a wall of the world, dividing one part of the Persian empire from another, sublimity of a different description is enjoyed; and travelling by night, the usual practice in these scorching regions, often increases the imposing grandeur of the spectacle. The high alps on all sides appear with a shrouded majesty, their depths lost in profound darkness, while their varied crested heads shooting up into the cloudless, luminous blue of the vaulted sky, reflect the moon's rays with all the pearly hues and lustre only to be seen in an oriental climate. There, you might easily fancy the gods held their courts; or that in some solitary recess of the heaven-reposing hill, the moon met with Endymion, teaching him astronomy and love.

But the wayfaring traveller does not usually mount so high; our course is midway; and on entering the close defiles of the mountains, we find at every winding ascent the road becomes more tortuous and difficult, often over projecting rocks. These darkling labyrinths sometimes brought us to the silent ruins of villages, whose wild and lonesome situations too truly explained the tale of their desolation; not a human creature breathed in them. Then, again, on some distant upland height, a strong, menacing watch-tower, inhabited no more, frowned, like a solitary spectre, on the invading foot of the passing stranger. The huge black crags, which dimly back-ground

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these mountain roads; the roaring of the unseen waters, rushing down the deeply-rent chasms to fathomless depths below; and the stillness of every thing else, except those waters, under the quiet shadows of night, stamp the whole with an impression, solemn, vast, and mysterious.—But when morning dawns, and its roseate light, mingling with the silvery glory of the moon, renders every object distinctly visible, then the view that opens on the sight is as beautiful as grand. Words cannot describe the scene from horizon to horizon. Cyrus might, indeed, have erected his throne on these mountain-summits, and turning to the right and the left have exclaimed, "Behold what the Lord hath given me!"

Shall I venture to speak a little farther, on the suggestions of that name?—I assuredly may; for the bright eyes of my countrywomen, which seek amusement in these pages, are not like those of our "country gentlemen" half a century ago, when a hint of any historical fact made to them in conversation, required as much apology and explanation as a quotation in Latin. Information is now equally an object with the loveliest of our fair, on opening a book, as pleasing recreation; and, in truth, looking for both, as light and shadow together, when not found, they are seldom quite pleased with the entertainment offered! On "this hint," I shall therefore boldly copy my little tablet's epitome (no more than might be written on a lady's fan!) of the whole chain of Persian monarchs.

It having been under Cyrus, that the sovereignty first comprized what it now does, Media and Persia under one appellation, the *Persian Empire*; with him, its history properly begins; five hundred and thirty-six years before the Christian era! His descendants maintained the throne two hundred years; presenting in their splendid line the noted names of Darius Hystaspes, the friend and patron of the mithratic sage Zoroaster; and Artaxerxes Longimanus (the Ahasuerus of Esther), the friend and protector of the captive Jews. Also several other celebrated monarchs, in the reign of one of whom, Xenophon made the famous retreat of his auxiliary Greeks through the mountain-

2 P

fastnesses of the country; and, in the time of another Darius, Alexander of Macedon brought his invading phalanx, winning the empire in a day; and the dynasty of Cyrus was no more. History has recorded the conflagration of Persepolis, and its ruins yet remain, a wondrous specimen of one of the most ancient cities of the world. From the period of Alexander's conquest, the empire was governed by his Generals, and their posterity, till Arsaces, a Parthian chief, wrested it from their hands and established a new dynasty. Amongst these, we find the renowned names of Phraates and Mithridates, who form such brilliant objects in the Roman wars with the Parthian-Persian sovereigns; and so they reigned till, soon after the birth of our Saviour, their race gave place to the renewed line of Cyrus, derived by a female branch. Sapor (or Shapoor) the first of the name, in this revived dynasty, defeated the Roman Emperor Valerian, and made him prisoner. And hence both western and eastern annals of the times furnish us with a continued career of the Shapoors, Baharams, and Chosroos, of the Cyrus blood, in a train of adventures brave and romantic, which might well give rise to the moving picture of a Persian tale. Byron could not have found a richer subject than the loves of Chosroo and Shireene; nor Moore, a lovelier, than the sorrows of Yezdijird, the last sovereign of the race, slain by the treacherous hand which betrayed his country to the empire of the caliphs of Bagdat. From that period a Mahometan sceptre ruled the land of Cyrus and the sun-worshippers. First, by viziers, from the caliphs; then Turkoman sultans; afterwards Tartar-khans, from Ghengis, to the Mogul sons of Timour; and so forward, subjected in rotation by the strongest arm amongst such invaders, till about the sixteenth century, when Shah Ismail, a native prince, and who also claimed descent from the prophet Ali, overthrew the usurper, and mounted the throne. In consequence of his sacred ancestry, he was surnamed *Sefi*, or the *pure*, and retained the appellation in addition to that of *shah* or *king*. All his descendants too, on becoming monarchs, continued the same patronymic mark, which European authors generally

write *Sophi*. The most brilliant of this distinguished race was Shah Abbas the Great, under whose magnificent and chivalric reign Ispahan rose to its meridian splendour. In his days its grand square became a place of tilt and tournament for all valiant knights, "Christian or Paynem;" and was visited by ambassadors from every quarter of the globe. None shone so conspicuous in diplomatic grandeur as Sir Anthony Shirley, King James the First's minister from England;* and from that period Persia has preferred this island to all her other allies. The direct line of the Sefi, perished under the poinards of the usurper Nadir Shah; and his successors fell in like manner before the immediate ancestors of the present reigning sovereign, Futteh Ali Shah, a merciful monarch, and the father of another Abbas, who bids fair to emulate the best virtues of the first of the name. Here ends my little "Book of Kings;" and, closing my tablets, I turn to view the beautiful city, which yet bears on its golden cupolas the bright memorial of the many brilliant and brave, now gone down into its marble sepulchres.

In approaching this once-famous, but now neglected capital, on its northern side

* "Sir Anthony Shirley was of a grave and imposing exterior, and of a dignified and commanding deportment. Elevated in sentiment, noble in heart, and undaunted in resolution, he had a singular power of attracting the attention, and securing the affections of men. He was bold in the conception, and prompt in the execution, of what he undertook; and whatever was connected with it, whatever was likely to contribute to its success, he seized with eagerness, and improved with diligence and caution. As a traveller, he did not, like some of a different sort, exercise his judgment on the superficial appearances of things, and tell of the wonders which he saw: but he looked into the perfections and defects of governments, and investigated the forms of states. Sir Anthony's adventures have more the air of an Arabian story, or oriental fiction, than that of real life. Born at a period when the spirit of chivalry yet lingered in the land, he united daring enterprise with political knowledge and statesman-like acquirements. He belonged to that glorious race of men, who seem to have been raised up but to dazzle the world with their brightness for a few years, and to make it regret that they have left no descendants."

(which travellers usually do after a night of journeying) as morning dawns eastward, we discovered the far-stretching line of regal Ispahan, dark as the kindling horizon; but when the sun emerged, then domes, and minarets, and towering vistas, became instantly visible; and my heel touched the side of my steed, as if I were spurring forward a knight for its lists! But all around, on our road, proclaimed to me that Abbas the Great was no more, and I should find his city desolate. After passing through an avenue of very lofty trees, we entered the long-covered way of the bazar, and travelled under its massy arches for more than a mile; at which point the royal square, called the Maidan-shah, meets the eye in all its silent grandeur. Crossing this immense area, we come again to a continuation of the bazar on that side; and, having traversed its lonely courts, issued forth into a vast open space, once occupied by squares and streets, and stately buildings, now only to be traced by the heaps of mouldering ruins. Through this waste of war, we approached the northern gate of the *Chaher Bagh*, or four gardens. My passport from the Shah commanded my residence; and the officer of the place conducted me to one of the garden palaces. He told me I was lord of it; and I soon found myself in a spacious saloon, overlooking a beautiful fountain delightfully shaded by trees. Here I threw myself on my carpet-couch, and, fanned by the fragrant air, breathed from "the sweet south," mused on what Ispahan was, and is! Once the emporium of the Asiatic world, during the days of its glory, nearly a million of people animated its busy streets. Its bazars were filled with merchandize from every country of the civilized globe, and mingled with it our celebrated manufactures. The caravansaries were crowded with the venders in all the various habits of Europe and Asia, while the court of the great Shah was the levee-room of ambassadors from the proudest kingdoms of both east and west. Travellers thronged thither to behold splendour, no where else told of, except in legends of romance; and, to enjoy the gracious reception, bestowed by a young and hero monarch, tolerant to the learned and the brave of all creeds. The

renown of his camps attracted enterprising cavaliers from many a Christian country, and even the chivalry of England sought accessions of military glory in the pavilions of Shah Abbas. Such was Ispahan under his sceptre; such, indeed, it continued, till the foot of conquering invasion tarnished its lustre; and the second devastation, by Nadir Shah, appeared to extinguish it for ever.

Hence came the different picture it in part presents at this day. The streets which yet remain, are only partially inhabited. The bazars are mostly deserted; the caravansaries equally forsaken, and the grand palace of the Maidan-shah, solitary and forlorn; the dripping fountain alone, heard in the wide silence of that vast place—like a lone turtle, mourning amongst the luxuriance of solitary nature the absence of her mate. Ispahan is now under the jurisdiction of a governor, appointed by the present Shah, who, in making it the capital of a district, is daily exerting himself to restore some of its departed splendour; and to his eastern hospitality the writer of this little sketch is indebted for a full enjoyment of all that remains of the delightful, in that once-enchancing city; and, amongst the most charming of its relics, I must number the *Hesht Belesle*, or *Seven Paradises*; in one of which, the lovely Azule listened to the impassioned sighs of a youthful, adoring monarch; and in that very one, I have wandered, and mused, till my fancy could have clasped the bright vision in my own arms!—the safest way, in truth, of rivalling, whether prince or peasant! This region of Sylvan enchantment lies within the borders of what is called the *Chaher Bagh*; the Eden gardens, which comprize the yet-more Elysian scenes to which the name of *the Paradises* are given. These are distinct compartments (like separate parks, we might say) of the *Chaher Bagh*; with each its own palace, adapted to the seasons of the year, and to the possible varying taste of the royal occupiers of these *Horti Adonidis*.—But I now proceed to the details; and they are, as though my pen were a fairy wand, and the world of the genii were unveiled before you!

P. J.

(To be continued.)

THE SISTERS.—A SKETCH.

It was while on a visit in the Highlands that I first met Jane and Agnes Tracey, and dearly did I soon love those high-born and beautiful orphans. Jane was the elder, and her beauty was of the same noble and majestic character as her mind. Never have I seen such eyes, such bright star-like-eyes; and her hair was black as the darkest feathers in the raven. Her betrothed husband, Lord William Graham, was with the sisters; and how fond he used to look on his promised bride! She was, indeed, a glorious creature; and yet I never gazed upon her face without experiencing a thrill of melancholy feeling. Her beautiful but hectic bloom, and those painfully bright eyes, seemed to say to me that Jane Tracey was not long to be a dweller upon earth. But for Agnes—my light-hearted, smiling Agnes—I had no such gloomy fears. How often have I sat and watched her with delight, as she bounded over the heath like a creature of the skies. Never did I look upon such cherub beauty. I seem to see her now before me, with that long golden hair floating on the wind, and those cloudless eyes smiling on me in their innocent gladness. It was in autumn that I parted with the sisters, and in a few weeks the noble Jane was to become a bride.

The letters of the orphans displayed the same contrast that was visible in their characters and manners. Jane wrote in the lofty and dignified tone that became her queen-like bearing; but Agnes poured forth all the innocent overflowings of her young heart. The letters of Jane, perhaps, improved and schooled the understanding; those of Agnes inspired happiness and joy whenever they arrived. About the time that Jane became a wife, I thought she wrote with even a higher tone of religious feeling than formerly; occasionally I imagined I could perceive a something of melancholy foreboding in her expressions; and then again her mild sad eyes, and her beautiful but hectic bloom, rose upon my mind, and haunted me like spectres. Then she entirely ceased writing to me, and many painful fancies crowded on my thoughts; but from Agnes I regularly heard, and her letters still continued

heralds of gladness. Months passed away, and Jane was soon to become a mother; and then she did write, but alas! she wrote as follows:—

“I must conceal it no longer from you, my Margaret. I fear I shall not have strength to give my baby life—my poor William, and my sweet Agnes—when I think of them my heart seems sinking within me! I am about to commit a painful charge to you, dear Margaret; and yet, for the sake of your dying friend, I feel that you will prepare those beloved ones for the loss they must so soon sustain. Your firm mind will support them, my Margaret, and you will teach them to submit to the will of the Most High. In a week we leave England for Lochbremen, and you will meet us there, my Margaret, will you not? and, when we do meet, restrain, if you love me, any expression of surprise or sorrow at my altered appearance. I can *feel* that I am dying, and yet retain my composure; but were I to *see* sad looks in those I love, I could not bear it, and I must endeavour to be calm for the sake of my unborn babe.”

Soon after this they arrived at Lochbremen; but though I had fancied myself prepared for a change in the appearance of Jane, how faintly had I pictured that fearful change! She came into the room supported by her husband; and she was so thin—so shadowy thin—and her beautiful figure was bent, in its still graceful loveliness, almost to the earth. With difficulty I restrained the cry that was rising to my lips; but I did restrain it, and in silence pressed her to my heart.

“Does she not look well?” said Lord William, casting an appealing glance at me, and then looking fondly on his wife; “and yet, Margaret, with that bloom she would have us to believe her ill.”—“She is very thin,” I replied gravely.—“Margaret, I did not expect you to indulge Jane in her melancholy,” exclaimed Lord William, hastily.—“Nor will I indulge her in melancholy, dear William,” I replied, “for I hope much from her native air.” And I did hope; for though Jane was sadly, sadly reduced, and though that hectic bloom often burned upon her cheek, she yet felt

none of the deadly languor attendant on consumption, and she began, slowly, at first almost imperceptibly, to gain strength, and as autumn advanced, without producing any additional symptoms of decay, she even began to indulge hopes of herself. It was then decided that the sisters, with Lord William, should winter in the south of France. And, alas! I had now become anxious to expedite their departure, on account of my sweet Agnes. Much of her innocent playfulness was gone; her beautiful and healthy colour was every day becoming fainter; the joy of her young heart no longer danced in her blue eyes, and her smiles of gladness now only flitted across her cheek like moonbeams among clouds. I went one evening into the library, and found her seated at a window that looked down on the churchyard of Lochbremen. Her eyes were full of tears, and were fixed intently upon a corner of the churchyard that was lighted up with the last beams of the setting sun. That sunny spot was the burial-place of the Traceys. "Margaret!" said she, in her silvery accents, "I shall soon be laid under that green sod; but Jane must not see me die—it would destroy her." I did not speak—I could not speak—I could only weep over the fair young face that lay upon my bosom, and pray that the innocent creature might be spared to me. On the evening previous to their departure for France, Agnes suddenly said, "Well, good people, do you know that you are to spend your winter *tête-à-tête*!"—"Agnes!" exclaimed Jane, "you cannot mean it."—"Ay, in truth, Jane, but I do; for I am going to stay here with my Maggy." And thus it was settled.

When they had left Lochbremen, and exertion was no longer necessary, Agnes drooped faster and faster, every hour. Yet winter passed over, and the gentle creature yet lived—lived to welcome the return of her favourite season, spring. The letters, too, of the travellers enlivened our seclusion: they spoke only of health and happiness; and when I saw smiles of almost former brightness lighting up the languid but still-lovely face of my drooping Agnes, I could not but cherish hope. Every morning she seemed to improve in health under the sweet breath of the early spring. She had even resumed her early walks, and her

step had regained something of its former elasticity. It was in the latter end of May that she said to me—"We will visit the Fairy Glen to-morrow, Maggy; and remember it must be at my happy hour."—Often had I heard her call sun-rise her happy hour; and to hear her speak of it now seemed to me like a good omen. The first sound that I heard in the morning was her sweet voice singing under my window. It was long since I had heard her soft tones so rich and full, and my heart was filled with happy feelings. I threw open the window, and told her I would be with her instantly.—"Lazy one," said she, "I will wait for you in the glen;" and she left me in the glow of smiling and healthful-looking beauty. I watched with joy her light steps, till she was lost to me among the birch trees that were now covered with their beautiful and tender leaves. When I entered the romantic little valley, I saw Agnes kneeling on the green turf. Her bonnet had fallen from her head—her long hair hung in its rich beauty over her sweet face, and down even to her slender waist—her arm rested on the rustic seat beside which she had thrown herself—and she seemed as if indulging in some innocent and happy reverie. For a moment I stood to contemplate the pretty dreamer; but recollecting that the dew was yet upon the grass, I exclaimed—"Agnes, how wrong this is!" She did not hear me, and I hastily approached and stooped down to smooth back the thick curls from her brow, and to kiss the fair pale face on which I had so often gazed with love. Can I ever forget that hour? Can I ever forget the thrill that reached even to my very vitals, as I shrank back from the cold, cold cheek that I had kissed? Never! never! At the morning hour—in the calm midnight—still, still, do I shrink from that cold and terrible kiss—that kiss of death!

It was years after that dreadful morning ere I again met Jane, and she had become a healthy and blooming woman; but she came to my chamber in the dark hour, and we went together to the churchyard of Lochbremen, and I shewed her the grave of Agnes Tracey, and she knelt down and wept bitterly on the green sod.

Original Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG BRIDE.

By Miss M. G. Lewis.

I did not wish that thou shouldst meet
 This sad and early doom,
 And be so soon of joy bereft
 To wither in the tomb ;
 I did not hope to see thee torn
 From every tender tie,
 And leave thy widow'd mate to mourn
 Love's last expiring sigh :
 Though thou had'st shrouded all my path,
 Through many a future year,
 No rival's hate—no jealous wrath
 Was nursed against thee here ;
 Though thou had'st blasted all of joy
 That life could offer me,
 I never panted to destroy
 The share it held for thee :
 Thou might'st have dwelt in gentle rest
 Had heaven averted this :
 I could have borne to *know* thee blest,
 But not to *view* thy bliss.
 And, though thou hast glided now away
 From friendship and from hate,
 It does not throw one brighter ray
 Upon my changeless fate :
 The darkness spread enwraps me still,
 And—till life's closing hour—
 My heart may wake to sorrow's thrill,
 But ne'er to pleasure's power.
 A short but happy lot was thine :
 Loved—blest—then early riven
 From where earth's budding joys entwine,
 To riper joys in heaven.

—
 MY LUTE.

My gentle lute, to thee alone
 Each tale of grief I tell ;
 Thy sweetly breathing plaintive tone
 Can sooth my sorrows well.
 Oft when my soul is dark and drear,
 Thy melancholy strain
 Can make me weep, and oh ! that tear
 Doth lighten half my pain.
 When first I broke thy slumber's chains,
 My lute, my gentle lute,
 I deemed not I should wish those strains
 For ever had been mute.
 I twined thee round with fragrant wreaths,
 Of brightest, fairest hue ;
 Of ev'ry flower that opes its leaves,
 To hold the honied dew.

The soul of joy was in thy song,
 And pleasure seemed to fling
 Her blossoms sweet thy chords among,
 And weave them round each string.

But joy has fled thy languid notes,
 Thy tones are memory's ;
 'Tis she alone who o'er thee floats,
 And leaves thee nought but sighs.

Yet still I love thee, for I know,
 Alas ! such change of thine,
 But too well suits my grief, my woe,
 And breathes back plaints of mine.
 E. M. P.

—
 SONG.

By H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq.

OH ! love's an exotic, a sensitive plant,
 That shrinks from the touch should it rudely
 invade ;
 Its home, that which only affection can grant,
 And a smile or a frown bids it flourish or
 fade.

Ee'n thus the Mimosa,* while Phœbus shines
 warm,
 Its leaflets expands and exults in the ray ;
 But should some snow-tempest the blue sky
 deform,
 It closes those leaflets and withers away.

There are plants far less tender, and passions
 more strong,
 That heed neither tempest of mind nor of sky ;
 The heather still blooms the bleak moor-rocks
 among,
 And anger rolls wildly the fierce, frantic eye.

But the cradle of love was the myrtle's green
 bough,
 And his mother the queen of the regions
 above ;—
 Then smile, gentle lady, unbend thy dark brow,
 And hail the return of affection and love !

* A genus of plants so called as being imitative of the action of animals. The most common is the *Mimosa sensitiva*, which closes its leaves when touched. There are some other kinds, however, yet more sensitive, as the *Mimosa pudica*, and the *Mimosa viva*. I have observed the same thing in some of the hardier species of this genus ; viz. in the American or narrow-leaved acacia.

For love's an exotic, a sensitive plant,
 That shrinks from the touch should it rudely
 invade;
 Its home, that which only affection can grant,
 And a smile or a frown bids it flourish or
 fade.
Temple, April 6th.

FAREWELL.

THERE is a word whose faintest tone
 Can thrill the bosom, and dispel
 The brightest dreams the heart has known—
 'Tis the wild word, "farewell! farewell!"
 If this dark world can boast a bliss,
 'Tis when with kindred souls we dwell;
 If there's a pang, 'tis this, 'tis this,
 When friends thus met, must say "farewell!"

The sad and lone neglected lute
 Slumbers in silence deep and long,
 Till Zephyr fans the strings so mute,
 And gives its wildest notes to song:
 The heart's the lute so hushed, so lone;
 Friendship instead of Zephyr's spell
 Awakes its fondest sweetest tone,
 Till comes that chilling word, "farewell!"

E. M. P.

TO AN EARLY LOVE.

WELL—it is past—the spell is o'er,
 That led me through its pleasing maze—
 And I must look on thee no more,
 As I have looked in former days.
 Yet still I turn my raptured gaze
 On things I fain would call my own,
 When memory's waking dream displays
 The vanished joys o'er which I mourn.

But why should I lament my lot,
 Or thus repine at fate's decree,
 If thy felicity is wrought
 By that which makes a wretch of me!
 Perhaps thy chosen one may be
 More worthy of the love that flows
 From that dear heart of thine, than he
 Who loved thee more than mortal knows.

Yet could I think that thou had'st known
 How close my heart around thee clung,
 Or could I hope one thought alone,
 Had in thy bosom warmly sprung,
 Of that affection which I sung
 In many a wild illusive strain,
 'Twould sooth my heart, with sorrow wrung,
 That I had loved not all in vain.

I could not tell thee how I felt
 My bliss to thine had closely grown,
 I could not shew how deeply dwelt
 The feelings that I dared not own.
 I could not tell how oft, alone,
 Thy image thro' my thoughts would shine;
 Nor how my sanguine heart was prone
 To hope it would one day be mine.

Oh! could I but have owned the flame
 That burn'd, concealed, my peace to mar,
 Blessed in our loves, thy honoured name
 Perhaps had been my guiding star!
 But now, alas! how gloomy are
 The hopeless thoughts that intervene,—
 For penury's resistless bar
 Is laid in chilling force between.

No matter—it is over now—
 The struggle past—I can resign—
 I yield thee to thy choice—and thou
 Hast little known, I fear, of mine.
 The youth with whom thou dost entwine
 Thy heart, beyond me may be dear,
 But the warm love he gives for thine
 Is nor more ardent or sincere.

Farewell—thy lover now no more,
 One long sad parting gaze I take,—
 In kindred, home, or stranger's door,
 Heaven bless thee for thy own dear sake.
 I yet will hope, though thus I break
 The tie that love would fain extend,
 When sweet remembrance shall awake,
 Thou still wilt own me as thy friend!

F.

SONG.

THOUGH ruined fortune shed a gloom
 O'er all thy coming days,
 Ah, let my dream of love illumine
 The darkness of thy ways!
 Some beaming ray of sunny light
 May brightly shine on me—
 I'll gladly share each fond delight,
 My own dear love, with thee.

Whilst thine is sad, a heart like mine
 Can never be at rest;
 If sorrow's cloud hang dark o'er thine,
 Mine, too, must be unblest.
 Then, never talk to me of bliss,
 Unless 'tis shar'd with thee;
 I wish no greater joy than this,
 If thou'lt be true to me.

W. H. L.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—EVENING COSTUME, OF URLING'S LACE.

THIS beautiful specimen of Urling's unrivalled manufacture is worn over a white satin slip. The petticoat of this lace, fine as the threads woven by the fabled Arachne, is of the most superb pattern, in sprigs on a sort of *tulle*-net ground, of delicate texture. Three flounces of the same material, of a pattern exquisitely rich, ornament the border, and are set on, in slight festoons: over the upper flounce is a design of flowers and foliage entwined in costly profusion, all in lace-work, forming a fine completion of this charming dress. The *corsage* is of white satin, made to fit close to the shape; the sleeves are short, and are ornamented downwards with double *jabots* of Urling's lace, placed separate, but very near each other. The hair is arranged in the newest style of fashion, in bows and curls, and adorned with strings of pearls, richly-ornamented combs, and full-blown roses. A necklace of Egyptian pebbles, set *à l'Antique*, in finely-wrought gold, encircles the throat, and the ear-pendants are formed of long pear-pearls.

No. 2.—MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A HIGH dress of *gros de Naples*, of a beautiful ceruléan-blue; the border of the skirt ornamented with three flounces pointed at the edges, and there finished by a delicate embroidery in *chénille*, and bound with a narrow *rouleau*. The body is quite plain, and surmounted at the throat by a very full ruff of stiffened gauze with blond edging. A broad sash, the same colour as the dress, confines the waist with two long ends, directly in front, the ends handsomely fringed. The sleeves sit almost close to the arm, and have *mancherons* of quite a novel kind: they are loose, but are made stiff, and pointed with one point fastened down with a small rosette: at the wrists the sleeves are ele-

gantly fluted; the flutings are lengthwise, and wadded, which gives to them a richly-embossed appearance. A hat of white chip is trimmed with pink and canary-yellow ribbons entwined; the strings twisted in the same manner, and fastening to the sash with a rosette composed of each colour: the hat is ornamented with a simple bow of the two ribbons, on the elevated side, under the brim—for it is placed very much on one side—over the left ear: each side of the crown is ornamented with light *bouquets* of corn-flowers. The shoes are of black satin, and the gloves of yellow kid.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THIS is the season for flowers; we behold them, delighted, in their early and resplendent bloom, and eagerly inhale their charming fragrance: but it is not to our gardens, our green-houses, or our conservatories that they are now confined. Art, with busy hand, seeks to rival nature, and flowers, in profusion, meet our eyes, in every direction. The heads of our females, at almost every public spectacle, form now a gay *parterre*; and, surely, there is nothing more appropriate to, nor, indeed, so emblematic of, female beauty, as the treasures of Flora. The tasteful hat, the *toque*, the turban, and cap, are equally decorated with them, and, on the fine tresses of our youthful females we behold

Flowers of all hues, and without thorn, the rose.

Literally so, indeed; for so much classical skill appears in the assortment of these artificial blossoms, that they perfectly accord with those that are in season. Thus the small, but elegant, thornless rose of Paradise, generally known by the name of the *cinnamon-rose*, from a faint smell resembling that spice, and which, in its

growth resembles a half wreath woven by an artist, is the favourite rose, at present seen on the caps and bonnets of our females, or adorning their beautiful ringlets.

Before, however, we particularize these ornaments on our head-dresses, we will commence in our usual routine by describing the out-door costume.

A pelisse of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples* has attracted much admiration: the body is made *en gerbe*, both before and at the back, and the sleeves *en gigot*: a double ruff of lace surrounds the throat, which is also tied round with a cravat-scarf of celestial-blue silk. Ribbon *fichu-pelerines* are worn over high dresses when the weather is warm, and promise to be as much in favour as they were last summer: over white dresses, a pelerine of jaconot muslin, trimmed with lace, is considered very elegant, especially for the carriage, and at the fashionable morning lounges: the ends in front of these tippets are long, and they have two or three collars, falling over each other, and trimmed also with lace.

White chip hats are likely to be in general favour for the carriage this summer: already, several have appeared; sometimes they are crowned with plumes of marabout feathers in various directions; while spiral feathers of white and lemon-colour adorn the front of the crown. The strings, with the bows under the brim, are of beautifully-figured broad ribbon; the strings form a loop, which is a newer fashion than for them to float loose, the loop descending as low as the girdle. Some of the chip hats have a scroll of white gauze placed in bias across the summit of the crown, which terminates by a sprig of flowers: two small loop-bows of ribbon tie under the brim, and the strings of these hats float loose. A yellow crape hat, with figured blue gauze ribbons, is much admired; the ribbons are in profusion, and are mingled with mountain-heath. A hat of white watered *gros de Naples* has obtained much favour from the elegance of its style, and the beauty of the flowers with which it is embellished; it is ornamented with the same material as the hat, edged with rich blond, and nasturtium-blossoms, with yellow roses and their foliage. A hat, also of straw-coloured silk, has been pronounced very becoming; it is trimmed and ornamented exactly in the

same manner as the white hat just described. We have seen another carriage-hat of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with broad rich blond, and surmounted by plumes of paddy-feathers and marabouts. Leghorn hats, trimmed tastefully with figured ribbons, are worn in walking costume, and many ladies have not yet laid aside their large black satin bonnets.

A primrose-coloured dress of *gros de Naples* is often adopted for dinner-parties; the body made *à la Vierge*, with long white sleeves of crape or tulle; these are fastened at the wrists with broad gold bracelets, finely wrought, and clasped with a turquoise-stone brooch. Gowns of white jaconot muslin are partially worn in half-dress, but are not, as yet, general; they are finished in a very expensive manner, and are, in consequence, confined to ladies of wealth and rank; they are bordered with one broad flounce, entirely of fine lace, and this flounce has a quilling above it, at some distance, of fine thread tulle. Coloured muslin dresses, and white *barège*, with shaded stripes of different colours, are much worn in home-costume. They are generally trimmed with two quilled flounces, with heads to them, and the flounces are cut in rounded points. We were in hopes that the sleeves *en gigot* had had their day; but many ladies are so partial to them, that we cannot yet impart the intelligence, that they are out of fashion. Flounces are a very general and favourite ornament on the borders of dresses; some are cut in *bias*, particularly on *barège* gowns. Though the *corsages* are made across the bust most awkwardly high, even in low dresses, yet we observed at the Opera some backs and shoulders very indecorously displayed. This fashion, however, was adopted but by very few. The bust trimmed with blond, and the sleeves of very fine tulle or blond give an elegant finish to evening dresses, especially when the gown is of white or pink satin; the flounces on which should be, also, of white blond. The ball-dresses have of late been chiefly of the fancy-kind; at some elegant private dances, however, have appeared dresses of tulle over white satin, with festoon flounces tastefully caught up with flowers; for these charming ornaments are seen now on almost every part of female

dress. Many ball-dresses of *tulle*, or figured gauze are worn over peach-coloured slips of satin; these have the *corsage* made of white satin.

Among the newest head-dresses is a turban-cap of lemon-coloured gauze, ornamented with small damask roses and green foliage. A white turban, also, of *crêpe-lisse*, is among the novelties; it has bows of the same, and *rouleaux* of crape and satin entwined; a few Provence roses finish this turban. Small caps of blond, when worn in the evening, are most profusely adorned with flowers; these caps are placed very backward, and the hair on the temples is also plentifully besprinkled with flowers. We are sorry to see the head now rendered most disproportionately large: the hair is arranged so as to give every indication of its being false: enormous curls, full and heavy, lie on each side of the face, while tiers of bows, ponderous and unbecoming, are carried up to the summit and to the back part of the head: the ringlets are formal, thick, and of the *saucisson* kind, while the opera hats are so wide, high, and laden with plumage, that if a lady is not seated in the front row of her box, she may, perhaps, *hear* Italian harmony, but she cannot behold the splendid decorations of a grand serious opera, nor the agile graces displayed in the ballet. We trust this *outré* fashion of disguising the most exalted portion of the human frame so evidently copied from our Gallic neighbours, will not long continue the mode with us. We saw some ladies at that criterion of fashion, the Opera, and also of high rank, whose hair was well, and becomingly arranged, and adorned with brilliants, interspersed among the flowers that ornamented their tresses: they appeared, so distinguished, infinitely more attractive than some handsomer females, who had disguised themselves by the monstrous hats above described. Caps for half-dress are of very elegant shapes; they are composed of blond or fine lace, handsomely ornamented with bows of rich ribbon, or adorned by a few sprigs of jonquils or a bunch of Parma-violets.

The favourite colours are pink, straw-colour, sea-green, lilac, violet, and cerulean-blue.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

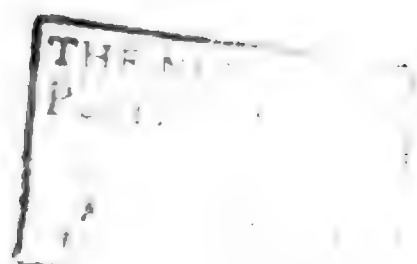
By a Parisian Correspondent.

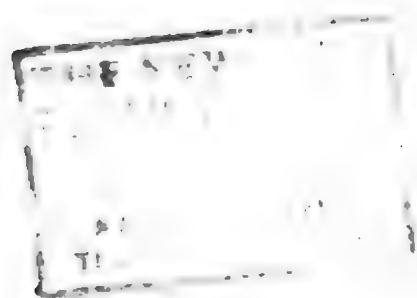
COSTUME OF PARIS.

WE cannot pronounce the establishment of summer; yet, while we wait for the weather being more decidedly settled than it is at present, we have produced some novelties, well adapted to the season, and which will not appear *outré*, as sudden warmth may succeed, and become even durable.

First is a celestial blue pelisse of *Gros de Naples*, fastened down the skirt on one side with points, edged by a *rouleau*, and each point fastened down by a large rosette: the body quite plain, with a small, falling, round collar. The sleeves *en gigot*, confined at the wrists with three straps finished by a button. A double ruff of clear muslin, *gauffrée*, is placed round the throat, and a cravat scarf of white silk, with shaded ends, of cross stripes, jonquil and scarlet, is added: this is terminated by a broad fringe of the above two colours. Scarfs of figured Chinese silk are much in vogue, the figures the same colours as the ground, which is generally of a fine Raymond-blue. A second pelisse is of *Gros d'Été*, of a jonquil colour, and is trimmed all round, and down the front, with *rouleaux* of satin, in a sort of serpentine ornament, each terminated by a bow of ribbon; the bust is ornamented across in a more strait manner than is observed down the skirt, where the trimming forms a cross-bow kind of figure. The sleeves fit close to the arm, and are surmounted by a loose sort of *mancheron*, terminated by bows of ribbon. The collar is narrow, standing up, and over it is worn a stiffened ruff of gauze, *gauffrée*. A white parasol is always adopted with this outdoor envelope.

Some white chip bonnets are seen ornamented with bows of the same, and adorned with fox-gloves. A white chip hat is much approved by our fashionables, crowned with marabout feathers of pale yellow, edged round with scarlet: a full plume towers over the crown, and falls over the brim on the left side; under the right, on the hair, is a small tuft of the same feathers. Hats of white





watered silk are bordered with a broad *rouleau* of coloured satin. They are generally ornamented with a bunch of cherries, and their foliage. White bonnets of *Gros de Naples* are ornamented with flutings, and small sprigs of yellow oats are placed in the hollow formed by each plait. The Leghorn hats are very large, and their ornaments consist of two large *bouquets* of field-flowers, wild thyme, hedge-flowers, and small berries: one of these *bouquets* is fixed on the left side, near the summit of the crown, the other at the right, on the brim, close to the edge. Behind the crown is a large bow of gauze ribbon and satin, with ends that are brought to fasten each of the *bouquets*. Another favourite ornament on Leghorn hats consists of branches of large yellow roses, made of feathers. White bonnets, and those of straw colour, for the morning walk, are drawn in the manner of the *capote* bonnets; they are trimmed with two different ribbons, white and yellow; the *chicorée* that trims the edge of the brim, is half yellow and half white. Striped pink gauze bonnets, the stripes satin, are very fashionable; the crowns are very low, and they tie close down over the ears. They are ornamented with Narcissus, or with purple auriculas.

White muslin dresses now prevail much; they have a broad pointed flounce next the shoe, splendidly embroidered: over this flounce is a full quilling of clear muslin; then a row of embroidery in vine leaves, worked on the gown, and above that another quilling of clear muslin: the sleeves are *en gigot*, but very close to the arm near the wrist: the *mancherons* are *à la Perse*, trimmed round with quillings of clear muslin; the body is made in the Circassian style, both before and behind. A figured Chinese silk, in lozenges, of a beautiful lavender colour, is very elegant; the lozenges, which are formed in outline only, are of a darker shade than the ground. Five flounces, formed of strawberry leaves reversed, are set on strait, and fall over each other, and these constitute the border on the skirt; they are alternately black and lavender colour, and have a charming effect: over the uppermost is a *cordon* of silk formed of black and lavender. The body wraps simply over the bust, and the sleeves are of white crape, orna-

mented with two short *mancherons* of the Persian kind, edged round with two rows of small strawberry leaves, the black lying next the white crape; the upper one, which is of white blond, next the *mancheron*. A blond tucker draws over the bust with this dress. A high dress of plain Italian silk is trimmed with two scalloped flounces, set on in a slight wave; over each of these flounces is a *rouleau* of satin, the colour of the dress: every scallop has on it an embossment, representing a sprig of foliage, and the upper flounce is surmounted by a row of the same ornaments, placed at equal distances, not very far from each other. The body is full, *à la Circassienne*, and the sleeves, *en gigot*, are fastened at the wrists by broad bracelets of hair, clasped with large topazes. Dresses of white *barège* are much worn at the theatres and at concerts: they are trimmed with bias folds of Scotch tartan silk; the *mancherons* are also of tartan, in the Persian fashion, and the divisions very open: draperies of tartan also, cross over the bust; the rest of the *corsage* is of white *barège*. Muslin dresses have only two plain flounces, when for home dress. Or-gandy dresses promise to be as much in favour as they were last summer: some have appeared beautifully embroidered in different colours, in crewel. Striped dresses of every sort are very fashionable.

Many ladies wear no other head-dress than their hair beautifully arranged, with an ornamental comb: when flowers are added, they are disposed among the curls with infinite art and taste; though there are some young persons that wear such a quantity of flowers on their heads, and place them in such a manner, that they look exactly like the baskets carried about for sale by the flower-women. You observe I am not blind to our absurdities: but what shall I tell you? It is a hair-dresser from London, lately arrived here, that has introduced this fashion, and it is quite the rage for every lady now to have her hair ornamented in the above manner by the *coiffeur Anglais*!

When a dress is trimmed with Scotch tartan, it is considered in good taste, if the lady is young enough, to have a few bows of ribbon of the same pattern to ornament the hair.

The new bracelets may be called coronet bracelets, as they have regal ornaments above the part that encircles the wrist, which ornaments stand up like the antique points that adorned the wrists three centuries ago. At a concert given for the benefit of the Greeks, several ladies had their hair ornamented with pearls, disposed in the form of crosses: others had transparent flowers, composed of mother-

of-pearl; a *bouquet* of these flowers is placed on one side of the hair, with a very rich comb. Young ladies wear necklaces of very large pearls.

The favourite colours are blue, of all shades; the newest is bright, inclining to dark, named Scotch-blue; next in favour are bright jonquil, canary-yellow, and straw-colour; rose-colour, and Parma violet.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

THERE is magic in the very name of Shakspeare. Nothing surely can evince more incontestably the enthusiasm with which his works are read and studied, with which his ever-verdant memory is worshipped, than the numerous editions of those breathing transcripts of nature that are from time to time coming before us. Of biographers and commentators, it might have been thought we had more than enough; yet, whenever a man of genius fixes upon a subject, he is sure to elicit and display something to call forth new admiration. If he cannot absolutely create, he will arrange and combine so as to produce a striking novelty of effect. This we feel to be the case in "*The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare; with Notes Original and Selected, by Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A., and a Life of the Poet, by Charles Symmons, D.D.*," in ten 12mo. volumes, now before us. Mr. Singer has executed his task ably, if not unexceptionably; and Dr. Symmons, long known to the literary world by his *Life of Milton*, and other valuable works, and who, if we mistake not, has within these few weeks passed away from this terrestrial scene, has, in his biographical sketch, embracing strictures on the genius of nature's dramatist, displayed a perception and feeling worthy of his exalted subject. To mention that the pencil of the veteran Stothard has contributed some of the designs that

embellish this edition of the bard, is only to pronounce upon it additional eulogy: it is, indeed, an edition that every person in want of a Shakspeare ought to purchase. One brief excerpt from Dr. Symmons's Essay, and we have done. The passage follows some remarks upon Shakspeare's varied representations of madness, in *Lear*, *Edgar*, *Timon*, &c.

With such an intimacy with all the fine and subtle workings of Nature in her action on the human heart, it is not wonderful that our great dramatist should possess an absolute control over the passions; and should be able to unlock the cell of each of them as the impulse of his fancy may direct. When we follow *Macbeth* to the chamber of Duncan; when we stand with him by the enchanted caldron, or see him, under the infliction of conscience, glaring at the spectre of the blood-boltered Banquo, in the possession of the royal chair, horror is by our side, thrilling in our veins and bristling in our hair. When we attend the Danish Prince to his midnight conference with the shade of his murdered father, and hear the ineffable accents of the dead, willing, but prohibited "to tell the secrets of his prison-house," we are appalled, and our faculties are suspended in terror. When we see the faithful and the lovely Juliet awaking in the house of darkness and corruption, with the corpse of her husband on her bosom: when we behold the innocent Desdemona dying by the hand to which she was most fondly attached; and charging on herself, with her latest breath, the guilt of her murderer: when we witness the

wretchedness of Lear, contending with the midnight storm, and strewing his white locks on the blast; or carrying in his withered arms the body of his Cordelia, murdered in his cause, is it possible that the tear of pity should not start from our eyes and trickle down our cheeks? In the forest of Arden, as we ramble with its accidental inmates, our spirits are soothed into cheerfulness, and are, occasionally, elevated into gaiety. In the tavern at Eastcheap, with the witty and debauched knight, we meet with "Laughter holding both his sides;" and we surrender ourselves, willingly and delighted, to the inebriation of his influence. We could dwell for a long summer's day amid the fertility of these charming topics, if we were not called from them to a higher region of poetic enjoyment, possessed by the genius of Shakspeare alone; where he reigns sole lord; and where his subjects are the wondrous progeny of his own creative imagination. From whatever quarter of the world, eastern or northern, England may originally have derived her elves and her fairies, Shakspeare undoubtedly formed these little beings, as they flutter in his scenes, from an idea of his own; and they came from his hand beneficent and friendly to man; immortal and invulnerable; of such corporeal minuteness as to lie in the bell of a cowslip; and yet of such power as to disorder the seasons; as

"————— to bedim
The noontide sun; call forth the mutinous
winds:
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault,
Set roaring war."

To this little ethereal people our poet has assigned manners and occupation in perfect consistency with their nature; and has sent them forth in the richest array of fancy, to gambol before us, to astonish and delight us. They resemble nothing upon earth: but if they would exist with man, they would act and speak as they act and speak, with the inspiration of our poet in "The Tempest," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

By the amusing and instructive pens of Miss Benger and Miss Aikin, we have, within these few years, been familiarised with the courts of several of our former sovereigns; and from the deserved popularity which the attractive publications of those ladies have acquired, we wonder not at the appearance of new candidates for fame in the same elegant department of literature. Mrs. A. T. Thomson, a lady with whose name we were previously un-

acquainted, has recently conferred an obligation of no mean value upon the public, by the production of two octavo volumes, entitled "*Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth.*" In this work, which is neatly and unaffectedly written, and which displays considerable reading and research, the author has given full proof of her capabilities for the task. The manners and customs of the times, their leading events, the costume of the court and of the people, are all portrayed with picturesque fidelity and force. Altogether we have been greatly pleased with the perusal of Mrs. Thomson's volumes.

It gives us pleasure to announce another well-digested historical work, in two octavo volumes, "*Annals of the House of Hanover, by Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c.*" from the same pen that gave to the public, a few years ago, the volume of Collected Documents, concerning the line of Brunswick Princes, which is considered so valuable an authority of reference, by persons studying the subject. Every Englishman of education is bound to know something of the family history of the sovereign who sits on the throne of his country; yet, till very lately, the former part of our monarch's descent has been left as much in the clouds to us, as though the beginning of his race's princely characters had all taken birth on their mounting the throne of England. In these volumes, however, Sir Andrew Halliday, without owing any thing to the decorations of an active imagination, either in filling up where his subject lacks, or adorning where it is barren, presents a little cabinet picture of the times of Germany, even from before the era of Charlemagne, to the present age, which regales while it informs; for his annals of the House of Hanover not only comprise the actions of the most illustrious characters of that house, in all its different branches, during that long period, but bring forward the great and good of all ranks of persons who nobly distinguished themselves in the other principalities and kingdoms. In short, it may be well called an epitome of the continental history of those times, written perspicuously, simply, and with the manly spirit of a Briton pervading the whole, honourable to his subject, for being so creditable to himself.

Sir Andrew's compendium of the rise and end of the reformation, by Luther, is admirably executed; and for a point of the most animated interest, nothing can be more finely drawn up than his account of our Richard Cœur de Lion—his crusades—his captivity by Austria—his arraignment before the Emperor and princes of Germany—and his noble defence. It is a glorious specimen of British royalty! However, we refer our readers to the volumes themselves. Indeed, we would say that this is a work which, besides its value in the eyes of mature students, would be found highly useful in academies for youth, from its clearness, brevity, and great sum of general information.

"*The true History of the State Prisoner, commonly called the Iron Mask; extracted from Documents in the French Archives, by the Hon. George Agar Ellis,*" is a volume which at this time excites considerable interest. Voltaire, Dutens, St. Foix, La Grange Chancel, Gibbon, the Père Papon, the Père Griffet, the Chevalier de Taulés, Mr. Quintin Craufurd, &c. have all read, and searched, and written, and dissertated upon this mysterious subject, but without eliciting the truth. It was left for M. Delort, in France, and for Mr. Agar Ellis, still more satisfactorily in England, to shew that the unfortunate prisoner—the miserable being who wore away twenty-four years of his life in captivity and madness, to gratify the malignant vengeance of a ruthless tyrant—was neither the Duke de Beaufort, the Count de Vermandois, the Duke of Monmouth, a twin-brother of Louis the Fourteenth, nor a son of Oliver Cromwell, but a comparatively insignificant individual, the Count Hercules Anthony Matthioli, the accredited minister of Charles III. Duke of Mantua. It appears, from the incontestable chain of evidence which Mr. Agar Ellis has adduced, that Matthioli, subdued by the bribes of the French monarch, entered into a negociation with the Abbé d'Estrades for the surrender of the strongly fortified town of Casale, the capital of Montferrat—that he afterwards deceived the French king, and betrayed the secret to the Spanish court—that Louis temporized, that he might get him completely in his power—that he ultimately caused him to be arrested by an armed

force on the frontier near Turin—that Matthioli was first imprisoned in the fortress of Pignerol, afterwards at Exiles, then in the island of St. Margaret, and, lastly, in the Bastile—that his confinement was always solitary (excepting for a time with a maniac Jacobin monk in the dungeon of Pignerol) and always secret—that, reduced to insanity, and labouring under bodily indisposition, his mental as well as his physical sufferings were dreadful—that he died in the Bastile, on the 9th of November 1703, and was buried on the following day, under the name of Marchiali. It is stated, in an extract from the Register of the Bastile, that—

He was only ill for some hours, and died almost suddenly; he was buried in a winding-sheet of new linen; and for the most part every thing that was found in his chamber was burnt, such as every part of his bed, including the mattresses, his tables, chairs, and other utensils, which were all reduced to powder and to cinders, and thrown into the drains. The rest of the things, such as the silver, copper, and pewter, were melted. This prisoner was lodged in the third chamber of the tower *Bertaudière*, which room was scraped and filed quite to the stone, and fresh white-washed from the top to the bottom. The doors and windows were burnt like the rest.

This statement, according to the authorities given—those of the Register of the Bastile, and M. Delaunay, governor of the Bastile—ought to be correct; yet it seems to be contradicted by what Mr. Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, says in his autobiography just published. That gentleman, in recording the particulars of a visit which he made to the Bastile in an early part of his life, relates the following particulars:—

The deputy governor, a most polite, obliging, and apparently a most humane man, politely conducted us into the chamber where the celebrated personage with the Iron Mask had been confined for so many years. Here we were much interested by an examination of the very chair on which this unfortunate victim and reputed twin-brother of Lewis the Fourteenth, used constantly to sit; as also, by the various characters and signs scratched or drawn by him on the wall, for the purpose of amusement, or of preserving a calculation of the duration of his miserable captivity.

Leaving this point to be settled by others, we have only to add that the mask, worn

by the wretched Matthioli, was not actually of iron, but "of black velvet, strengthened with whalebone, and fastened behind the head with a padlock, which did not prevent the prisoner from eating and drinking, or impede his respiration."—In our estimation, as we before intimated, Mr. Agar Ellis has completely identified the Count Matthioli with the celebrated *Homme au Masque de Fer*. Notwithstanding so much has been written on the subject, his very curious and interesting volume abounds with rich material for the exercise of the pen of fiction.

The "*Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds*," in two volumes octavo, to which we have just alluded, is one of those exceedingly-pleasant gossiping books which every body will be sure to read. Like the author's dramas, it is light and airy, admirably calculated to while away a leisure hour. We have no room for extract now, but we hope to return to the work in our Supplement.

We have another gossiping book to mention. A William Rae Wilson, Esq.—one of those well-disposed gentlemen, we presume, who have plenty of money and a plentiful lack of wit, with a great deal of time upon their hands, and very scanty means for its disposal—took it into his head, some three or four years ago, to travel into Egypt and the Holy Land—to bring away two bottles of the water of the River Jordan, the smell of which, he assured us, approached to that of the water of Harrowgate, which we have understood to resemble the rich odour of eggs in a state of putrescence—and, upon his return, to indulge the public with an account of his wonderful adventures and extraordinary discoveries. Amongst other curious points in his work, we recollect that, in its progress, he cited *six hundred and fifty* texts of scripture, of which he gave a tabular arrangement; and five of which he brought forward to prove that the dog, an animal which we have been accustomed to love and cherish, is the vilest and most worthless creature in existence. The same gentleman, who, we perceive, has the commendatory letters of F.S.A. affixed to his name, has recently published an octavo volume of "*Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, the Nether-*

lands, &c." For the advantage of those readers who admired Mr. Wilson's former production, we cannot do better than to recommend an attentive perusal of the present: it abounds with the same characters of polished style, brilliant wit, and profound remark.

Joanna Baillie, a name of import in the literary world, has published "*The Martyr, a Drama in Three Acts*," from the preface of which, we learn, that it was written before the author had seen Milman's "*Martyr of Antioch*." This intimation was unnecessary. The materials of the plot, which is severely simple, are drawn from the persecutions of the Christians in the time of Nero. To say that we admire the poem as a drama, would not be correct; but, to the praise of possessing many beautiful passages, of originating many elevated sentiments, and of inculcating the purest religious principles, it is fully entitled. As a specimen of the poetry, we offer the following lines, addressed by the young and lovely Portia to her father on the morning of the Festival of Flora:—

Was it not well to rise with early morn
And pay my homage to sweet Flora? Never
Were flowers by mid-day culled so fair, so
fragrant,

With blending streaky tints, so fresh and bright.
See! twinkling dew-drops lurk in every bell,
And on the fibred leaves stray far apart,
Like little rounded gems of silver sheen,
Whilst curling tendrils grasp with vigorous
hold

The stem that bears them! All looks young
and fresh;

The very spider through his circled cage
Of wiry woof, amongst the buds suspended,
Scarce seems a lothly thing; but like the small
Imprisoned bird of some capricious nymph:
Is it not so, my father?

"*The Forest Sanctuary, and other Poems, by Mrs. Hemans*," are noticed so fully, under the head "Contemporary Poets, and Writers of Fiction," in a preceding sheet, that, referring the reader to the article mentioned, we feel it unnecessary here to enlarge.

Under the title of "*The Trè Giuli, translated from the Italian of G. B. Casti, with a Memoir, &c.*," we have no fewer than *two hundred* sonnets, illustrating the importunities of creditors, their different modes of procedure, &c. These sonnets

are exceedingly ingenious ; taking a few of them at a time, they are very amusing ; yet, unless it were to avoid the hunting of duns, we are hardly acquainted with any penance to which we could not patiently submit rather than read the *two hundred* at a sitting. Amphion, we are told, subdued stones by his music ; and Casti appears to have possessed equal power, as, by his poetry, he mollified the stony heart of his creditor, and induced him to cancel his debt. We offer one specimen :—

My creditor with me has often got
Such an agreeable and pleasant way,
Just as 'mong friends is practised every day,
As if the debt he thought no more about ;
And only asks if Frederick will or not
Deliver Prague, or in Bohemia stay ;
If Hanover be taken by D'Etré ;
Or if from Brest the squadron have got out :
And when he's beat about the bush a while,
By little and by little he to the point comes
coolly,
And says—" Well, when shall I have my
Trè Giuli ?"

Thus sometimes on a mouse the cat will smile,
And with her helpless victim sport and skip,
Until at length she gives the fatal grip.

" *Woodstock, or the Cavalier, a Tale of the Year 1651, by the Author of Waverley, &c.*" which has been advertised, and paragraphed, and puffed (as usual) in every possible mode, for the last six months, has at length appeared. On the very day after its publication, we called upon a lady, one of the ardent—we must not say blind—worshippers of the Great Unknown. " So, you have got *Woodstock* upon your table ?" " Yes, I have been devouring its every line—I always get these works wet from the press. I bless my stars, in extacy, that I am of the same age and nation as that wonderful being, their author."—" Well, your opinion of this last, which, of course, is the best ? No, no, not the best—it is good, but——." " Now, in point of fact, is it not bad—is it not common-place—is it not, as Dr. Parr said of other productions of the same writer, ' books made out of books ?' "—" I cannot admit that it is *bad*, but I confess it *does not sustain my enthusiasm*—it is inferior even to ' *St. Ronan's Well*.' "—After this candid confession, we also as candidly admit, that we have not yet read *Woodstock*. " Why, then," the reader may inquire, " do you presume to

review it ?"—We are not reviewing it ; for, we are quite satisfied, that it is altogether useless to attempt to criticise a book, which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, every body *will* read, and respecting which every body will entertain, or affect to entertain, the fashionable opinion as his or her own. We have placed the publication of *Woodstock* upon record.

By those who have perused " *Tales by the O'Hara Family*," the appearance of another work from the same talented pen will be hailed with unfeigned delight. "*The Boyne Water, a Tale by the O'Hara Family*," is a production of great and commanding interest, though in spirit and activity it scarcely equals its predecessor. The story opens in the year 1685, when Evelyn and his sister Esther, with their uncle and aunt, are journeying to Carrickfergus, after the death of their father. On their route, Esther's life is almost miraculously preserved by Edmund M'Donnell and his sister Eva, to whose house the whole party proceed. Evelyn and his sister are warmly attached to the Protestant cause. Edmund M'Donnell and Eva are the children of a Roman Catholic, and descended from an ancient and noble family, enthusiastically devoted to the ancient faith. Edmund and Esther, Evelyn and Eva, fall in love with each other, and the day is fixed for their union. Previously to the nuptials, Edmund accepts a commission under Lord Antrim, and Evelyn at the same time pledges himself to take an active part in aid of the Prince of Orange. These circumstances are, by the respective parties, kept secret until the marriage ceremony has been performed between Evelyn and Eva, and until it is about to unite Esther and M'Donnell, when a Protestant clergyman arrives with the news of the landing of King William. Each accuses the other of treachery ; Evelyn forbids Esther's marriage ; and Eva declares her union with Evelyn to be invalid. Opposed to each other in the field and in politics, Evelyn and M'Donnell are reconciled to each other as friends. Eva retracts her vow, but still resides with her father ; and Evelyn and Esther retire for safety to the town of Derry. Edmund is taken prisoner, and conveyed to Derry, where he again meets Esther. A day is once more fixed for

their union, which, however, is again prevented by the interference of Mr. Walker, the Protestant clergyman, the celebrated champion of Derry. The distress of the inhabitants of the besieged city is vividly described, but the death of the sweet gentle Esther, from absolute want of food, is painful in the extreme. At an earlier period, Evelyn's house is attacked by a party of Irish Rapparees, who commit every description of outrage, and his own life is preserved only by a peasant girl, Moya Laherty, who has conceived for him a violent attachment. Edmund, Evelyn, and Eva subsequently return to the house of old M'Donnell, which they find reduced to ashes, and its ill-fated master murdered in the midst of the ruins. Here they are surprised by General Kirke and a party of his dragoons, and in a violent contest which ensues, Evelyn is left as dead. On recovering, he finds himself alone with Moya Laherty, who has preserved his life at the risk of her own. This brings us to the end of the second volume, after which it is impossible to follow the thread of the narrative, that rises in interest with every page. The affection of Moya induces her to use every effort to promote dissension between Evelyn and Eva, and she is successful. The return of a younger brother of Eva, to whom he bears great resemblance, unknown to Evelyn, favours the false reports spread by Moya, and the mystery remains inexplicable until almost the last page. At length, all is satisfactorily cleared up, and Eva is restored to her lover. Edmund, however, falls into the hands of the Protestant army, and with his brother is sentenced to death, which sentence is commuted only upon condition of perpetual banishment from Ireland. Such is the outline of the story, of which we can convey but a faint idea. The mysterious agency of Onagh, a poor maniac, with her fearful history, we have been unable to glance at. The volume teems with incident, and the interest is kept up unimpaired to the very last. The work contains so many powerful passages, that it is not improbable we may resume our notice in the Supplement: at present we can only just find room for the memorable closing of the gates of Derry by the apprentice boys. The populace having passed forward to

witness the approach of the soldiers, "Let us follow them," said Walker; "the lad David slew the giant Goliath; and a spirit of redemption for us may yet be found in the youthful ardour of these poor boys." Walker and Evelyn accordingly joined the boyish group on the walls; Lord Antrim's regiment having just defiled along the opposite bank of the river, accompanied by an unseemly concourse of wild-looking women and half-naked children.

"Aye, look you over the water, Will Crookshanks," said one of the lads, overheard by our gentlemen, "yon's the wild Irish, truly."

"And mind you, Jem Spike," answered Will, drawing his hands, in order to point towards the objects of his remark, from under his linsey-woolsey apron, "mind if they've not the wild Highlandmen with them, too; fellows, by the rood, without hose or breeches."

"No friends, I reckon, to the tailoring craft, Harry Campsie?" resumed James Spike.

"They be shameless knaves, to look upon," answered the incipient tailor: "a man—I say it—without covering for his limbs, is no sight in the streets of a Protestant town, that knows better."

"Hosing shuttle never wove gear for them, Dan Sherrard," continued Spike, addressing a juvenile manufacturer of scarlet stockings.

"Nor ever shall, Jem, with my liking; pity to waste good yarn for the decking out of papist shanks."

"Look you, Jem," said Harry Campsie, "I'd send them home till their breeches are spun, and not let the Derry lasses be shamed at such a sight."

"And I'd have them draw proper hose over their legs, ere they walk them up Ferry-quay street," echoed Sherrard.

"You're but fools, as well as churls, both," remarked the person addressed; "for see you not, they'll be asking for breeches and hose together, as soon as they learn the difference amongst us, and so shears and shuttles will be the busier."

"I'd see the waters of yon lough run smooth over every loon of 'em, ere I'd cut cloth at their asking," said the detesting tailor.

"The poor youths but jest with their ruin," said Mr. Walker, addressing Evelyn, but sufficiently loud to be overheard; "yonder—Scotch or Irish, as they may be—yonder are the papists who have sworn to wade, knee-deep, in our blood."

"Hear you that goodmen, lads?" asked Will Crookshanks, who was a fiery, though

rather a taciturn youth ; " this is the reverend gentle who counselled to leave them at the wrong side of the gate."

" But our good council is against it," in solemn accents demurred Robert Morrisson, a steady, sober, heavy-looking writer to the single practitioner of the law, then in his native town ; and here we crave the reader to observe, that all the names we have mentioned are, together with Mr. Walker's, historical names ; and " immortal " ones, too—in Derry.

" What be that to us ?" asked wicked Will.

" Nothing at all," answered Jem Spike, winking knowingly on Dan Sherrard, and bending over to him as he whispered something additional.

" I mean, Jem," resumed Crookshanks, " what be to us the fancies or the resolutions of the great town-folk, if it like us to take a thing into our own heads ?"

" Very little, I believe," replied Jem, still winking, and still wittily.

" There !" resumed Mr. Walker, with energy, " the first boat puts off from the ferry, bearing to us the first band of our sworn assassins ! Gracious God ! and will the blind and slothful people of this doomed city leave their gates wide open to their own ruin ?"

" Can't we just shut the gates ourselves ?" still queried Crookshanks.

Boisterous assent was given by many voices, amongst whom were some apprentices sent over to Derry by order of the worshipful London Company, when it was resolved not to admit Roman Catholics to trade or set up business in their little colonial city.

" The raising of an infant's hand might confound them !" continued Mr. Walker.

" Shut them out !" was shouted.

" We are not to have our throats cut so quietly," said some.

" Not by wild Irish papists," said others.

" They will burn us in our beds, as once before they did, in good London town," said one of the hospital boys.

" Will you stand by us, Tom Sexton ?" asked Crookshanks of a tall lubberly man.

" May I never pull rope if I don't," answered the sexton with a professional flourish of his hand.

" Perchance, rope may be pulled for you, to save you the trouble, Tom," observed Jem Spike.

" And those at your back," continued Crookshanks, meaning the town-crier, town-bailiff, and some such humble hangers-on of the corporation.

" O-h, Y-e-s !" said the Derry witling, answering for the first-named personage, while he

imitated his well-known proclamation-tone, and motioned as if he held a bell in his hand.

" Then follow me, hearty lads !" shouted Crookshanks, taking off his working cap, and waving it round his curly red head, as he stood tip-toe, up to the full height of sixteen years.

A general shout answered him ; the soldiers, some of whom had debarked, and were in motion over the stretch of ground between the river and the walls, supposing the loud cheer to be meant for their welcome, returned it, waving their bonnets and hats.

" You're but fools of papists, after all," laughed Spike ; " for, by the mass, we mean you not half so kindly as you guess us !" He was joined in his laugh by the whole crowd of lads, who, followed by their more mature seconds, raced down the steps leading from the wall to the gate immediately under them.

" The cackling of geese saved the queen city," said Walker, " and a like salvation is for Derry. Haste, haste, brave lads ! the papists come on, quickly—run, run on, I say !" In fact, two officers entered—one, Edmund M'Donnell, bearing an order to the sheriff for billets ; and by this time almost the whole regiment had landed, and more than half approached within twenty yards of Ferry-quay gate. Walker and Evelyn rapidly descended after the youths. When they reached the point of action, there were some whose boyish hearts naturally failed them, and expostulation and clamour ensued—and,

" Oh ! they but mocked themselves and us !" still cried Walker ; " they do not their work, and the cruel papists touch the verge of the drawbridge !"

But, as he spoke, and while the voices of Crookshanks and Jem Spike predominated in spirited command or exhortation, the raising of the drawbridge before the gate was heard ; then a heavy clash, and immediately after a rapid noise of locking, bolting, and barring. In another moment the young crowd scampered by to shut the other gates, some serious, some frightened at their own daring ; but the greater number chuckling and laughing in such a way, that told there was as much fun as patriotism, as much whim as bigotry in their important frolic. But quickly and securely did they close the remaining gates on the astonished soldiers, for whom they never opened ; and thus reputably was commenced the first struggle for the Prince of Orange, in Ireland.

" *The Chronological Historian ; or a Record of Public Events, Historical, Political, Biographical, Literary, Domestic, and Miscellaneous ; principally illustrative of the*

Ecclesiastical, Civil, Naval and Military History of Great Britain and its Dependencies, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Present Time, in Two Volumes, by W. Toone, Esq., is a very elaborate compilation; and regarding it, chiefly, as an abridgment of the Annual Registers, &c., interspersed with various statistical tables, it will be found of considerable utility. We are still, however, sadly in want of a really useful chronology—a work, through which, by means of alphabetical arrangement, we might readily ascertain the date of any given event.

We have been greatly delighted with the perusal of "*Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master*;" the fourteenth edition, we perceive, enlarged by the author. It is, in fact, a new book; and, for all juvenile readers, worth twenty volumes of common travels. We remember the dog of Ulysses; we remember, also, Baramel, that *beau idéal* of a dog, in Miss Anna Maria Porter's "*Don Sebastian*;" and, notwithstanding Mr. Rae Wilson's vituperations, we regard the dog as the friend of man, and love him as such. With Miss Seward, we ask—

"Except the nuptial and the filial ties,
Hast thou one friend amongst thy reasoning kind
On whom thy secret heart for truth relies,
Thus ardent, noble, trusty, and refin'd?"

Keeper was a noble dog, and deserving of the generous master whom he so indefatigably sought, and by whom he was so fondly cherished. There is so much general information in this volume—it displays such accurate knowledge on many points of natural history—and, what is better than all, it is pervaded and sustained by such an amiable feeling of humanity and benevolence, that, in preference to every publication of its class, that we are acquainted with, we should feel gratified in placing it in the hands of youth.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

DRURY-LANE.

Aladdin has been produced at this theatre with much splendour in the way of scenery and decoration, and we should be glad if we could assert that the talents of the author and composer had been commensurate with the endeavours of the artist and tailor. The opera,

however, is a failure; and as the period of its death is now rather antique, our notice of its defects will consequently be brief. Mr. Bishop—and we regret to record his want of success, inasmuch as the public were ardent in their expectations of him, brought, as it were, in contact with the German composer—has evidently failed. There were some pleasing airs throughout the opera, but none bearing any distinct and peculiar characters of beauty or originality; the overture was more elaborate than effective. The few characters introduced by the adapter of *Aladdin* in no way contributed to the spirit or humour of the piece, which, as far as writing was concerned, was most unfortunately heavy. *Aladdin* has been played several nights, but is now, we believe, wholly withdrawn.

The appearance of Mr. Elliston as *Falstaff*, in the First Part of *Henry the IVth*, affords us an opportunity to praise a gifted actor in an undertaking hitherto wholly distinct from his general practice. The admirers of Mr. Elliston's comedy—and we rank ourselves among that number—ever augured propitiously of his *Falstaff*. They reckoned on his general exuberance of style—his redundancy of humour—and the facilities of an expressive face and mellow voice—all of which excellencies he brought to bear in *Falstaff*, and acquitted himself with the most complete success. There was a neatness, a gentleman-like feeling throughout the attempt, which we hitherto sensibly felt the want of—and this refinement detracted not a jot from the characteristic buoyancy of the royster, but, on the contrary, yielded an effect to it. Mr. Wallack's *Prince of Wales* was pleasing, and in some parts dignified. There was all requisite energy in the *Hotspur* of Macready, though we think it too saturnine in its general aspect. Mr. Archer's *Henry* was a king without feeling or majesty.

COVENT-GARDEN.

No work could by possibility be less adapted for dramatic representation than *Woodstock*, by the author of *Waverley*. However the attempt has been made by Mr. Pocock, and a few nights since "*Woodstock*, a play, in five acts," was presented at this theatre. Taking it for granted that our readers are acquainted with the novel, we shall merely state that the piece commences with the scene between the puritan Tomkins and Sir Henry Lee, and concludes with the departure of Oliver Cromwell from Woodstock in search of Charles Stuart. The adapter has adhered almost *verbatim* to the novel, and the result is, that the play is wholly deficient in dramatic effect, and dull past endurance. Mr. C. Kemble plays *Charles Stuart*

with all the dignity that can well be given to the "king of shreds and patches;" the violent loyalty of *Sir Henry Lee*, as played by Mr. Farren, has its due effect; Cooper is correct as *Markham Everhard*; and Blanchard's *Tomkins* is the very creature of the novelist. *Oliver Cromwell* is beyond the grasp of Mr. Warde—at least the *Cromwell* of English history: however, the shadow of the hypocrite which appears in *Woodstock* meets with sufficient care from the above actor. Nothing is left for Mrs. Chatterley, as *Alice Lee*, but to look well. The piece has been indifferently received, and we doubt not, ere our next, will be consigned to oblivion. No other novelty worthy of remark calls for our attention at this theatre.

HAYMARKET.

The continued success of *Paul Pry* has not allowed any novelty to be produced since our last, if we except the appearance of a Mrs. Pindar, from Hull, at this theatre. We have seen this lady in *Roxalana*, and cannot but think it a complete failure. It had neither dignity, grace, nor intellectual fascination; but approximated more to the character of a boisterous romp, than to that of the enchantress of a *Sultan* of the East, and the abolitionist of harems, agas, and muftis. In fourth or fifth-rate performances, Mrs. Pindar may be respectable.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Somerset House exhibition this year is less striking in its general aspect than was that of 1825; it has fewer productions of leading interest; yet it has numbers to shew that our progress in the arts is steady and effectual.

Courtesy alone would entitle Sir Thomas Lawrence, as President of the Academy, to our earliest notice; but Sir Thomas has higher claims—the claims of genius and inspiration; for, though his pieces are all portraits, every individual portrait is an historical composition, and, consequently, ranging in the first class. Taking his pictures numerically, they are as follows:—Lady Wallscourt, a lovely portrait of a beautiful and engaging woman (65); Lady Robert Manners (75); the Marchioness of Lansdowne, very, very beautiful (91); the Right Hon. Robert Peel (101); the Right Hon. George Canning (109); Mrs. Thomas Hope (158); Viscount Melville (307); a Child (396). Mr. Peel and Mr. Canning are whole-lengths: if we have a preference, we think it is for the former, in possessing more of ease and natural grace; but they are both

so excellent, so animated, so true to nature, that we can scarcely venture to decide.

Pickersgill, now deservedly an Academician Elect, has his complement of eight pictures:—the late Lord Lifford (28); Lady Rodney (159); Lord Rodney (304); a Lady (188); Lady Astley (252); Sir Jacob Astley (287); Poole, the meritorious author of that surprisingly popular drama, *Paul Pry* (337); and Medora, from Lord Byron's poem of the *Corsair* (168). In the whole of his portraits, and in none more than in the portrait of Lady Rodney, this artist has displayed extraordinary skill and effect in the composition, in the disposition of his drapery, in the choice and harmony of his colours, in the firm and decided character of his back-grounds. Poole's portrait we can pronounce a capital likeness; and from the general air and manner of the others, we have no doubt of their being equally successful. It is in Medora, however, that we feel the deepest interest. Upon this picture it is impossible to gaze without our tenderest feelings of pity, commiseration, and regret being called forth. The lines of the poet, kept in view by the painter, we apprehend are these:—

"The sun hath sunk,—and, darker than the night,

Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height—
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—

• • • • •

The night breeze freshens,—she that day had past,

In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast;
Sadly she sate—on high—"

There is such a touching sweetness, such a truly poetic feeling, such a depth of sentiment, in this exquisitely designed and beautifully painted picture, that, in our eye, it would be the most desirable, of its class, in the whole exhibition.

Howard, also, has a genuine classic feeling, a delightful conception of feminine beauty, grace, and tenderness, and a happy power of giving that conception birth. His *Hylas* carried off by the Nymphs (80) and his *Sabrina* (97) sustain us in the expression of this opinion; their softness, their sweetness, their purity, seems to carry us back to the poets' age of innocence.

Though we are not amongst the worshippers of Haydon, we always rejoice to see that artist moving in his proper sphere. His *Venus* and *Anchises* (90) possesses great merit in composition, in colour, and in expression. The background landscape is remarkably fine. The situation of the picture is bad.

There is, we think, too much of brightness,

with too little of mellowness and richness of colour, in the *Choice of Paris* (24) by Etty. The drawing is good, and the *tout ensemble* is effective: Venus, however, might have been more modestly, yet more voluptuously portrayed; and certain other natural difficulties of subject might have been more successfully combated. Westall's *Entombing of Christ* (164) though betraying many defects, and all the manner of the artist, is one of his happiest productions.

Christ walking on the Sea (St. Matthew, chapter xiv, verses 24 to 31) by Danby (305) must fix the attention of every genuine lover of painting. The subject indeed is not treated in the grand style of history—for Danby is rather a landscape than an historical painter; and consequently, his figures are here in some measure subordinate to the scenery. Yet, excepting that the sea is not sufficiently rough, St. Matthew's relation is very happily embodied. The ship in the fore-ground is singularly bold and poetical; and, difficult as was the task, the artist has succeeded in giving a lively interest to the respective characters of the scene. His great objects—and in them he has been eminently successful—were to display the effects of light, and to contrast the red and glaring light of a lantern with the pale and silvery light of the moon, shining in the far distance to the right. The picture is very sweetly painted; and, were it only from its greater boldness, breadth, and simplicity of manner, we should regard it as the first of Danby's productions.

We should like to see Mr. M'Call come forward more prominently than he does: his *Christ raising Jairus's Daughter* (393) evinces much good historical feeling.

Archimedes discovered in his Study (395) by J. King, an artist with whose name we were previously unacquainted, is an effort of considerable promise.

Henry II. discovering the relics of King Arthur in Glastonbury Abbey (234) by Cattermole, is a good subject, very pleasingly treated.

Leslie's *Don Quixote* (60) is one of the ablest specimens from this artist's pencil, and one of the very best pictures of its class in the present assemblage. We should say that the knight is somewhat deficient in that melancholy solemnity of manner with which we have been accustomed to see him invested; but in every other respect—in Dorothea, in the Curate, in the Barber, in Sancho—character is admirably preserved, and humour, without verging upon farce, is finely displayed. The colouring is somewhat sombre.

Newton's *Captain Macheath upbraided by Polly and Lucy* (206) is at least curious for

its preservation of the original costume of the characters. There is another spirited picture from the *Beggar's Opera* (286) by Sharp; the scene is between Peachum and Lockit—"Brother, brother, we are both wrong!" This gives the portraits of two old favourites, Munden and Downton. Sharp also has a spirited lively sketch, entitled *Curiosity Detected* (296). A lady's maid is endeavouring to pry into the contents of one of her mistress's unopened love-letters—the mistress, unobserved from behind, perceives her—and another of the servants is enjoying himself in a fit of half-stifled laughter at the joke. In Claytor's *Female Curiosity*, of a different character, the story is not so well told.

F. Howard's *Country Wedding in the time of Henry V.* (242) is a curious and amusing picture, forcibly and humorously illustrating the manners, customs, and dresses of our ancestors.

Le Charlatan—View of the Market-place and Fountain of the Innocents, Paris, by J. J. Chalon, (238) abounds with character, spirit, and humour.

Clover's Nutting Party (210) is executed in a very chaste and pleasing style.

Derby's Queen Catherine Parr after her Reconciliation with King Henry VIII. (378) delights the eye of the spectator, not merely by its characteristic fidelity, but also by the sweet and affectionate expression of the Queen's countenance. It is quite lovely.

R. T. Bone is entitled to great praise for the historical correctness of his portraits and costume, and also for the well-applied splendour of colouring displayed in his *Cardinal Wolsey at the Court of Francis I. negotiating the Meeting of that King with Henry VIII. of England at the Field of Cloth of Gold* (356). The picture is elaborately painted, clear toned, and brilliant.

We should be pleased with Ward's *Battle near Boston* (23) were it not for its glare of colour, its want of shadow, and the distorted twisting and writhings of the horses.

Cooper's *Battle of Zutphen, 1586*, (11) is equally spirited, more simple, and more chaste. It is full of expression.

Briggs has two subjects—*Othello relating his Adventures* (31), and the *First Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians* (135). The former is treated historically rather than dramatically. Othello, the friend and familiar visitant, surely ought not to stand while relating his adventures. There is a darkness in the flesh shadows of Desdemona and her father which seems not in accordance with nature. The painting, however, is well toned; and,

though by no means Shakesperian in spirit, possesses considerable animation. In the other picture the composition is superior: the story is well told, and very effective.

Stephanoff has some very clever pieces:—Scene from Shakspeare, Henry IV. (67); Beatrice and Benedict (250); Queen Catherine (251); and Catherine and Petruchio (253). These are all more or less well painted, spirited, and characteristic.

Dame Quickly's Latin (275) by Corbet, has considerable force, humour, and character; yet we should hardly have recognized the old hostess.

Corbould's Parting Hour, from Crabbe's Poems (243) is not without pathos. Mulready's Origin of a Painter (120) is worthy of its predecessors from the same pencil. So, from its freshness and spirit, is Stothard's *Fête Champêtre* (15).

The Death of Lara (176) by Singleton, evinces great feeling and power.

Davis's Canova crowned by the Genius of Grecian Sculpture (323) is soft and pleasing, but very tame. The head of Canova is decidedly good. A Trasteverina—a beautiful Roman Female (495) by the same artist, deserves praise.

Ewbank's Alexander's Triumphal Entry into Babylon (370) is, with some elevation of conception, a very injudicious and unsuccessful imitation of Martin—*certainly* his "multitudes" are "countless."

A Shipwreck (372) by Hervieu, displays, with much of the extravagance of the French school, great force of expression.

In Ramsay's pleasing sketch of the Blind Organist, the colouring is not sufficiently subdued.

Turner is, as usual, splendid; and, as usual—especially in Cologne, the Arrival of a Packet Boat, Evening (72)—his masterly pencil sets nature at defiance for the sake of effect. His style has great beauty, but it is not the beauty of nature. His Forum Romanum, for Mr. Soane's Museum (132) is somewhat less meritorious in colour, though still too yellow, and sadly out of keeping. His best, because his most simple and least obtrusive production, is (324) the seat of William Moffatt, Esq. at Mortlake; Early Summer Morning.

Calcott's Quay at Antwerp during the Fair (102) is a charming picture. Dutch Fishing Boats running foul in the endeavour to board, and missing the Painter Rope (165) by the same artist, would reflect honour upon the pencil of Vandervelde. The water—the spray, the bellying sail—the figures—every thing is excellent.

The Venetians recapturing their Women (536) by Jones, the academician, is a very spirited drawing. His St. Alban's (121) is also, for the truth and beauty of its representation, worthy of high praise.

Constable has two pieces—a Mill at Gillingham in Dorsetshire (122) and a Landscape (225); but we have known him more successful on former occasions.

William Daniell's Cambrian Brig receiving on board the last Boat-load of the Crew and Passengers of the Kent East-Indiaman (5) is painted with truth and power. Poodumadum, between Kilkennee and Adam's Bridge, Peninsula of India (209) is interesting from its curious display of natural productions. Mr. Daniell's Wild Elephants (269); View of the Lizard Lights, Cornwall (245 and 285); and his Scene from the Novel of the Antiquary (274) are also very striking and attractive.

Thomas Daniell's Oriental Costume (173) and Hindoo Antiquities (292) are at once curious in subject, and eminently pleasing in execution.

Good's Study of Figures (84)—a boy tickling a man while asleep with a straw—has more freedom and imagination than generally appear in the efforts of this artist; but the great object is, as usual, a peculiar effect of light.

Roberts's View of Rouen Cathedral (221) a fine exterior, with old houses, &c., is in the accustomed meritorious style of this able painter.

We should like to see more of Prout, in oil colours. His Ducal Palace, Venice (268) proves him a worthy emulator of Canaletti.

J. Glover's Rosslyn Chapel (267) distinguished by sobriety of tone, harmony of colour, and beautiful effects of light and shade, displays to great advantage the versatile powers of this artist. His Avenue at Mount Stuart (274) is equally pleasing, in his more accustomed style.

One of the most extraordinary and most meritorious pictures in the exhibition is the Hunting of Chevy Chase (292) by Edwin Landseer. The anatomical truth, the energy, the action, the verisimilitude of the figures, stamp a value upon this production unrivalled in its class by any effort of the British school. It is painted for the Duke of Bedford.

Cooper's Horses (111 and 116) are spirited and correct.

George Hayter is this year very successful:—Portrait of a Lady (36); the Earl of Essex, (59) warm, mellow, and very carefully painted; the Bishop of Chichester (67); the Children of Sir C. H. Coote, Bart. (200); Lord Alexander G. Russell (249); the Hon. Mrs. Pa-

kenham (291); Lord George Francis Leveson Gower (310); and the Countess of Warwick (801).

Sir William Beechey's Portrait of Sir George Nayler (104) is a most animated and faithful resemblance. Sir William has also Portraits of Ladies (55 and 256); the Rev. Dr. Davy, D.D. &c. (85); and Sir J. D. Astley, Bart. (131).

Jackson has six Portraits:—Mrs. Walker Heneage (79); Earl Grey (82); a Family Group (98); the Hon. James Abercrombie (167); a Gentleman (207); and a Lady (392).

Phillips has only five:—a General Officer (56); a Lady (66); the Hon. Mr. Justice Burroughs (158); a Gentleman (177); and Major Denham (220).

Miss Beaumont's Portrait of one of the Daughters of his Grace the Archbishop of York (87), which we hope for the honour of introducing in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, is a very sweet picture; easy and graceful in style, and very successful in colour.

Hobday has some charming Portraits:—Mrs. Farquharson (214); a Lady (216); and another Lady (414).

Shee's Portraits are:—Miss M. Moffatt (74); two Children of the late Joseph Barrette, Esq. of Calcutta (105); the Hon Wm. Edwards, R.N. (127); William Norris, Esq. late President of the College of Surgeons (152); O. S. Onley, Esq. (328); and F. Dizi, Esq. (405).

Clint's Portrait of John Bell, Esq. (4) forcibly reminds us of a man to whom the arts of printing, painting, and engraving in this country are much indebted. The picture is highly creditable to the talents of the artist.

The Portrait of the late E. Knight, the Comedian (278) by his son, is a faithful likeness of an esteemed favourite of the public.

The Miniatures this year are of far higher merit than usual. Robertson has an admirable Portrait of the Marquis Wellesley (619); one equally excellent in pictorial merit of the Marchioness of Wellesley (661); Alexander Macdonald, Esq. (669); — Rougemont, Esq. (676); J. Austin, Esq. (742 and 786); Miss Hobson (749); Miss Parker (767), &c.—Engleheart's Miniatures are F. W. T. Drake, Esq. (600); Mrs. Wall (609); a Peeress (747); Alexander Reid, Esq. (752); Mrs T. S. Benson (768); H. Dawes, Esq. (771); and a Lady (774). Mrs. J. Robertson also exhibits some striking specimens of the art in a Gentleman (597); two Grand-children of the Bishop of Kildare (613); a Lady (634); the Right Hon. Mrs. Stratford Canning (635); a Gentleman (659); Lady Graham (668); a

Lady (808); and the Countess of Sheffield (809).—Mrs. Green, to whose tasteful pencil LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE was last year indebted for its exquisite portrait of Lady Alicia Peel, exhibits only two—a Lady (675); and Miss F. Cresswell (807). Mr. W. C. Ross has Portraits of Viscountess Chetwynd (773); Lord Henry Cholmondeley (772); the Hon. J. Wodehouse, Esq., M.P. (741); R. Cartwright, Esq., M.P. (758); J. Carter, Esq. (784); Mrs. Cartwright (657), &c. Mrs. Mee, whose portrait of Lady Isabella Anne Brydges embellishes this month's LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, has portraits of Miss Marrey (615); a Lady of Rank (636); Arthur Capel, Esq. (647); Lady Charlotte Beauclerc and Lady Caroline Janetta Capel, sisters of the Duke of St. Alban's (678); Lady Helen Page Turner (681); a Young Lady (753); and Miss Marianne Marrey (815). Mr. Collen has Portraits of Lady Johnstone (611); Lady Anne Vernon (612); his Grace the Archbishop of York (631); the Hon. Granville Vernon (682); a Lady (663); a Lady (775); Madame Ronzi Vestris (814), &c. Miss Kendrick, with whose style the subscribers to LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE are well acquainted, has Portraits of C. O'Neill Corry, Esq. (601); Lady Walker (697); the Hon. Miss Mary Molyneux (799); Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Walker, K.C.B. (825); and a Fancy Piece (635)—Edith Plantagenet dropping the Rosebud in the Chapel at Engaddi, from the Talisman.

Amongst the Medallie Portraits, we were particularly struck with those of the Duchess of Gloucester (945); Duchess of Cambridge (942); and Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell (973) by an artist of the name of Morison.

In the Architectural Department, we noticed many interesting designs which we have not room to enumerate.

The Sculpture is, this year, of a higher order on the aggregate than it was last. Flaxman has two charming little Models of Michael Angelo and Raphael (1074 and 1075). Baily has seven Pieces, amongst which we particularly observed a Bust of T. Stothard, Esq., R. A. (1064); a Bust of the late Lord Byron (1066); Painting deriving Inspiration from Poetry (1069); and a Bust of Sir W. Beechey, R. A. (1095). Behnes, whose progress we were much gratified in noticing last year, evinces his accustomed industry, with great advance in talent; he has a Marble Statue of the Infant Daughter of F. Wilkinson, Esq. (1019); a Bust of Master Sutherland (1025); a Bust of James Christie (1026); an exquisitely beautiful Marble Bust (posthumous) of Lady Beresford (1045); a Marble Bust of the Earl of Egremont

(1072); ditto of his Royal Highness the Duke of York (1076); ditto of a Lady (1087); ditto (posthumous) of Luke White, Esq. (1089).

Carline's Orphans at the Grave of their Parents (1070) is distinguished by a beautiful tenderness and pathos of expression.

Chantrey, we are happy to observe, is again before the public. His Statue of Washington, to be erected at Boston (1071), and his Model for a Bronze Statue of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, to be erected in Dublin (1067), are noble and elevated in character, and worthy of the artist.

Westmacott has a Statue in Marble of the late Lord Erskine (1096)—one of his most masterly efforts.

We would willingly mention many other productions in every department, but our limits forbid. It is impossible, however, for us to relinquish the pen without reprehending—and we know not with whom the fault may rest—the disgraceful incorrectness of the catalogue—in its early impressions at least. It would hardly be a misnomer to term it a mass of *errata*.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS exhibition closed another remarkably successful season, on Saturday, the 20th of May. It is gratifying in more respects than one, to know that the pecuniary difficulties of the times have not exercised any unsalutary influence upon this National Gallery of Painting, either in the number of its visitors or in the sale of its pictures. In both, it has been equally successful with last year. The gallery will shortly re-open, through the noble-minded liberality of our Sovereign, with an exhibition of his Majesty's private and very choice collection of pictures from Carlton House. The collection, we understand, is sufficient to fill the rooms without the aid of contributions from any other quarter. Thus enriched, the approaching season cannot fail of proving pre-eminently attractive.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS rising and highly meritorious establishment continues open, and will remain so, we believe, for another month. Here, too, as well as at the British Institution, we are happy to find that the circumstances of the times have been unable to check the ardour of the patrons of the art. The rooms have been uniformly well attended throughout the season, and the purchases have not been less extensive than those of last year.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

AMONGST the numerous productions which

we were unable to notice last month, those of Prout are eminently entitled to consideration. He furnishes, we believe, not fewer than a dozen specimens of his skill:—Antwerp (17); Domo D'Ossola (24); Milan (53), splendid, clear, and well defined; Wurtzburg, Bavaria, (67) similar in merit and characteristics; Temple of Nerva, Rome (81); Porch of Ratisbonne Cathedral (114) interesting from its details and fine antique effect; Swiss Cottages near St. Maurice (180) equally effective in style, and yet more curious from the character of the buildings; Palais du Prince, Liege (224); Venice (233) vigorous and firm; Receiving Ships at Portsmouth (237) remarkably bold and spirited; the Campanile at Venice (243); and Nuremburg, Bavaria (249).

Varley has several delightful pieces which in our first notice we were unable to specify. his View of Harlech, Merionethshire (16) has more softness than is usual with this artist; and the air tint and the hills in the distance are very fine. Nice (54) is also very soft, mellow, and beautiful. Caernarvon (105); Kilchurn Castle on Loch Awe (171); and Goodrich Castle, Herefordshire (282), are all highly meritorious.

Copley Fielding's Loch Leven, Argyleshire, (205) which we overlooked on our first visit, is truly a brilliant little gem.

One of Robson's best pieces, in which, however, he has not forgotten his usual decoration of purple fringe, is Grouse Shooting in Breadalbane, North Highlands.

Gastineau's View near Teignmouth (241) from a Sketch by Miss Shepley, deserves great praise for its sky.

Cox is not this year altogether so successful as we could wish; yet his Hay Field (64) reminds us of the manner of his old master.

In the number of visitors, and also in the number of pictures sold, the present season proves, we believe, equally fortunate with the last.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Queen Mary and John Knox.—A very fine print, engraved in line by J. Burnet, from Allan's admirable picture of John Knox admonishing Mary Queen of Scots, has been published. It is altogether one of the first productions of the day.

The Ports of England.—The first Number of the Ports of England, including Scarborough and Whitby, engraved in mezzotinto, on steel, by Lupton, from original drawings by Turner, the Academician, has appeared. The general excellence of the specimen cannot fail of exciting encouragement.

SUPPLEMENT

TO

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.

SKETCH

OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE,
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

HISTORY.

If little of actual *history* have presented itself to our notice within the last six months, we have acquired some pleasing and even valuable *materials* for history from a small octavo volume—“*Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte, and of his Residence on board H.M.S. Bellerophon; with a Detail of the principal Events that occurred in that Ship, between 24th May and 8th August, 1815; by Capt. F. L. Maitland, C.B.*” This narrative is interesting, not only for the authentic particulars which it furnishes respecting the person and character, conduct and opinions, of Buonaparte himself, but of the persons by whom, at the periods of his surrender and subsequent exile, he happened to be surrounded. It is well known that many schemes and contrivances had been suggested for effecting the great man's escape. Amongst others it was his intention, when at Rochefort, to secrete himself in a Danish sloop, in a cask stowed in the ballast, with tubes so constructed as to convey air for his breathing. “The plan,” observes Captain Maitland, “had been thought of, and the vessel in some measure prepared; but it was considered too hazardous: for had we detained the vessel for a day or two, he would have been obliged to make his situation known, and thereby forfeited all claims

to the good treatment he hoped to ensure by a voluntary surrender.” Las Cases was the manœuvring agent employed to negotiate the surrender. Captain Maitland says—

I asked Las Cases where Buonaparte then was? He replied, “At Rochefort; I left him there yesterday evening.” General Lallemand then said, “The Emperor lives at the hotel in the Grand Place, and is now so popular there, that the inhabitants assemble every evening in front of the house for the purpose of seeing him, and crying *Vive l'Empereur!*” I then asked how long it would take to go there: Las Cases answered, “As the tide will be against us, it will require five or six hours.” Why these false statements were made I cannot pretend to say; but it is very certain that Buonaparte never quitted the frigates, or Isle d'Aix, after his arrival there on the 3d of July. General Lallemand took occasion to ask me if I thought there would be any risk of the people, who might accompany Buonaparte being given up to the Government of France. I replied, “Certainly not; the British Government never could think of doing so, under the circumstances contemplated in the present arrangement.”

This man, since become sufficiently notorious, appears to have been a thorough-paced trickster:—

When he came on board of the Bellerophon for the purpose of treating, he concealed his

knowledge of the English language, which, as I had considerable difficulty in expressing myself in French, could only be intended for the purpose of throwing me off my guard, that he might take advantage of any expressions that fell from me, or the officers I had always present at our meetings. Even after he was on board with Buonaparte, though he acknowledged he could read English, and always translated the newspapers for his master, he affected not to be able to speak it. What his actual knowledge of the language was, the following extract of a letter, from a friend of mine on board the *Northumberland*, dated at sea, August the 22d, 1815, will shew:—"I do not know whether Las Cases ever let you know he could speak English; but this I can assure you, that he speaks it very near as well as Madame Bertrand, and can hold a conversation, or maintain an argument in it, with as much fluency as she can."

Further on, Captain Maitland observes—

At three in the morning of the 26th of July, Captain Sartorius returned from London; having carried my despatch announcing Buonaparte's intention to embark in the *Bellerophon*, and brought with him orders for me to proceed to Plymouth Sound. We immediately got under weigh, accompanied by the *Myrmidon* and *Slaney*. While heaving the anchor up, Las Cases came upon deck: when I told him the ship was ordered to Plymouth, supposing, if he thought it requisite, he would acquaint his master. Soon after the ship was at sea Madame Bertrand made her appearance, when she attacked me with some warmth for having neglected to acquaint Buonaparte with the orders I had received, and told me he was excessively offended. As she had once or twice before, when every thing did not go exactly as she wished, held the same language, I determined to ascertain whether Buonaparte had expressed any dissatisfaction, and, if so, to come to an explanation with him; as, though I was inclined to treat him with every proper consideration, it was never my intention to be looked upon as responsible to him for my movements: I therefore told Las Cases what she had said, and requested he would ascertain whether Napoleon really had felt displeased. He immediately went into the cabin, and on his return assured me that there must have been some mistake, as nothing of the kind had taken place.

Captain Maitland thus describes the reception of Buonaparte, his appearance, &c.

On coming on board the *Bellerophon*, he was received without any of the honours gene-

rally paid to persons of high rank; the guard was drawn out on the beak of the poop, but did not present arms. His Majesty's Government had merely given directions, in the event of his being captured, for his being removed into any one of his Majesty's ships that might fall in with him, but no instructions had been given as to the light in which he was to be viewed. As it is not customary, however, on board a British ship of war, to pay any such honours before the colours are hoisted at eight o'clock in the morning, or after sunset, I made the early hour an excuse for withholding them upon this occasion.

Buonaparte's dress was an olive-coloured great coat over a green uniform, with scarlet cape and cuffs, green lappels turned back and edged with scarlet, skirts hooked back with bugle-horns embroidered in gold; plain sugar-loaf buttons and gold epaulettes: being the uniform of the *Chasseur à Cheval* of the Imperial Guard. He wore the star, or grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and the small cross of that order, the Iron Crown, and the Union, appended to the button-hole of his left lappet. He had on a small cocked hat, with a tri-coloured cockade; plain gold-hilted sword, military boots, and white waistcoat and breeches. The following day he appeared in shoes, with gold buckles, and silk stockings—the dress he always wore afterwards while with me.

On leaving the *Epervier*, he was cheered by her ship's company as long as the boat was within hearing; and Mr. Mott informed me that most of the officers and men had tears in their eyes.

General Bertrand came up the ship's side, and said to me, "The Emperor is in the boat." He then ascended, and, when he came on the quarter-deck, pulled off his hat, and addressing me in a firm tone of voice, said, "I am come to throw myself on the protection of your Prince and laws." When I shewed him into the cabin, he looked round and said, "*Une belle chambre,*" "this is a handsome cabin." I answered, "Such as it is, Sir, it is at your service while you remain on board the ship I command." He then looked at a portrait that was hanging up, and said, "*Qui est cette jeune personne?*" "Who is that young lady?" "My wife," I replied. "Ah! *elle est très-jeune et très-jolie,*" "Ah! she is both young and pretty." He then asked what country-woman she was, begged to know if I had any children, and put a number of questions respecting my country, and the service I had seen. He next requested I would send for the officers, and introduce them to him; which

was done according to their rank. He asked several questions of each, as to the place of his birth, the situation he held in the ship, the length of time he had served, and the actions he had been in. He then expressed a desire to go round the ship; but, as the men had not done cleaning, I told him it was customary to clean the lower decks immediately after their breakfast, that they were then so employed, and, if he would defer visiting the ship until they had finished, he would see her to more advantage.

At this time I proposed to him to allow me to address him in English, as I had heard he understood that language, and I had considerable difficulty in expressing myself in French. He replied in French, "The thing is impossible; I hardly understand a word of your language;" and from the observations I had an opportunity of making afterwards, I am satisfied he made a correct statement; as, on looking into books or newspapers, he frequently asked the meaning of the most common word. He spoke his own language with a rapidity that at first made it difficult to follow him, and it was several days before I got so far accustomed to his manner of speaking as to comprehend his meaning immediately.

Justice requires us to insert the following:—

I said to Monsieur Las Cases, I propose dividing the after-cabin in two, that the ladies may have the use of one part of it. "If you allow me to give an opinion," said he, "the Emperor will be better pleased to have the whole of the after-cabin to himself, as he is fond of walking about, and will by that means be able to take more exercise." I answered, "As it is my wish to treat him with every possible consideration while he is on board the ship I command, I shall make any arrangement you think will be most agreeable to him." This is the only conversation that ever passed on the subject of the cabin; and I am the more particular in stating it, as Buonaparte has been described, in some of the public journals, as having taken possession of it in a most brutal way, saying, "Tout ou rien pour moi"—all or nothing for me. I here, therefore, once for all, beg to state most distinctly, that, from the time of his coming on board my ship to the period of his quitting her, his conduct was invariably that of a gentleman; and in no one instance do I recollect him to have made use of a rude expression, or to have been guilty of any kind of ill-breeding.

The subjoined portrait of Buonaparte, one of the latest for which he sat in

Europe, will, by many, not only of the present but of future times, be regarded with more than usual interest:—

Napoleon Buonaparte, when he came on board the *Bellerophon*, on the 15th of July, 1815, wanted exactly one month of completing his forty-sixth year, being born the 15th of August, 1769. He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes light grey, teeth good; and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow colour, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his personal activity, and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone.—It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board the *Bellerophon*; for though he went to bed between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and did not rise till about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the cabin in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was. His manners were extremely pleasing and affable: he joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured, in every way, to promote good-humour: he even admitted his attendants to great familiarity; and I saw one or two instances of their contradicting him in the most direct terms, though they generally treated him with much respect. He possessed, to a wonderful degree, a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation: this appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage. This had the effect of putting him in good-humour with himself; after which it was not a very difficult matter to transfer a part of that feeling to the person who had occasioned it. Lord Keith seems to have formed a very high opinion of the fascination of

his conversation, and expressed it very emphatically to me, after he had seen him : speaking of his wish for an interview with the Prince Regent, "D—n the fellow," he said, "if he had obtained an interview with his Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England." He appeared to have great command of temper ; for, though no man could have had greater trials than fell to his lot during the time he remained on board the *Bellerophon*, he never, in my presence, or as far as I know, allowed a fretful or captious expression to escape him : even the day he received the notification from Sir Henry Bunbury, that it was determined to send him to St. Helena, he chatted and conversed with the same cheerfulness as usual.

In another part of his narrative Captain Maitland observes—

It did not appear from the statement of Buonaparte's attendants, that he had made any very considerable provision for the future, in the event of a reverse of fortune. They often regretted his poverty ; and Madame Bertrand assured me that he was not possessed of more than a million of francs—forty-two thousand pounds of our money ; which, if correct, is certainly not a very large sum for a man who had had so many millions at his disposal. "The Emperor has always declared," she said, "that he would rise or fall with the country, and never would enrich himself out of the public property." He also, upon one occasion, when there was some intention of leaving Madame Bertrand with her children in England, after stating Bertrand's poverty as an objection to that arrangement, said to me, "My finances are not such as to enable me to give him much assistance."

We now return to the arrival of Buonaparte on board the *Bellerophon*. Captain Maitland says—

We had breakfast about nine o'clock, in the English style, consisting of tea, coffee, cold meat, &c. He did not eat much, or seem to relish it ; and when, on inquiry, I found he was accustomed to have a hot meal in the morning, I immediately ordered my steward to allow his *maitre-d'hôtel* to give directions, that he might invariably be served in the manner he had been used to do ; and after that we always lived in the French fashion, as far as I could effect that object.

During breakfast he asked many questions about English customs, saying, "I must now learn to conform myself to them, as I shall probably pass the remainder of my life in England."

Captain Maitland's conduct towards his prisoner appears to have been marked by extraordinary liberality, delicacy, and attention :—

During the time that Buonaparte was on board the *Bellerophon*, we always lived expressly for his accommodation—entirely in the French manner ; that is to say, a hot meal was served at ten in the morning, and another at six in the evening ; and so nearly did they resemble each other in all respects, that a stranger might have found difficulty, in coming into the cabin, to distinguish breakfast from dinner. His *maitre-d'hôtel* took the joints off the table, cut them up in portions, and then handed them round. Buonaparte ate a great deal, and generally of strong solid food. In drinking he was extremely abstemious, confining himself almost entirely to claret, and seldom taking more than half-a-pint at a meal. Immediately after dinner strong coffee was handed round, and then some cordial ; after which he rose from table, the whole meal seldom lasting more than twenty or five-and-twenty minutes : and I was told, that during the time he was at the head of the French Government, he never allowed more than fifteen minutes for that purpose.

The etiquette of the dinner-table on the first day of Buonaparte's arrival on board the *Bellerophon* is thus described. How the *compliment* towards the close of the passage may be relished by the *whigs* we pretend not to know : it must, we conceive, be sufficiently gratifying to the *tories* :—

When dinner was announced, Buonaparte, viewing himself as a royal personage, which he continued to do while on board the *Bellerophon*, and which, under the circumstances, I considered it would have been both ungracious and uncalled-for in me to have disputed, led the way into the dining-room. He seated himself in the centre, at one side of the table, requesting Sir Henry Hotham to sit at his right hand, and Madame Bertrand on his left. For that day I sat as usual at the head of the table ; but on the following day, and every other, whilst Buonaparte remained on board, I sat by his request at his right hand, and General Bertrand took the top. Two of the ward-room officers dined daily at the table, by invitation from Buonaparte, conveyed through Count Bertrand. He conversed a great deal, and shewed no depression of spirits : among other things, he asked me where I was born : I told him in Scotland. "Have you any property there ?" said he. "No, I am a younger bro-

ther, and they do not bestow much on people of that description in Scotland."—"Is your elder brother a lord?"—"No, Lord Lauderdale is the head of our family." "Ah! you are a relation of Lord Lauderdale's! he is an acquaintance of mine; he was sent ambassador from your king to me, when Mr. Fox was prime-minister. Had Mr. Fox lived, it never would have come to this, but his death put an end to all hopes of peace. Milord Lauderdale est un bon garçon," adding, "I think you resemble him a little, though he is dark, and you are fair."

Buonaparte seems to have been, upon every occasion, very attentive to our nautical manœuvres, to the economy of a British ship of war, &c. Thus, when the *Bellerophon* sailed from Rochefort, Captain Maitland says—

During the time we were heaving the anchor up, and setting the sails, Buonaparte remained on the beak of the poop, and was very inquisitive about what was going on. He observed, "Your method of performing this manœuvre is quite different from the French;" and added, "What I admire most in your ship, is the extreme silence and orderly conduct of your men: on board a French ship, every one calls and gives orders, and they gabble like so many geese." Previous to his quitting the *Bellerophon*, he made the same remark, saying, "There has been less noise in this ship, where there are six hundred men, during the whole of the time I have been in her, than there was on board the *Epervier*, with only one hundred, in the passage from Isle d'Aix to Basque Roads." He remained upon deck all the time the ship was beating out of the Pertuis d'Antioche.

Again, when he visited *The Superb*, says Captain Maitland—

He expressed a wish to go through the ship; and did so, accompanied by several of his own suite, the Admiral, Captain Senhouse, and myself. The men were drawn up at divisions, and every thing was in the nicest order. He appeared much pleased with all he saw, and drew many comparisons between French and English ships of war. On going through the wings and store-rooms, he said to General Savary, "Our ships have nothing of this sort:" who answered, "All the new ones, built at Antwerp, were constructed on this plan." When he returned to the quarter-deck, he questioned the Admiral and myself very minutely about the clothing and victualling of the seamen. It was then, on being told that all that department was under the charge of the purser, he said in a facetious way, "Je crois

que c'est quelquefois chez vous, comme chez nous, le commissaire est un peu coquin." "I believe it happens sometimes with you, as it does with us, that the purser is a little of a rogue." This was addressed to the Admiral and me, with whom he was conversing, and not to the people, as has been represented; nor was there a man that could have understood it, as it was spoken in French, and not within their hearing.

On the day that the *Bellerophon* left Rochefort, she cleared the Chasseron shoal about 6, P.M., when dinner was served. Captain Maitland informs us that Buonaparte then conversed a great deal at table—that he seemed in very good spirits—and that he told several anecdotes of himself, and, amongst others, one relating to Sir Sydney Smith. The anecdote alluded to, and which we are about to transcribe, displays a sufficient portion of egotism in the relator; whilst the superadded remark at the close, furnishes one of many proofs adduced of Buonaparte's skill in paying a compliment:—

Knowing that I [Capt. M.] had served under that officer [Sir Sydney Smith] on the coast of Syria, he turned to me and said, "Did Sir Sydney Smith ever tell you the cause of his quarrel with me?" I answered he had not. "Then," said he, "I will. When the French army was before St. Jean d'Acre, he had a paper privately distributed among the officers and soldiers, tending to induce them to revolt and quit me; on which I issued a proclamation, denouncing the English commanding officer as a mad-man, and prohibiting all intercourse with him. This nettled Sir Sydney so much, that he sent me a challenge to meet him in single combat on the beach at Caiffa. My reply was, that when Marlborough appeared for that purpose, I should be at his service; but I had other duties to fulfil besides fighting a duel with an English commodore." He pursued the subject of Syria, and said, patting me (who was sitting next him) on the head, "If it had not been for you English, I should have been Emperor of the East; but wherever there is water to float a ship, we are sure to find you in our way."

The succeeding passage furnishes Buonaparte's opinions, or pretended opinions, respecting certain other officers, who, if we mistake not, were shrewdly suspected of being sacrificed by Buonaparte, in the earlier part of his career, upon the altar of that ambition respecting which so much is said.

This, however, is not the place for discussing such a subject :—

From the observations I was enabled to make, I very much doubt Monsieur Savary's statement, that the passion of ambition was so completely overcome in his bosom, "that had it been proposed to him again to ascend the throne of France, he would have declined it;" and I do think, that if he had succeeded in eluding the British cruisers, and arrived in America, he would always have looked forward to returning to France. In all his conversations, he spoke of ambition as a quality absolutely necessary to form the character of a soldier. On one occasion, Savary spoke of Kleber (who was left by Napoleon in command of the army when he quitted Egypt) in terms of high encomium; this brought on a discussion upon the respective merits of that officer and Dessaix, whose aide-de-camp Savary had been during the negotiation of the convention of El Arish. Buonaparte, speaking of Kleber, bestowed upon him great praise as an officer; but he added, "He was deficient in one of the most necessary qualifications of a soldier—ambition. He was indolent, and required constant spurring. Dessaix, on the contrary, had all his abilities, which were kept in constant activity by a mind whose ambition there was no satisfying; and, had they both lived to the present period, he would have been much the greater man of the two.

If General Bertrand's statement in the succeeding passage be correct, Buonaparte possessed more candour than we have generally given him credit for :—

I never heard Buonaparte speak of the battle of Waterloo, or give an opinion of the Duke of Wellington, but I asked General Bertrand what Napoleon thought of him; "Why," replied he, "I will give you his opinion nearly in the words he delivered it to me: 'The Duke of Wellington in the management of an army is fully equal to myself, with the advantage of possessing more prudence.'"

That he was not altogether without affectionate feelings—without what are termed the sympathies of our nature—must also be inferred from the following statement :—

One morning he began to talk of his wife and child, and desired Marchand to bring two or three miniature pictures to show me: he spoke of them with much feeling and affection. "I feel," said he, "the conduct of the allied sovereigns to be more cruel and unjustifiable towards me in that respect than in any other. Why should they deprive me of the comforts of domestic society, and take from me what

must be the dearest objects of affection to every man—my child, and the mother of that child?" On his expressing himself as above, I looked him steadily in the face, to observe whether he showed any emotion: the tears were standing in his eyes, and the whole of his countenance appeared evidently under the influence of a strong feeling of grief.

Buonaparte seems to have approached the English shore with feelings of interest, and even of cheerfulness.

Sunday, the 23d of July, we passed very near to Ushant; the day was fine, and Buonaparte remained upon deck great part of the morning. He cast many a melancholy look at the coast of France, but made few observations on it. He asked several questions about the coast of England; whether it was safe to approach, its distance, and the part we were likely to make. About eight in the evening the high land of Dartmoor was discovered, when I went into the cabin and told him of it. I found him in a flannel dressing gown, nearly undressed, and preparing to go to bed. He put on his great coat, came out upon deck, and remained some time looking at the land; asking its distance from Torbay, and the probable time of our arrival there.

At day-break of the 24th of July, we were close off Dartmouth. Count Bertrand went into the cabin, and informed Buonaparte of it, who came upon deck about half-past four, and remained on the poop until the ship anchored in Torbay. He talked with admiration of the boldness of the coast, saying, "You have in that respect a great advantage over France, which is surrounded by rocks and dangers." On opening Torbay, he was much struck with the beauty of the scenery, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful country! it very much resembles the bay of Porto Ferrajo, in Elba."

Again :—

At dinner he conversed as usual, was inquisitive about the kinds of fish produced on the coast of England, and ate part of a turbot that was at table with great relish. He then spoke of the character of the fishermen and boatmen on our coast, saying, "they are generally smugglers as well as fishermen; at one time a great many of them were in my pay, for the purpose of obtaining intelligence, bringing money over to France, and assisting prisoners of war to escape. They even offered, for a large sum of money, to seize the person of Louis, and deliver him into my hands; but as they could not guarantee the preservation of his life, I would not give my consent to the measure."

The manner in which Buonaparte received the information that a resolution had been formed to send him to the island of St. Helena is thus related:—

His mind had, by this time, been so much prepared by the newspapers for that event, that he did not shew any very strong emotion at receiving the intimation; though he complained, in strong terms, of the injustice of such a measure. As, however, the admiral's barge was seen approaching, and I was obliged to go upon deck to receive him, I had very little conversation with him at the time.

As soon as the admiral had left the ship, Buonaparte sent for me, and shewed me the same paper Lord Keith had communicated to me in the morning. When I had read it, he complained vehemently of his treatment in being sent to St. Helena, saying, "the idea of it is perfect horror to me. To be placed for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and every thing that I hold dear in it!—*c'est pis que la cage de fer de Tamerlan*—(it is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage). I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. Among other insults," said he,—"but that is a mere bagatelle, a very secondary consideration,—they style me General—they can have no right to call me General; they may as well call me Archbishop, for I was head of the church, as well as the army. If they do not acknowledge me as Emperor, they ought as First Consul; they have sent ambassadors to me as such, and your king, in his letters, styled me Brother. Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or one of the fortresses in England (though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people), I should not have so much cause of complaint; but to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might as well have signed my death-warrant at once, as it is impossible a man of my habit of body can live long in such a climate." He then expressed a desire to write another letter to the Prince Regent, and I carried it the same afternoon to Lord Keith, by whom it was immediately forwarded to London.

Captain Maitland gives no credit to the charge which has been repeatedly urged against Buonaparte, of his threatening to commit suicide.

I felt convinced that Buonaparte, after the notification he had received, would be too much depressed in spirits to make his appearance on deck this day, and sent a boat to some of my friends, who were waiting in hopes

of seeing him, to say there was no chance of his coming out, as he was much distressed at the communication which had been made to him. I was, therefore, a good deal surprised, on turning round, to find him standing at my elbow; and I can only account for his shewing himself as usual, by supposing either that he was not in fact so much annoyed as I had believed him to be, or that he was actuated by a desire of creating a feeling of commiseration among the English people on his behalf. At dinner he conversed as usual; and, indeed, it was quite astonishing to see with what elasticity his spirits regained their usual cheerfulness, after such trials and disappointments. He never, in my hearing, threatened to commit suicide, nor do I believe he did on any occasion; the only expression I ever heard him make use of, that could in any way be construed into such a threat, was, that he would not go to St. Helena, "*Je n'airi pas à St. Hélène.*"

Again we introduce the *respectable and veracious* Monsier Las Cases.

On the morning of the 6th of August, when walking the deck with Monsieur Las Cases, he for the first time mentioned that he understood me to have assured him that the emperor would be well received in England, and allowed to reside there. I replied, "I cannot conceive how you could so far misunderstand me, as I constantly, in my communications with you, stated that I could make no promises whatever; that I thought my orders would bear me out in receiving him on board, and conveying him to England; but even in doing that, I acted very much upon my own responsibility. You questioned me frequently as to my private opinion, and as I was quite ignorant upon the subject, I could only say I had no reason to believe he would be ill-received." It did not, however, require my assistance to raise the hopes of those about Buonaparte respecting the manner in which he was to be received in England, as one of his followers, on the passage home, asked me if I thought the Prince Regent would confer the order of the garter upon him. If there was any misunderstanding (which I cannot allow to have been the case), Monsieur Las Cases has himself to blame.

Respecting Buonaparte's disappointment, Captain Maitland says:—

He complained bitterly of the conduct of the British Government, and entered, at considerable length, into the state of his affairs when he determined upon the measure of repairing on board the *Bellerophon*. "There still," said he, "was a large party in the south,

that wished me to put myself at its head ; the army behind the Loire was also desirous of my return. At ten o'clock of the night before I embarked, a deputation from the garrison of Rochelle waited upon me, with an offer to conduct me to the army ; in addition to which, the troops that were in Rochefort, Bourdeaux, and Isle d'Aix, amounting to twelve thousand men, were at my disposal. But I saw there was no prospect of ultimate success, though I might have occasioned a great deal of trouble and bloodshed, which I did not choose should take place on my account individually : while the empire was at stake it was another matter."

Buonaparte's departure from the *Bellerophon* for the Northumberland, which conveyed him to St. Helena, is thus related :—

He walked out of the cabin with a steady firm step, came up to me, and taking off his hat, said, " Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of once more returning you my thanks, for the manner in which you have treated me while on board the *Bellerophon* ; and also to request you will convey them to the officers and ship's company you command." Then turning to the officers, who were standing by me, he added, " gentlemen, I have requested your captain to express my gratitude to you for your attentions to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes." He then went forward to the gang-way, and before he went down the ship's side, bowed two or three times to the ship's company, who were collected in the waste and on the forecastle. He was followed by the ladies and the French officers, and lastly by Lord Keith. After the boat had shoved off, and got the distance of about thirty yards from the ship, he stood up, pulled his hat off, and bowed first to the officers, and then to the men ; and immediately sat down and entered into conversation with Lord Keith, with as much apparent composure as if he had been only going from one ship to the other to pay a visit.

Madame Bertrand, who, apparently very much against her inclination, attended the fallen ruler in his exile, is very amusingly shewn up in Captain Maitland's narrative. We particularly allude to her conduct after the little scene of romance which she played off in throwing herself overboard. Captain Maitland says—

I went into Madame Bertrand's cabin to see how she was, and found her in bed. I asked her how she could be so indiscreet as to attempt to destroy herself? " Oh ! I am driven to desperation," she said ; " I do not know what I do ; I cannot persuade my husband to

remain behind, he being determined to accompany the emperor to St. Helena." She then ran into a great deal of abuse of Napoleon, saying, " if his ends are served, he does not care what becomes of other people. 'Tis true he has always given Bertrand lucrative and honourable situations, but the expense attending them is such, that it was impossible to save money ; and he has never given him a grant of land, or any thing that permanently bettered our fortune."

Again :—

She was lying in strong hysterics, at intervals abusing the English nation and its government, in the most vehement and unmeasured terms, sometimes in French and sometimes in English. Lallemand was walking up and down the ward-room much agitated, joining in the abuse ; saying, among other things, " that it was horrible to bring a set of people on board the ship for the purpose of butchering them." I turned to him, and said, " Monsieur Lallemand, what a woman says, in the state of violent irritation that Madame Bertrand at present is, I consider of little consequence, and am willing to make every allowance for the situation you are placed in ; but I cannot stand by and hear such terms used of the government of my country : and if you do not desist, or make use of more respectful language, I shall be under the necessity of taking measures that will be very unpleasant both to you and myself." This had the effect of silencing him. When the bustle had subsided I retired to my cabin, and was employed in writing the foregoing letter to Lord Melville, in behalf of Messrs. Savary and Lallemand, when the latter, attended by Generals Montholon and Gourgaud, came in. They immediately entered into conversation with me about the cruelty of their situation. Among many other things, they said, " you may depend upon it the emperor will never go to St. Helena ; he will sooner put himself to death ; he is a man of determined character, and what he says he will do."—" Has he ever said he will put himself to death?" I asked. They answered, " no ; but he has said he will not go, which amounts to the same thing : and were he to consent himself, here are three of us who are determined to prevent him." I told them they had better consider the consequences well, before they ventured on a measure of that kind.

The next day, August 1st, 1815, I waited on Lord Keith, and reported what had occurred during the preceding day. I also shewed him the letter I had written to Lord Melville respecting Generals Savary and Lallemand. He read it, and said, " that though

he did not agree with me in opinion as to my honour or character being implicated, yet that he saw no harm in the letter." He then said, "you may tell those gentlemen who have threatened to be Buonaparte's executioners, that the law of England awards death to murderers, and that the certain consequence of such an act will be finishing their career on a gallows."

One more extract, and we close this very interesting volume:—

On another occasion, she [Madame Bertrand] came into the cabin which I occupied when I was writing, and after exacting a promise of secrecy towards the remainder of the suite, she entreated I would take measures to prevent her husband from accompanying Buonaparte, and begged me to write a letter in her name to Lord Keith, to induce him to interfere. I told her it would appear extremely officious in me to write on such a subject, but that any thing she chose to put on paper I would deliver to his Lordship. She did write, and I carried the letter; but his Lordship declined interfering, desiring me to say, he considered it the duty of every good wife to follow the fortunes of her husband. In the course of the conversation above-mentioned, she became extremely warm in speaking of Napoleon, saying, "he deserves nothing at our hands; and, indeed, there is not one of his people who would not most gladly quit him." Whenever she became animated, she could not pour out her feelings in the English language fast enough (though she spoke it remarkably well, having received her education partly in England) when she had always recourse to French; and though I frequently reminded her that there was nothing but a piece of canvas between us and the ward-room, where there were generally some of the French officers, I could by no means keep her within bounds; the consequence of which was, that all she said was heard and understood by one of them. When Madame Bertrand had left me, Count Montholon requested to speak with me in private. He carried me up to his cabin on the quarter-deck, where I found Generals Gourgaud and Lallemand, who told me they had been informed of what Madame Bertrand had said to me, and they requested to see me for the purpose of contradicting her assertion that they were desirous of quitting Buonaparte: that, so far from that being the case, there was not one of them who would not follow him with pleasure wherever he might be sent, or that would not lay down his life to serve him; they also required secrecy towards the Countess. I answered, "why really, gentlemen, this is very extraordinary; you pretend

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to know all that passed in a private conversation I have had with Madame Bertrand, and then bind me to secrecy: you may depend upon it I will enter into no such engagement until I know by what means you obtained your information." They then told me, that one of them had been in the quarter galley, and overheard all she said.

While speaking so much of Buonaparte, we may as well mention, before we close this portion of our summary, that his last will-and-testament has lately been published at Paris, accompanied by very curious illustrations of the conduct of those devoted adherents to the fallen fortune of their master, General Bertrand, and General the Count de Montholon. Mr. Lafitte, the great banker, also occupies a prominent station on the canvas. If we are to believe the statements here urged, Lafitte, in the first instance, concealed the deposit made with him by Buonaparte, of 5,800,000 francs, and then resisted the payment of interest for its use, although he was known to have employed it in extensive speculations. Farther, also, Bertrand and Montholon, although they have obtained possession of immense property bequeathed to them by Buonaparte, with a degree of heartlessness and baseness which reflects upon them indelible disgrace, refuse to pay to the destitute son of their former comrade Lieutenant-General Mouton Duvernet, who was condemned and executed at Lyons in 1815, the comparatively insignificant legacy of about £4,000 sterling.

BIOGRAPHY.

In this, at all times interesting department of literature, we find much attraction. The names of Radcliffe and Reynolds—not altogether omitting Major Cartwright, who rode his hobby of Parliamentary Reform for about half a century—present themselves to our notice under the most pleasing auspices. We shall commence with the lady—the mighty magician of Udolpho—her who, in the earlier period of life, awed, thrilled, and delighted our imagination—her, in whose rich and glowing page the beautiful and the lovely, the terrific and the sublime, were mingled with surpassing effect.

To Mrs. Radcliffe's posthumous romance of Gaston De Blondville, or the Court of Henry III., is prefixed a Memoir of the

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author, with extracts from her journals. The memoir itself is less copious and circumstantial than we could have wished; but, as every thing that relates to a woman so gifted and so amiable, blessed with so much genius and so much goodness as Mrs. Radcliffe, must excite a lively interest in the mind of the reader, we shall endeavour unceremoniously to select from its pages the leading points of her uneventful history.

Mrs. Radcliffe, the only child of William and Anne Ward, was born in London, in the month of July, 1764. She was descended from the family of the De Witts, of Holland, a member of which came to England in the reign of Charles I. under the patronage of government, to execute a plan for draining the fens of Lincolnshire. He brought with him an infant daughter, Amelia, who became the mother of Mrs. Radcliffe's male ancestors. Her paternal grandmother was the sister of Cheselden, the celebrated surgeon, of whose kindness her father retained a lively recollection. Her maternal grandmother was Anne Oates, the sister of Dr. Samuel Jebb, of Stratford, who was the father of Sir Richard Jebb. She was related also on her mother's side to Dr. Halifax, Bishop of Gloucester, and to Dr. Halifax, physician to the King.

Miss Ward's education, though of a different character from that of the present day, appears to have been the best of its kind. She was instructed in all lady-like accomplishments, but was not exercised in the classics, nor excited to pursue such feminine studies as are now prescribed by fashion, taste, and superior mental cultivation. In childhood her intelligence and docility won the marked affection of her relatives, moving in a somewhat higher sphere than her parents, who were engaged in trade. Her maternal uncle-in-law, the late Mr. Bentley, of the firm of Wedgwood and Bentley, was exceeding partial to her; and at his house—first at Chelsea, and afterwards at Turnham Green—she occasionally met persons of literary eminence and accomplished manners—Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Ord, the Athenian Stuart, &c.

Educated amongst members of the old school in manners and in morals, the pre-

judices of that school, with its high-minded feelings of gentility, accompanied her through life. Although the quickness and accuracy of her mental powers were developed at an early period, it does not appear that the peculiar bent of her genius was ascertained till after her marriage. That event occurred in the 23d year of her age. At that period she was united to Mr. William Radcliffe, a graduate of Oxford, whose intention it then was to follow the profession of the law. The ceremony was performed at Bath, where her parents at that time resided, and she afterwards proceeded with her husband to live in the neighbourhood of London. Encouraged by Mr. Radcliffe, she began to employ her leisure in writing. Soon after their marriage, her husband became the proprietor of the *English Chronicle*, an evening paper, in the management of which he took an active share. The evening is said to have been always her favourite season for composition; and she has often astonished her husband, not only by the quality but by the quantity of matter which she had produced after his absence of a few hours. So far was she, we are told, from being subjected to her own terrors, that she often laughingly presented to Mr. Radcliffe chapters which he could not read alone without shuddering.

Though at all periods of her life shrinking from the publicity of authorship, this lady wrote rapidly, and gave her romances in quick succession to the world. Her first work, "*The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*," was published in the year 1789; the "*Sicilian Romance*" in 1790, the "*Romance of the Forest*" in 1791; the "*Mysteries of Udolpho*," in 1794; and the "*Italian*," in 1797. As far as rapidity of composition is concerned, Mrs. Radcliffe, we apprehend, has not been far surpassed by the *Great Unknown*; and, with respect to invention, she has left him at an immeasurable, unapproachable distance. Her works are the creations of mind, the rich produce of a fertile imagination—*his*—let us not be thought to speak irreverently—the manufacture of an expert workman, out of the collected materials of ages.

It would be equally foreign from our purpose, and beyond our limits, to enter in this place upon any criticism of Mrs.

Radcliffe's performances; but, to shew that her splendid series of fictions not only became immediately popular with that numerous class which reads principally for amusement, but soon attracted the attention of the finer spirits of the age, we quote the following passage:—

Dr. Joseph Wharton, the head master of Winchester school, who was far advanced in life when "The Mysteries of Udolpho" was published, told Mr. Robinson, the publisher, that, happening to meet with it, he was so fascinated that he could not go to bed till he had finished it, and actually sat up the greater part of the night for the purpose. Mr. Sheridan spoke of the same work in terms of the highest eulogy. Mr. Fox, in a letter written to an intimate friend, soon after the publication of "The Italian," spoke of Mrs. Radcliffe's works in terms of high praise, and entered into a somewhat particular examination and comparison of the respective merits of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Italian." The author of "The Pursuits of Literature," not much given to commend, describes her as "The mighty magician of 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' bred and nourished by the Florentine muses, in their sacred, solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment: a poetess, whom Ariosto would, with rapture, have acknowledged as

La nudrita

Damigella Trivulzia al sacro speco."

For the "Mysteries of Udolpho" Mrs. Radcliffe received "from Messrs. Robinson £500, a sum then so unusually large for a work of fiction, that Mr. Cadell, who had great experience in such matters, on hearing the statement, offered a wager of £10 that it was untrue. By "The Italian," although considerably shorter, she acquired about the sum of £800."

Although, having no children, the duties of a family did not engross her attention, she declined entering into the society she was so well calculated to adorn. The very thought of appearing in person as the author of her romances shocked the delicacy of her mind. She could not bear the idea of sinking the gentlewoman in the novelist. She felt also a distaste to the increasing familiarity of modern manners; and, though remarkably free and cheerful with her intimates, she preferred, amongst strangers, the more formal politeness of

the old school. Finding that her views met the entire concurrence of Mr. Radcliffe, she, instead of lavishing time and money on entertainments, sought the comforts of residing in airy and pleasant situations, of unbroken leisure, and of frequent travelling. In the summer of 1794, subsequently to the publication of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," she accompanied her husband on a tour through Holland, and the western frontiers of Germany, returning down the Rhine. This was the first and only occasion on which she quitted England, though the vividness of her descriptions of Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France, in which her scenes are principally laid, induced a general belief that she had visited those countries. After their return from the Continent, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe made a tour to the English lakes. On these journies, Mrs. R. almost invariably employed snatches of time, at the inns where she rested, in committing to paper the impressions and events of the day. After her return, she was prevailed on to give to her notes a regular form, and to publish them in a quarto volume, which met with a favourable reception. The subsequent excursions of Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe were of less extent, and chiefly directed to the southern coast of England. Always once, and generally twice in the year, they took a journey through some beautiful or interesting country, limiting themselves to no particular course, but enjoying the perfect freedom which was most agreeable to their tastes. For instance, in the autumn of 1797, they made a little tour of the coast of Kent; in 1798, they visited Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Winchester; in 1800, they again made an excursion to the southern coast; and this was their usual mode of proceeding. Mrs. Radcliffe continued her little diary of these pleasant roving, but without the slightest idea of publication. In the Memoir, however, to which we are indebted for these facts, are now presented numerous specimens of her notes, which, as the writer observes, "exhibit her mind in its undress—shew her feelings as they were, undisguised—and display her tact of observation and descriptive power, as existing simply for her own gratification." Some of the specimens are eminently beautiful.

In the course of her home rambles, Mrs. Radcliffe was particularly interested by Kenilworth Castle, and, after she had visited its ruins, she spent much time in exploring its history. The subject struck her imagination; and in the winter of 1802, she wrote the tale of *Gaston de Blondville*, some notice of which will be found in a subsequent page, under the head "NOVELISTS." After this she undertook no work of magnitude, but occasionally employed her leisure in the composition of poems, a selection from which accompanies *Gaston de Blondville*, and will also be more specifically mentioned in our succeeding volume, under the head "CONTEMPORARY POETS AND WRITERS OF FICTION." Several years after the tale had been written, its author, having forgotten many of the incidents, perused it with nearly the same interest as though it had been the production of a stranger. In the latter part of her life she repeated the experiment, but not with equal effect.

Secluded as Mrs. Radcliffe was from the world, she was tremblingly alive to every circumstance which could, by the remotest possibility, raise an inference injurious to her personal character, which she valued far above literary fame. A passage of Miss Seward's correspondence, which seemed to convey an imputation that she had allowed the dramas, afterwards acknowledged by Miss Baillie, to be attributed to her pen, excited, for a time, great uneasiness in her mind; the more so as nothing could ever induce her to appear before the public in any sort of contention. From a note, appended by the editor, to one of the published letters of the late Mrs. Carter, she—erroneously, as it afterwards appeared—inferred that that lady would have avoided her acquaintance. This also, for a time, made her unhappy. With more reason, she was amazed at an absurd report, that, haunted by the images of fear with which she had thrilled her readers, she had sunk into a state of mental alienation. The author of a *Tour through England*, in noticing the Duke of Rutland's venerable and romantic seat called Haddon House, asserted that it was there that Mrs. Radcliffe acquired her taste for castles and ancient buildings; and then she proceeded to lament that she had for many years fallen into a state of insanity,

and was under confinement in Derbyshire. In point of fact, however, it appears that Mrs. Radcliffe was only in Derbyshire on two occasions for a few days each, after her marriage, and never saw Haddon House at all! Yet, in a larger work of more recent date, a plate and description of Haddon House, as the scene of Mrs. Radcliffe's early impressions, were annexed by way of illustration. The rumour also supplied materials for poetry; as, in an *Ode to Terror*, published by a clergyman in the year 1810, Mrs. Radcliffe is bemoaned as having died in a sort of mental derangement, called the "horrors." At length, the object of these misrepresentations learned to smile at the pity of those who thought her in confinement, and at the charity of others who had kindly permitted her to find a release in death from her supposed intellectual sufferings.

Her curiosity having been satiated with exploring all the finest country within one hundred miles of London, Mrs. Radcliffe now became more attached to the comforts of home. Accordingly she and her husband contracted the sphere of their excursions; and, instead of making journeys of length, they were accustomed to hire a carriage for the summer months, make frequent trips to the beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of London, Esher, Stanmore, Richmond, Southgate, Harrow, &c.—dine and spend the day at some good inn, and return in the evening. To many of our readers—to those who love to visit spots which have been consecrated by genius—it will be gratifying for us to state, that, at Harrow, Mrs. Radcliffe and her husband were accustomed to choose that room at the inn which commands the richest prospect, and from which *Crawley Wood*, near *Ashridge*, could be often distinctly seen. Mrs. R. was also much attached to *St. Alban's*, the antiquities of which she explored with unwearied zeal, and the historical dignity of which she has vindicated in her longest poem. From 1812 to 1815 inclusive, she passed much time at *Windsor* and its neighbourhood, and formed an intimate acquaintance with all the recesses of its forest. There was scarcely a tree of importance with the peculiar form of which she was not familiar, and the varieties of whose aspect

in light and shade she could not picture in words. With reference to their age, and to the analogy she fancied to the lines of monarchs with which they might be co-eval, she described the trees separately as Plantagenet oaks, Tudor beeches, or Stuart elms. A night scene from Windsor Terrace, described in one of her notes, affords the following passage, which may be compared with the description of castellated heights abounding in her romances.

We stood in the shade on the north terrace, where a platform projects over the precipice, and beheld a picture perfect in its kind. The massy tower at the end of the east terrace stood up high in shade; but immediately from behind it the moonlight spread, and shewed the flat line of wall at the end of that terrace, with the figure of a sentinel moving against the light, as well as a profile of the dark precipice below. Beyond it was the park, and a vast distance, in the faint light which spread over the turf, touched the avenues, and gave fine contrast to the deep shade of the wooded precipice on which we stood, and to the whole line of buildings which rise on the north terrace. Above this high dark line the stars appeared with a very sublime effect. No sound but the faint clinking of the soldier's accoutrements, as he paced on watch, and the remote voices of people turning the end of the east terrace, appearing for a moment in the light there and vanishing. In a high window of the tower a light. Why is it so sublime to stand at the foot of a dark tower, and look up its height to the sky and the stars?

What particularly strikes at Windsor is the length of terrace in the east thus seen by moonlight; the massy towers, four in perspective; the lights and the shades of the park below, the obscure distance beyond them, the low and wide horizon which you seem to look upon, the grandeur of the heavenly arch which appears to spring from it, and the multitude of stars which are visible in so vast and uninterrupted a view. Then the north terrace, stretching and finally running away from them towards the west, where high dark towers crown it. It was on this terrace, surely, that Shakspeare received the first hint of the time for the appearance of his ghost—

“Last night of all,

When yon same star that westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it turns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one ———.”

Mrs. Radcliffe was, from inclination, minutely attentive to her household affairs. Much of her leisure was spent in reading the literary productions of the day, especially poetry and novels. In painting, as is evident from her diary, she possessed an extensive knowledge and an exquisite taste. To music she was passionately attached, and she sang delightfully, though her voice, of remarkable sweetness, was limited in compass. At the opera she was a frequent visitor; and on her return home, she would sit up, singing over the airs she had heard, which her quickness of ear enabled her to catch, till a late hour. She was particularly affected by sacred music: occasionally she went to the oratorios, and sometimes, though more rarely, to the theatres. She was an ardent admirer of Mrs. Siddons, whom she recollected at Bath, when she herself was young.

During the last twelve years of her life, Mrs. Radcliffe suffered at intervals from a spasmodic asthma, which occasioned a general loss of health. She visited Ramsgate in the autumn of 1822, and found her health improved by the excursion; but she was much affected by the severe cold in the early part of the ensuing winter; and, on the 9th of January, 1823, another attack of her disease commenced, which ultimately proved fatal. A few days before her death, an account which she had accidentally read of a shocking murder recently perpetrated, depressed her spirits, and joined with the natural operation of the disease to produce a temporary delirium. From this, however, she completely recovered, and remained sensible to the last. She tranquilly expired at between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 7th of February 1823, in the 59th year of her age. Her remains were interred in a vault in the chapel of ease at Bayswater.

In her youth Mrs. Radcliffe was exquisitely proportioned, though low of stature. Her complexion was beautiful, as was her whole countenance, especially her eyes, eye-brows, and mouth. Her piety, though cheerful, was deep and sincere. Educated in the principles of the Church of England, she regularly through life, unless prevented by serious indisposition, attended its services.

To the sketch here given, we have only

now to subjoin the closing paragraph of the memoir from which this notice has been abstracted :—

In her own peculiar style of composition, Mrs. Radcliffe has never been approached. Her success naturally drew forth a crowd of imitators, who produced only monstrous caricatures, in which the terrors were without decorum, and the explanations absolutely farcical. No successful writer has followed her without calling to aid other means, which she would not condescend to use. The author of "The Monk" mingled a sickly voluptuousness with his terrors; and Maturin, full of "rich conceits," approached the border of the forbidden in speculation, and the paradoxical in morals. She only, of all writers of romance who have awed and affected the public mind by hints of things unseen, has employed enchantments purely innocent; has forbore to raise one questionable throb, or call forth a momentary blush. This is the great test, not only of moral feelings, but of intellectual power; and in this will be found her highest praise.

Having thus disposed of the memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe, it seems due to the memory of one who excited no slight portion of notice in the course of an unusually extended career, to mention that, "*The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright, Edited by his Niece, F. D. Cartwright,*" has recently come before the public, in two octavo volumes. Having recorded the appearance of the book, little more seems to be necessary in this place, than to observe that the departed veteran in the cause of parliamentary reform, was born on the 17th of December (O. S.) 1740, at Marnham, in Nottinghamshire; that he was the fourth son of Dr. Edmund Cartwright, a person eminent for his mechanical inventions; that for the period of eleven years, in his early youth, he was engaged in active and laborious service in the navy, in which he obtained the rank of lieutenant; that feeling personal objections against the war with America he retired from the service; that he derived his title of Major from a commission in the Nottingham militia; from which it appears he was ultimately dismissed in consequence of his politics; and that the greater part of his long life was indefatigably devoted—rightly or wrongly we stop not to inquire—to the cause of parliamentary reform. In private life he seems to have been an extremely amiable

man, with a high and jealous sense of moral rectitude. That he loved his country—loved her ardently—we will not presume to doubt; for, at all times, her interests were evidently near and dear to his heart. Independently of his tracts on parliamentary reform, he published pamphlets on the Rights of Fishing Companies, the Supply of Oak Timber for the Navy, &c. His correspondence contains many amusing and even interesting anecdotes; but as, generally speaking, the work is not likely to prove very attractive to the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* we shall make free with only one brief extract, embracing the Major's opinion of the late Mr. Pitt.

As a statesman and a minister, for conducting national business, I consider him as the first character. In respect of parliamentary reform, and a few other points, I confess he has not satisfied me; and my objections go no farther than doubts, and these doubts are mixed with hopes of somewhat great and good in future; from the other party I look not for such things, nor expect any thing good for the public, except now and then to serve a turn, or principles merely factious. Let your friend be the instrument of blessing to this country, and if I mistake not his character, his happiness would be equal to his power; he would be the idol of his contemporaries, and unborn ages would revere his name. But while I hope, I tremble.

We pass—happy transition!—from the political reformer, to the dramatic writer. Here we have a genuine treat for the lovers of light reading—of joke, fun, and anecdote. In two octavo volumes, of the "*Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds,*" we find a rich and almost exhaustless fund of amusement. Who has not laughed till his very sides have ached, at the comedies, or five act farces, or whatever they may be called, of Frederick Reynolds? Reynolds is a right pleasant fellow—his lively, cheerful, good-humoured face shews it—his book—written, as he tells us, under the advice of the faculty, to cure him of a nervous affection—tells it in every line. Our Sovereign, God bless him, ever had a cheerful and a merry heart; and therefore, the memoirs—this auto-biography—are with infinite propriety dedicated to his Majesty. In turning over their pages, we feel not at all disposed to enter into a tedious detail of the birth, parentage and education, life, cha-

racter and behaviour, of Mr. Reynolds ; but after duly introducing him into the world, we shall, in his own spirit, select, for the gratification of the reader, some of his most piquant anecdotes.

Mr. Reynolds's father was a solicitor in extensive practice, an intimate friend of Wilkes's, and having Lord Chatham, and many other distinguished men of the age amongst his clients. The lawyer married, in 1752, Miss West, a young lady who brought him a fortune of £5,000. Of this marriage, our hero, born on the 1st of November, 1764, was the fourth and youngest son. At a suitable age he was sent to Westminster school ; and, in 1782, he was entered of the Middle Temple ; but, excepting in the assistance which he occasionally gave to his father, the law seems to have claimed or possessed little of his attention. Theatres and the drama formed the passion of his life ; a life into the detail of which, as already observed, we feel no disposition to enter. They who wish to know more about Mr. Reynolds than we can find room to state, must turn to his book, which will abundantly gratify and reward their curiosity.

Reynolds's brother Jack, as he familiarly calls him, appears to have been affected, at an early period of his life, with the *cacoethes scribendi*, under the influence of which, chance threw him into contact with Doctor Johnson. The interview is thus related :—

One morning, shortly after our return, he (Dr. J.) called on my father concerning some law business, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where I and my three brothers, eager to see, and still more eager to say we had seen, the leviathan of literature, soon followed. All were, or affected to appear, struck with awe, except my brother Jack, who, having just published his *Indian Scalp*, was most anxious to elicit the doctor's opinion. Accordingly he seated himself close to him, and began :—"Any news in the literary world, Sir?"—"Sir!" cried the Doctor—"Any thing new, Doctor, I say, in the literary world?" continued the unhesitating poet.—"Young man, talk to me of Ranelagh and Vauxhall—of what you *may* understand—but not a word on literature." We all smiled aside ; but the author was omnipotent in Jack's mind, and, scarcely ruffled, he returned to the charge. "Have you heard of a new poem, Sir?"—(no answer.)—"A new poem, Sir? a new poem, Sir, called" (with

rising confusion) "called—the *Indian Scalp*—rather—I believe," (confusion increasing) "I believe it is tolerably-well spoken of.—You don't know who wrote it, Doctor?"—"No ; but I do," cried I, eagerly seizing the opportunity of making myself conspicuous in my turn ; "don't I, Jack?—Indeed, sir, he awakened so many nights, and taught me so many verses, that, if you like, I can repeat you almost the whole poem, Sir, with the same rapidity and facility with which he wrote it."—"Facilis descensus Averni," muttered the Doctor ; and then added, in an authoritative tone, "ring the bell, one of you, ring the bell ;" and the servant was ordered to summon my father ; on whose appearance, the Doctor formally arose, and said—"When next I call here, Sir, shew me where there is *civilization*—not into your *menagerie*!"—Almost immediately afterwards he left us ; Jack and I muttering, as he departed, "What a brute!"

Our next relates to Foote :—

The first time that ever George the Second attended the Haymarket, this farce commenced the evening's performances. When his Majesty arrived at the Theatre, Foote, as Manager, hobbled to the stage door to receive him ; but, as he played in the first piece, instead of wearing the court dress usual on such occasions, he was equipped in the immense cocked hat, cumbrous boots, and all the other paraphernalia of appurtenances of the most grotesque military uniform imaginable. The moment his Majesty cast his eyes on this extraordinary figure, as he stood bowing, stumping, and wriggling with his wooden leg, George the Second receded with astonishment, thus addressing his officers : "Look ! vat is dat man, and to vat regiment does he belong?"

Reynolds thus records a ludicrous incident occurring on the night of Garrick's farewell to the stage :—

My brother Jack and I, after waiting two hours, succeeded at length in entering the pit. But the commencement of the evening was somewhat unfortunate to my brother, who, during the struggle in the pit passage, not only had his watch stolen, but so completely lost his temper, that, on the detection of the thief, who immediately offered to restore the property, Jack, instead of receiving it, with all the fury of an enraged young lawyer, determined to have the stolen goods found upon him. Accordingly, he seized him, and shouted for police officers—in vain ; the crowd involuntarily prevent a possibility of their interference. In this dilemma, Jack's rage not abating, he continued to drag forward the culprit, till they arrived at the paying place. Here came "the

tug of war;" for the rush and pressure allowed no delay, the money-taker vociferously demanded the cash, when the *sharp* having none, the *flat* had no alternative but to pay for him. Made more desperate by this additional loss, Jack now dragged the thief into the pit, and again called loudly for police officers, who at length came, though somewhat late; for, owing to the increased confusion, the bird had at length broke from Jack, and flown!—not only with the watch, but as, at that time, money was returned on crowded nights, probably with the three shillings into the bargain. Thus, Jack not content with having his pocket picked, picked his own pocket.

With the following highly characteristic anecdote of Kemble, brief as it is, we have been greatly pleased. It paints the man to the very life:—

Whilst Parsons told a rich comic story, at which all laughed, Kemble preserved a fixed, grave, classical countenance—but, when Dodd afterwards sang a pathetic ballad, which excited general interest, Kemble, in the middle of it, burst into an odd fit of laughter, and in a tone tremulous from excessive gaiety, said—

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I have just taken Parsons' joke—ha, ha!—and it is really—very good!"

Possibly the following, told of an equally celebrated, though very different individual—Curran, the Irish Barrister—may not be deemed less characteristic:—

A garrulous gentleman having, during a whole evening, interrupted Curran, and the rest of the company with dull, incongruous stories, at length, unable to proceed beyond the middle of one of them, continued to repeat, "And so—and so—no, and so it being dark, Sir John said—no, the cook said—so—"—"Stop, sir," impatiently cried Curran, "I will finish your story for you. So—they wanted a rushlight! and—so, the great *she*-bear was walking about the town—so, *he* popped his head into the barber's shop, and said, 'What, *no soap*?'—so—*he* died—*she* married the barber—the powder flew out of the counsellor's wig, and all Mrs. Mac Dab's puddings were spoiled—and so—so!—that's all." The unfortunate buffo to whom this *coup de grace* was addressed, seemed at first doubtful whether quietly to receive or violently to resent it. He stared, looked fierce, looked bewildered, but never spoke more during that evening.

The commanding, over-awing power of the human eye, has rarely, if ever, been more strikingly illustrated than by the

subjoined anecdote of the far-famed Dr. Willis:—

Dr. Willis (then simply a country practitioner) speedily became a principal actor in the drama. He had an "*eye* like Mars, to threaten or command." *Threaten*, in every sense of the word; for his numerous patients stood as much in awe of this formidable weapon, as of bars, chains, or straight waistcoats. After a few weeks attendance, allowing his Majesty a razor to shave himself, and a penknife to cut his nails, Dr. Warren, Dr. Reynolds, and the other physicians, openly attacked Dr. Willis with a charge of rashness and imprudence, one evening before the committee of the House of Commons. Burke also was very severe on this point, and authoritatively and loudly demanded to know, "if the Royal patient had become outrageous at the moment, what power the Doctor possessed of instantaneously terrifying him into obedience?"

"Place the candles between us, Mr. Burke," replied the Doctor, in an equally authoritative tone—"and I'll give you an answer. There, Sir! by the *EYE*! I should have looked at him *thus*, Sir—*thus*!"

Burke instantaneously averted his head, and making no reply, evidently acknowledged this *basiliskian* authority.

The succeeding ludicrous incident occurred during the first night's performance of one of Reynolds's pieces:—

During Mrs. Billington's *bravura* in the last act, Mr. Billington, her husband, who was seated in the orchestra, conceiving that the trumpeter did not accompany her with sufficient force, frequently called to him in a subdued tone, "Louder, louder!"

The leader of the band, being of a similar opinion to Mr. Billington's, repeated the same command so often that, at length, the indignant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed, "It be very easy to cry louder! louder!—but, by gar!—vere is de *vind*?"

Sheridan's humour and trickery appear to more advantage in the following statement, than his plain dealing. Reynolds says—

I was walking one day with Tom King in Pall-Mall, when we met the celebrated clown, Grimaldi, father of the present Joe Grimaldi: approaching us with a face of the most ludicrous astonishment and delight, he exclaimed,

"O vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is!—shall I tell you?—*Oui*,—Yes I vill—*Bien done*—I could no never see him at de theatre, so

je vais chez lui—to his house in Hertford-street, muffled in great coat, and I say, ‘*Domestique!*—you hear?’—‘Yes.’—‘Vell, den, tell your master dat M.—— de Mayor of Stafford be below.’ *Domestique* fly—and on de instant, I be shown into de drawing-room. In von more minute, Sheridan leave his dinner party, enter de room hastily, stop suddenly, stare, and say,—‘How dare you, Grim, play me such a trick?’ Then putting himself into a passion, he go on,—‘Go, sare!—get out of my house.’ ‘Begar,’ say I, placing my back against the door, ‘not till you pay me my forty pounds,’—and then, I point to de pen, ink, and paper, on von small tables in de corner, and say—‘Dere!—write me de check, and de Mayor shall go *vitement*—*entendez vous?* If not, *morbleu*, I vill——’

“‘Oh!’ interrupted this *clevare* man, ‘if I must, Grim, I must,’—and as if he were *trés pressé*—verry hurry—he write de draft, and pushing it into my hand, he squeeze it, and I do push it into my pocket. Vell den, I do make haste to de banker’s, and giving it to de clerks, I say, ‘Four tens if you please, sare.’—‘Four tens!’ he say with much surprise—‘de draft be only for four pounds!’ O! vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is! But I say—‘If you please, sare, *donnes moi donc*, those four pounds.’ And den he say, ‘Call again to-morrow!’ Next day I meet de manager in de street, and I say, ‘Mistare Sheridan, have you forget?’ and den he laugh, and say, ‘Vy, Grim, I recollected afterwards—I left out the O?’—O! vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is!”

Poor Mrs. Jordan! To how many mortifications must the peculiar situation in which that delightful favourite of the public was placed, have been subjected in the course of her theatrical career! Upon one occasion, weary of the disgusting practice of appearing in male attire, she expressed her dislike of the character of a boyish hero, for the performance of which she had been cast. Wroughton, the manager, in a pet exclaimed:—

“Why, you are grand, quite the Duchess again this morning.”

“Very likely,” she replied, “for you are not the first person, who, this very day, has condescended to honour me ironically with this title.”

Then smiling, without the slightest pique, and with all her characteristic humour, she told us, that having, during that morning, discharged her Irish cook, for impertinence, and paid her her wages, the indignant professor of gastronomy, taking up a shilling, and hanging it on the table, exclaimed,

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“Arrah, now, honey, with this *thirteener*, won’t I sit in the gallery, and won’t your Royal Grace give me a courtesy, and won’t I give your Royal Highness a howl, and a hiss into the bargain?”

We shall now allow Mr. Reynolds to be the hero of his own tale. The succeeding extract is from his diary, at a time when he had been sent over to the continent on some business for his father. He was then about seventeen. The scene occurred at Dessein’s Hotel, Calais.

Wanting to walk on the pier, I asked the *garçon*, (who spoke English very tolerably,) the French for it. He, thinking us *Milord Anglais*, I could mean nothing but *peer*, a lord, replied *paire*. Away I then went, and passing over the market-place and draw-bridge, stumbled on the pier; without having had occasion to inquire my way to it, by the *garçon*’s novel appellation. There I remained, “strutting my half hour,” till dinner time.

At the *table d’hôte*, the commandant of the troops of the town sat next me; and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the President of the Council at Ratisbon, a Russian Count, and several Prussians; in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom (as it appeared to me,) spoke a word of English, except a remarkably pretty Irish woman.

I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town; “Monsieur,” I said condescendingly to the commandant, “*J’ai vu votre paire*: meaning, I have seen your pier; but which he naturally understood, I have seen your *père*, father. This address from a perfect stranger, surprised him; “*Il est beau, et grand, Monsieur*,” I continued. The commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment, that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain by pronouncing very articulately,

“Oui, Monsieur, j’ai vu votre *paire*,—votre *paire* sur le havre.”

“Eh, bien Monsieur,” replied the commandant, “et que je *disait* il?”

I was astounded; and, looking round the room for the keeper to the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole company were upon me.

“Monsieur,” I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French as I could command, “Monsieur, est-il possible que vous *residez* ici, et que vous ne *connoissez* pas votre *paire*—votre *paire* si—si long!”

This speech naturally only increased the

incomprehensibility of the whole conversation ; and the commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bas* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards, when driven into a corner, I became desperate.

"Messieurs," I cried, somewhat boisterously, "il faut que vous *connoissez* votre paire ! Le *paire* de votre ville qui est fait de pierre, et a la tête de bois—et a ce moment on travaille a lui *racommoder* sa fin, a laquelle le vent a fait du mal !"

This was the *coup de grace* to all decorum ; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts ; and even the astonished commandant himself could not help joining them.

"Allow me, sir," said a gentleman sitting by the side of the Irish lady, and whom I had not previously observed.

"My dear sir," interrupted I, "you are an Englishman, pray, pray explain."

"Sir," he replied, "you have just told this gentleman," pointing to the commandant, "that his father is the father of the whole town ; that he is made of stone, but has a wooden head ; and at this moment the workmen are engaged in mending his end that the wind has damaged."

I was paralyzed. "Tell me," I cried, as if my life depended on an answer, "what is the French for *pier* ?"

"*Jetée*, or according to the common people, *pont*," he replied.

I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced, in French, an explanation to the officers. At this moment, the waiter informed me the St. Omer Diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle, just as the termination of the Englishman's recital exploded an additional *eclat de rire*, at my expense.

While at Spa, Count Zenobio, relates to Mr. Reynolds the following particulars of an event which he had witnessed in that town a few years before, and which we can readily believe to have excited much interest.

A short thin man, whom nobody knew but by sight, suddenly became a constant attendant at the gaming tables. This man, during a whole fortnight, continued, night after night, in the most extraordinary manner, to win enormous sums of the *faro* bankers, as well as the surrounding betters. He wore spectacles, and appeared so short sighted, that he was always

obliged to touch the counters with his nose before he could distinguish the card. Such was his luck, that whatever card he backed was sure to win. On the last night of his appearance in Spa, one of the gamesters, a young half-intoxicated Irishman, had lost an unusually heavy sum. His temper was quite gone, and he vituperated his lucky opponent in a style that might have edified the most abusive fish-woman in Billingsgate. "D—n you, you old dog," he cried, "and most particularly d—n your spectacles ! By the powers, see if I won't try my luck myself in your cursed spectacles !" and snatching them from him, he put them on his own face. At first he could distinguish nothing but, on approaching the cards, within three inches of his nose, he discovered that the spectacles were strong magnifiers. His suspicion and curiosity were immediately excited, and he turned to demand an explanation of the wearer, but he was gone. An examination then commenced, and the cause of this wonderful continuity of luck was speedily discovered. The cards in Spa are not bought of shopkeepers, as in England, but every autumn the proprietors of the gaming tables repair to the grand fair at Leipzig, and there purchase their stock for the year. Thither the spectacle gentleman had also hied, not as a *buyer*, but as a *seller* of cards ; and at such reduced rate, and of such excellent quality, that all the purchasers resorted to him ; and Spa and several other towns were literally stocked with his cards. At the back of each of these, concealed amongst the ornaments, and so small as to be imperceptible to the unassisted eye, was its number, with a particular variation to denote the suit. Then, the rogue came to Spa disguised—with blackened hair and spectacles ; and there, as a *gentleman* gambler, would have broken all the banks in Spa, but for the fury of the enraged Irishman. As it was, he decamped with several thousand pounds.

We now pass to an incident of great interest to the biographer himself. To many of our readers it will occur that Reynolds married a lady of the name of Mansel ; a lady of much personal attraction, who, for a season or two, filled a very respectable station at one of the winter theatres. Reynolds, previously to his marriage had, with his brother Richard, and their old family nurse, Morgan, been domesticated in chambers at the Temple. It so happened that Richard and Frederic became enamoured of the charms of conjugal life at the same period. The two old bachelors had

a thousand idle dreams and vague anticipations of misfortune preceding the grand event. They went together to Doctors' Commons for their licenses; and, notwithstanding some ominous occurrences on the expedition, they screwed up their courage and boldly resolved to stand the hazard of the die. They were not however to be married on the same day. What follows will be found amusing in more respects than one:—

Richard's wedding being appointed to take place on the Friday, and mine not till Saturday, on my return to Chambers on the Tuesday evening, I was much surprised at receiving the following message from him, through old nurse.—"Your brother desires me to say, that if you will put off *your* marriage, he will put off *his*." Sudden and abrupt conclusion; however, that this was a mere temporary panic is evident, as he was united to this very agreeable widow on the following morning at St. Pancras; and after the ceremony, having started for his wife's seat in the north, he wrote me a short note, in which he concluded, asserting, "that he was the happiest fellow living." So [was not I; my brother had passed his trial, but mine was yet to be endured. Still, however, love's wings kept me buoyant, and having arranged with our faithful domestic that she should end her "chair days" by my fire-side, I lay down somewhat more composed, and slept soundly till eight o'clock the following morning; when I was awakened by the sudden opening of my bed-room door, and the loud deep tone of my future brother-in-law, Mr. Mansel, exclaiming, "Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine."

"Obstupui, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit."

When, observing my alarm and astonishment, and making due allowances for the importance of the cause, my disturber softened his voice, and whispered.

"Virgin, awake! thy marriage hour is nigh."

The ceremony being concluded, we repaired to our new habitation; not in an equipage displaying those tantalizing disturbers to the peace of spinsters—those broad divulgers of family secrets—bold, *white favours*!—no—we returned in private; and on our arrival, found our female Major Domo (old nurse) had prepared every thing for our reception, even dinner; but, unluckily, when put on the table, the meat not being sufficiently roasted, we were obliged (most awfully *ominous*!) to commence with a broil. Whether this *dish* was repeated during the *honeymoon*, matrimonial etiquette forbids

me to mention—so down drops the curtain; with what share of applause I leave others to determine.

Leaving Mr. Reynolds thus happy in the marriage state, we shall conclude with one more extract, embracing a succession of incidents, and rising to a climax of high dramatic interest. It might be introduced in a farce, if not in a comedy, with admirable effect:—

After dinner, my brother, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," accompanied his host to his box at the Opera. For a short time, the dancing of Baccelli solely engaged Richard's attention; but it was suddenly withdrawn, by something in the adjoining box far more attractive. This something was an extremely handsome woman, the wife of Sir Charles —, a baronet of fashion and fortune. At her, Richard gazed, and glanced, and sighed so deeply, that he rendered himself not only ridiculously conspicuous to the object of his idolatry, but to her whole party; amongst which was rather a rare character at the Opera—a loving, jealous husband.

The ballet being concluded, the lady and her friends left the box, followed at a respectful distance by the enamoured, tipsy Richard. They entered the hall, the carriage was announced, and he was on the point of losing his fair innamorata, when the violent pressure of the crowd momentarily separated her from her party,—“Seizing the golden opportunity,” Richard gallantly advanced, and triumphantly handed her into the carriage; when, forgetful of his usual good taste and good manners, he placed his foot on the step with the intention of accompanying her.

At this unlucky moment, "the green-eyed monster," the furious husband, darted forward, and grasped his arm; high words ensued, and cards were exchanged, Richard putting into his pocket that of "Sir Charles —, Lower Grosvenor-street," and the husband putting into his pocket that of "Mr. Richard Reynolds, John-street, Adelphi." After this preamble to another exchange, I mean, to that of shots, Sir Charles —, instead of getting into the carriage, proceeded towards White's in a fit of spleen, leaving his wife to return alone.

The disappointed Richard, in the interim, also attempted to bend his way homewards, but from the increasing effects of the wine, he lost all recollection. After wandering for some time in St. James's-square, he at length, completely confused and exhausted, seated himself under a portico, and instantly fell asleep. In this condition, a watchman discovered him, and after

several vain attempts to awaken him, committed him to the guardianship of the chairmen of an empty sedan that was passing at the moment. Into this, with some difficulty, they had placed their torpid load, and were preparing to depart, when one of the chairmen cried to the watchman, "Paddy, Paddy, who is he, and where is the direction-post?"—

"True, Phalim," added his brother in portage, "at this rate we may come out with him at the world's end, and be no jot the richer or wiser."

"Faith, he is no acquaintance of mine, honies," replied the watchman; "but if on searching him I find nothing of the jontleman about him, by the powers, I'll coolly house him with the constable of the night."

The search commenced—no letter—no memorandum—poor Richard was in dreadful peril, when a solitary card was discovered, and by the light of his lantern the watchman read aloud, "Sir Charles —, Lower Grosvenor-street." This was the passport, and away they trotted, much gratified by so sufficient and satisfactory a direction.

Arriving in the above-mentioned street at one o'clock in the morning, with the supposed baronet (and drawn blinds, to prevent an exposition of his humiliating situation,) the chairman knocked, and a servant appeared. On their enquiry, whether that were the house of Sir Charles —, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chair was conveyed into the hall. The Paddies explained to the servant how, and where they had found his master, and shewed his card.

As this was an unusual occurrence, the servant alarmed, feared to disturb the baronet till he had received the instructions of her ladyship; who, having awaited the return of her husband a considerable time, had at length retired to her room. The servant therefore sent one of her women to inform her of his master's arrival, and then, with the assistance of the chairmen, removed the chair into the library, when they themselves were sent below to wait for further orders.

The *minor* performers having left the stage, the *principal* now remained solus. My brother having awakened, and raised the lid of the chair, and finding himself housed, at first, naturally thought some kind person had conducted him home—but great were both his surprise and alarm, when he discovered that he was in a strange house.

Eager for explanation, he was proceeding to ring the bell, when he heard a loud knocking at the street door, and at the same instant the loved cause of his pursuit, the identical fair one

of the Opera, rushed into the room. Breathless with joy and astonishment, he stood motionless; when the Baronet's wife, deceived by the imperfect light of a single wax taper, and half blinded by her agitation, rushed into her supposed husband's arms, who, "*nothing loth*," was about to return her embrace, when lo! the *real husband* entered, and stood aghast. Rage deprived him of utterance; his wife, confounded by her error, seized her husband's hand, and wept in silent entreaty; while Richard, completely sobered, explained and apologised.

By degrees, the baronet yielded to the *naiiveté* of my brother's account, his own reflections, and the corroborating testimony of the chairmen; when suddenly his passion again broke forth, and he exclaimed, "This is not the only provocation I have received from you. Do you know a Captain Smith, sir?" "I have heard," replied my brother, "of such a man this evening, for the —." "Hear me, then, sir!" interrupted the impetuous baronet! "passing up St. James's-street not half an hour ago, and assisting in emancipating this Captain Smith from a ring of pick-pockets, he would not leave me, till he was informed where he was to call to return his thanks. I gave him my own address as I thought, but unluckily it proved to be *your* card. He had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he cried, 'So, sir, I have found you at last!' and was proceeding to use the most intemperate language, when fortunately for both parties, a friend explained to him his error; otherwise, sir, *there* I should have been as much indebted to Mr. Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name and character, as I am *here* for the unexpected pleasure of his company."

To conclude, it was at length determined to postpone all further discussion till the morrow; Richard pledging his honour that the baronet should then, one way or other, have satisfaction. My brother kept his word, for having gone to the Bedford, and learnt from Captain Smith himself, that another Mr. Richard Reynolds had been his traducer, he and the captain proceeded together to Grosvenor-street; where, instead of the anticipated exchange of shots, they exchanged apologies, and there the matter amicably terminated.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A quarto volume of "*Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces on the Southern Banks of the Caspian Sea; by J. B. Frazer*," is merely a continuation of the "Narrative of a Journey into Khorasān, in the years 1821 and 22, including some Account of the Countries to the North-East of Persia, &c." noticed in our second vo-

lume, page 79. Of course the possessors of the former ought to purchase the latter.

The reader of an octavo volume, entitled "*Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia, including a Tour in the Crimea and the Passage of the Caucasus, and with Maps and Plates; by E. Henderson, Author of 'Iceland,'*" will find therein a complete tour of the Empire of Russia, with much general information of an amusing and instructive character.

By far the most important publication that has appeared for a long time in this department of literature, is the quarto "*Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in 1822, 1823, and 1824; by Major Denham, Capt. Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney, &c. &c.*" Of this work we have already given a general character;* and we shall now endeavour to afford additional information, to those readers by whom the expensive volume itself may not be easily accessible. From Major Denham's statement, we learn, that previously to any knowledge he had received of the intention of his Majesty's government, to follow up the mission of Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon, he had volunteered his services to Lord Bathurst to Timbuctoo, by nearly the same route which Major Laing was then pursuing. He learned in reply, that an expedition had been planned, and that Dr. Oudney and Lieutenant Clapperton, both of the navy, were appointed; and with those gentlemen, Major Denham was, by the kindness of Lord Bathurst, at his own request associated. Colonel Warrington, his Majesty's Consul at Tripoli, had "stated broadly to the government at home, that the road from Tripoli to Bornou was as open as that from London to Edinburgh; which," says Major Denham, "with a small allowance for oriental hyperbole, was found to be true."—With the route from Tripoli, across the Great Desert, we have been some time tolerably well acquainted; the leading interest, therefore of Major Denham's Narrative may be said to commence at the period when, having overcome innumerable difficulties, the travellers found themselves approaching Kouka the capital of Bornou. This was about the middle of February, 1823. Major Denham states as follows:—

We had been told that the Sheikh's soldiers were a few ragged negroes armed with spears, who lived upon the plunder of the Black Kaffir country by which he was surrounded, and which he was enabled to subdue by the assistance of a few Arabs who were in his service; and again, we had been assured that his forces were not only numerous, but to a certain degree well trained. The degree of credit which might be attached to these reports was nearly balanced in the scales of probability; and we advanced towards the town of Kouka in a most interesting state of uncertainty, whether we should find its chief at the head of thousands, or be received by him under a tree, surrounded by a few naked slaves.

These doubts, however, were quickly removed. I had ridden on a short distance in front of Boo Khaloom [an Arab merchant, by whom the expedition was conducted] with his train of Arabs, all mounted and dressed out in their best apparel, and, from the thickness of the trees, soon lost sight of them, fancying that the road could not be mistaken. I rode still onwards, and, on approaching a spot less thickly planted, was not a little surprised to see in front of me a body of several thousand cavalry drawn up in line, and extending right and left quite as far as I could see; and checking my horse, I awaited the arrival of my party, under the shade of a wide spreading acacia. The Bornou troops remained quite steady, without noise or confusion; and a few horsemen, who were moving about in front giving directions, were the only persons out of the ranks. On the Arabs appearing in sight, a shout or yell, was given by the Sheikh's people, which rent the air. A blast was blown from their rude instruments of music equally loud, and they moved on to meet Boo-Khaloom and his Arabs. There was an appearance of tact and management in their movements which astonished me: three separate small bodies, from the centre and each flank, kept charging rapidly towards us, to within a few feet of our horses' heads, without checking the speed of their own until the moment of their halt, while the whole body moved onwards. These parties were mounted on small but very perfect horses, who stopped and wheeled from their utmost speed with great precision and expertness, shaking their spears over their heads, exclaiming, "*Barca! barca! Alla hiakkum cha, alla Cheraga!—Blessing! blessing! Sons of your country! Sons of your country!*" and returning quickly to the front of the body, in order to repeat the charge. While all this was going on, they closed in their right and left flanks, and surrounded the little body of Arab warriors

* Vide page 216.

so completely, as to give the compliment of welcoming them very much the appearance of a declaration of their contempt for their weakness. I am quite sure this was premeditated; we were all so closely pressed as to be nearly smothered, and in some danger from the crowding of the horses and clashing of the spears. Moving on was impossible, and we therefore came to a full stop. Our chief was much enraged, but it was all to no purpose; he was only answered by shrieks of "Welcome!" and spears most unpleasantly rattled over our heads, expressive of the same feeling. This annoyance, however, was not of long duration; Barca Gana, the Sheikh's first general, a negro of a noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk robe, and mounted on a beautiful Mandara horse, made his appearance; and, after a little delay, the rear was cleared of those who had pressed in upon us, and we moved on, although but very slowly, from the frequent impediment thrown in our way by these wild equestrians.

The Sheikh's negroes, as they were called, meaning the black chiefs and favourites, all raised to that rank by some deed of bravery, were habited in coats of mail composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse: some of them had helmets, or rather skull-caps of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal.

The travellers are, after many delays, received with much pomp and ceremony, and treated with great courtesy, everything indicating a high state of civilization. Into none of the details, however, is it practicable for us to enter. The geographical and statistical information of the work must be sought in its own pages. The towns of this Arab and Mohamedan state are generally large and well built; having walls thirty-five to forty feet in height, and nearly twenty feet in thickness. The houses consist of several court-yards between four walls, with apartments leading out of them for slaves; then a passage and an inner court, leading to the habitations of the different wives, who have each a square space to themselves, enclosed by walls, and a handsome thatched hut. The apartments of the owner consist of two buildings like towers or turrets, with a terrace of commu-

nication between them looking into the street, with a castellated window.

The Bornou laws are arbitrary, and the punishment summary. Murder is punished by death: the culprit, on conviction, is handed over to the relations of the deceased, who revenge his death with their clubs. Repeated thefts, by the loss of a hand, or by burying the young Spartan, if he be a beginner, with only his head above ground, well buttered or honeyed, and so exposing him for twelve or eighteen hours, to the torture of a burning sun, and innumerable flies and mosquitoes, who all feast upon him undisturbed. These punishments are, however, often commuted for others of a more lenient kind. Even the judge himself has a strong fellow-feeling for a culprit of this description. When a man refuses to pay his debts, and has the means, on a creditor pushing his claims, the *cadi* takes possession of the debtor's property, pays the demand, and takes a handsome per-centage for his trouble. It is necessary, however, that the debtor should give his consent; but this is not long withheld, as he is pinioned and laid on his back until it is given; for all which trouble and restiveness he pays handsomely to the *cadi*; and they seldom find that a man gets into a scrape of this kind twice. On the other hand, should a man be in debt, and unable to pay, on clearly proving his poverty, he is at liberty. The judge then says, "God send you the means!"—the by-standers say, "Amen:" and the insolvent has full liberty to trade where he pleases. But if, at any future time, his creditors catch him with even two robes on, or a red cap, on taking him before the *cadi*, all superfluous habiliments are stripped off, and given towards payment of his debt.

Our remaining extracts—mere isolated sketches—must be made somewhat at random. The following shews the Mandara women in a very amusing point of view:—

The heat was excessive; and I merely begged a little sweet milk, and that the crowd round the door, which I was obliged to keep open, might, if practicable, be in part dispersed; and I added, "They are all men—pray are there no women in your town?" The Kaid, who evidently wished to make up for his former inattention, immediately answered, "Yes, yes! plenty; and they also would like to come and look at you, if you will give them leave." This I was not disposed to refuse; and the Kaid, sitting by me, and Maramy keeping the door, so that not more than three or four came in at a time, I received upwards of one hundred of the softer sex. Some of them were beautiful,

unaffected children of nature. I had nothing to shew them but a looking-glass, and probably nothing could have pleased them more. One insisted upon bringing her mother, another her sister, in order to see the face she loved best reflected by the side of her own, which appeared to give them exquisite pleasure, as on seeing the reflection, they repeatedly kissed the object of their affection. One very young and intelligent girl asked if she might bring her child, and, on gaining permission, quickly returned with an infant in her arms. She absolutely screamed with joy, and the tears ran down her cheeks when she saw the child's face in the glass, who shook its hand in token of pleasure on perceiving its own reflected image.

The following circumstance, as Major Denham observes, while it proved that absolute power in the person of the Sheikh of Kouka was not unaccompanied by a heart overflowing with feelings of mercy and moderation, also displayed very amiable qualities in his untutored and unenlightened subjects:—

Barca Gana, his general, and his favourite, a governor of six large districts, the man whom he delighted to honour, who had more than fifty female slaves, and twice the number of male, was taught a lesson of humility that made me feel exceedingly for him. In giving presents to the chiefs, the Sheikh had inadvertently sent him a horse which he had previously promised to some one else; and on Barca Gana being requested to give it up, he took such great offence, that he sent back all the horses which the Sheikh had previously given him, saying that he would in future walk, or ride his own. On this the Sheikh immediately sent for him, had him stripped in his presence, and the leather girdle put round his loins; and, after reproaching him with his ingratitude, ordered that he should be forthwith sold to the Tibboo merchants, for he was still a slave. The favourite, thus humbled and disgraced, fell on his knees, and acknowledged the justness of his punishment. He begged for no forgiveness for himself, but entreated that his wives and children might be provided for out of the riches of his master's bounty. — But on the following day, when preparations were made for carrying this sentence into effect, the Kaganawha (black Mamelukes), and Shouaa chiefs about the Sheikh's person, fell at his feet, and notwithstanding the haughtiness of Barca Gana's carriage to them since his advancement, entreated to a man pardon for his offences, and that he might be restored to favour. The culprit appearing at this moment to take leave, the Sheikh

threw himself back on his carpet, wept like a child, and suffered Barca Gana, who had crept close to him, to embrace his knees, and calling them all his sons, pardoned his repentant slave. No prince of the most civilized nation can be better loved by his subjects than this chief; and he is a most extraordinary instance, in the eastern world, of fearless bravery, virtue, and simplicity. In the evening, there was great and general rejoicing. The timbrels beat; the kanemboos yelled, and struck their shields; every thing bespoke joy; and Barca Gana, in new robes and a rich bornouse, rode round the camp, followed by all the chiefs of the army.

We should have mentioned that Major Denham, on his way from Tripoli to Mourzuk was favoured with a private visit by Omhal Henna, a young lady of high rank, whom he thus describes:—

It was the *Jemna* (Friday), the sabbath, and she was covered, for I cannot call it dressed, with only a blue linen barracan, which passed under one arm, and was fastened on the opposite shoulder with a silver pin, the remaining part thrown round the body behind, and brought over her head as a sort of hood, which, as I remarked, had fallen off, and my having taken her hand when she set down the milk had prevented its being replaced. This accident displayed her jet black hair in numberless plaits all round her expressive face and neck, and her large sparkling eyes and little mouth, filled with the whitest teeth imaginable. She had various figures burnt on her chin with gunpowder; her complexion was a deep brown; and round her neck were eight or ten necklaces of coral and different coloured beads. So interesting a person I had not seen in the country; and on my remaining some moments with my eyes fixed on her, she recommenced the salutation, "How is your health?" &c. and smiling, asked with great *naïveté*, "whether I had not learnt, during the last two months, a little more Arabic." I assured her I had. Looking round to see if any one heard her, and having brought the hood over her face, she said, "I first heard of your coming last night, and desired the slave to mention it to my brother. I have always looked for your coming, and at night, because at night I have sometimes seen you; you were the first man whose hand I ever touched, but they all said it did not signify with you, an Insara (a Christian), God turn your heart! but my brother says you will never become Moslem; won't you to please Abdi Zeleel's sister? My mother says God would have never allowed you to come, but for your conversion." By this time again the hood had

fallen back, and I again had taken her hand, when the unexpected appearance of Abdi Zeleel, accompanied by the governor of the town, who came to visit me, was a most unwelcome interruption. Omhal Henna quickly escaped; she had, however, overstepped the line, and I saw her no more.

After a lapse of three years, however, the Major again encounters, under very different circumstances, this captivating fair one.

Omhal Henna, with whom I was so much smitten on my first visit to this place, was now, after a disappointment by the death of her betrothed, with whom she had read the fatah, just before my first visit, a wife of only three days old. The best dish, however, out of twenty which the town furnished, came from her; it was brought separately enclosed in a basket of date leaves, which I was desired to keep; and her old slave who brought it inquired, "Whether I did not mean to go to her father's house, and *salaam* (salute) her mother?" I replied, "Certainly;" and just after dark the same slave came to accompany me. We found the old lady sitting over a handful of fire, with eyes still more sore, and person still more neglected, than when I last saw her. She, however, hugged me most cordially, for there was nobody present but ourselves; the fire was blown up, and a bright flame produced, over which we sat down, while she kept saying, or rather singing, "*Ash har-leh? Ash ya barick-che fennick?*" "How are you? How do you find yourself? How is it with you?" in the patois of the country, first saying something in *Ertana*, which I did not understand, to the old slave; and I was just regretting that I should go away without seeing Omhal Henna, while a sort of smile rested on the pallid features of my hostess, when in rushed the subject of our conversation. I scarcely knew her at first, by the dim light of the palm-wood fire; she, however, threw off her mantle, and, kissing my shoulder (an Arab mode of salutation), shook my hand, while large tears rolled down her fine features. She said, "she was determined to see me, although her father had refused." The mother, it seems, had determined on gratifying her.

Omhal Henna was now seventeen; she was handsomer than any thing I had seen in Fezzan, and had on all her wedding ornaments; indeed, I should have been a good deal agitated at her apparent great regard, had she not almost instantly exclaimed—"Well! you must make haste; give me what you have brought me! You know I am a woman now, and you

must give me something a great deal richer than you did before: besides, I am Sidi Gunana's son's wife, who is a great man; and when he asks me what the Christian gave me, let me be able to show him something very handsome. "What!" said I, "does Sidi Gunana know then of your coming?" "To be sure," said Omhal Henna; "and sent me. His father is a Maraboot, and told him you English are people with great hearts and plenty of money; so I might come." "Well then," said I, "if that is the case, you can be in no hurry." She did not think so; and my little present was no sooner given, than she hurried away, *saying* she would return directly, but not keeping her word. Well done, simplicity! thought I. Well done, unsophisticated nature! No town-bred coquette could have played her part better.

A few words relating to Captain Clapperton, and we must close.—While Major Denham remained at Kouka, that gentleman, accompanied by Dr. Oudney, proceeded, with a letter of introduction from the Sheikh, to Sackatoo, the residence of Sultan Bello, through whose assistance they entertained the hope of visiting Timbuctoo. Dr. Oudney, who, even when he left England, had been labouring under a pulmonary complaint, died at a place called Murmur, shortly after the commencement of this journey, and was buried there under an acacia-tree. Captain Clapperton was thus left to proceed alone. On his arrival he had many interesting audiences with the Sultan, by whom he was most kindly received; but it appears that some suspicion or jealousy respecting his ulterior objects, prevented him from obtaining the requisite facilities for proceeding west, towards Timbuctoo and the sea. At this time, Timbuctoo is understood to be under the government of a woman. The Sultan very affectionately dismissed Captain Clapperton on his return to Kouka, having repeatedly expressed, with much earnestness of manner, his anxiety to enter into permanent relations of trade and friendship with England. During his stay at Sackatoo, the following very striking incident occurred:—

I was sitting in the shade before my door, with Sidi Sheikh, the Sultan's *fighi*, when an ill-looking wretch, with a fiend-like grin on his countenance, came and placed himself directly before me. I asked Sidi Sheikh who he was? He answered with great composure, "The

executioner." I instantly ordered my servant to turn him out. "Be patient," said Sidi Sheikh, laying his hand upon mine; "he visits the first people in Sackatoo, and they never allow him to go away without giving him a few Goora nuts, or money to buy them. In compliance with this hint, I suggested forty cowries to be given to the fellow, with strict orders never again to cross my threshold. Sidi Sheikh now related to me a professional anecdote of my uninvited visitor. Being brother of the executioner of Yacoba, of which place he was a native, he applied to the governor for his brother's situation, boasting of superior adroitness in the family vocation. The governor coolly remarked, "We will try;—go, fetch your brother's head." He instantly went in quest of his brother, and finding him seated at the door of his house, without noise or warning he struck off his head with a sword at one blow; then carrying the bleeding head to the governor, and claiming the reward of such transcendent atrocity, he was appointed to the vacant office. The sultan being afterwards in want of an expert headsman, sent for him to Sackatoo, where a short time after his arrival he had to officiate at the execution of 2,000 Tuaricks, who, in conjunction with the rebels of Goober, had attempted to plunder the country, but were all made prisoners; this event happening about four years ago. I may here add, that the capital punishments inflicted in Soudan are beheading, impaling, and crucifixion; the first being reserved for Mahometans, and the other two practised on Pagans.

NOVELISTS.

Awakening many a recollection of the past, Mrs. Radcliffe's name has again broken in upon us with the light of other years. Rising, as it were, from the tombs of the departed, her spirit again walks before us, enrobed in its ethereal beauty and loveliness, encircled with its lambent halo of mystery and of glory. Who rejoices not in the appearance of another production from the romantic and awe-inspiring pen of Anne Radcliffe? It was, we are told, in the winter of 1802, after having visited the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, and expending much time in exploring the history of that once-magnificent abode, that she wrote the tale of "*Gaston De Blondville, or the Court of Henry III. keeping Festival in Ardenne.*" It was not intended for the press, and, after it had amused herself and her husband, it was laid aside, so disinclined had its author become to publication.

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We venture to assert, however, that, although it appears to be merely an experiment, in a class of composition in some respects new to the writer—and although it is without the lofty pretensions of some of Mrs. Radcliffe's earlier productions, and incapable of exciting an equal intenseness of interest—it will not in the slightest degree detract from the fame of her, who, in our youthful years, bound our spirits with an irresistible spell.

It is honourable to the delicacy, the disinterestedness, and liberality of the editor—Mr. Radcliffe—to state that, under the auspices of the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Sir Walter Stirling, Bart., he has appropriated the whole purchase-money of the copyright (a very considerable sum, we believe) to different charitable institutions.

The fable of Gaston de Blondville is slight. Two travellers, passing from Coventry to Warwick, arrive, towards evening, at the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, a picturesque description of which is thus furnished. One of the travellers, warmed by the spirit of antiquarianism and poesy combined, is enraptured with the view—with the shadowy recollections of past ages which it conjured up in his mind.

The travellers are joined by an old man, a peasant of the neighbourhood, who, somewhat obtrusively, proffers his scanty portion of intelligence respecting the localities of the scene; and, in the course of conversation, he relates the discovery of some illuminated MSS. in an old chest, dug out of the ground, on the site of a chapel belonging to an adjacent priory. These MSS. are purchased by the travellers, the chief of them bearing the following title:—

A boke, contenyng a trew chronique of what passed at Killingworth in Ardenn, when our soverain Lord, the Kynge, kept ther his fest of Senzt Michel; with ye marveyulous accident, that ther befel at the solemnissation of the marriage of Gaston de Blondville. With divers things curious to be known thereunto purtayning. With an account of the grete Turney ther held in the yere MCCLVI. Changed out of the Norman Tongue by Grymbald, Monk of Senzt Marie Priori in Killingworth.

Anxious to devote as much space as possible to the quotation of some very striking

passages, we shall be exceedingly brief in our sketch of the plot. Gaston de Blondville, a Gascon knight, is, through the high favour which he enjoys of Henry III. King of England, on the point of marriage with Lady Barbara, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon. On the arrival of Henry and his Court to celebrate the feast of St. Michael at Kenilworth, a stranger appears amongst the assembled crowd, points to Blondville, calls for justice from the King, falls down in strong convulsions, and is carried off as dead. Having recovered, he on the following day again appears before the King and calls for justice. Hugh Woodreeve, the stranger, a Bristol merchant, relates that, three years before, when travelling through the Forest of Ardenne, with three companions, one of them a knight, his kinsman, and with a large sum of money in his possession, the party was attacked and plundered by robbers, and the knight was murdered on the spot. Gaston de Blondville is charged by Woodreeve as one of the murderers. That gallant and heroic knight, however, repels the charge, and is thrown into prison. Omens and supernatural appearances, continue at intervals to indicate the guilt of De Blondville; yet the King seems determined to protect his favourite. Woodreeve is charged with conspiring against his life; with the exercise of sorcery and other crimes. Ultimately he is put upon his trial, condemned, and the morning of his execution is appointed. The spirit of the murdered knight repeatedly appears—De Blondville the murderer is struck dead by an unseen hand—the Prior of St. Mary's, one of his accomplices, is found a corpse in his bed—the innocence of Woodreeve is ascertained, and his life is saved.

Nothing can be more meagre than this outline; but the story itself involves a great variety of incident, much beauty and splendour of description, many fine pictures of regal festivity, and chivalric show. The appearance and conduct of the ghost of the murdered Knight are altogether original, and highly effective; and some of the scenes—especially one in which the Prior of St. Mary's leads the prisoner through the long winding galleries and subterraneous passages of the castle—are quite in accordance with Mrs. Radcliffe's mysterious ex-

citements and thrilling terrors, as developed in her former publications. In her descriptions of scenery, &c. there is a soft and tender repose, a beautiful sweet freshness of nature, most soothing to the heart. In processions and feats of chivalry, her pencil is equally successful. The procession of Knights before a lady, drawn on a stately car, round a field of tournament, in what is called "The Seventh Day" of the romance, is particularly fine. We can find room, however, only for the lady.

And now were heard sounds of sweet minstrelsy, and immediately following the champion came the minstrels and the lady prize, seated in a chair, covered with crimson cloth of gold of Florence, having a canopy of crimson silk, bearing a white plume, which played upon the air, and drawn by four milk white harts, for so they seemed. Each was led by a page apparelled in rose-coloured silk, striped with gold, and holding in his hand his cap of velvet, wreathed with roses, and laced with gold. Their buskins were all of swan's-down white as snow. These milk-white harts had their horns tipped with gold and hung with roses, with chain-bits of the same round their necks. The reins were of crimson silk, studded with gold and precious stones, as were the traces. Within this so sumptuous car sat the Lady Aveline de Bohun, daughter of the Lord Constable, the Earl of Hereford. She was beautiful as morning rising from the sea; her look was peace and joy. She wore a robe of palest silver, and her hair was coronetted with eglantine in bloom, and with pearls, that night might have scattered. In front of the crimson canopy above her, beamed a diamond star of purest splendour. Four knights walked behind her car; and thus she came on, to the sound of dulcimers and harps, with her maidens playing on timbrels and lutes and sweet bells. Ever and anon they stepped dancing-wise, tossing the tabors on high, and turning with so sweet a grace, as was the marvel and delight of the whole court; although many present liked them not the better for that they were of the Queen's country. Still, as this lady passed, welcome, peace and joy spread around her; she was called the Lady of the Morning Star.

We can find room for only one more extract; but that is a long one, and we are certain that it will be read with great satisfaction by every reader of taste. It comprizes the description of an ancient pageant (supposed, by the bye, to be effected by supernatural means), at the great regal festi-

val at Kenilworth Castle, and also one of the appearances of the spectre knight.

And now, while the king and the archbishop seemed severally to be pondering their thoughts, a solemn air of music was heard without the hall, and the approach of another pageant withdrew his Highness's attention, who inquired why this had not appeared before the void, but finished by supposing, that it was some mystérie of the men of Coventry intended to surprise him. He, therefore, graciously took to his chair again, listening to the sad and sweet harmony that advanced, while he ruminated on the late extraordinary occurrences; for, indeed, the great mournfulness of these sounds promoted the musing of melancholy thoughts.

At last the pageant entered, and there appeared in the hall the presentation of a sea-shore, with high white cliffs, so cunningly mimicked, that it was the marvel of all who beheld. There seemed the very waves, flushed with the setting sun and bickering in the light, as also breaking with gentle noise upon the strand; and a ship riding at anchor near, with a little boat lying on the beach, as if waiting to carry some one away. Now, the absence of certain evil sprites from this pageant, would have been enough to convince his Highness that this was no mystérie of the men of Coventry, about the beautiful deception of the scene here played forth—and he marvelled.

Then there came in music playing sadly, a knight and a lady with two little children following. The knight took them up tenderly, and pointed to the ship, and kissed them. The while, the lady wept sorely, and hung upon the knight, and tried to comfort her, and, pointing to the ensign on his shield, it shewed that he was prepared for the Holy Land, and he knelt down, and raised his hands on high. She knelt beside him; and then the babes, lifting up their little hands, knelt too; the music, the while, playing solemnly and sweet. Then they rose up, and the knight again kissed the children, and held the lady to his heart. After which, mariners came in, and launching the boat, the knight departed for the ship. But the lady stood weeping on that sea-shore, and motioning with her hand, till he reached the vessel, and it sailed away.

But still she stood, while it vanished in the gloomsome mist which now seemed to rise from the ocean, and to chain all the glorious west, where late the day had been. Then, seeing the bark no more, she hurried away, and wept piteously, leading her little babes, and so she departed.

Then the sea-shore was gone all at once out of the hall, and the music changing to warlike strains of trump and clarion, straight there appeared, as if by very magic itself, a field of battle, with knights and banners, on one side bearing the holy sign. Nor was there wanting St. George for England, the English Lion, with many other true-hearted ensigns. On the other hand were shewn Saracens, with their crescents glittering, as if the sun shone on them. At a distance, on the slopes of the hills, lay tents, palms and cedars overtopping them. Nearer, on the low sea-bank, was a city of Palestine, with walls and mighty gates, and domes and pinnacles. Within that sea-bay too ships rode at anchor. The tide was bright as amber, save where a sultry mist seemed to sit on the horizon, as if brooding a coming storm. Nay, such was the cunning of the scene, that you might sometimes think you heard that muttering thunder, which growls by fits so sullenly from far, before a tempest.

The King could not but marvel; and seeing this pageant was so different from those mysteries which he had beheld played heretofore by the men of Coventry, and from any pageant he had yet seen enacted by English jocolators, he asked what jongleur from the east now played forth his art: for the like of deception and device he had never seen before. His Highness then bethought him it might be that stranger gleeman, who had, this night come into his hall, and he meditated a due reward for his invention and for his loyalty, which he doubted not would lead him to display here some noble exploit in Palestine of Richard the Lion, whose deeds he had in part already sung.

"Who is there," said King Henry, "would not think that show were living truth? The light is on the hill, as if the sun shone there."

While he spoke, there rose from behind the hill a line of spears and crescents, as of a vast army of Saracens coming down upon the Franks. As they came on, you might perceive their helms and brazen vizors, till they spread down all the hill unto the tents of the Franks. Then might you faintly hear the clash of cymbals, the dread bray of Saracen-horns, and, ever and anon, the thump of tabours. And now the fight began between the armies: and King Henry joyed to see Prince Edward watching all that was here enacting; he seemed to have King Richard's heart in very truth.

When the fight began, which was fought in the very life and soul, the Franks fought with bows, spears, iron-maces and battle-axes; the Saracens with spears and scymitars chiefly. Presently was seen the knight who had set sail in

the ship, fighting hard with two Saracens. There were few in the hall, that night, who when they saw him so hard driven, did not think of the poor lady and her little children whom he had left behind, and wish him victory for their sakes, as well as for his holy cause. These Saracens wore frightful masks of brass, and laid about them with so great strength, that it seemed the knight must fall. He broke his spear, and then he fought with battle-axe, and was nigh being overthrown, when another knight attacked the Saracens; and the first, being now but one enemy left, went off the field fighting with him manfully.

And so the battle held on, near the besieged city, the Saracens who were in it sending forth wild-fyre, called fyre-grekys, most like in shape to dragons and other dreadful beasts. Those who beheld this, wondered at the surpassing cunning of the jongleur, and began to think he was one of those from the East who practised arts for delusion, for some such there were. There were even wooden towers set up, without the walls, by the Franks, that played their darts into the ramparts like unto hail. There were also mangelles, which cast stones; and the famous mategriffon, invented by Richard the Lion; yet still no where was he seen in this pageant, so it was guessed this shewed not a battle of his time, though it was fought where he had conquered. Presently there came a pell-mell of knights and Saracens, hand to hand, and, amongst them, that same knight who had first appeared departing from his own land. He was again hard beset; but he brought down his nearest enemy to the ground, and the others then betook themselves elsewhere. He disarmed them, and held his wrested sword over his head. The foe begged his life, which the knight granted; but kept the sword, and with its aid rescued a brother knight from an enemy, and then departed.

Soon flames involved the city; then thick clouds of smoke involved the whole in darkness; the shouts and trumpets sunk fainter and fainter, and then were heard no more, and that glorious sight was gone for ever, no one saw how! Attention still pursued the sounds, and there was yet in the hall deep silence, when other notes than those of war began to breathe; notes of such sweet and lively joy, as thrilled the hearts of all who heard them.

As they drew nigher, there came into the hall that rehersed sea-shore, with that rehersed ship upon the waves, and you might discern the pilot at the helm, and the sea-boys in their places; and straight that knight was landed. He kneeled, then with both hands held his

shield on high, and looked up to the heavens; then he kissed the strand, the music playing all the while so solemn and soft, that not only many fair eyes, but many manly ones, too, shed tears. Then the knight rose up and departed and the scene disappeared.

And now other sounds were heard, but of what instruments none knew. They were grave and sad, with sometimes dreary pauses, that made many to shake. Then a forest appeared, with gloomy woods, and no sunshine seen save one gleam, which shewed travellers coming on, as if to some towers, the tops of which were seen over the woods; and many in the hall said these looked like the towers of Kenilworth; others said, they were different. It was now, when the light was falling on these towers, that a torch, carried by one of the travellers, began to cast its gleam beneath the boughs, and shewed them to be three horsemen well appointed, one of whom appeared to be the very knight from Palestine; who the others were none knew; but the king viewed them with close attention, and with seeming displeasure; and now not one word was spoken in the hall, and every eye was watching what would befall next.

Anon there came out from the wood three men armed, and with masks upon their faces, who soon came up to the travellers and attacked them. These defended themselves as well as they could; but the knight being armed, it was he who fought well nigh for all. Now many stood up in the hall, and a murmur and confused noise ran through it, for they guessed in their hearts what this meant.

The knight had his helmet on, but the vizor was open, and thus was his face exposed; on his helmet stood a raven for his crest, with open beak and wings half-spread. He fought manfully with the stoutest of the robbers, whose mask falling down to the ground, it was too plain that his countenance was the likeness of one then being in the hall, and standing by the king's chair. On this every one in the hall, not excepting the ladies, stood up, some looking eagerly to the high board, and others to the pageant; while his highness spoke not, but sat as if sternly determined to watch this extraordinary delusion to the end.

The end soon came; for the robber wrestling, in a great struggle, a sword from the knight, plunged it through his open vizor, and he fell from his horse a dead man. Then was there a universal groan throughout the hall. The robber departed, with the sword in his hand, and darkness fell over the whole scene, which appeared no more.

Now the king rose impatiently from his chair,

with looks of anger, and was about to inquire who had invented this deception, when he perceived before him again, standing on the steps of the dais, that very figure, clad in arms, which had before appeared there; and he knew it for the likeness of that murdered knight whose fate he had just witnessed. There stood the raven on his helm, and there, too, within its shade, appeared a countenance of deadly paleness, shrunk, and fixed somewhat angrily upon the king. His highness for awhile stood petrified, with eyes amazed, as if he saw something that might not, with any endeavour, be understood; he seemed to strive for speech, and at last faintly uttered, "Who art thou, and what is thy errand?"

Then the knight, pointing with his sword to the Baron de Blondville, stood, trance-bound, beside the king's chair; his eyes glared, and a terrible frown came over his face. The archbishop made the holy sign, as he had already done this night before, when the king had seen nothing strange near him, and then stood with arms extended on high.

The figure still pointed with his sword to the Baron. Again the king vainly demanded of the stranger who he was; and receiving no answer, gave order that he should be seized.

Then it was that the Prior of St. Mary's, having approached the king, suddenly stepped forward to arrest the stranger, though such service pertained not much to him; but he might have spared his pains, for when he would have seized upon the stranger, he eluded his grasp, and stood afar off in the hall; and the prior, struck with dismay, attempted not to pursue him. Then his highness, in great dis-

order, commanded that all the doors should be shut, that he who practised this delusion on the sight might be discovered.

And forthwith his highness was obeyed; but the stranger gleeman, who was the person suspected, was no longer to be found. A murmur ran in the hall that he was an Eastern jongleur—for wondrous arts and deceptions those from the East were known to practice; and he was sought for without the hall, in many parts of the castle, but no where could he be seen or heard of; nor could Master Henry, the versifier, be found in the hall, whom the king called for, thinking he might know something of this jongleur, or how that strange mystérie, which had been shewn forth, was brought about. Hearing this, the King was much moved; and commanding that the search should be continued, he left the hall by a private passage leading to his own chambers, followed by the Queen and her ladies, the young Baroness being among them who went off to her Highness's bower.

This passage, we may be allowed to remark, constitutes a very fair specimen of the manner of the work. It can hardly fail of reminding the reader very forcibly of some of the most beautiful parts of that delightfully poetic production—the *Magic Ring*, by the Baron De La Motte Fouqué.*

Euston de Blondville abounds with materials for melo-drame and dramatic spectacle.

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. ii, page 299.

A SUMMARY OF THE FASHIONS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

It was amidst the severity of a keen frost, experienced at the close of December, 1825, that we performed our last half-yearly task of laying before our readers an authentic statement of the most prevailing fashions which had been introduced within that period: now how changed the scene! The rose-clad June, scattering her treasures, breathing perfume, and arrayed in all the colours that adorn the beauteous parterre of Flora, makes us forget the gelid season of winter, the easterly winds of March, and the uncertainty of April's face, on which so oft is seen a smile and a tear contending for the mastery; and we hail with delight, that jocund month, at the

latter end of which our summer solstice begins.

We have not, however, forgotten to mark, as the weather became more and more genial, the gradual decline of velvets and furs, till they finally passed away; while lighter materials came on in progression, at first mingled with them, and next resuming, as now, an undivided empire.

JANUARY, 1826, came ushered in with clouds and tempestuous weather, and bleak was the northern blast that whistled around, at the commencement of this winter month. Though the days increased in length, the sun shone faintly through overwhelming fogs; and little note could be taken of con-

tume, except at the gay evening party, amidst a crowded warm apartment, blazing with "artificial day."

Those glowing colours, that looked best by candle-light, of whatever texture might be the material, were generally adopted. Pink crape, spotted with black velvet, and worn over pink satin, made a beautiful evening dress; ornamented as it was with three flounces of the same, plaited *en dents de loup*, each flounce edged with a silk *cordon* of black floize. The sleeves were long, and of white *tulle*, finished at the wrists, by double points, in the old English style, of pink satin, edged with black silk *cordon*. The long white sleeves were surmounted with *mancherons à la Perse*, of pink satin edged with black. The hair was arranged somewhat in the ancient Egyptian style, only that the curls were immensely large on each side of the face. A full plume of white ostrich feathers towered over the summit of the head. The necklace was a large, and splendid cord of pearls, formed of numerous rows, twisted. —*Vide* a beautiful engraving of an Evening Dress for January, 1826, page 30.

Black, however, in evening parties, was worn by many ladies of distinction, especially by those of "a certain age," either in lace, satin, or velvet; and watered *gros de Naples* was a favourite article for dresses, either in full, or *demi parure*. Ball dresses, and also many evening dresses, were of coloured gauze, and generally trimmed with *rouleaux* and bows of white satin: these dresses were made half high, with a *bouffant* drapery across the bust.

The walking dresses consisted chiefly of handsome pelisses, in *gros de Naples*: they were made in a very novel and beautiful style, having the appearance of a round gown, from the imperceptible manner in which they were fastened down the skirt. This gown-like appearance was also preserved by the border being ornamented by three rows of triple flounces, formed of Vandyke points, set on straight; each row headed by a broad band of satin. The *mancherons* at the top of the sleeves were also of an entirely new fashion: they formed a double point, like that of a *fichu*; and the sleeves, which sat rather close to the arm, were finished at the wrists with old English points. The bonnet was of black

velvet, with bows of the same, edged round with a trimming of jonquil and bright geranium, the strings formed of ribbons of the same colours. —*Vide*, a fine engraving of a Walking Dress for January, 1826, page 30.

Black velvet hats and bonnets, though worn by all classes, yet were becoming too common to be in favour with superior fashionables. The bonnet of black satin, highly glazed, or a figured *gros de Naples*, generally graced the carriage.

In the evening head-dresses, we find dress hats preferred to turbans. These hats were small, remarkably becoming, and, at a distance, might be taken for elegant *hatoques*: they were of black velvet, white satin, or transparent crape. The few turbans that were worn were of velvet, either black or coloured, with plumes of white feathers; when black they were, in full dress, sometimes ornamented in front with a diadem of brilliants, and a bird-of-Paradise plume. Young ladies dressed their heads in the most simple manner, with only a few flowers entwined amongst their hair; and young married ladies, who had fine hair, twisted *rouleaux* of gauze or crape round their heads, forming with them a kind of demi-turban; with the addition of a *bouquet* of damask roses placed on the left side. Small blond caps, ornamented with roses, were most in favour for half-dress.

The ladies of Paris wore scarcely any other out-door covering this month than mantles; of which, the most in favour was a brown, bearing the appellation of *Lord Byron*. When the weather would allow, they, however, frequently wore only a high Merino dress with a black velvet pelerine, well wadded. A few silk pelisses, also, made their appearance, towards the latter end of the month, which had three rows of flounces at the border, and the body laid in plaits.

If the hats were not black, they were of dark colours, trimmed with light blue, white, or rose-colour. They were generally ornamented with cocks' feathers placed in front of the crown. Curtain-veils of blond were worn over satin bonnets; and white feathers, in two separate plumes, were placed on each side of black velvet bonnets, when worn in carriages.

The sleeves of dresses, either *en blouse* or *en gigot*, lost ground daily this month;—we are sorry to see them again revived. The comfortable Merino dresses were made partially high, and finished by a broad *colerette-pelerine* of fine lace, pointed at the edge in the Spanish style. The evening dresses of *gros de Naples* were bordered with broad flounces, handsomely pinked, the head of the flounce forming a beautiful, full quilling. White muslin and cambric dresses, in spite of the cold, prevailed at the breakfast-table; and often when the weather was mild were retained for the morning walk, under a black velvet spencer. With dresses of velvet or coloured satin, white sleeves of *tulle*, or organdy, were invariably worn: coloured crape dresses were in favour at evening dress parties; among which may be always reckoned the first representation of a new drama. Rose-coloured, spotted Irish poplins, were in high estimation, having received the peculiar patronage of the Duchesse de Berri.

Young persons wore their hair *à la Madonna*: dress hats, turbans, *toques*, and *berrets*, were equally in favour, but reckoned most elegant, when of black velvet.

The month of FEBRUARY commenced, as it often does, with mild and pleasant days; and our British belles, most imprudently, in a climate like our's, were anxious to adopt, in haste, more spring-like garments. From the high cloth dress, hung, in careless drapery, the Cachemire shawl, seemingly more for show than use. There were some, however, more wise, who wrapped closely around them the pelisse of black velvet or of *gros de Naples*, the former trimmed with the variegated fur of the North-American squirrel. Mantles, in carriages, were still the rage, and there they are convenient and appropriate, but very ill calculated for walking; when they were worn for the promenade they were often of fine cloth, of a light colour, lined with ruby satin, with a velvet collar of the same glowing tint.

An evening home costume for receiving private music parties, or *conversationes*, was an epitome of taste and elegance, and conferred much honour on the inventor: it was of white *crêpe-lisse*, with three flounces of the same material: between the flounces were rows of vine-leaves, beautifully em-

bossed. The body was a compound of the Gallo-Greek and the Circassian. The sleeves very short, and made to resemble the *mancherons à la Perse*; but the divisions were double, and edged round with blond. The hair was arranged in the Egyptian style, incircled by braids of plaited hair, and strings of pearls: over the right temple a few ringlets seemed escaping, which had a charming effect, and took off from the antique stiffness with which the tresses were disposed.—*Vide* engraving of an evening Home Costume for February, 1826, page 74.

Black velvet hats were trimmed with lilac ribbon, and ornamented with tulips or full-blown damask roses; but for the morning promenade the bonnet was large, of black velvet, and totally without trimming. The light silk bonnet-velvet was now exploded, and the new hats were all of the most costly Genoa velvet; a valuable and durable, but heavy material, and having very much, at the first glance, an appearance resembling that of cotton velvet. It has, however, one great advantage; the nap does not wear off, nor does it imbibe every particle of dust, like other velvets.

Ball dresses were often seen of white or of pink satin: they were trimmed with six narrow fluted flounces of crape; three falling down, next the shoe, the other three reversed, and the whole separated by a white satin *rouleau*. Other ball dresses were of white *tulle*, elegantly trimmed at the border *en jabots*: the short sleeves, being composed of separate *jabots*, appeared like the wings of Zephyrus; and the whole dress was novel and beautiful. By a strange caprice, those ladies who had worn white during the bleak month of January, as their *déjeûné* costume, now threw it aside, and adopted the dark chintz, which served them through the morning for shopping-dresses, under a mantle or a rich India shawl. Black silk was much in favour for home dress, the trimmings very simple, consisting of bias folds, or one broad flounce, pinked at the edge. In evening dress many matronly belles were seen in gowns of black satin, with long sleeves of white lace, and a sash of cherry-coloured, shaded ribbon.

The hair was beautifully arranged in clustered curls, and divided from the fore-

head by a narrow plaited braid. The Apollo's knot was very light, and much spread out, appearing in front, as it rose over the summit of the head. Golden ears of corn ornamented the right side, and a bird-of-Paradise plume drooped over the left. The Milanese fashion of ornamenting the hair with bows of ribbon prevailed much among young ladies in all sorts of costume. The simplicity of the blond *fichu-négligée* was destroyed by a profusion of flowers; an addition, however, which rendered them more becoming to some faces; nor could the head-dress be divested of its attraction. An alteration took place in the dress hats, which rendered them very pleasing in effect: they were cut away in front so as to discover the well-arranged ringlets; and ruddy-coloured winter flowers, or white marabout feathers, ornamented the crown of these appropriate *coiffeures* for our matronly belles.

The new year at PARIS produced some elegant novelties; among which were light-coloured mantles of the finest cloth, beautifully embroidered all round with black or very dark green, and lined with ruby-coloured satin: these were confined to the carriage or the public walks; the mantles for the morning promenade were of dark colours, and fastened by a broad *cordon* of gold or silk.

The hats were of coloured satin, trimmed with rosettes of a colour different from that of the hat: the loops of the bows very long, and stiffened. Hats of an immense size, of watered silk, either white or coloured, and made still larger by a trimming of blond round the edge of the brim, were in high favour. These hats were placed forward, so as to discover the nape of the neck. Coloured ribbons and *aigrettes* were worn on black velvet hats.

Coloured velvet dresses, confined round the waist by gold *cordon* and tassels, were much in request at evening parties; and *crêpe-lisse* dresses, either white or coloured, were also prevalent. The *corsages* were square, and not well calculated to set off the bust.

No head-dress was so much in favour as the *bérret*: this was of white or coloured gauze, placed very much on one side, and ornamented with chain *cordons* of gold or silver, with rich tassels, depending low over

the right side. Jewish and Egyptian *toques* were worn by the young and beautiful, who only might be allowed to wear a head-dress, so generally unbecoming. The turban consisted of several *rouleaux*, twisted so as to form a Turkish turban: two *aigrettes* were placed on the right side. On dress caps, the flowers were so put on as to appear through the blond trimming. The flowers worn on the hair of young persons were disposed so as to form a half diadem. Dress hats of *ponçeau* velvet, with white feathers playing in various directions, were much in favour at the theatres.

There was a great display of jewellery this month, among the French ladies, who revived the old fashion of pearl and diamond breast-knots: many ladies wore these valuable knots in front of their girdles, where they supplied the place of an ornamental buckle.

In MARCH, the Italian Opera drew together crowds of British beauty and fashion. The favourite costume there observed, was a *tunique* of *tulle* over a white satin skirt, round the border of which was a *tulle* flounce set on in bias, doubled, and formed in fluted plaits: an entwined *rouleau*, *en tire bouchon*, surmounted this flounce, and the tunic was trimmed with three narrow separate *rouleaux* of satin, and girt round the waist with a rich silk cord, with splendid tassels, which hung nearly as low as the flounce. A Pyrenean cloak of lavender-blue satin, was thrown over this dress: it was trimmed all round with swan's-down, and finished at the throat by the same material, while a large cape of satin, the colour of the cloak, fell over the shoulder, and was trimmed round with swan's-down. The hair was arranged in large curls, and surmounted by a full plume of white feathers.—*Vide* engraving of an Opera Dress for March, 1826, page 122.

The home costume, or half dress, was equally elegant. It was generally of fawn, or some other unobtrusive colour, with six narrow full flounces at the border; three falling over each other next the feet, the other three reversed, and standing upwards. We could not greatly admire this grotesque fashion, imported from France, and brought out there for the mere sake of novelty. This dress of *gros de Naples* is

made partially high, and ornamented at the bust and back of the *corsage en chevrons*; a belt of the same material as the dress confines the waist, with a neat rosette behind: the sleeves loose, but not too capacious, and confined half way up the smaller part of the arm with bands. A handsome double pelerine of Urling's lace falls over the bust and shoulders: the hair is arranged in plaited braids and a few light ringlets, and adorned with bows of broad, blue ribbon.—*Vide* engraving of this chaste and elegant costume, for March, 1826, page 182.

Dresses of amaranthine coloured silk, or of bright tartan, were also much in favour for half dress; they were often trimmed with pointed flounces, set on straight, and bound round with Waterloo-blue: the bodies were made to fall off the shoulders, but confined tight and straight across the bosom. The long sleeves to these dresses were generally white, either of crape or muslin, according to the style of dress, and were fastened to the wrists by broad gold bracelets. The evening dresses, either white or coloured, were of watered *gros de Naples*, and trimmed round with foliage and chevrons of satin, ornamented with narrow blond, in two rows. Round the bust fell a narrow, antique sort of cape, with a point at the front, and edged round with narrow white blond. Ball dresses were of white or coloured crape, and trimmed with flowers, in detached *bouquets*, mingled with gauze *bouillonné*. The bodies were made half high, and finished by a drapery across the bust.

Pelisses were only partially worn in outdoor costume; but mantles of every style and material were universal. Mantlet pelerines, of the grey American squirrel, were much in request over high dresses.

Black velvet hats, of a becoming size and shape, were in favour: they were lined with cherry-colour, and trimmed with ribbons of the same tint. Silk close bonnets, of Egyptian sand-colour, were very fashionable for the morning promenade: they were an improvement on the French *capote*, so long in fashion, and by being made shorter at the ears, appeared much smarter: at the edge of the brim was a full *chevaux-de-frise*, of the same colour and material as the bonnet. All brown hats, from the

lightest sand-colour to the deepest and richest shade of Macassa-brown, were very fashionable this month. The trimmings on silk hats consisted of bows of the same material, with one of satin ribbon placed under the brim, and black bonnets were often ornamented with poppies, tulips, or bunches of daisies.

The hair was arranged in very large long curls; the curls mingled with strings of pearls, and, at evening parties, a plume of short white feathers finished the head-dress, which plume was placed on the left side. Flowers, or bows of ribbon, were the sole ornaments worn on the heads of young ladies at balls. Small lace caps, with bows of ribbon, formed the favourite *coiffure* for fire-side costume.

In PARIS, it was now the season for balls: they followed each other in such quick succession, that the gentlemen joined two or three dancing assemblies on the same evening; therefore, ball dresses took up all the time, taste, and invention of the toilet purveyors. The dresses were chiefly of gauze, *tulle*, or crape; and those of very young ladies, of white or rose-coloured organdy. They were trimmed with bias folds round the border, set on full, in serpentine waves. When a ball dress was trimmed with flounces, they were remarkably narrow; nor did they ascend very high, as all dresses made for dancing were made remarkably short. Other ball dresses were trimmed with very broad satin ribbons; these ribbons were separated from each other by a space the same breadth; and commencing from the girdle, they fell, in a bias direction, to the border of the skirt, where the ends were concealed by a puckering of *tulle*, that constituted the border. In the middle of the border, which went all round the dress, roses and daisies were scattered. Crape dresses were trimmed with *ruches* of the same material; and on those of *tulle* were placed trimmings either *gaufree* or richly brocaded. The dresses worn at concerts were either crape, velvet, or watered silk: they were flounced with blond, or fringed with gold, silver, or silk, disposed in festoons. Sleeves *en gigot* were worn in half dress. The short sleeves for full dress were too full, and destroyed the symmetry of a good figure.

A tippet of chinchilla, with long ends,

was a favourite appendage to a high dress of merino or velvet, for the promenade. The dress being made high, with a stiffened collar, and surmounted by a lace ruff, it had every appearance of a pelisse. Mantles, trimmed with the beautiful down of the drake's neck, were much admired, but rare; and light-coloured mantles, embroidered round the edges with some very striking colour, in branches of palm-leaves, were universally in favour.

Hats of olive green velvet were seen in great numbers; but a whimsical hat in very bad taste was considered fashionable: it was of two different colours, and of two different materials, velvet and satin: it was ornamented with seven or eight *languettes*, as high as the crown, and these were of a colour strikingly different to those on the hat: between each of these was placed a different flower. Veils were indispensable with every hat.

Bérets still continued the rage, but they were larger than usual: some had a tuft or tassel on the top, formed of gold and silk: Scotch tartan was much in use for this sort of head-dress. Plumes of marabouts, ostrich, and birds-of-Paradise, were equally in favour for full dress: white feathers were more admired than those that were coloured. Head-dresses, *à la Bacchante*, were introduced by some fashionables, but they did not take; they consisted of wreaths made of red feathers, and clusters of grapes, in gold.

In APRIL, the British metropolis was filled with all those members of gay and fashionable life, who are entitled by birth, fortune, and education, to give the *ton* to polished society. The soul of harmony awoke in England—our concerts and musical parties became as unrivalled as they were frequent. Our high and noble dames disdained not to mingle their voices, nor to strike the chords of melody, with our eminently gifted artists, who performed for hire.

We call the attention of our readers to a portrait-figure of an amateur of fashion, in a dress worn at a private concert, given by a lady of equal distinction. It is a full, round dress of white *gros de Naples*, with eight narrow flounces of *crêpe-lisse*, falling over each other, and caught up in front, in a festoon, sustained by a *bouquet* of flowers.

The *corsage* plain, and crossed over the front with *fichu* bracers; which are of rich white satin edged with blond. The sleeves are short, and their fullness confined by trimming across, of narrow blond. The head-dress is a white crape hat, with white feathers, elegantly disposed in various directions. Pearls were the jewellery ornaments worn with this dress.—*Vide* engraving of a Private Concert Dress for April, 1826, page 168.

The Diorama, Cosmorama, British Institution, &c. and the exhibition at Somerset House, being on the point of opening, the eminent *Marchande de Modes*, to whose taste we frequently accede, and others of almost equal celebrity, have produced an elegant style of dress for the morning lounge. It is a high dress of some cheerful spring colour, with two broad flounces round the border, very handsomely scalloped at the edges. Between the flounces, and above the upper one, is a beautiful row of raised embroidery, in chenille or floize silk, a few shades darker than the dress, which has a very rich and charming effect. The body is made high, and laid in flat, small plaits. A collar falls from the throat, trimmed round with braided satin; and a rosette of ribbon, the colour of the dress, fastens it in front: this is surmounted by a double French ruff, rather narrow, of Urling's lace. The sleeves are long, and rather close to the arm. A hat of the Valois shape is worn with this dress, of pink *gros de Naples*, slightly ornamented with satin, and flowers suitable to the colour of the dress, though of different tints. The strings of the hat are left untied.—*Vide* engraving for a Morning Exhibition Dress, for April, 1826, page 168.

Mantles and shawls yet prevailed for out-door costume. The few new pelisses that appeared were of very light colours; the busts elegantly trimmed with foliage, in narrow *rouleaux*, forming a stomacher: Bavarian strap ornaments down the front served to fasten the pelisse. The fine cloth pelisses worn in the winter were resumed during the several chilly days that occurred this month.

Black satin bonnets were seen in Hyde-Park, with the grotesque trimming of two ribbons of different colours. Leghorn and fine Dunstable hats and bonnets appeared

in the morning promenade; they were large, and simply trimmed with white or coloured ribbon, and slightly fastened under the chin. White satin hats were seen in carriages, crowned with flowers; but coloured satin bonnets were more in request, elegantly ornamented with bows of the same flowers, or *esprit* feathers.

Dresses of *gros de Naples*, made low, were much worn at friendly dinner parties: over the bust and shoulder was an elegant collar *en paladin*, of fine India muslin, richly embroidered. The skirt of the dress had two full quillings of the same material as the gown, plaited in the middle, and set at some distance from each other: on each side of the bust was the same description of quilling, forming a sort of stomacher. Black satin, black lace, and black gauze dresses were also worn at dinner parties, and in the evening; black lace over pink satin, was also in much request for the evening party dress: as was a gown of white Japanese gauze, with pointed flounces falling over each other; the upper one headed by a *rouleau* of coloured satin. The waists of these dresses were plain, and sleeves short. *Fichu* bracers and sashes of broad, coloured satin ribbon, are likely to be as prevalent this summer as they were last. Plain pink satin dresses, with the simple ornament of one broad *rouleau* next the shoe, were much in favour; the bodies made quite plain, low, and the bust surrounded by white crape points edged with blond. The sleeves long, of white *tulle*, and pink satin *mancherons* in the Persian form. Gauze dresses, both white and coloured, prevailed much at balls. A full, round puckering surrounded the border of the skirt, on which were braces of satin edged round with blond: a row of the same sort of ornaments surmounted the puckering. The bodice was low, and of white satin, with a cleft collar, *en paladin*, trimmed round with blond. The sashes had small bows behind, with very short ends.

Much taste was displayed this month in the caps and in the disposal of their ornaments: those for home dress were of lace, *tulle*, or gauze, and their trimming, generally, only bows of ribbon. The hair was parted from the forehead, and fell in clusters of curls on each temple: on the summit of the head the hair was divided in

bows, among which were puffings of gauze intermingled. Very tasteful turbans were formed of white gauze and ribbon, with a sprig of wheat hanging over the left ear. Turkish turbans of coloured crape and richly striped gauze were favourite head-dresses at evening parties. Young ladies, at balls, arranged their hair in braids and plaits, but with very few curls. Flowers, full-blown, were lightly scattered over the braids, and a splendid coronet-comb, of wrought gold, placed on the summit of the head, on the left side of which was a cluster of flowers. Some ladies arranged their hair on one side of the face, *à la Madonna*, on the other in curls. A turban of Parma violet, with a fan ornament in front, of China rose-colour, was a favourite head-dress for married ladies, arrived at middle age: and puffings of corn-flower-blue satin, mingled among the hair, and ornamented with glauvina pins of gold, formed a favourite head-dress for ladies who were conscious of possessing the attraction of a fine head of hair. The dress hats for the Opera were now white; of crape or satin, with full plumes of white feathers.

PARIS, as well as London, was now well filled with the members of the fashionable world. Shawls of Cachemire, both square and of the scarf kind, enveloped the light and graceful forms of the Gallic *belles*, either in the carriage or in the promenade. Mantles also yet retained their favour; they were of every colour, and those for the carriage trailed on the ground.

Hats of white crape, adorned with flowers and gauze, marked the coming in of spring; and white satin hats, with plumes of ostrich feathers, graced the carriage. Some very pretty bonnets appeared in the public walks, of yellow satin, or straw-coloured watered *gros de Naples*: they were lined with lilac, and trimmed with striped ribbons, lilac and yellow; when flowers were worn with them, they consisted of the bleeding wall-flower, small tulips, and lilacs: some ladies placed in front a plume of white and lilac marabout feathers. On hats of white watered *gros de Naples* a favourite trimming consisted of bows of Scotch tartan ribbon.

The ball dresses were made in the form of Arcadian robes: they were of white, or coloured *tulle* over satin, and trimmed

round by puckerings of gauze, in a sort of lozenge figure; each of those long diamonds was divided from the rest by a satin *rouleau*. The short Arcadian robe was trimmed down each side with four *rouleaux* of satin, and the sides fastened together near the hip, with a *bouquet* of flowers. *Fichu* bracers of coloured satin, trimmed round with narrow white blond, ornamented the shoulders and the bust; the body was plain and the sleeves short: they were trimmed in the last prevailing mode, to answer the ornaments on the border of the petticoat. The waists were not drawn in so tight and wasp-like as of late, but were more in the easy, Greek style. Wings, *à la Psyche*, of fine blond, generally adorned the shoulders of the fair votaries of Terpsichore.

One of the newest head-dresses was a Jewish turban, with the hair arranged *à la Madonna*: this turban was in three folds or divisions, and very much resembled the Assyrian turban: it had a point over the forehead enriched with costly gems; and it was confined under the chin by a lemon-coloured ribbon, in the same style with the Moabitish turban. This head-dress, though not generally becoming, was classical, and in perfect accordance with the "costume of the ancients." *Toques*, of tissue gauze, of various colours, were another novelty: they were adorned with two white *aigrette* feathers: one on the summit, the other falling over the left shoulder. The hair, at balls, was arranged in the *Madonna* style, but remarkably short at the ears. This was ill judged, because such never appears the head-dress of *La Sainte Vierge*; besides, these braids not lying flat, they had the appearance of a heavy bow of hair spread out: what rendered this style of hair-dressing more incongruous was, that behind the braids were flowers, or berries, and a row of short feathers, *à l'Inca*. There are many faces which look well with the hair short at the ears; and when the hair is arranged in curls, it has an excellent effect, particularly in the ball-room.

In the month of MAY, the British ladies evinced much good taste in their carriage-dresses: one of these so particularly struck us, that we exerted ourselves to procure a *fac simile* of it, and, fortunately, succeeded. It is a round dress of *gros de Naples*, the

precise colour of the lavender-blossom. The border of the skirt was ornamented with three flounces, very perceptibly scalloped, and each scallop handsomely pinked. Each of the flounces was headed by a full quilling, pinked in the same manner as the flounces. The body plain, the sleeves long, and only moderately full, and finished near the outside of the narrow part of the arm with lacings in silk *cordon*, forming diamonds, each of which was finished by a silk button. A beautiful *fichu-pelerine*, the same material as the dress, with long ends, and trimmed all round with a full quilling, was all the out-door covering. It was surmounted by a narrow double ruff of lace. A small *cornette* of lace or blond was worn under a hat of white watered *gros de Naples*, trimmed with *crêpe-lisse*, and adorned with scarlet ranunculuses and white narcissus.—*Vide* engraving of a Carriage Dress for May, 1826, page 212.

The style of evening costume was equally attractive: the favourite consisted of a dress of *tulle* over white satin, with a very full bouffant puckering round the border, forming two rows. These rich, though somewhat too heavy ornaments for the light texture of the dress, were confined across in bias by straps of white satin. The waist was extremely pretty, *à la Suisse*, and laced down the front with silk *cordon*. From short sleeves depended long ones of *tulle*, with bows down the visible part of the inside of the arm, and terminating at the wrists by old English points of white satin. The shoulders were ornamented with clusters of bows of white satin ribbon; and this gown, while it was perfectly decorous, was made to display the bust in the proper and classical style requisite for full dress. The hair was parted from the forehead, and arranged in full curls on each side of the face. A French *béret* turban, formed of white crape and satin, was ornamented on the elevated side, with a full plume of white feathers: on the side which covered the other side of the hair were two very small white feathers.—*Vide* engraving of an Evening Dress for May, 1826, page 212.

The favourite home costume was a *pe-lisse* dress, in the Bavarian style, of light, chaste, and unobtrusive colours; the material, *gros de Naples*. A favourite dress

for young persons, at dinner parties, was of coloured Italian net, bordered with two broad flounces of the same, cut in points, and bound round and headed by satin *rouleaux*; the body *à la Circassienne*, with short coloured sleeves, over which were transparent long sleeves of *tulle*, confined by broad gold antique bracelets. Married ladies, on the same occasions, were very partial to silk dresses of violet colour, trimmed at the border with two rows of ornaments, *bouillonnés*, of the same silk as the gown: between these two ornaments was a festoon flounce of broad white blond: the long sleeves were of white gauze, with violet silk *mancherons*.

The pelisses were of *gros de Naples*, of every varied tint: some of satin, of a light spring, colour, were yet seen; and high dresses, with shawls of a light texture, were much in favour for walking costume, and evinced the approach of milder weather. The useful and highly favoured mantle was the shield from the night air, in coming from the theatres or from the crowded evening party.

A plainness in the hats and bonnets was observed by all genteel women who were fond of walking: in the carriages they were sufficiently gay and diversified: some were seen of black satin, lined and trimmed with yellow. Coloured hats of *gros de Naples* were ornamented with bows of the same; and those of white had that soft and elegant ornament at the border, a broad white blond. Yellow was a very fashionable colour for carriage hats, which were often ornamented with branches of lilacs.

The caps were very beautiful, both as to shape and the tasteful style of their trimming: whether of blond, Japanese gauze, or the finest thread-lace, they were so charming, that they fairly drove the turbans out of the field. The *cornette*, trimmed with broad blond next the face, had the blond turned up on one side, so that the cap appeared like a dress hat: under this elevated blond was a full-blown Provence rose, and another, of a smaller size, half opening, hung over the right ear. Over the whole of the cap were sprinkled small summer roses, or sprigs of geranium. The manner of arranging the hair, however, was far from becoming; too much stiffness in the curls and ringlets: many ladies were

accused of wearing false hair, from their manner of dressing it, when they were indebted to nature alone; not that we admire the shewing the skin of the head so much, as was once the mode: there is something in its bluish tinge that is very unpleasant; but when stiff ringlets, like links of *saucissons*, hang down each side of the face, it has a yet more distasteful effect. A few turbans were seen at the theatres, but there were more caps; and some were adorned with branches of spring flowers, and placed very backward: wreaths of gold foliage, placed at the back of the head, formed also a favourite head-dress.

Simplicity seemed to be gradually taking place of the gaudy association of colours so long in favour: we are sorry to see that this primeval and modest taste, so characteristic of the English lady, gains ground so slowly. There are, certainly, many French fashions *worth* our copying; but the easy communication now between the two countries causes us to copy them too *implicitly*.

We are indebted to the invention of our Gallic neighbours for the charming *pele-rine-fichu*, composed of broad ribbon, which prevailed so much last summer, and are likely also to be in equal favour this season, both with the Londoners and the Parisians.

The waists of the gowns were of a moderate and becoming length; much shorter than they were the two preceding months.

At PARIS, the usual *cortège* to Long-champs displayed all the style and elegancies of fashion likely to prevail through the spring, and early part of the summer quarters. Scarf-shawls, of every description, made their appearance with the warm weather, and became slighter as the genial season advanced. *Fichu-canézous* were among the new inventions, but they required a good and slender shape, and were not likely to be generally adopted: two broad folds, crossed in drapery over the bust; the back was drawn like a child's frock, and the *fichu* was finished at the throat with a quilling of *tulle*, and no collar. The sleeves of pelisses were *en gigot*, and some were finished at the wrist by a plaiting of blond.

Straw, and white chip hats, had bows and strings of coloured satin ribbon; the crown at each side ornamented with white, purple, and red feathers, intermingled. The

brims of some chip hats were lined with coloured crape, and had lappets instead of strings, of the same material and colour. The profusion of ribbon on hats was such that it took fourteen ells to trim them in a fashionable manner. Carriage hats were trimmed with a broad curtain veil of blond, at the edge, and the crown was also trimmed with the same material, in various modes, as fancy might direct.

Dresses of white *barége*, trimmed round the border with *bouffant* puffings, confined by straps of satin, were much in favour: the drapery across the bust, and the top of the sleeves, had *bouffant* drapery and ornaments to answer the trimming on the skirt.

Coloured *barége* dresses, with satin stripes, were worn often at the theatres: they were trimmed round the border with fluted satin ribbon. Gowns of white crape were worn at evening parties; the bodies *à la Vierge*, and ornamented with narrow rows of white satin *rouleaux*: at the bottom of the skirt, nine *rouleaux* were placed in a serpentine manner, till they ascended to the knee. Walking dresses were very short, and were flounced higher than the knee. Coloured dresses of *gros de Naples*, with three sharp-pointed flounces, were in general request.

The hair was arranged in very full curls and bows, and sometimes scattered over with flowers. *Bérets*, and small caps of blond, constituted the most favourite head-dresses; and gold ears of corn often ornamented the hair of young ladies when in full dress.

In LONDON, the fashions for JUNE bore a more decided appearance, though May had departed amidst chilling rains, and the succeeding month had come ushered in with the same weeping aspect. For the generally cheering and more settled period of June, however, dresses of light texture, and summer silks of delicate and lively hue, were prepared, and worn at evening parties and the different public spectacles. At one of the former, we saw a most beautiful specimen of Urling's lace; a manufacture which, from its commencement, has been continually improving, till it has reached that perfection which renders it equal in appearance to the finest foreign lace. Its durable and well-washing qualities, also, if we may be allowed to use

the latter homely term, causes it often to be preferred to the English lace, as Urling's lace retains its clearness to the very last.

In our engraving of an Evening Dress, to which we refer the reader, we have given a *fac-simile* of this lace. It is finely finished, both as to pattern and texture, and worn over a white satin slip: the body, of white satin, plain, and exactly fitting the shape; the sleeves short, and formed of *jabots*, of the same lace. In this plate we have also given a specimen of the newest mode of arranging the hair in full dress. We do not altogether admire it: to many faces, it is very unbecoming; but it is one of fashion's multitudinous changes, and we have pledged ourselves to mark well all her caprices, and to submit them to the inspection and judgment of our fair and noble patronesses.

Very full curls cluster over each temple, and are brought no lower than the top of the ear. On the summit of the head, but much too forward, is an immense bow of hair, which, with a wreath of roses intermixed with pearls, and a ruby-and-pearl ornament in the middle, not only shortens the face, but gives a heavy appearance to the head-dress. In the centre of this bow of hair is a large, full-blown Provence rose, and two others, rather smaller, are placed on the right temple, yellow roses, syringa-blossoms, and a comb adorned with large pear-pearls, constitute the other ornaments. —*Vide* engraving of an Evening Dress for June, 1826, page 260.

A dress, particularly suitable to the paying of morning visits, in a carriage, forms the subject of our second engraving; it is made high, and of a beautiful cerulean-blue. The flounces, of which there are three, are pointed at the edges, and delicately embroidered, in *chenille*, of the same colour as the dress: the body made quite plain, and surmounted at the throat by a very full triple ruff of stiffened gauze, edged with blond. A broad sash ties before, with long ends. These finishings to a lady's dress have certainly a more graceful appearance when tied on one side; but this mode is more novel, and that is all that can be said in its favour. The sleeves fit almost close to the arm, and are surmounted by the new, stiffened *manche-rons*, having one point, which is fastened

down by a small rosette. At the wrists the sleeves are elegantly finished by wadded flutings. The trimming on the hat is sufficiently fanciful: the hat, itself, is of white chip, and is trimmed with two ribbons entwined, of different colours, pink and canary-yellow: the strings twisted in the same style, and fastening, in a loop, to the sash, with a rosette composed of the same two colours; of which a simple bow, only, ornaments the elevated side, under the brim, for the hat is placed much on one side. Each side of the crown is ornamented with light *bouquets* of corn-flowers. —*Vide* a very striking engraving of a Morning Visiting Dress for June, 1826, page 260.

White chip hats promise to be in high favour for the carriage this summer: some of them are literally loaded with flowers; but the most genteel are only very slightly ornamented with these charming emblems of the summer of youth; though flowers now are worn by ladies of every age. White watered *gros de Naples* hats are often seen adorned with beautiful branches of mountain heath: the same ornament is also observed on transparent crape hats, especially on those of light yellow, to which the purple heath imparts a charming tint. Hats, also of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with broad, rich blond, with a full-blown rose on one side, or a *bouquet* of maidens'-blush roses, are very much admired. The same sort of hat, adorned with white marabout feathers, is often seen in the carriage, on the heads of our matronly *belles*. The close bonnet is still preferred for the morning walk: some of Leghorn or fine Dunstable, but considered more genteel when of silk, and the bonnet of the improved *capote* form.

Pelisses of fawn-colour, or other light tints, either in *gros de Naples* or levantine, are very attractive in out-door costume. The bodies of the new pelisses are made *en gerbe*, both before and behind, and the sleeves *en gigot*. Ribbon *fichu-pelérines* and *barége* scarfs, of various colours, are as much in request as they were last summer. Over white dresses a pelerine of the same, profusely trimmed with lace, is often worn in carriage airings, when the weather is warm enough to admit so slight a covering: these tippets have long ends, and have two

or three crape-collars, falling over each other, which are trimmed also with lace.

Dresses of *gros de Naples*, of very light colours, are adopted at dinner parties: the bodies are *à la Vierge*, with long white sleeves of crape or *tulle*: they are fastened at the wrists with broad gold bracelets, with a turquoise-stone clasp. White muslin gowns are but partially worn in half dress: they are finished in a very expensive manner with lace and embroidery, and are consequently confined to those of wealth and high rank: the flounce which borders them is very broad, and of the finest lace. Coloured muslin, and white *barége*, beautifully striped with different colours, in satin, are much worn in half dress, and in particular in home costume. Ball dresses, of late, have been of the fancy kind. At some elegant private dances, dresses have been seen of *tulle*, with flounces of blond, in festoons, caught up by flowers: but the seasons for balls and dances is fast passing away.

The beauties of the flowery parterre were however, this month, and the latter end of the last, adorning every part of female attire: the pretty turban cap of yellow gauze was ornamented with rich damask roses, with their green foliage. Provence roses finished the white turban of crape and satin, entwined; and the small evening blond caps were scattered over with flowers of all kinds, and in profusion. Placed very backward, the hair in front was also besprinkled with flowers. We cannot find fault with ladies for adopting an ornament so truly emblematic of themselves; especially as it employs many of their own sex; but there is a medium to be observed in all things, and we wish not to see good taste sacrificed even to a *momentary* mania: the large and profuse curls, the enormous bows of hair, and the garlands of flowers carried on the head, render its proportions too large for the body, especially on the slight forms of our youthful females, who, alone, adopt this kind of head-dress. Otherwise the caps for half dress are of the most elegant shape; but even our matrons disguise them, and themselves, by too many flowers.

In PARIS, the weather has been as unsettled as with us; and the summer fashions did not advance with their usual rapidity. The silk pelisses, though of sum-

mer colours, were closely fastened down in front of the skirt; and not only a double ruff was placed round the throat, but a cravat scarf was tied there, likewise. These new scarfs were of white silk, with stripes of lively colours at the ends, and terminated by a broad fringe of the different colours. The sleeves of the pelisses fit close to the arm, and are surmounted by a loose sort of *mancheron*, trimmed with bows; the collars narrow, and standing up.

White chip hats, with pale yellow feathers, edged round with scarlet, were much in favour with ladies of approved taste and fashion. Hats of white watered silk were bordered with a broad *rouleau* of coloured satin, and were ornamented with a branch of the cherry-tree, both fruit and foliage. Sprigs of yellow oats were a favourite ornament on white bonnets. Leghorn hats were enormously large, and had *bouquets* placed on them of wild thyme, hedge-flowers, and field berries, and often were seen among them large yellow roses, made of feathers. Close white bonnets for the morning walk were trimmed with two ribbons of different colours, and the *chicorée* at the edge was of the same colour. Some of these close bonnets are of striped pink gauze, the stripes of satin; they come low over the ears, and tie down. Sometimes they are ornamented with flowers.

Muslin dresses, splendidly embroidered, seem likely to prevail much; they have a broad pointed flounce next the shoe, and over it a quilling of clear muslin; above that a row of embroidery worked on the dress. Chinese silks are trimmed in a light and beautiful style with five flounces, resembling strawberry leaves: they are, alternately, of two different colours, and have a charming effect. The sleeves worn with these dresses are long, white, and transparent, and are ornamented with short *mancherons* in the Persian style, edged round with small strawberry leaves, to answer those on the skirt. A broad blond tucker draws over the bust. Plain Italian silk dresses have two scalloped flounces, set on in a slight wave, with a *rouleau* of satin, the colour of the gown, over each: every scallop is embossed with

a sprig of foliage. The body is full, *à la Circassienne*, and the sleeves *en gigot*, fastened at the wrists by bracelets of hair, with topaze clasps. Dresses of white *barège* are much worn at the theatres and concerts. They are trimmed with bias folds of tartan silk. Muslin dresses for *déshabille* have two plain flounces; and organdy, worked in different coloured crewels, promises to be much in favour for home costume: striped dresses of all descriptions are very fashionable: they are generally becoming; they set off a fine figure, and add height and grace to the form that is more *petite*.

The hair is arranged with great taste, ornamented with rich and splendid combs, and, by ladies who study elegance more than a blind devotion to fashion, have flowers added which are disposed among the tresses with infinite taste. Others load their heads, so that they look like gardeners' baskets. Our foreign correspondent asserts that the French have borrowed this fashion from us: we have our doubts. The communication between the countries is now so easy and so rapid—though it is not every one who has the advantage of mixing in the first society, like our respected correspondent, whose veracity we never called in question—that we suspect ourselves of having borrowed this *bouquetière*-like fashion from our Gallic neighbours. It is a point, however, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine.

We now take leave of our indulgent patronesses, for the present, having fulfilled our half-yearly engagement. As our information on this head is from the surest and most authentic sources, we shall carefully watch the progressive steps and changes in Fashion's mazy labyrinth. Whether as arranged in summer's secure and careless guise, or in the glowing tints of autumn, her votaries are warned even by the motley power, to shield themselves against evening damps and dews. Nor shall we lose sight of her, during the hasty march of winter, when the warm enveloping covering is wrapped around their delicate forms, and over their shoulders is thrown the costly and comfortable fur, to shut out bleak December's cold.

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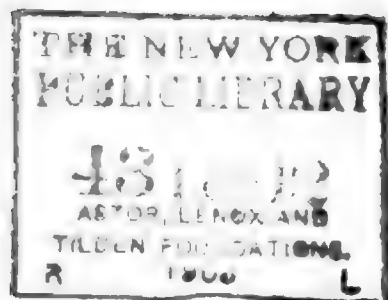
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AGAIN we feel ourselves called on to acknowledge the high and illustrious patronage with which our labours continue to be honoured—again, at the close of our fourth volume (New Series), we gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity to offer our best and most grateful thanks to many of the most distinguished personages of the realm, for the facilities with which we have been favoured in the prosecution of our grand plan for forming a PICTURE GALLERY OF THE FEMALE NOBILITY OF BRITAIN—and again, too, we are happy in the opportunity of expressing our sense of obligation to the respective artists, who, by their taste, judgment, and talent, have kindly assisted us in the performance of our task.

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original: with the exception of occasional brief extracts in the review department, it admits of no *selections*, in prose or in verse—all that it contains is *written expressly for its own pages*.

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ERRATA.

In the Illustrative Memoir of the Right Honourable Charlotte Georgiana Lady Rodney, page 233, col. 2, line 10 from the top, for *Jane*, read *Jane Ruperra*; and, in the succeeding line, for *Raperra* read *Ruperra*.

In the same page and column, line 18, for *Humphrey* read *Homfray*.

In line 32, for *two* read *nine*.

Page 236, col. 2. line 26 from the bottom, for *August* read *July*.

In the same page and column, lines 17 and 18 from the bottom, for 9. *Anne, born 1793, died 1807, read Jane, born 1793, married 1824, E. Pollexfen Bastard, Esq., M.P.*; and, in lines 14, 15, and 16, for *Anne Jane, born 1795, married, 1824, E. Pollexfen Bastard, Esq., M.P.*, read *Anne, born 1795, died 1807*.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER to Vol. III. of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE (New Series), published this day, contains a *Title-Page and Index to the Volume*;—*A Summary of Fashions for the last Half-Year*;—and a *Sketch of the Progress and State of Literature for the first Six Months of the Year 1826*; comprizing *Reviews* (with Extracts) and *Critical Notices* of the following Publications:—

Captain Maitland's Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte;—Testament of Napoleon Buonaparte, &c.;—Frazer's Travels and Adventures in Persia;—Henderson's Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia;—Major Denham and Captain Clapperton's Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa;—The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds;—The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright;—Memoirs of the late Mrs. Radcliffe;—Mrs. Radcliffe's Posthumous Romance of Gaston de Blondville, &c.

"*Lines addressed to Lady Sarah Beresford, eldest daughter of the present Marquess of Waterford*," by "JOHN CAREY, LL.D.," in our next.

We have great pleasure in announcing the receipt of "*Weddings, by a Parish Clerk; No. II.*"

Was it the intention of "F. P." to play off a hoax upon the good-natured credulity of the Editor?—We take leave to tell this gentleman, that, upon all such occasions, we deem it an imperative duty to make use of our own eyes; and, further, that his flaming eulogy on a certain transparent painting, which, from motives of liberality, shall here be nameless, is an outrage upon common justice and common propriety.

"BRIDGET" shall hear from us, agreeably to her request.

We must beg leave to decline acceptance of the "*Dancing Days of an Ugly Girl.*"

Also of a nameless *Tale*, by the same writer.

"*Sketches from my Diary, No. II.*" as early as possible.

"P." will perceive, that, having satisfied ourselves respecting the general accuracy of his opinions, we have, to a certain extent, availed ourselves of his communication. For various reasons, however, articles such as this writer tenders can by no means obtain admission in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

"*Stanzas to A. S.*" and "*Stanzas to ———*" are accepted.

"*Loreley, a Legend of the Rhine, from the German*," shall, if possible, appear next month.

"*A Reflection from the Mirror of Life*," by J. B." of Yoxford, is reserved for very early insertion.

So also are the "*Recitative and Rondo, translated from the Opera of Il Crociato in Egitto*," by "META."

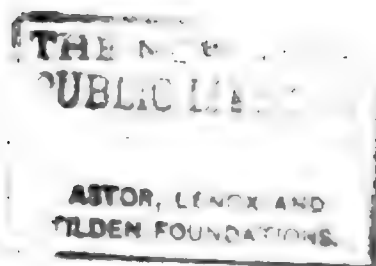
Unaffectedly do we regret the inability to avail ourselves of "*The Mother and Son.*" Some of the Sketches, by the obliging author of this communication, are very sweet and simple; but, in the present instance, her subject is in itself revolting, and it is by no means happily treated.

"*A Soldier's Dirge*" we hope to insert at a very early period. We are *always* pleased with its author's verse.

"*Eustace St. Valerie*" shall not be forgotten.

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FOR JUNE, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE MOST NOBLE FRANCES ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

THIS illustrious lady, whose portrait, from the exquisite pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, is here presented, is a descendant from two ancient families: her father was the late Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart.; her mother is Countess of Antrim in her own right. Her Ladyship was born on the 16th of January, 1800; and, on the 3d of April, 1819, she was married to the Most Noble Charles William Vane Stewart, Marquess and Earl of Londonderry, in Ireland; Earl Vane, Viscount Seaham, and Baron Stewart, of the United Kingdom; a Lieutenant-General in the army, and Colonel of the 10th Dragoons; a Lord of the Bedchamber; Governor and Custos Rotulorum of the Counties of Londonderry and Down; late Ambassador at Vienna; G.C.B., G.C.H., K.T.S., K.S.G., K.R.E., K.B.E., K.S., &c.

In our Illustrative Memoir of the Right Honourable the Countess of Jersey,* it has been shewn that Hqwel ap Vane, of Monmouthshire, living before the time of William the Conqueror, was the common ancestor of the Earls of Westmorland and of Darlington. From the same stock as the latter family, the Marchioness of Londonderry has the honour of being descended.

Sir Henry *Fane*, of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham, knighted by James I., in the year 1611, assumed the ancient name of his ancestors, writing himself *Vane*; an orthography which has been ever since continued by his posterity. This gentleman held many important offices, and was employed on several important embassies, in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Appearing, however, in the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford, his Majesty (Charles I.) was so offended, that he removed him from his places of Treasurer of his Household, and Secretary of State, though, in the patent granting to him the latter office, he was to hold it during life. He afterwards appears to have espoused the cause of the Parliament, but without accepting any employment or commission. He and his sons, however, most strenuously opposed the murder of the King.

Sir Henry Vane died at his seat at Raby Castle, in the year 1654. He had married Frances, daughter and coheir of Thomas Darcy, of the county of Essex, Esq., by whom he had four sons and five daughters. Of the sons, the first and second died in infancy; the third, Henry, was his heir and successor;* the fourth, George, was ancestor of the Marchioness of Londonderry.

* Vide page 93.

* This Henry, ancestor of the Earl of Dar-
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This gentleman, born in the year 1620, was knighted at Whitehall, in 1640. Seated at Long Newton, in the County Palatine

lington and Viscount Vane, was knighted in the year 1640. He is described by Lord Clarendon, in his History of the Rebellion, as of "great natural parts, and a quick conception, and very ready, sharp, and weighty expression." It was to him that Milton addressed his celebrated sonnet, commencing—

"Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel, old."

Lord Clarendon farther observes:—"that, within a very short time after he returned from his studies in Magdalen College, in Oxford, where, though he was under the care of a very worthy tutor, he lived not with great exactness, he spent some little time in France, and more in Geneva; and, after his return into England, contracted a full prejudice and bitterness against the church, both against the form of the government, and against the liturgy. On this giddiness, which then much displeased his father, who still appeared highly conformable, and exceeding sharp against those who were not, he transported himself [in 1635] into New England. He was no sooner landed there, but his parts made him quickly taken notice of, and very probably his quality, being the eldest son of a Privy Counsellor, might give him some advantage; insomuch, that when the next season came for the election of their magistrates, he was chosen their Governor; in which place he had not the fortune to please them long; and he being unsatisfied with them, and they with him, he thereupon returned to England. When, being reformed from his extravagancies, he, with his father's approbation and direction, married a lady of a good family; and, by his father's credit with the Earl of Northumberland, who was High Admiral of England, was joined with Sir William Russell, in the office of Treasurer of the Navy (a place of great trust and profit), which he equally shared with the other (and surviving him, had it solely), and seemed well satisfied, and composed to the government."

He, as well as his father, acted a distinguishing part in the civil wars. When Treasurer of the Navy, he set a rare example of honour and integrity. The fees of his office amounted, at the rate of fourpence in the pound, to nearly £30,000 *per annum*. Regarding this as too much for a private subject, he generously gave up his patent (granted for life by Charles I.) to the Parliament, desiring only £2,000 *per annum*, for an agent, and the remainder to go to the public. This arrange-

of Durham, he married Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Sir Lionel Maddison, Knight, of Rogerly, in that county, by whom he had issue—

1. Henry, died young; — 2. Lionel; — 3. George, married Hester, daughter of Guy Carleton, Bishop of Chichester; — 4. William, died young; and eight daughters, all of whom died unmarried, excepting Frances, the eldest, who married Humphrey Mitford, Esq.

Lionel, the eldest surviving son, married Catherine, daughter of Sir George Fletcher, of Hutton, Bart., by whom he had issue—

1. Mary, wife of John Spearman, Esq.; — 2. George; — 3. Henry, who took the name of Fletcher, and died unmarried in 1761; — 4. Walter, who took the name of Fletcher on the death of his brother Henry, and was ancestor of Sir Frederick Fletcher Vane, Bart.; — 5. Lionel, Secretary to Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of our late Sovereign; — and eight other children.

ment was effected, and a fixed salary has been ever since attached to the office. Hostile to all tyrannical governments, he incurred the hatred of Cromwell; who, in 1653, when he turned out the Speaker and the members from the House of Commons, ordering them to give place to honest men, seized him by the cloak, exclaiming—"Thou art a juggling fellow!" On the restoration of Charles II. he was considered as a dangerous person; and, having been tried upon a charge of high treason, he was found guilty, sentenced to death, and beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 14th of June, 1662. Sir Christopher, his eldest surviving son, by Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray, of Ashby, in the county of Lincoln, Bart., appears to have been in some measure compensated for the sufferings of his father. He was knighted by Charles II.; sworn of the Privy Council to James II.; and created (July 8, 1699) Lord Barnard, of Barnard Castle, in the Bishopric of Durham. He was a man of excellent understanding, but of retired habits—a great economist, a most exact manager of his private affairs; "yet, on special occasions, he shewed instances of a very generous liberality, to a degree uncommon, and, in a word, as much concealed from the world as possible."—His Lordship rebuilt "the decayed church of Shipborn [in Kent] in a very regular, beautiful, and sumptuous manner, a work which will, as a precious ornament, embalm his memory to after ages."—*Vide Funeral Sermon*, preached at the church of Wrotham, in Kent, by the Rev. Thomas Curteis.

George, the second son, married Anne, daughter of William Machon, of Durham, and was father of the late Rev. Sir Henry Vane, D.D., Prebendary of Durham, who was created a Baronet on the 3d of August, 1782. He married Frances, daughter and heiress of John Tempest, Esq., whose name he took. He died in 1794. By that lady he had a son and successor,

Sir Henry, of Winyard, in the county of Durham. He married, on the 28th of April, 1799, the Right Honourable Anne Catherine Mac Donnell, Countess of Antrim, Viscountess Dunluce.* This lady, born on the 11th of February, 1778, had succeeded her father, Randal William, the late Marquess, in the Earldom and Viscounty (the Marquisate having become extinct on his death) in the year 1791.† The offspring of this marriage was an only daughter, Frances Anne, now Marchioness of Londonderry.

The branch of the noble house of Stewart, to which the Marquess of Londonderry belongs, claims its descent from Sir Thomas Stewart, of Minto, second son of Sir William Stewart, of Garlies, ancestor to the Earl of Galloway. "William Stewart, of Ballylawn Castle, in the county of Donegal, Esq. (great grandson of John Stewart, Esq., who had a grant from Charles I. of the manor of Stewart's

* Randal Mac Donnell, of Dunluce, descended from the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, was created Earl of Antrim, in the year 1620. Randal William, the sixth Earl, born in 1749, obtained a new patent for the earldom, in the year 1785, with remainder to his female issue, and their issue male. He was subsequently (1789) created Marquess of Antrim. He married, July 3, 1774, Letitia Morres, eldest daughter of Hervey, first Viscount Mountmorres, and relict of the Hon. Arthur Trevor, only son of Arthur, Viscount Duncannon. By that lady, who died in 1801, he had issue:—1. Anne Catherine, the present Countess;—2. Letitia Mary, twin with her sister;—3. Charlotte, born in 1779, married Lord Mark Robert Kerr, second son of William, fifth Marquess of Lothian.

† Sir Henry Vane Tempest died on the 1st of August, 1813. On the 24th of May, 1817, the Countess married, secondly, Edmund Phelps, Esq., who assumed (June 27, 1817) by royal permission, the name of Mac Donnell only.

Court, where he erected the Castle of Ballylawn) took an active part in the transactions in the North, to prevent the subversion of the Constitution, which James II. and his Chief Governor, Lord Tyrconnel, were attempting to effect: he raised a troop of horse at his own expense when the city of Londonderry was invested, and did essential service to the Protestant interest in that part, by protecting those who were well affected to King William III., and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the regiment commanded by Sir William Stewart, Viscount Mountjoy: he married the daughter of Sir William Stewart, of Fort Stewart, in the county of Donegal, grandson of Sir William Stewart, Bart., Privy Councillor to James I., whose descendant, Sir William Stewart, Bart., was created Baron of Ramalton and Viscount Mountjoy, 19th March 1682." His eldest son and heir, Thomas, who succeeded him at Ballylawn Castle, served as a Captain in Lord Mountjoy's regiment. He married Mary, second daughter of Bernard Ward, Esq. (ancestor of the Viscounts Bangor) by Mary, sister of Michael Ward, Bishop of Derry. Dying without issue, in 1740, he was succeeded by his only brother, Alexander, who represented the city of Londonderry in Parliament, and purchased the estate of Mount Stuart, in the county of Down, from the Colville family. He married his cousin, Mary, only daughter of John Cowan, of Londonderry, Esq. (by Anne Stewart, second daughter of Alexander Stewart, of Ballylawn Castle, Esq.) and sister and sole heiress of Robert Cowan, Governor of Bombay. By that lady, who survived him seven years, and died in 1788, he had issue—

1. Robert, first Marquess of Londonderry;—2. William, died in 1742;—3. John, died in 1762;—4. Alexander, married, in 1791, Mary Moore, third daughter of Charles, Marquess of Drogheda, by Anne, eldest daughter of Francis Seymour, first Marquess of Hertford;—5. Anne, died in 1781;—6. Francis;—7. Mary, died young.

Robert, the eldest, was created Baron Stewart, in the year 1789; Viscount Castlereagh, in 1795; Earl of Londonderry, in 1796; and Marquess of Londonderry in 1816. He married, *first*, in 1766, Sarah Frances Seymour, second daughter of

Francis, first Marquess of Hertford, K.G. ; and by her (who died in 1770) he had two sons—Alexander, who died young, and Robert, the second and late Marquess. He married, *secondly*, in 1775, Frances, eldest daughter of Charles Pratt, first Earl of Camden, and sister to the present Marquess Camden, by whom he had issue—

1. Charles William, present and third Marquess ;—2. Alexander John, died in 1800 ;—3. Frances Anne, married, in 1799, Lord Charles Fitzroy, second son of Augustus, third Duke of Grafton, and died in 1810 ;—4. Thomas Henry, died in 1810 ;—5. Elizabeth Mary, died in 1798 ;—6. Caroline, born in 1781, married Thomas Wood, of Governevet, in the county of Brecon, Esq. ;—7. Georgiana, married George Canning, of Garvagh, created Baron Garvagh, died in 1814 ;—8. Selina Sarah Juliana, married, in 1815, David Kerr, of Portavo and Montalto, in the county of Down, Esq. ;—9. Matilda Charlotte, married in 1815, Edward Michael, eldest son of the Hon. Robert Ward, of Bangor Castle ;—10. Emily Jane, married, *first*, in 1814, John James, Esq., only son of Sir Walter James, Bart., who died in 1819 ; *secondly*, in 1821, Colonel Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B., and M.P. for Durham ;—11. Catherine Octavia, married, in 1813, Edward, second Lord Ellenborough, died in 1819.

The Marquess died on the 8th of April, 1821, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Robert, second Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Governor of Londonderry, &c.—Of this lamented nobleman, who for many years was one of Britain's most distinguished statesmen, it is unnecessary here to speak at length. He was appointed Lord of the Treasury, in Ireland, in 1797 ; Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a Privy Councillor, in March, 1798 ; President of the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India, and called to a seat in the Cabinet, in 1802 ; Principal Secretary of State for the War Department, in 1805, an office which he resigned in the month of November 1806, but was re-appointed to it in 1812. He married, on the 9th of January, 1794, the lady Amelia Hobart, youngest daughter, and coheiress with her sister, of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, but had no issue. His Lordship died at his seat at North Cray, in Kent, on the 12th of August, 1822, and was succeeded by his brother,

Charles William Vane, present and third Marquess of Londonderry, and first Baron Stewart, and first Earl Vane, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. This nobleman, who was born on the 18th of May, 1778, was bred in the army, and is, as has been stated at the commencement of this memoir, a Lieutenant-General, and Colonel of the 10th Regiment of Light Dragoons. During the late war, he distinguished himself in many actions. In the campaign of the year 1814 he acted as military commissioner to the armies of the Allied Sovereigns ; and, for his conduct in that important office, he was spoken of in the despatches in high terms. For some time he held the post of Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Prussia ; and, more recently, he enjoyed the same high station at the Court of Vienna. In addition to his practical exertions in the military service of his country, his Lordship is known as the author of an able pamphlet, entitled, " Suggestions for the Improvement of the Force of the British Empire."—On the general peace of 1814, he was created (July 1) Baron Stewart ; and, on the 28th of May, 1823, Earl Vane and Viscount Seaham, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. These last-mentioned titles will descend to the issue male of his second marriage.

His Lordship's first marriage was, on the 4th of August, 1804, to Catherine, fourth daughter of John, third Earl of Darnley, by whom (who died on the 11th of February, 1812) he had issue—Frederick, Viscount Castlereagh, born on the 7th of July, 1805.

The Noble Marquess married, *secondly*, as already stated, on the 3d of April, 1819, the Lady Frances Anne, only daughter and sole heiress of the late Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart., by Anne Catherine, Countess of Antrim ; on which occasion he took the surname and arms of Vane, in addition to those of Stewart. By this lady, with whose family and descent we have now rendered the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* acquainted, his Lordship has two sons and two daughters ; George Henry Robert Charles Vane, born April 26, 1821 ; Frances Anne Emily, born April 15, 1822 ; Alexandrina Octavia Maria, born July 29, 1823 ; and Adolphus Frederick Charles William Stewart, born July 2, 1825.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. IX.—MRS. HEMANS.

WE closed our last paper somewhat abruptly, after various extracts from "*The Forest Sanctuary*." In fact, we had found it impossible then to proceed with our strictures on the character of Mrs. Hemans's productions. In her delightful world of poesy, with all its grand, and lovely, and ever-varying features, we seemed to behold, as in a mirror, the image of all things we had ever felt or fancied, loved or lamented, suffered or enjoyed. And then, to leave *such* a world for the purpose of analyzing, coldly analyzing, that which had stirred up our deeper thoughts—the proudest, the purest, the fondest, the saddest feelings of our nature—appeared to be an effort as vain as that of dissecting a sun-beam, that sheds warmth and brightness on our path. There are, we are ready to admit, poems which, by gigantic powers of mind, arouse more astonishment in the perusal; but *this* lay, *this* transcript of the purest, the holiest heart, speaks to the soul a language it knows, it loves, and replies to from its inmost recesses; for not a thought, a feeling, a hope, a recollection is there depicted, that is not, in beauty, in pathos, or in power, familiar to us all. Even now, we shrink from the thought of disturbing, by any affectation of criticism, the lovely impression which "*The Forest Sanctuary*" has left upon our minds.

In the accompanying assemblage of minor poems, we could have wished to see, collected from various sources, several special favourites of the public—*Aymer's Tomb*, *The Child's Last Sleep*, *Evening Prayer at School*, &c.

In almost the whole of Mrs. Hemans's short pieces, it may be remarked that the terminating point is remarkably good: it comes like the impressive close of the ancient Greek epigram, one of the most elegant of all poetical compositions. The Siliote Mother fully illustrates our meaning:—

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore:—
A veil upon the wind was flung—
A cry—and all was o'er.

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The Crusader, and many others, are in this respect equally effective.

The first of Mrs. Hemans's productions with which we are acquainted, are *Tales and Historic Poems*, published in the year 1819. Others, however, have emanated from her pen:—*The Restoration of Works of Art to Italy*;—*Modern Greece*;—*Translations from Camoens, and other Poets*;—*Wallace's Invocation to Bruce*, &c. In 1820 she published *The Sceptic*, a poem, from which, as a brief specimen of style, involving a tribute to the memory of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, we select the following passage:—

And say, cold Sophist! if by thee bereft
Of that high hope, to misery what were left?
But for the vision of the days to be,
But for the Comforter, despis'd by thee,
Should we not wither at the Chaatener's look,
Should we not sink beneath our God's rebuke,
When o'er our heads the desolating blast,
Fraught with inscrutable decrees, hath pass'd,
And the stern power who seeks the noblest prey
Hath called our fairest and our best away?
Should we not madden, when our eyes behold
All that we lov'd in marble stillness cold,
No more responsive to our smile or sigh,
Fix'd—frozen—silent—all mortality?
But for the promise, all shall yet be well,
Would not the spirit in its pangs rebel,
Beneath such clouds as darken'd, when the hand
Of wrath lay heavy on our prostrate land,
And thou, just lent thy gladden'd isles to bliss,
Then snatch'd from earth with all thy loveliness,
With all a nation's blessings on thy head,
O England's flower! wert gather'd to the dead?
But thou didst teach us. Thou to every heart
Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself impart!
When fled the hope thro' all thy pangs which smil'd,
When thy young bosom, o'er thy lifeless child,
Yearn'd with vain longing—still thy patient eye,
To its last light, beam'd holy constancy!
Torn from a lot in cloudless sunshine cast,
Amidst those agonies—thy first and last,
Thy pale lip, quivering with convulsive throes,
Breath'd not a plaint—and settled in repose;
While bow'd thy royal head to Him, whose power
Spoke in the fiat of that midnight hour;
Who from the brightest vision of a throne,
Love, glory, empire, claim'd thee for his own,
And spread such terror o'er the sea-girt coast,
As blasted Israel, when her ark was lost!

"It is the will of God!"—Yet, yet we hear
The words which closed thy beautiful career;
Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,
But for that thought—"It is the will of God!"
Who shall arraign th' Eternal's dark decree.
If not one murmur then escaped from thee?
Oh! still, tho' vanishing without a trace,
Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,
Still may thy memory bloom our vales among,
Hallow'd by freedom, and enshrin'd in song!

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Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell,
Bright on the isles which lov'd thy name so well;
E'en as an angel, with presiding care,
To wake and guard thine own high virtues there.

The concluding lines of the poem are also very pleasing:—

Still, where thy hamlet-vales, O chosen isle!
In the soft beauty of their verdure smile,
Where yew and elm o'ershade the lowly fanes
That guard the peasant's records and remains,
May the blest echoes of the sabbath-bell
Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands swell,
And from each cottage-dwelling of thy glades,
When starlight glimmers through the deepening shades,
Devotion's voice in choral hymns arise,
And bear the land's warm incense to the skies.

There may the mother, as, with anxious joy,
To heaven her lessons consecrate her boy,
Teach his young accents still th' immortal lays
Of Zion's bards, in inspiration's days,
When angels, whispering thro' the cedar's shade,
Prophetic tones to Judah's harp conveyed;
And as, her soul all glistening in her eyes,
She bids the prayer of infancy arise,
Tell of His name, who left his throne on high,
Earth's lowliest lot to bear, and sanctify
His love divine, by keenest anguish tried,
And fondly say—"My child, for thee He died!"

Mrs. Hemans's next succeeding volume embraced her poem entitled *The Last Constantine*, *The Siege of Valencia*, and several pieces, comparatively short, but of a degree of excellence equal to any that she has written. From *The Last Constantine* we quote the two following stanzas, not as some of the best or of the most beautiful, but for the striking picture, the deep contrast which they display: they are descriptive of Constantine's marching forth by torch-light:—

Still, as the monarch and his chieftains pass
Through those pale throngs, the streaming torchlight
throws
On some wild form, amidst the living mass,
Hues, deeply red, like lava's, which disclose
What countless shapes are worn by mortal woes!
Lips bloodless, quivering limbs, hands clasp'd in prayer,
Starts, tremblings, hurryings, tears; all outward shows
Betokening inward agonies, were there:
—Greeks! Romans! all but such as image brave despair!

But high above that scene, in bright repose,
And beauty borrowing from the torches' gleams
A mien of life, yet where no life-blood flows,
But all instinct with loftier being seems,
Pale, grand, colossal; lo! th' embodied dreams
Of yore!—Gods, heroes, bards, in marble wrought,
Look down, as powers, upon the wild extremes
Of mortal passion!—Yet 'twas man that caught,
And in each glorious form enshrined immortal thought!

Our chief favourites of the shorter pieces in this volume are, we think, *The Urn and Sword*, *The Cid's Funeral Procession*, *The Chieftain's Son*, *The Funeral Genius*, *England's Dead*, and *The Voice of Spring*; all of which are too well known to require citation. The poems relating

to the Cid ought to be read as illustrations of the Siege of Valencia.

On Mrs. Hemans's dramatic talent—her dramatic poetry—as displayed in *The Siege of Valencia*, and subsequently on the stage, in *The Vespers of Palermo*, we are desirous of offering a few remarks.

The subject of *The Siege of Valencia*, arising out of one of the numerous courses of reading through which she has advantageously passed, is peculiarly well suited to the turn of her mind and to the nature of her powers. Her mind is full of history—richly imbued with the high feelings of ancient Spanish romance. Her subject is, but her poem is not, in the comprehensive meaning of the word, dramatic. Strictly speaking, a poem, to be dramatic, should not only present well-arranged colloquies, but its respective characters, with the manners of those characters, and of the times and countries in which they are supposed to have lived, should be as distinctly marked as though they were the portraits of so many individuals. Independently, however, of its want of action, or rather of stage effect, which was not within the aim of the writer, *The Siege of Valencia* is not dramatic. It is a picture of high-minded sentiments and feelings rather than of men and manners. But, if not dramatic, it is highly poetic: the pathos of this poem has been rarely surpassed. The passions or affections displayed are—in Gonzalez, paternal love, conjugal love, and patriotism, the last of which triumphs. In Elmina, on the other hand, though patriotism is strong, and conjugal love still stronger, maternal love, exciting a physical as well as a moral courage, capable of braving every ill, is the ruling passion. It is, indeed, in the display of a mother's feelings that Mrs. Hemans uniformly and pre-eminently excels. The anguish, the maddening agony of soul in which Elmina parts from Gonzalez, when, after the most powerful, the most eloquent of maternal appeals, she had found the father's patriot-shielded heart invulnerable, could only have been painted by a woman—perhaps only by a mother.

Were we to quote the beauties of this poem we should more than fill the space allotted for our remarks. Indeed we rather abstain from quotation; for no isolated passage can satisfy the reader, or render

justice to the author. The succeeding lines, spoken by Elmina, on her departure from Gonzalez, after her unsuccessful appeal, are all that we can venture to extract :—

—thy heart !—Away ! it feels not now !
But an hour comes to tame the mighty man
Unto the infant's weakness ; nor shall heaven
Spare you that bitter chastening !—May you live
To be alone, when loneliness doth seem
Most heavy to sustain !—For me, my voice
Of prayer and fruitless weeping shall be soon
With all forgotten sounds ; my quiet place
Low with my lovely ones, and we shall sleep,
Tho' kings lead armies o'er us, we shall sleep,
Wrapt in earth's covering mantle !—You the while
Shall sit within your vast, forsaken halls,
And hear the wild and melancholy winds
Moan thro' their drooping banners, never more
To wave above your race. Aye, then call up
Shadows—dim phantoms from ancestral tombs,
But all—all glorious—conquerors, chieftains, kings—
To people that cold void !—And when the strength
From your right arm hath melted, when the blast
Of the shrill clarion gives your heart no more
A fiery waking ; if at last you pine
For the glad voices, and the bounding steps,
Once thro' your dome re-echoing, and the clasp
Of twining arms, and all the joyous light
Of eyes that laugh'd with youth, and made your board
A place of sunshine ;—When those days are come,
Then, in your utter desolation, turn
To the cold world, the smiling, faithless world,
Which hath swept past you long, and bid it quench
Your soul's deep thirst with *fame* ! immortal *fame* !
Fame to the sick of heart !—a gorgeous robe,
A crown of victory, unto him that dies,
I th' burning waste, for water ?

If, in the deep workings of maternal affection, Elmina stands almost unrivalled, Ximena, in the development of the tender passion—in the *sentiment* of love, that *pure* sentiment which animates the female breast, and elevates it to the proudest patriotism, the most heroic daring—occupies a station at least equally sublime. Thus the maid of Saragoza in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* :—

Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in danger's gorgon face,
Thin the clos'd ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase.

Her lover slinks—she sheds no ill-tim'd tear ;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career :
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host.

We cannot but feel, however, that there is a superhuman grandeur—a halo of spiritual glory—investing the character of Ximena, which is not attendant on that of Lord Byron's heroine.

In the early scene between Elmina and Gonzalez, such a depth of feeling and of interest is excited, that we thought it im-

possible to be sustained throughout the work. But we were mistaken : it is not only sustained, but surpassed. The death of Alphonso, the eldest born, is managed with a force of dramatic effect not easy to be equalled. Yet the supposed audience is spared all offensive sights.

It is worthy of remark, that, in the description of the battle on the outside of the walls, Mrs. Hemans has resorted to the expedient for which, in *Ivanhoe*, the author of the Scotch novels has been so much lauded. The same successful expedient, however, had been adopted in Sheridan's version of Pizarro, whence it has been traced to one of Goëthe's tragedies, the title of which, at this moment, eludes our recollection. Goëthe's works, let us observe *en passant*, constitute an exhaustless store which the all-glorified Scotchman has plundered without mercy and without remorse.

With reference to the effect of *The Siege of Valencia* upon the mind of the reader, it seems to us one of the most affecting, most agonizing poems ever written. It is well that it is not adapted for stage representation—that it is not acted ; for it has passages—whole scenes—which it is hardly possible to bear, even in the closet.

The Vespers of Palermo, written expressly for the stage, and produced at Covent Garden theatre at the close of the year 1823, is a far less successful effort. It is, in the construction of its plot, and in the conception and execution of some of its characters, extremely defective. Generally speaking, the latter are not sufficiently marked or distinct. Montalba is a very incomplete sketch, and the emotions by which his conduct is influenced are offensive. The mind of the reader or spectator revolts from the ease with which the high-minded Vittoria falls into the views of the conspirators, by consenting to meet the man she abhors at the altar, and by allowing the vesper-bell to be the signal of indiscriminate massacre. Constance, indeed, is clothed in all the tenderness and loveliness of woman. The great defect of the piece, however, is that all the grand business is over at the end of the third act. In the fourth act, the scene where Raimond di Procida is brought before the tribunal at which his father presides, is

managed with great spirit and great dramatic effect. Constance, falling at the feet of Di Procida, the father, is excellent. The latter part of the fourth act is good; but the interest is new, and consequently unable to excite with sufficient intenseness the attention of the spectator. The redeeming merits of the play must be sought in the beauty of its poetry, in the justness, purity, and elevation of its sentiments. Of these a few lines will suffice to convey a general idea:—

Look round thee!—All is sunshine—is not this
A smiling world?

Raimond. Aye, gentlest love, a world
Of joyous beauty and magnificence,
Almost too fair to leave!—

• • • • •

I shall be soon
That viewless thing which, with its mortal weeds
Casting off meaner passions, yet we trust,
Forgets not how to love!

• • • • •

There is

A world (aye, let us seek it) where no blight
Falls on the beautiful rose of youth, and there
I shall be with thee soon!

• • • • •

Is not the life of woman all bound up
In her affections:—what hath she to do
In this bleak world alone?—It may be well
For man on his triumphal course to move,
Uncumbered by soft bonds; but we were born
For love and grief.

The following is of a different character:—

There is no joy!

Who shall look through the dark futurity,
And, as the shadowy visions of events
Develope on his gaze, 'midst their dim throng,
Dare, with oracular mien, to point and say,
This will bring happiness?—Who shall do this?
—Why, thou, and I, and all!—There's one who sits
In his own bright tranquillity enthroned,
High o'er all storms; but we, from whose dull eyes,
A grain of dust hides the great sun, e'en we
Usurp his attributes, and talk as seers,
Of future joy and grief.

From perusing *The Vespers of Palermo*, we revert with increase of appetite to *The Siege of Valencia*. That is one of the rare productions which impel the offering of man's proud homage at the shrine of woman's towering and angelic mind. Mrs. Hemans may, without profanation, be designated—one of heaven's glorious creatures.

H.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

A FEW weeks since business caused my attendance at the Admiralty. While waiting in one of the anti-rooms, I heard myself accosted by name by a tall and elegant looking man standing near me. My eye rested on his figure, but memory refusing recognition in the gaze, I inquired his identity. My surprise was great at finding he was one of my dearest, and earliest friends; and the start of astonishment, almost of pain, which his revelation elicited from me, must I fear have communicated to him the knowledge of the withering havoc which sorrow had made on his person. Only five years had elapsed since our last meeting, and that period, when unmarked by mental suffering or sickness, may pass over man while in his prime—and Captain Tancred was now only thirty-five—without leaving a record of its flight.

I had known him in boyhood: he had been the wildest, but the truest and most generous of my school companions. His presence had ever been the signal for some thoughtless freak or hazardous adventure. With a spirit fresh and buoyant as moun-

tain air, exuberant health, and exhaustless vivacity, he was formed to be the idol of his associates. He seemed destined for happiness; he had every element of it in himself; and, utterly exempt from that contracting selfishness which binds up the sympathies of too many natures, he revelled in the joy of dispensing it to others. —Left to the choice of a profession, he selected that of the sea: it assimilated best with his taste, for it afforded indulgence to his peculiar temperament, which, always seeking after strong excitements, would even court danger in all its varieties. The very character of the element had charms for him: he loved its false unsubstantial surface, its engulfing depths, its perilous quicksands, the warfare of its waves, whose wild hoarse murmurs seem to warn man from their territories: they had terror in their sound, and that sound was music to his ears. Often, when the tempest from above had lashed the ocean into fury, and it boiled forth its wrath in billows which threatened destruction to aught of human power that dared its ire, I have

known him singly embark in a little boat, in assertion, as he would say, of man's prerogatives, and to trample on the enemy which seemed to oppose his free agency over nature and her works.

At the termination of our maritime struggles, finding his very soul enervated at the prospect of indolent peace, he obtained the command of a revenue-cutter, and I parted with him in the full glow of health, on his departure for the coast of Norfolk to enter on his new service. Engaged in active pursuits, I had little opportunity for correspondence; but my heart often held communion with him, who was the dearest friend it had ever known. An interval of leisure having occurred in my occupation, I had resolved on visiting him a few days subsequently to the period when chance again united us. And was it—could it be Tancred, the gay, the handsome, the volatile Tancred, who stood before me? His very voice seemed changed; its accents now had a mournful and dreary cadence, like the responses of a rifted cavern, and they were the echoes of a bare and shivered heart. There was still about him the exquisite polish of demeanour so often instinctive with high birth—for Tancred was nobly connected—which had always distinguished him; but the lofty bearing, the unquailing eye, the sunny smile, were gone for ever! At an interview which I afterwards had with him, he disclosed to me the events which had produced such a metamorphosis in his aspect and manner. The substance was as follows:—

The signal-station which Captain Tancred commanded was situated, as I have said, on the coast of Norfolk. It was near a remote hamlet, and partook in an eminent degree of that dulness and insipidity which so often distinguish a country village. The localities exhibited no peculiar points of interest. The scenery was not of that elevated and picturesque character which, in many parts of England, rivalling in loveliness and grandeur the landscapes of Italy or Switzerland, might well content a people less migratory than ourselves with the native samples it displays of nature's power. W—— had none of this: the painter or the poet might have looked on it without the faintest glow of that kindling enthusiasm

which rushes from the heart and thrills through the frame, at the sight of beauty in whatever guise displayed, uninstructed, unaltered, by the sophistications of art—fresh, luxuriant, and perfect, the visible and tangible evidence of that unerring system of harmony and arrangement by which the Divine Ruler conducts the universe. The inhabitants, too, of W—— were generally uncultivated and illiterate. Education had there been tardy in its civilizing influence; and there was amongst the lower classes—the mass of the population—little of that amenity of feeling and manner which may in some measure atone for the absence of the higher mental qualities.—The service in which Captain Tancred was engaged drew an almost entire line of demarcation between himself and his neighbours. He met them, and perchance the bow and curtesy of compelled deference were accorded; but there was neither glance, nor tone, nor word of sympathy exchanged. He was looked upon, by those even who stood unconnected with the illicit traffic which it devolved on him to oppose, with distrust and suspicion. He was one of those men, however, whose activity and healthiness of temperament supply to themselves the deficiencies of place or people. Still there were moments when his customary employments failed of amusement; when even his own beloved element was gazed upon with the eye of listlessness and dissatisfaction; when he would more gladly have enjoyed communion with living than inanimate nature. In one of these moods he wandered forth on the beach. It was at that hour when

The moon was up, and yet it was not bright.

The sun was still in the sky, and the ocean blushed in the gorgeous beams which crimsoned the west. A thousand clouds floated around the throne of his expiring glory, as though they were anxious to bear away to some favourite and distant clime a trace of his splendour. A few stars were out to mark and guard the orbit of the timid moon, which, pale and more beautiful than all, seemed the type of that blissful world of peace and rest, from which she had just emerged. Tancred felt in its full force the might and majesty of the scene around him. Who can look on the bound-

less deep, the uncircumscribed firmament, the "stars, which are the poetry of heaven," and not feel his own insignificance in the scale of creation? Who can think of the world, its empty distinctions, its feverish passions, its trivial pursuits, while gazing on the immensity of nature? The heart must be dead to every finer impulse, the mind destitute of every noble desire, which can restrict its views and wishes to mortality, while contemplating the symbols of immortality!

Immersed in his own reflections, the hours glided imperceptibly on, and Tancred started on finding the waves were "winning their way to the golden shore." He was about to retreat hastily, when a form at a distance met his observation. Perhaps it might be humanity to warn the individual of the danger of her situation, or curiosity to discover who was the lonely wanderer—or gallantry, as that wanderer bore the outline of a female, which led him hastily forward to offer protection. It was declined by the young and lovely girl to whom it was proffered, with such bewitching yet shrinking timidity, such trembling apprehensiveness, that his interest was far more powerfully awakened by her refusal than if she had acceded to his request. Casual and slight, however, as this introduction to each other may seem, it formed the basis of a permanent acquaintance. It is unnecessary for me to trace its progress, or to follow it through all its gradations, while germinating into friendship, till it arrived at the maturity of love. The development of a passion, which involves the whole sum of earthly happiness of two individuals—which embraces in its issue anguish or bliss to them, here and hereafter, may yet be too deficient in striking peculiarity of incident to engage the sympathies of others. To a certain point this was the case in the attachment of Captain Tancred and Helen, for so was his idol called. There was a mystery about her which she seemed most unwilling to account for or unravel. Beyond the name of Helen, he was even ignorant how the object of his worship was designated. "A rose by any other name will smell as sweet;" and, while gazing on the exquisite being before him, he often thought how little accessory were name, birth, or situation, to

the possession of beauty, grace, and dignity. She was eighteen, yet looked even childishly young for that brief date of years. Her form was bounding and light, and there were a freedom and elasticity in her step, which her natural quietness of spirit and demeanour at times could scarcely control. There were moments when a dark and melancholy shade of sadness would steal across a brow pure and clear as the fair and stainless snows of heaven; and the small rosy mouth, which seemed blushing for the peril its matchless beauty exposed others to, would compress and almost quiver with internal agony. The eye, too, so blue and bright, would sometimes lose its look of boundless radiance; while a glance of deep, mournful, and passionate feeling, would beam from its azure depths, and the dark silken fringe which shrouded its glory become gemmed with the tears of silent sorrow.

Tancred often interrogated her as to the cause of her unavowed grief. To imagine it the result of personal misconduct was incompatible with the angelic purity which so peculiarly distinguished her, and which, even more perhaps than her extreme loveliness, captivated his imagination, and enthralled his heart. Of her relations and friends she spoke little. She talked indeed of her father, but it was evident that fear and awe were blended with filial love and duty. That she moved in the lower walks of life her appearance indicated, though in her conversation, and in the soft and gentle repose of her manner, there was not discoverable the slightest taint of vulgarity. They met but seldom, and each time with the resolve on Helen's lips of parting for ever! But who shall tell the struggle it requires voluntarily to separate from the being most dear to us? Policy, prudence—worldly wisdom may bid us burst the fetters which enchain our souls, but when those fetters are, at the same time, the only connecting links between us and happiness—when the snapping of them rives asunder, too, the ties of confidence, sympathy, and affection—oh! who shall marvel that we hug the chain closer and closer, till the meshes become so woven and entangled with our very heart's strings, that the breaking of the one may shiver the others too!

Tancred, convinced that the destiny of his future life depended for light or darkness on his beloved Helen, offered his hand, though literally ignorant of the very name of her to whom he tendered it. His proposal was received in silence and tears: still it was not rejected; indeed a faint smile illumined her countenance, and a slight pressure of the hand was his when he talked of the ensuing week for their nuptials. This was superstructure enough for Tancred to build a fairy castle of hope upon, and he anticipated, with boundless joy, the near prospect of calling Helen, the fair, the delicate Helen, his own for ever!

But now to deviate from the order of my narrative.

In a rugged and rarely-trodden path which led to the beach stood a mean and lonely hut. It was of that coarse and rude description which the mind involuntarily associates with the idea of even squalid poverty, and from which the eye retreats, while the bosom yields a sigh of pity for those condemned to inhabit it. It wore a cheerless aspect, an air of negligence and gloomy desolateness, which seemed as though it were wilfully indulged, and even prided in. The inmates of this hut consisted of an old man and his daughter—little was known of them. The ascetic and uncompromising sternness of the father operated so powerfully against the daughter, that her meek demeanour and singular loveliness could hardly subdue the general feeling of dislike which was entertained for them. Of their former occupation, or even of the precise nature of their present employment, none were aware. Some imagined that the father laboured under a partial alienation of reason; for there was at times a savage moodiness about him which approximated to insanity. He seldom was met in the hamlet, and neither visited nor received his neighbours, by many of whom, as he had been more than once surprised in the exercise of fire-arms, and the arrangement of sea-tackle, it was suspected that he followed the dark, desperate, and unlicensed trade of smuggling. The unavowed exercise, too, of any other occupation, rendered the belief prevalent and strong. Nor was suspicion false. Old Denham, which was the appellation of Helen's father, was a smuggler by vocation and choice, it might

be almost said, by nature. In early life he had filled a subaltern situation in the navy; but the moroseness of his temper led to a quarrel with his captain, and he quitted an honourable service to engage in dishonourable traffic. He had fancied himself wronged, though he himself was his only enemy. The conviction, however, of having been injured, combined with the loss of a wife, who, though he tyrannized over while living, he bewailed ceaselessly when dead, and the accidental death of an only son, soured his disposition to absolute malignity. The constant poverty which he struggled with, his exclusion from all society, and even the beauty of Helen, which might render her so accessible to design and danger—all lent their aid in making Denham an object of restless misery to himself, of anxiety to his child, and detestation to his neighbours.

It has been stated, that, in ignorance of her condition in life, in ignorance that he had proffered his hand to one whose father would have had little compunction in stabbing him to the heart, Captain Tancred had fixed the following week for uniting himself to the smuggler's daughter. For several nights a vessel had been observed floating on the dark waters, which had aroused the suspicions of Captain Tancred. On the Saturday night preceding the week in which he fondly hoped to realize his heart's dearest wish, it was again descried. On that evening a seaman, who had recently been added to the detachment, was on watch for the first time. By the moon's light he recognized, in the commander of the little vessel, a notorious smuggler who had long infested the coast of Kent, where he had previously served, but had always eluded pursuit, and had for some months disappeared from the neighbourhood. The intelligence was communicated to Captain Tancred, who, with a party of men, put off in a boat in chase. It was a wild and stormy night; the moon at intervals only broke through the huge masses of cloud which drifted along the sky, the darkness of which received frequent illumination from the lightning's blue glare. The wind howled around, and

From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leap'd the live thunder.

Many a heart might have blenched from

daring man's and heaven's wrath on such a night as this; but Tancred and his companions were fearless; duty incited them, and they sped onwards dauntlessly. The vessels met, and a short but determined encounter ensued. The numerical strength of the smugglers was trifling in comparison with their opponents; but despair lent them gigantic energy, and they fought as though this world and the next had been staked on the issue of the engagement. After a "brief space," however, the scuffle terminated in the defeat and capture of the smugglers. Yet there was one amongst them who stood unharmed, unyielding, undismayed. Throughout the combat a savage desperateness and ferocity of conduct had distinguished him from his comrades. His arm brandished a huge cutlass, which he raised to strike at the head of Captain Tancred, who, at the same moment, discharged his blunderbuss. One ball entered the heart of the smuggler, and a gurgling splash of blood welled from his side. One deep short groan, and the heart stopped its pulsations, and he fell a heavy corpse at the feet of Tancred!

But the smuggler was not alone in his death—not a single victim to Tancred's fatal weapon; "its scattered shot destruction dealt around." In the commencement of the affray a slight figure, masked, and enveloped in a large cloak, had escaped observation by crouching in the corner of the vessel. As the danger thickened, however, that form sprang from concealment, and was about to interpose between the combatants, when the fatal trigger was pulled, and a random bullet entered a bosom heaving with love for its murderer. The brave and the weak, the stern and the delicate, alike had been annihilated by Tancred's arm, and lay prostrate before him! The vessel steered hastily back to shore, and then was the discovery made, which stamped with unalloyed and unmitigable grief the future life of Tancred. The bodies of the smuggler and his comrades were removed from the boat. There was no mask to hide the features of old Denham, and his ascertained identity created little sympathy. But the tearing off the mask, the removal of the fatal disguise from the figure of his youthful adherent, awakened a thrill of horror, and in-

terest, and pity, in many a rugged breast, and overwhelmed one with a tide of misery that never ebbed. Perception at first refused to yield credence to the reality of the appearance presented to it. Horror without limit, despair without hope, were in the conviction; but conviction did come, and the mind sickens with the contemplation of the matchless agony of the moment. Yes! it was the corpse of Helen that lay before him—killed, too, by his own hand! The fair, the fond, the beautiful being whom he had worshipped with the idolatry of devoted love; who had lain on his bosom in the sweet confidence of pure affection, and to whom he had been the whole earthly sum of weal and woe! He put aside the soft golden hair, which was now clotted with gore, and kissed the marble cheek, whose whiteness was stained with blood. Her eyes were closed, yet on the lids still lay a few glittering tears, the latest mementos of human suffering. The little flower which he had that very evening presented to her, was yet hidden in her bosom. It was crushed and faded; but, worthless as it appeared to some, to him the world's riches would have seemed poor for the purchase of the holy relic. On inquiry it was proved that Denham, in his wayward moods, would often take his daughter to be his companion in his unlawful and dangerous enterprizes. No reasonable motive could be assigned for such proceeding by others; it could only be traced to the natural tyranny of his disposition, or might find solution in the fears that he sometimes expressed lest his daughter's state of unprotected loveliness might be invaded by insult. There was no ostentatious parade of grief about Tancred; not a single tear did he shed over the grave, when it opened to receive his life's essence. But the blight had struck at his heart, withered up every blossom of joy, and blasted, as with volcanic influence, the soft verdure of hope that had grown there. No amusement beguiled him of his woe, no occupation robbed him of one pang of recollection. "Memory ceaselessly plied the work of pain," and at the age of thirty-five he appeared before me, bankrupt of joy, with a shattered frame, haggard looks, and a wasted and decrepid heart!

ELIZA.

THE ASTROLOGER.

ON a dark stormy evening towards the close of autumn, 1524, a stranger was seen crossing the lake of Talley towards a little monastery situated on one side of the water, but rather at the extremity. In those days—it was some time before the suppression of Catholicism throughout England—the lakes (or tarns, as they were called) of Wales had usually some small religious establishment attached to them, in order that the fraternity might be enabled to afford assistance to any adventurers who chanced to be tossed about on those small but very dangerous pieces of water, or else, perhaps, for the conveniences of situation in case of attack. From the summit of these monasteries, and just in front, over the iron entrance or archway, there was usually a huge bell suspended, which rang out its shrill alarm whenever a storm occurred upon the lakes, in order that travellers might know where and from what quarter succour was likely to arrive. On the present occasion this welcome harbinger of help was heard echoing far over the bosom of the water; for a retainer of the convent had seen the distressed situation of the stranger, and applied with such good-will to the bell, that the old monastery itself, with the neighbouring cliffs and mountains, seemed all alive with music; while the stranger, who guessed the import of the sound, renewed his exertions with oar and sail to make good his landing in the only accessible place, viz. the direction of the convent. For upwards of half an hour he persevered in his solitary task, aware only of his position by the lightning flashes that every now and then streamed in fitful splendour along the water—while the bell still kept up its incessant peals, and lights from the peaceful little village came glimmering through the fog in the direction of the lake—until, exhausted with fatigue, he resigned both helm and sail to the mercy of the waves, and laid himself down in the boat, fully expecting every moment to be freed by death from all further anxiety. At this critical period a loud shout, accompanied by the splash of oars, was heard, and the convent boat, rowed by twelve retainers of the establish-

ment, came bounding like an antelope towards him. Every stroke of their oars brought them nearer and nearer to his assistance, and even now he could hear the pleasing but melancholy chaunt of their “Miserere, Domine,” as it sounded like the anthem of a spirit far over the bosom of the lake. In about twenty minutes the servants of the monastery had rowed their vessel alongside him, and after the usual formal inquiries had been made and satisfactorily answered, the stranger was lifted—for he was unable to rise without assistance—into the boat, his own little shallop was towed behind it, the oars were again unshipped, and away went the whole party, laughing, singing, and chattering, towards the landing-place at the foot of the monastery.

While this was going forward the monks, with the abbot at their head, had been preparing themselves for the arrival of a stranger; and as that holy fraternity, like the rest of the world, were by no means insensible to the blessings of a good supper, a repast of most respectable dimensions was laid out, to which the stranger—after being duly refreshed with cordials and clean linen—did exemplary justice. In the course of the night, when the conversation began to assume a more unrestrained and familiar vein, inquiries respecting the reasons of his having been out so late on the lake were made, all which he answered with good-humoured sincerity, informing the abbot, among other unimportant particulars, that his name was Edward de Lancaster, that he was on his way home to his father’s (the Earl of Chester) estates in Somersetshire, on his return from Ireland, whither he had been despatched by the government to assist in quelling a dangerous rebellion. “And now, father,” he continued, in a somewhat more lively vein, “that I have answered all your inquiries, oblige me in return by being equally communicative yourself. When I first started on the lake, while the storm was yet in its infancy, I saw to the right hand of me a sort of grey tower dimly gleaming through the twilight, from which proceeded the sounds

of music: shortly afterwards a light appeared, remained stationary for a moment, and then faded away, leaving both tower and cliff shrouded in almost sepulchral blackness. There is nothing, I grant you, very remarkable in finding out a tower, nor in hearing music, nor in seeing lights—these are the natural consequences of a place being inhabited; but why so old and awful-looking a ruin should be selected by any one with a voice of half the sweetness and pretension (for I am convinced it must have belonged to a female) as the one I heard, I must confess, surprises me. Explain then the mystery, if you please, father; and if there be a touch of romance about it, so much the better, I will remain here till I unravel it.”

Now the abbot, you must know, though a good-hearted old gentleman in his way, was precisely at that age when the charms of sociality have succeeded in usurping those of sentiment in the breast; he was, in fact, just fifty-three years old. He smiled, therefore, at what he thought a foolish spirit of romance in young Edward de Lancaster; but, finding him resolved, one way or other, to be satisfied, commenced (first taking a reasonable draught of canary as an exordium) a long-winded explanation, something to the following effect.

“You may have heard, perhaps, my young friend, of a learned order of men, very celebrated at present throughout England,* called Astrologers, who are re-

* For the better understanding of this tale, it should be premised that most of the first-rate nobility throughout England (during the two most chivalrous centuries) retained astrologers among their establishment, to whom they looked up with awe, as to men of superior notions, and without whose advice they rarely undertook any thing of consequence. After the massacre of the Welsh bards, by Edward I., many of their descendants concealed themselves among the mountains and fastnesses of their native country, where they indulged alone in the visionary dreams of astrology; being too proud to associate or mix themselves up with the Welsh, whom they deemed the traitors, or with the English, whom they considered the enemies of their country. Now and then they were consulted by chance travellers, on whom the mysterious jargon of their language, their

ported, I know not with what truth, to be gifted with the unerring power of prophecy.”

“I have,” replied Edward, who was tinged in no slight degree with the prevalent superstition of his times, “and have never presumed to doubt the fact for an instant: however, proceed; I am all attention.”

The abbot continued:—“it is just four years come Martinmas that a venerable-looking stranger of this class first took up his abode in the tower you saw to-night: he arrived there late in the evening, with all due solemnity, unknown to a soul in Talley; and when in the course of a few days it began to be discovered that he never once stirred from home, not even to obtain provisions, the wonder of the whole village rose at once to a miracle (a good joke, by-the-bye, that same miracle, as if a real miracle could be wrought by any but an orthodox abbot), and so from that time forward the old gentleman, who, I have no doubt, has got good friends *below*, has been held in utter respect and abhorrence by the whole village, the abbot of Talley, Ahem! Ahem! included. And now, young gentleman, you know as much about the matter as myself.”

“But,” replied the youth, deeply interested in this singular detail, “have you made no further inquiries about this mysterious astrologer? He must surely hold some communication with the village, if only for the sake of procuring provisions.”

“One would think so, indeed; but, however this may be, he has never yet been seen to stir from home, has never once spoken to, or conversed with, man, woman, or child; has never permitted mortal footstep to tread the floor of his ugly unsociable den; and, in fact, is altogether the most camelion-like astrologer I ever saw or heard of, living only on air! Air, indeed! Very good. Think of that now.—He! he! he! What should I be if I lived only upon air!” and the good abbot chuckled mightily at the idea.

After a few further inquiries respecting the music, to which the monks and their

manners, and their solitude, in those superstitious days, made a deep and never-failing impression.

superior answered only by a universal snore, the deep bell from the monastery announced the approach of midnight, upon which the whole party, waking up from their sleep, prepared to move off—the holy brethren to their last nocturnal chaunt, and young Edward de Lancaster to repose. To repose, think you! no, indeed; the curiosity of a high-spirited, romantic, and exceedingly susceptible youth of nineteen, who has nothing but adventure to think of, is not so easily satisfied as you might suppose. Our hero at least felt all the demon of inquisitiveness stir within him. Accordingly, he threw himself on his couch with the firm intention of sleeping: instead of which he fell into a sort of waking reverie about mysterious astrologers, imprisoned damsels, love, courtship, matrimony, music, and murder; all very natural, and not a little interesting to the sleeper. Throughout the next day he employed himself in wandering about in the direction of the tower, and endeavouring to obtain a peep at the mysterious astrologer. He was doomed, however, to disappointment, even though he ventured close under the old grey tower, and seated himself among the dark rocks that frowned like guardian giants around it. It was, indeed, a lonely place; hemmed in on all sides by barren cliffs, which descended perpendicularly to the shore. Not the slightest vestige of verdure appeared, for every thing, and more especially the ruin, bore the stamp of desolation and decay. The greatest part of the day having been consumed in such fruitless wanderings, Edward returned at nightfall to the monastery, where he was bantered by the good-humoured sarcasms of the abbot; a species of annoyance, however, which was infinitely dulcified by a flask or two of most orthodox canary. Late at night he returned to his lonely couch; his thoughts, as before, running wild upon the subject of the old astrologer, his music, and his mystery. For upwards of an hour his mind revolved all these singular circumstances in succession, until overpowered, as it were, by an intense nervous interest, he rose from bed, dressed himself, and throwing open the window, stationed himself beside the casement. It was a calm delightful night: the storm of the preceding

evening had long since departed; the moon sailed in unclouded majesty through the sky, dimmed here and there perhaps with the haze of a passing vapour; while the only sounds that broke upon the hushed stillness of the hour were the distant gurglings of some sparkling rivulet, as it stole its way in music and in moonlight through some low green meadows into the unruffled waters of the lake. Young de Lancaster gazed out upon the landscape with an almost breathless interest; his heart overflowed, as all finely-tuned hearts will, at a sight of peculiar beauty—with almost woman's softness; when, as if to increase the enchantment, a strain of music, proceeding from the direction of the tower, came towards him faint and softened upon the wind: it was an ancient Welsh melody, descriptive of the wrongs of the country; and its subjugation by the *foreign* Englishman; but the voice, the expression, the tenderness, that animated the music; oh, who can that belong to, thought Edward, but a female; and she (of course) of the most bewitching and delightful beauty. In a few minutes the music ceased; but de Lancaster, on whom it had made a more lasting impression, resolved, come what might, to explore the tower; and having accordingly prepared himself with all due necessaries, sallied out softly from the convent, and bent his steps beneath the moon, towards the old grey tower of Talley. Arrived at the spot, he could not but admire the solemn grandeur of the scenery—the utter solitude—the majesty of desolation that seemed to hover like a demon in dark dignity around it. Around, above—beneath him all was silent—all was forlorn. The tower itself, situated between two black cliffs—nestled in rather like an eagle's eyrie among them—lay in frowning blackness before him. As he approached gradually nearer to it, a sudden tremor took possession of his faculties, and he half repented of his undertaking. But the voice, the angel voice! he exclaimed, he must, indeed, be a craven who shrinks after the recollection of *that*, and he pursued his road manfully until he reached the foot of the stairs. Here he paused awhile—the idea of intruding upon the solitude of a stranger arrested his faltering steps, but soon the

idea of that voice—that sweet voice—and of course that female voice, overcame him, and he hurried hastily onward, while the old staircase tottered at each step he took, and the owls, alarmed as it should seem, by the unexpected arrival of a stranger, came hooting and flying above him. Arrived at the first landing-place, a door presented itself; hastily he opened it, and on entering, found himself in the midst of an apartment, strewn all over with cabalistical devices. A telescope, placed upon a common deal table, was stationed beside the window: but the owner of these curiosities was absent. As Edward stood gazing upon the furniture, and other appurtenances of this forlorn apartment, lighted only by the moon, which now shone down in full unclouded majesty, he was suddenly struck by the light sound of a distant footfall, which seemed slowly and cautiously stealing towards him. For about a minute the noise seemed as it were descending from above, when suddenly it approached nearer, nearer still; and already the slow tread of a man's firmest footstep drew towards the apartment. Immediately afterwards, the door opened; and in walked a severe venerable-looking stranger, with a long beard flowing down to his waist, which was bound by a sort of zone, inscribed with nameless cabalistic characters. Edward started at this apparition—for so at first it seemed—but suddenly recollecting himself, made a respectful obeisance to the old man, and, with a profusion of apologies, explained the nature and cause of his intrusion. For an instant the astrologer was silent—it might be in the dignity of thought—when suddenly addressing himself to the intruder, "Young man," he exclaimed, "I owe you no ill-will; yourself have sought your misery—your condemnation—your eternal condemnation, I should say."

"Condemnation—eternal, too—I understand you not."

"Not," interrupted the old man with severity; "you are guiltless as yet, granted; all men are so until the express moment of their fall: but listen to me, stranger; fortune never yet smiled upon me, or mine, when yon night-star"—pointing to one that rode high in heaven—"was bright in the horizon. That star bears the secret of

your destiny: whenever in future you behold it, it will bear blight and misery along with it; but when for the last time you see it, tremble—a voice of murder shall rise upon the gale, and thou art he that must perpetrate it."

As he concluded this anathema, the countenance of the astrologer grew singularly terrific: mixed, however, with its wilder traits, was a feeling, apparently of pity, for the young and adventurous de Lancaster, on whom the menace seemed to act with the force of electricity. He trembled from head to foot with a sort of nameless dread of some future but indefinite calamity, until roused by the voice of the astrologer, who, beckoning him towards the window, directed his observation to the moon which now sailed unclouded through heaven. "No, no, young stranger," said the sage, finding that his attention was fixed upon that regent planet, "it is not the moon that you need dread, 'tis yon shining star beside it, which points out the secret of your fate, and stamps you a murderer. Listen to me, Sir—to me who have grown grey in the wisdom of celestial influences: at the birth of all men certain planets preside; some of a fortunate, others of a malignant nature. Your's, as I ascertain by the horoscope now before me, is of the latter kind; retire then with this conviction, which you have drawn down upon yourself, and never more intrude upon the solitude of an unwilling host. Away! Sir, away!" At this instant, while the young man was preparing to obey, a voice of the most ravishing sweetness was heard breaking upon the night, apparently from the room in which he sat. Slowly the notes came lingering upon the wind, thrilling in their softness like the matin music of the lark, until, after the lapse of a few minutes, the sounds ceased, and all was silent as before. The astrologer seemed confused at this—however harmonious—interruption. The "hectic of a moment" flushed his wasted cheek, 'till suddenly recovering himself—"I insist, Sir," he exclaimed, addressing himself to de Lancaster, "on your instant departure; if to-morrow you would wish to have futurity further revealed to your eyes, at your command it shall be so—but at present you must retire, or danger, both

to you and myself, will be the consequence."

Unwilling to intrude further upon the old man's solitude, Edward slowly retreated; but still, as he quitted the town, and during the whole of his road home, the dreadful denunciation of murder seemed ringing in his ears, till his brain became literally bewildered. Of a high enthusiastic disposition, Edward was nevertheless, as has been mentioned above, deeply tinctured with the bigoted superstition of the day. His feelings in consequence, when thus subdued, were softened even to effeminate weakness; and the heart that knew not fear when boldly opposed to man in the ranks of war, trembled and shivered like a reed before the influence of an accredited philosopher.

On returning to the monastery, and just before he entered the huge postern gate, he cast back one look, half in hope half in fear, towards the tower; it was still shining in the full splendour of moonlight, but all within it was silent as the grave; and even the waters of the lake that rippled beneath it seemed hushed into stillness, as if fearing to intrude upon the universal sleep of nature. After a few minutes spent in thought, Edward also retired to rest; nor did he wake from a deep sleep, protracted by excessive fatigue, until the monastery bell, chiming for morning prayers, aroused him to the duties and amusements of the day.

On wandering through the village towards the close of the next afternoon, he discovered that it was market-day; and, anxious to relieve the intolerable oppression of his brain, he strolled through the only desert street in Talley, endeavouring to allay the nervous excitement that weighed like lead upon his heart. If any thing, indeed, could have roused his attention, and so withdrawn him awhile from himself, it must have been the gratifying sight that now greeted his eyes at every part of the village through which he chanced to pass. Young girls and peasant lads, dressed in all the graceful finery of their country, with the national leek visible at every ex-

posed part of their dress, were sauntering and laughing in all directions; while the sound of the Welsh harp from within some rustic tent, fitted up as a sort of *extempore* ale-house for the occasion, sent up its sweet but mournful sounds into the air. Attracted by the novelty, and still more by the graceful vivacity of the scene before him, Edward's heart seemed once more relapsing into its native cheerfulness; when suddenly a pretty peasant girl, who had withdrawn herself as if on purpose from a laughing group of which she formed the centre, passed him with a basket in her hand; and, looking on him archly as she brushed swiftly beside him, whispered in his ear—"You saw the astrologer last night; I was with you—I shall be with you when you visit him again—but you cannot see me; adieu—we may perhaps meet again—do not, however, attempt to follow me"—and she glided like a spectre from his path. Astonished at this unexpected rencontre, De Lancaster rubbed his eyes, as if to ascertain whether he were dreaming. At last, roused to a sense of action, he rushed from the village in the direction which the peasant girl had taken, and soon reached the dreary rock at whose further extremity rose the astrologer's desolate tower. Here he looked carefully round him; nothing, however, could be seen but now and then an eagle that wheeled round and round the summit of the loftiest cliff, or the unwieldy black-cook browsing upon the stunted herbage that in some favoured places grew up between the loose naked crags. While thus busied in reflection, a female form appeared upon a rock beside him; he advanced, he shouted towards her—but the sound of his voice seemed to act like magic upon her movements, for no sooner had she beheld his approach than she became invisible to his eyes, having melted apparently into thin air, and leaving no memorial of the place where she had just stood but the cold grey rock that now frowned in utter nakedness before him—the very spirit and genius of desolation.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM MY DIARY.—No. I.

Feb. 17th.—I have been an invalid for a long time past, and I have been ordered to try highland air; so here I am, in a lonely old castle, far away from balls, routs, and plays. What, then, shall I do, *pour passer le temps*, in this most *triste* abode? Shall I keep a diary? Yes, I will—every one keeps a diary, and why may not I? Have I much to say of to-day?—Nothing, I believe, except that I attempted to walk, but found even my clogs were not a defence against the wet—came home—yawned over the last number of *Blackwood*—played with my cousin's baby, and then—I fear the rest of this day must be a blank in my diary.

19th.—Never was there a lovelier morning! The sun shone bright and beautifully out from a sky of unclouded azure—it was impossible to resist the beams of that glorious luminary, and out I went—away and away—over the heath that was glittering with countless drops of the early dew—forgetful that I was an invalid—forgetful of my oppressed breathing—forgetful of every thing but the sweetness of that early hour, and the gracious author of its beauty. Yes, it was indeed a sweet, sweet hour, and on I wandered—stopping at times to inhale the fresh breeze, and at times to gaze on the lovely glens that lay beneath me in the lowlands. I had reached the very boundary of the heath, and before me stood, in most peaceful quietude, a little happy-looking dwelling. Its white walls gleamed in the sunshine from under the dark foliage of the ivy, that climbed even to its roof; and the garden, simply inclosed by a paling, was gay with many coloured crocuses. Suddenly from that quiet habitation came out a merry-looking party, dressed in their holiday garments: the more aged seated themselves under the shade of two tall and beautiful birch trees, while the young men selected their rosy-cheeked partners, and began to dance reels on the green-sward. In a moment I understood it all—it was a wedding—a country wedding—that most festive of all festivities. In a moment, too, I was observed; and an aged female, whose gold brooch and scarlet plaid bespoke her consequence,

exclaimed—"In it be nae the young lady, and surely its hersel' that's welcome;" and a chair was brought to me, and I was seated among the matrons of the land. "And which is the bride?" inquired I of the old lady who had so kindly recognized me. A look of mysterious and sorrowful meaning passed over her aged face as she pointed to a pale girl, who sat in sadness and silence apart from all the rest. Alas! alas! I had never till then looked upon such a bride. But beautiful, very beautiful, was Mary Lee; and her loveliness was of a character seldom to be met with in that humble walk of life. Her hair was braided over her lofty forehead, and her tall slender form was bent like a dying flower, and she was so pale—so very pale; and yet she looked like a queen in those bridal garments;—but, poor thing! she *felt* like a victim decked for sacrifice; and no wonder, for what a bridegroom! So coarse in his vulgar merriment, and his countenance so full of savage unfeeling triumph. He must at least be fifty, and she to-day—her wedding-day—she is but seventeen! What a husband for so beautiful a creature! And she is an orphan, and that pretty cottage is her own, and she had not one relation to force her into this unnatural marriage! What *does* it mean? Never shall I forget that ill-omened wedding. At last she came and sat down beside me; but I did not dare to speak to her, for I feared to rouse the agony she was struggling with; but I looked on her pale compressed lips, which seemed striving to suppress the low moans which, notwithstanding her efforts, burst from her at times; and I looked upon her dark melancholy eyes till I felt my own filling with tears. She saw that I pitied her; and, when I rose to leave her, she caught my arm with the grasp of phrenzy—it seemed as if she thought my presence a protection from the hated being she had married—and I feared that all her feelings were now about to burst forth without control; but she pressed her hand tightly across her brow, and hid, for a moment, her wild and troubled countenance; and when she again raised her head, she looked calm—fearfully and terribly

calm—and, not daring to trust either myself or her with words, I quitted her in silence.

A little while ago I heard the sound of the bagpipe, and I looked from the windows, and saw the bridal party. I was so near to them that I heard the shouts of merriment uttered by the young men; it might have been fancy, but I thought I heard the coarse laughter of the bridegroom louder than all the rest; and I am sure I distinguished the dark locks and drooping form of the bride. No one else could have worn that air of despairing hopelessness; and she only could have managed her horse with such careless, but perfect grace. Poor thing! poor thing! I fear she has chosen a wayward destiny.

20th.—On this day—two months ago—I lost my mother; and never was there a dearer or a kinder parent. She died of consumption. The fearful visitant came in all its fair but deceitful beauty. Yes, even to the very last, my mother was beautiful, and her eyes retained their gentle brightness; but as spring approached, and the earlier flowers began to unfold their blossoms, my mother, that dearest of my earthly treasures, drooped and died. From my chamber-windows I can see the green spot of earth that covers her grave in the lonely church-yard of Glenavon. I see the dark yew trees, standing like spectres in the shadowy moonlight. What a cold bleak blast there is groaning among the woods! How often have I sat with my mother on such a night as this, enjoying the blaze upon our hearth, and listening to her dear, gentle voice! Alas! that voice is now silent in the grave, and that beloved mother is mouldering in the dust.

22d.—A day of unclouded sunshine; and we have had a visitor, too—the minister, Mr. Hamilton. I would I could describe him, with his mild benevolent countenance, and his thin silvery hair. Never have I seen a more interesting face. Truly he is a man of God—a disciple worthy of his glorious master. I walked with him to the manse—a building almost as interesting and venerable as himself. Its original form is entirely lost in the wings and additions built by its various possessors. It is now a whimsical but picturesque mansion, composed of gable ends and bow-

windows; for, unlike the generality of Scotch clergymen, the progenitors of Mr. Hamilton were rich, and the manse wears somewhat the look of an ancient manor-house. But it is the garden on which the old gentleman, and with justice, prides himself. Even now it is beautiful: what then will it not be in summer? I often think how my sister would delight in that garden, with its luxuriant roses and jessamine-covered arbours. And how pleased the old gentleman looked when he shewed me his carnations and tulip-beds! “But those,” said he, pointing to a bank of violets, “are dearer to me than the rarest flowers in my garden: they were planted by Florence McIntyre, and they resemble her in their unpretending beauty.”—Who, I wonder, is Florence McIntyre? There surely was a shade of sadness passing over his brow when he spoke of her. I longed to ask about her, but felt fearful of intruding. He is a charming old man—I hope he will often visit us.

28th.—A week of rain, and cold easterly winds: the sun has not shined upon us for the last eight days. I have seen no one, and have had nothing to insert in my diary. Oh, the misery of rainy weather in the highlands! Such long melancholy faces—such reading of books so often read before—such perusals and re-perusals of “The Morning Post” and “The Evening Star”—such raking up of the ashes of dull stories, that have long since died a natural death—such attempts at philosophical indifference about the weather and the roads. Defend me from another rainy week in the highlands! And this morning wears quite as unpromising an aspect—the same haze upon the hills—the same thick melancholy rain, without a breeze stirring the branches. How chilled and lifeless every thing appears—this is really horrible.

March 1st.—Rain, still rain, and every object without the walls cheerless and gloomy. But the objects *within* the walls—is it possible I have never yet described them? Is it possible I have never spoken of my very pretty cousin, the lady of the domain, with her laughing eyes, and her cheeks glowing like young rose-buds? Lucy has been four years a matron, and yet she is a very Hebe in her beauty. With that bright happy countenance, and

those pearly teeth so often displayed in her artless merriment, Lucy is at once the busiest and idlest of all living creatures;—her whole thoughts now engrossed in the culture of a flower, and now in a treatise on philosophy; and yet she is the most anxious, and the tenderest of mothers. Never was there a creature so made of contradictions, so composed of faults and fascinations. And have I never spoken of Lucy's baby—the sweetest and prettiest of babies—my companion in all mischief and frolic—my little queen of merriment? Have I never told how we sat ourselves upon the sunny hillocks, when they are

sunny, and string necklaces for ourselves of the fresh *gowans*, and collars of the same for our dear friend Dido—how I am teaching my pet to play on the old jingling piano, and how pleased she is with her own discordant harmony? Strange, that with such lack of matter I should have written so many pages of my diary, and yet have omitted all this—and Lucy's husband, too; but he is a sailor, and he is now on

The glad waters of the dark blue sea.

Perhaps this quotation may not seem very apt—shall I draw my pen through it? No, I won't—it fills up a line, and *shews that I read Byron*.

MODERN MANNERS.

THERE are persons who, wearied with the insipidity of modern life, deeply regret that “the days of old iron are out;” that all that was chivalrous, spirit-stirring, and picturesque, has departed, leaving not a wreck of its magnificence behind: a period in which the mind was kept in a continual state of excitation; when prodigies were of common occurrence, and no knight or lady could stir five miles from the old ancestral castle without being involved in a series of strange adventures; when demons infested the wastes and forests, the church-yards were haunted by ghosts, and every hamlet was tenanted by a witch; when enterprising spirits, dissatisfied with the coarse fare and clumsy domestic furniture of their own homes, sallied forth, sword in hand, crossed the wide and pathless ocean to foreign lands, and brought back the luxurious plunder of more refined nations to their wives and daughters. “There was hardly a female,” observes a celebrated antiquary of our own times, “of the fourteenth century, who could be styled a gentlewoman, that had not in her house some portion of the spoils of furniture, silk, plate, or jewels, from Caen, Calais, or the cities beyond the sea; and those who, like the knight of Chaucer, had been at Alexandria, ‘when it was won’ by Peter, King of Cyprus, returned with great riches in cloth of gold, velvets, and precious stones. The English at Poitiers were so laden with valuable booty, that they despised armour,

tents, and other things; and previously, at the taking of Barfleur, so much was acquired, that the boys of the army set no value on gowns trimmed with fur.” What exhibition of modern times can possibly create so strong a degree of interest as that which was excited by such novel importations. The *tulle robe*, the *chapeau en parapluie*, from the most fashionable Parisian milliner, nay the Burmese state coach itself, sinks to nothing in the comparison: one stare of wonder, or one glance of languid enjoyment, is all that can be elicited by the most striking inventions of brain-racked artists, from a multitude who have seen every thing that the habitable globe contains through the medium of travel, of pictures, and of books.

It is not, however, necessary to go so far back in our lamentation for departed glories, to grieve over the loss of the tournament, the pageant, and the stately banquets of the middle ages: in times much nearer our own, before the invention of easy stage-coaches and canals, those fatal precursors of MacAdamized roads and steam-boats, there was quite enough to occupy and delight the mind. England was then a perpetual carnival, a masquerade, where every person supported a distinct character, instead of the endless repetition of dominos, which spread their dull insipidity throughout all society; people then spoke, and acted, and thought according to their stations and professions, un-

restrained by the fear of being deemed odd or vulgar, which influences modern manners, to the utter destruction of originality.

The dandy naval officer, who now wears spurs on shore, writes articles in the magazines, or launches forth as an author, drives a cabriolet, and collects pictures, was formerly a wild sea-captain, known by his rolling gait and nautical phrases—a lover of grog and a contemner of perfume—honest, open-hearted, and rough—simple and superstitious, and perchance a little vulgar, but altogether a most entertaining personage.

The red-coat—the very name is linked with delightful associations—the Lothario of a country town, at whose approach mothers locked up their daughters, and the provincial beaux hid their diminished heads—who performed the part attributed to the lover of Ally Croaker with the mothers, danced with the young ladies, drank with the fathers, and gamed with the brothers—what is he now? a dainty, scornful, affected being, who keeps himself aloof from general society, and can only be bribed to shew his fine person at a dinner by a French cook, and the rarest and most expensive wines.

Then there were the sober merchant, and the prim lawyer, the pedant vain of his learning, the pert city prig, the formal fine gentleman, with his bows and his courtly speeches, the gay rake, the boisterous fox-hunter, in endless and delightful varieties. If you moved from London to the country you went into a new world, and associated with people perfectly different from those whom you had left behind. What a splendid contrast was there between London and the country! The metropolis was the only place in which the court and fashionable part of the community could breathe; they hated every thing that was rustic and rural, and were persuaded to quit the green wildernesses of St. James's Park, and the lamplight of Mary-le-bone Gardens, only for scenes nearly as much sophisticated—the straight avenues, nodding groves, and formal parterres of Twickenham and Richmond. Lord Chesterfield was wont to declare, that London was the best place to live in during summer, and that in winter *there was no other*; but the capital which was thus lauded, was not the heated, crowded Babylon, wherein the

unfortunates of the nineteenth century are constrained to live: it was girt around with pleasant meadows, and accessible to the sweet air of heaven. The whole of the fashionable world congregated south of Oxford Street, and were to be found in Westminster, and in the parishes of St. James and St. George: few encroached upon this silent territory, and those only to stare, gape at, and admire their superiors, without the slightest intention of vying with them, as the manner is, or rather would be now, if the higher ranks of the nobility quitted their entrenchments and participated in amusements open to all. In these times the peerage of England did not object to mingle freely with the gentlemen and gentlewomen of the middle order—an entire and separate class from the elbowing upstarts, who are now kept at such an immeasurable distance by the *haut ton*; people who, possessed of wealth, think themselves privileged to assume an equality with high rank, and in the hope that, by dint of continual exertion, they shall at some period be admitted into the guarded precincts, look down with supreme contempt upon persons who have less chance of this exaltation than themselves. Before this present era of general refinement, those who could not boast of birth were contented to remain quietly in the station allotted to them in society, and to gaze, at an humble distance, at the privileged persons who composed the court, and these distinguished fashionables enjoying the height of happiness in the polite circle around them. The great world, as it was called—the only world whose denizens were highly bred, highly accomplished, polished by travel, and acquainted with the *belles-lettres*—considered it the worst of banishments to leave the joys of London, when to winter balls succeeded *fêtes*, *champêtres*, regattas on the broad and sparkling waters of that beautiful river, which was the scene of continual pleasure to our ancestors, though now shut out from view by tall dark buildings—and midnight promenades in illuminated gardens, to rust and moulder in the country, amid people who had never even dreamed of the joys of London; knew nothing, saw nothing, and cared for nothing beyond their own fields, and a race or an assize

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ball at the country town. An exile in so barbarous a region was little short of martyrdom to the fine gentlefolks of former days. Accordingly, Lord Chesterfield writes thus from Bretthby Hall, in Derbyshire:—"Were I given to romances I should think myself in the castle of some inexorable magician, which I am sure Don Quixote often did upon much slighter grounds; or were I inclined to a religious melancholy I should fancy myself in hell: but, not having the happiness of being quite out of my senses, I fancy—what is worse than either—that I am just where I am, in the old mansion-seat of the family."

The account given by a contemporary of this man of refinement, of his companions in the country, is equally amusing:—"We have gentlemen with long wigs, but they smoke tobacco; and ladies with hoops, but they are dragged at the tail." The Duchess of Queensbury says, in a letter from Edinburgh, dated June, 1734: "I have not met with any one in this county who doth not eat with a knife, and drink a dish of tea;" and Lord Bathurst records the following marvels of the peak in Derbyshire:—"Perhaps you will not believe me, but it is literally true, that the sun shines even here where I am, above one hundred miles from London, and that there are men and women walking upon two legs just as they do about St. James's."—How delightful to explore the deep recesses of rural haunts, tenanted by a set of beings perfectly dissimilar to the dwellers in towns; to be enabled, on the strength of a well-cut coat, a rich sword-knot, and a cravat edged with fine lace, to attract all eyes in a country church, and send the belles away in ecstasies with the charming stranger! What peril, too, of flood and field, to be encountered in an expedition of six miles through rough roads to a dinner-party; and what a zest did the narrow escape from broken necks give to the whole affair! Then the warmth of your welcome at these antique habitations, wherein the owners prided themselves upon their old-fashioned English hospitality, the uproariousness of the mirth, and the excess of human happi-

ness which the jocund faces of the party displayed! What have we in exchange for this?—a dull routine of common-places, the same heartless inanity which prevails in town, where no voice is heard above a whisper, and where a laugh would be considered as the height, or rather the depth of *mauvaise ton*. Who could hope to enter a country family in these days, and be entertained with the humours and superstitions recorded in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, when an author not only exchanged the smoke of London for the clear skies of the country; but furnished himself with the materials for an article in a periodical, by observing the habits and manners of the new species with whom he was located. What enjoyment was there of mysterious horrors, when an owl could not hoot from the ivy, or a rat stir in the wainscot, without raising an expectation of some fearful circumstance at hand. What delicious day-dreams did the lucky finder of a horse-shoe—now regarded only as so much old iron—indulge in! Visions of Eldorado and Potosi floated in the mind's eye at the familiarities of the money-spider; and with what an assurance of a prosperous day were those persons comforted, who happened accidentally to put on a stocking or a handkerchief the wrong side out! Then the continual alternation from hope to fear, the ominous dread with which lovers listened to the croak of a raven, as they wandered through the old oak avenue by moonlight; the terror occasioned by spilling salt, and the horrible apprehensions raised by the death-watch, as its slow and solemn tick struck upon the affrighted ear in some large and lonely chamber, arousing some pining maiden from her pensive reverie, and threatening the safety of the beloved object of her meditations, perchance at sea, or pursuing his toilsome way through the burning plains of distant lands! It is all over! The horrors of the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz* excite no sympathetic feeling in our sceptic hearts; we are grown wise, and pay the penalty of knowledge—a paradise is shut from our view.

WANDERINGS IN THE LAND OF HAFIZ.

(Continued from Vol. III, page 255.)

THE SEVEN PARADISES OF ISPAHAN.

“ Is it the turtle’s voice, or love’s young note,
I hear, so sweetly thrilling, through the dew
Of night?—List to thy answering heart, and let
It fondly answer thee! ————— ”

A STRIKING harmony of design prevails in the general aspect of these celebrated gardens; and one conspicuous feature, are the long vistas of Persian plane, called by the natives the *chinar tree*. Its branches are peculiarly umbrageous, and of a most beautiful foliage. These shady avenues are every where enriched with the most delicious fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, in full blossom and blow. Bright canals stretch down the fine perspective, usually terminating at their extremities in some magnificent marble basin, or brilliantly-sparkling fountain, adding its flashing waters to the liquid mirror beneath. Formal as this outline may seem in description, the effect to the sight produced no sensation of stiffness; it was grandeur and elegance combined; and the whole scene, rapturously verdant, appeared the very haunt of freshness and repose, wooing the solitary wanderer to their cool and green retreats. Indeed the vistas and canals stretch to so extended a sylvan depth, that when viewed from any point, they seem parts of a vast wooded forest, intersected by a thousand gliding streams; and through this enchanted scene (for such might have been the model of the fabled wood of Armida) we descry, at various openings, the several palaces which give their appropriate names to each distinct compartment of this constellation of earthly paradises; or rather mimicry of fairy-land! for they glitter at the end of each umbrageous aisle, like so many structures of shining gems. Such is the impression when beheld from a distance; and all then is forgotten by the entranced gazer, but that he has read the “Arabian Nights,” and that he is now standing amid the very scenes they tell of; or that the fairy Parabanoo has just wafted him into the centre of her garden of love, where her sweet sisters inhabit jewelled

palaces, repose on roses, and listen all day to soft music, the food of their immortal beauties!

In drawing near, indeed, the spell is in part dissolved; for time and neglect have been at work. We find gay pavilions, it is true; but like waning beauties, fading to decay. Yet there still remains the fantastic grace of the capricious architecture—the Asiatic, mingling with the Grecian—or with every added ornament that can be produced by colour, carving, gilding, and looking-glass; prodigious quantities of the latter species of decoration being inserted, in a thousand different forms, on every part of the buildings, and all shining at once under the unclouded sun, appear a mass of light, and, dazzling the sight with the imagination, leave the spectator lost in wonder. But the really most magnificent of these extraordinary mansions is the *Chehel Sctoon*, or palace of forty pillars. The exhaustless profusion of its splendid materials reflects, by a masterly arrangement, not merely their own golden and crystal lights, but all the variegated colours of the garden; so that the whole surface of the building seems set with precious stones, moving and changing their hues according to the bright or shadowed aspect of the sky above them. In short, the scene might well be supposed the apparition of an eastern poet’s dream; and here, my companion told me, Shah Abbas passed his happiest waking hours, with his beloved Azule. Her footsteps now, to my fancy, consecrated every spot, and the thought that her eye had rested on its objects clothed each to me with softer beauty.

In approaching, we found the entire front of the palace open to the garden; the roof being sustained by a double colonnade, each pillar measuring forty feet in height, shooting up from a pedestal formed

by the united backs of four lions, admirably sculptured in white marble. The pillars themselves are carved with arabesque devices and foliages, executed in mirror, painting, and gilding; some twisting spirally, others winding in golden wreaths, or running into stars or network circles, and every other intricacy of ornament. The ceilings are equally emblazoned with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, in gold and silver and painting, and thousands of compartments of glittering looking-glass. Lord Byron must have somewhere seen the extraordinary effects of such numerous scattered reflections to have given rise to that beautiful and affecting passage in one of his poems, when he describes the fractured state of his mind, thus multiplying the image of his dead mistress to so many haunting spectres, that his oppressed senses could discover no refuge from the infinite presence of her he loved and mourned.

At the extremity of this immense open gallery, appear two pillars of similar taste; and from their superb capitals spring the limbs of a spacious arch, forming the entrance to a grand interior saloon, where all the costly inventions of Persian luxury have been lavished with unsparing profusion. The decorations are beyond description; indeed its columns, walls, and ceiling, might afford a study of ages for designs in the art. The floors of both apartments are spread with the richest carpets, of the manufacture of at least a hundred years ago, and look fresh as if just from the loom—a proof of the purity of the climate. From the second saloon two folding-doors lead into a very wide and lofty banqueting hall, hung on every side with pictures, generally portraying convivial scenes, fully declaring the purpose of the chamber. Wine, the peculiar passion and bane of the descendants of Shah Abbas, seemed to have been here in all its glory; an air of carousal being evident in most of the figures, while the goblets mantled every where with the anacreontic juice. Dancing-girls varied the groups by their attitudes and costumes, shewing the different countries whence they came; while the gay personages they assisted to entertain sat in large turbans, full mustachios, and with smooth-shaven chins, producing an effect the very opposite to

the high narrow black cap of sheep-skin, and the long bushy beard, now the mode amongst the fashionables of Persia.—But there was one picture which particularly engaged my attention—nay two, partners to each other. The first arose from the following circumstance, and I listened delighted to its little history, while contemplating the gracefully chivalric figures it described. The time was when Shah Abbas held his second campaign against the Turks. The Ottoman troops were collecting in great numbers on the north-western frontiers of Persia, and to watch their movements, or mar their progress, the Shah, who led his army himself, encamped on the banks of that noble river called the Kur (anciently the Cyrus); which, rising in the Caucasus, winds magnificently round Georgia, “famed for lovely maids,” and other provinces bordering the Caspian, till it unites its darkly-rolling waters with that celebrated inland sea.

One day, previously to the opening of actual hostilities, the royal commander, with two or three of his generals, happened to be riding close to the southern margin of the river. A party of Turkish officers were at their games on the opposite shore; and not guessing the Persians they saw to be of any superior military rank to their own, they gaily invited them across, to share their pastime and soldiers’ fare. Abbas, with that generous confidence natural to the highest order of the brave, frankly accepted the proposal, and passed the river with his generals. They were hailed like good comrades, and well entertained; and it was the joyous group, seated at the festive board, I saw depicted before me. At parting with his merry hosts, it appears that the Shah, in his turn, gave them a warm invitation to the Persian quarters. “We will come with double pleasure,” cried the gayest of the Turkish party, “if you promise to contrive us a sight of your young king, whose bold arm has set all our old heroes on their mettle!” The Shah smiled, and engaged to gratify them, if they would as confidently trust themselves to a certain point on the southern bank of the river, as he and his friends had done, on their word, to the north. This was assented to; and, accordingly, at the specified hour next day, the jocund

Turks arrived at the place of rendezvous; where they indeed found their recent guest and his comrades; but others also were there, by whose reverential demeanour to the leader of the first group, the Ottoman visitants soon discovered who their guest really was. Abbas for a few moments enjoyed their surprise; then taking them by the hand, with the same cordial familiarity as that with which he had parted from them, led them into his royal pavilion; and, entertaining them like a prince and a soldier, set a sumptuous repast before them; then conducted them himself back through his camp, and dismissed them with magnificent presents of arms and fine horses.

"Ah!" cried the narrator, "this is but one instance out of hundreds, of the liberality of this prince! Indeed, magnificence to strangers, and munificence to his people, were his prominent characteristics!" In my turn, I could only feel that such grandeur of character is rare even amongst Christian monarchs; and when it appears thus in a Mahometan, we can record it only as an especial sign that there is one all-gracious Father over all, one king of kings, that sheds his beams of beneficence through every breast. Shah Abbas, a devotee in his own faith, was nevertheless tolerant to every other. His sacred ancestry gave him the title of Saint; his own animated temperament made him a hero, and a man of pleasure. He performed pilgrimages on foot; he endowed mosques with the splendour of palaces; his palaces were the seats of legislature; his anderoon (the harem) a council of arms; while the gardens of his city residence, open to the people, resounded with martial exercises, *fêtes*, and revelry. It was only in the retired balconied saloons, or the remotest groves of the fountained grottoes of the *Chehel Setoon*, that he gave up his soul to softness and repose; and then Azule soothed, and blessed, and rewarded with her chaste tenderness, the valiant toils, the fostering cares, of the sovereign of forty nations!

The bounds of the *Chaher Bagh* lie so near one side of the *Maidan Shah*, the other finest monument of the Great Abbas's magnificence, it seems only a natural progress, to pass from the gardens of his recreation immediately into that superb

memorial of his fame, as a monarch and a knight of chivalry. This vast square (nearly 3,000 feet across) and surrounded by the noblest specimens of Asiatic architecture, must at one time have presented an epitome of the prosperity of the empire. Here were displayed the merchandize of the world; here were exhibited tournaments of heroes from every quarter of it! On the north-west side of this immense area appears the grand entrance tower of the bazar; on the south-east stands the *Mesched Shah*, or mosque of the king, perhaps the most superb building of the kind in the whole empire. The north-east is occupied by another religious structure; and to the south-west, the Ali Kopi gate rears itself in unequalled majesty. By the term gate we are not to understand a huge porch of entrance, however grand; at least, not so in the East; but rather a lofty and extensive building, combined with the actual portal, full of apartments for strength, or state. Some were here appropriated to courts of justice; others to the occasional visits of the sovereign, whether on subjects of public affairs, or to take cognizance of what was passing in the great square, from his open throne, which crowns this truly regal structure. It is divided into several stories of chambers, all over the vast archway of entrance; and the flights of steps which conduct to them are all of the most beautifully variegated porcelain. The first of these ascents leads to the open saloon directly over the porch. The roof is supported by stately pillars. They, and the domed ceiling above them, are now fast fading, but once shone in the richest blazonry of Asiatic chivalry and romantic decorations. Within that balconied throne the magnificent Shah Abbas viewed the manœuvres of his cavalry, or the gallant tilting of his knights; and bright eyes sparkled around, for many looked from the latticed windows of the adjacent noble dwellings.

From the roof of this palace-gate a very extensive panorama of the city presents itself; which, in the days of its prosperity, must have been glorious as imagination can conceive. At present, with the exception of the fairy pavilions in the *Chaher Bagh*, the whole appears a mass of ruinous

streets, houses, and mosques; though certainly soothingly to the eye, relieved by the intervening shade of poplars, chinar, and even fruit trees, which "mark where the gardens have been" that formerly showed each inhabited mansion. The prospect beyond shews the country in similar abandonment; the brilliant waters of the Zeinderood winding their way between wasted spots, which had once been cultivated fields; and hamlets lying in heaps, without human voice wandering through the desolation. Happy, then, is the traveller who rather

takes his last impression of this setting sun of departed greatness from the groves of its still remaining paradises! who strives to remember Ispahan in her roses, jessamines, and clustering garlands of many flowers; who hears her latest sigh in the thrill of her nightingale; and, if he cannot see her still all alive in the glories of health, yet sheds his parting tear on the beautiful remains—pale, cold, lifeless, yet breathing sweets, embalming memory and the grave!

P. J.

(To be continued.)

Original Poetry.

MY HEART'S CREED.

"——— Oh! that *this* we knew,
But this!—that through the silence of the night,
Some voice, of all the lost ones and the true,
Would speak, and say, if in their fair repose,
We are yet aught of what we were to those
We call the dead!"

HEMANS.

They are not gone—the loved ones of the
grave—

Though the earth rests upon their mortal bosoms,
They are not gone!—With strong though un-
seen power

They minister unto our spirits yet.—
Ay—they are with us in our pilgrimage,
Cheering us on with gentle whisperings
Of holy hope, and peace, and heaven-born joy.
Though veiled from our dim eyes, their radiant
forms

Hover around our path, to guard our steps
And hearts from evil.—In the lone calm hour,
When the world-wearied soul expands her wings
In the wild breeze of solitude—O, then,
Then they are with us, speaking such sweet
language
As angels speak, when they first meet in
heaven.

—Do we not hear them when the winds are still,
And the pale placid moon in all her beauty
Smiles on our watchings?—when the pleasant
tide

Of other days rolls back upon our senses,
Laving them in the waters of delight?—
Yes!—they are vocal then—we know, we feel
Their dulcet voice—and time, and death, and
sorrow

Fade into nothing, like a dream of night
Chased by the morning.—When the twinkling
stars

Look on the fond, fond fruitless tears we shed,
While kneeling at the turf that coldly shrouds
The loved, the buried—do we kneel *alone*?
No! *they* are near us—breathing balmy sighs
Of tenderest pity. Messengers from *Him*
Who marks the beatings of the breaking heart,
From their eternal homes they come—they come
With healing on their wings—and Grief's pale
child

Looks up and cries, "*Father, thy will be
done!*"

—FATHER!—O, when that great, that ONE
great name

Trembles upon our lips in secret prayer—
When the deep worship of the contrite heart
Rises to His high throne—lo, they are nigh!—
They, whom we prayed with in the days of
youth

At God's own Altar—and we feel their presence
In the pure peace that rests upon that hour.

Scraps of bliss!—ye who still love us—say,
When we have travelled through the wastes of
time,

To the dark portals of that unknown bourne
Which ye have passed—shall we yet hear
your voices?

Amid the toil of death—the agony
Of parting nature—will ye speak to us,
In sacred whispers, of the promised land
Where we are speeding—of the fadeless
bowers—

The home that waits us in the world of spirits?
—Yes! we shall hear ye!—your sweet songs of
joy

Will steal to our lone couch; and faith, and
hope,

Will nerve us then—*making us strong in death.*

L. S. S.

TO A. M. H.

LADY, forgive the earnest gaze
Which I so often fix on thee ;
I would not dare to meet the rays
Of thy sweet glance, but that I see
Such gentleness in every beam,
And tokens of that starry dream
Which, once in our short lives of sorrow,
Wraps heart and brain—and though the mor-
row

May bring us other pleasures, yet
We cannot quite that dream forget.

I gaze on thee—I gaze on thee,
And strive to read my destiny :
It lives recorded on thy brow—
A misty veil hangs o'er it now ;
But there it lives, and time will show
My lot of joy, or doom of woe.

I gaze on thee, and strive to read
One little word my hopes to feed—
But hopes have ever been to me
Deceitful as some quiet sea,
Which lures the bark of pleasure o'er
Its glassy waters, far from shore ;
And there, where all is smiles and sun,
And fear has fled, and joy begun,
'Tis buried in the foaming grave
Of some o'erwhelming, sudden wave.

There's not a day I've set apart
To give my solitary heart
A holiday, and cast away
Its garb of sadness and be gay,
But something happened, something came
To dim my pleasure's lightest flame ;
Or disappointment's wizard spite
Would change that day to black midnight.

Then why should I still hope and pine
For that which flies as I draw near,
And let fond thoughts my heart entwine,
To cost at parting many a tear ?

Yet Hope I cannot think will be
Ever my bitterest enemy ;
A guerdon yet she may bestow—
A recompense for every woe.

I gaze on thee, and thoughts arise
Bright as the glance that meets my eyes !
I gaze on thee and turn away
To dream of some delightful day
When I may be thine every thought—
When I may reign where none have reign'd—
When all that I through life have sought,
In gaining thee, will be obtained.

Thus to Hope's pinions do I cling,
And soar wherever she may wing
Through cloudless skies her angel flight,
Through realms that never knew the night.
Like some fond girl who has believed,
And loves the more the more deceived ;
In Hope's sweet promises I live,
Tracing the joys she yet may give !

J. B. B.

TO ———.

By Miss M. G. Lewis.

I SAT beneath a darkened sky,
The waves are rough, and the winds are high,
And my shatter'd bark ploughs wearily
The troubled breast of an angry sea ;
The big clouds gather round me fast,
And my form is chill'd by the tempest's blast ;
Drench'd by the storm, and the ocean-foam,
Lone o'er a darkened world I roam ;
And wild thoughts press on my aching brow—
Whilst all but my heart is withered now !
For there is a bright ray in the west,
That shines, like a star, on the billow's breast ;
One warm, bright beam, o'er my 'lorn wreck
breaking,

—Like a spirit of light from chaos waking—
And wander I whether in good or ill,
Let but its halo encompass me still,
Smooth were my track o'er the raving sea,
If that star's glory still shine on me !

But if its light must pass away,
Its splendour fade in dark decay,
And I on a stormy sea be left,
Of my last—last hope, and light, bereft,
All that could banish the gloom of despair
From hope's last gleam—were blasted there !
If its glory must pass—oh ! let it pass
Like twilight o'er the wave's calm glass :
So soft—unfelt—as still to seem
A lingerer on the pensive stream ;
And I, insensible of change,
In cheated fancy still may range
The same bright path I trod before,
Nor know, nor seek, nor wish for more :
Whilst time shall steal its light away,
I'll learn to bear my star's decay ;
Perchance outlive its darkened form,
Despite the shadow and the storm.
But, oh ! not suddenly quench its light
In the desolate gloom of sorrow's night,
And leave me alone in my frail bark sailing,
Where nought is heard but the tempest's wailing,
With not a ray to lighten my path,
Save the angry flash of the sky in its wrath ;
—A scathed soul cooped in a mortal den—
For heart and hope were withered then !

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

NO. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the Persian lilac: the pelisse is close fastened down in front, where a pointed ornament is carried down each side; the points bound round with narrow *rouleaux*, and separated, over the fastening of the skirt, by one large full-wadded *rouleau*. Round the border of the skirt, about three inches above the shoe, is an ornament set on straight across, of an entwined *rouleau*, forming a *tire-bouchon*. The body is made quite plain, and the collar remarkably narrow. Neither ruff nor *colerette* is worn with this pelisse, but a row of large pearls encircles the throat. The bonnet is white, and of the new cotton manufacture, in imitation of chip, with a narrow *Vandyke* blond at the edge of the brim: it is handsomely trimmed about the crown with scrolls of Japanese gauze, edged with white satin *rouleaux*, and very slightly ornamented with Provence roses, one of which is placed under the left side of the brim: the strings are in a loop, and are of rich white ribbon, broad, and edged round with narrow blond. A parasol, of sea-green, with a broad white fringe, completes the costume.

NO. 2.—AFTERNOON HOME DRESS.

A ROUND dress of fine *jaconot* muslin, with five narrow flounces, set on very full, and pointed. The sleeves full, and in the *chemisette* style; the width confined all the way up the arm, at separate distances, by bands of embroidered muslin. An elegant *pelerine* of the same material as the dress, and richly ornamented with lace, is worn over the shoulders: it is left partially open in front, whence a falling kind of collar turns back on each side, forming an ornament something similar to a *lapelle*; this is also trimmed with lace: the *corsage* of the dress, however, is entirely concealed in front by this appendage; and though it seems to form a part of the dress, it is not

of the *canezon* kind, but of a style perfectly novel. The hair is beautifully arranged in clustered curls, smaller than those which have, of late, so disguised the female countenance: a small cap is worn over it, of rich blond, with a large full-blown rose on one side, and very long lappets depending over each shoulder. The cap is placed more forward than has been the mode for this sort of head-covering for some time. The jewellery ornaments are ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, of pearls and rubies, set *à l'antique*.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE fine weather that succeeded to the constant rains on the early days of June has infused new life among our fashionable females, and imparted gaiety and novelty to their attire. We have eagerly seized the occasion offered us of inspecting the produce of some of our most approved *Magasins de Modes*, and availed ourselves of that rare indulgence; nor have we been backward in attending the different haunts of fashion, now thronged by her most brilliant votaries.

Pelisses of *gros de Naples*, that fasten imperceptibly in front, appearing like a high dress, are most in favour for outdoor costume, particularly for the promenade. They are made as plain as possible, and we much admire their elegant simplicity. Nevertheless, we have a decided aversion to extremes; and the total abolition of lace frills, and even of collars, is not a mark of good taste: the form in which the most fashionable pelisses are now made at the throat, without either of these becoming appendages, imparts the idea of *un homme sans chemise*. It is true the ruffs and frills were at one time growing enormous; but the narrow quilling of lace

next the throat, and the modest *colerette* over the shoulders, was a becoming, and almost requisite addition to this sort of dress. High dresses of the *pelisse* kind, and not easily distinguishable from *pelisses*, form another favourite out-door dress: a *barège* scarf, with the ends drawn through the sash, or a handsome silk neckkerchief tied round the throat, is the only additional covering; and these, when the weather is warm, are frequently seen over white dresses, and constitute all the envelope, especially in carriages. The *pele-rines*, worn by young ladies, are made in twenty different modes, all equally elegant: they are generally of the same material as the dress; though we have seen some of clear muslin, trimmed with lace, over silk gowns.

The cotton hats are in high favour this summer: when they first appeared, two years ago, the approbation they experienced was very cold: they are ingenious in their fabrication, and promise to be as durable as the *never-ending* Leghorn; as, it is said, they will actually bear washing with soap and water without injury. They are an imitation of the chip, but they have not that lightness; and the faults we find in them are a dead whiteness, and that heaviness which is so unpleasant in the Leghorn; giving a sort of cloth-like appearance to the light head-covering of summer. We have seen a lovely white chip hat for the carriage, elegantly ornamented about the crown in wreaths of corn-flowers and field-daisies. The strings of the hat were in a long loose loop of shaded ribbon, green and jonquil, a bow of which ribbon was placed on each side of the hair just above the ears. Pink crape bonnets, ornamented with bows of the same, bound round with satin *rouleaux*, are worn both for the carriage and promenade; for the latter, a black lace veil is added. Leghorn and fine Dunstable are yet in favour: the former are ornamented with ribbons and summer flowers, the latter with ribbons only, disposed with the utmost simplicity. White watered *gros de Naples* is still a favourite material for hats. Such hats are to be seen every where, and in every style of costume.

Broad flounces, with double heads, are favourite ornaments at the borders of gowns; yet in half-dress a very charming

simplicity is now adopted. Nothing is considered more elegant than a silk, remarkable for the beauty of its colour, or, if figured, for the elegance and ingenuity of its designs, to be made up as plain as possible. We hail this simplicity as the dawning of good taste, but we repeat, we love not extremes. For evening dress, gowns of white *barège* or *tulle*, trimmed with five very full *ruches*, at separate distances, with the bodies *à la Vierge*, and the sleeves *en gigot*, are expected to be very prevalent this summer. Printed cambrics and coloured muslins are favourite articles for the *déjeûné déshabille*. Jaconot muslin dresses prevail much as afternoon home-dresses; some very richly embroidered, others plain and flounced with the same, as represented in our engraving of this style of dress.

Small caps of blond are yet the favourite head-dress for home costume, or the receiving of friendly dinner parties; but turbans are now decidedly the *coiffeure* most preferred: they are extremely large, and have an air of much distinction. Some of them are of an elastic material, of rich and brilliant colours, and are wound several times round and round the head, two superb tassels hanging over the left shoulder: others are something in the *béret* style, but are immensely wide, and render the head too large for the body. The latter are of coloured crape. The blond caps are very pretty and becoming, and of various shapes; but all small, light, and elegant, and ornamented with flowers. The dress-hats worn by our matrons are still very wide, and too large for an evening head-dress: their brims seem also more extended by the loop under the brim, and another over it, which terminate in a bow over the left eye. Many of these dress-hats are of white crape, and have a double plume of feathers; part rising above the crown, the others placed lower, and playing in every direction about the brim. There are now but few balls; at which, however, the most elegant head-dress for young ladies consists of a few sweet peas, or other summer flowers, slightly scattered over the curls and braids. Small blond caps with open crowns, *en squellettes*, ornamented with narrow blond rosettes and small flowers, are much worn at the theatres.

The favourite colours are yellow, blue, rose-colour, straw-colour, and sea-green.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE sweet influence of beneficence is now felt, I believe, in every civilized state in Europe: it is in the midst of pleasures that the hand, teeming with bounty, is held out to suffering humanity. You have relieved, in this manner, the distresses of your manufacturers; and the dance and concert have been made subservient with us to the cause of the afflicted Greeks.

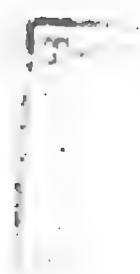
For them luxury spread her attractions, and coquetry her snares; but party and opinion were not thought of; one sole motive animated every one—the succour of courage, oppressed by misfortune. Such has been the spring which has moved our first fashionables to set on foot several *fêtes* for raising sums by collections to furnish the ill-fated Greeks with arms and money. As the dresses, however, worn on these occasions, relate chiefly to *grande parure*, I will commence in the usual routine with out-door costume.

The newest pelisse is of *gros de Naples*, of a pearl-grey, with a pelerine cape. Muslin *canezous* are very general, and charmingly made. Many husbands are delighted at these graceful appendages, when they see their wives content to wear a muslin or gingham gown, that does not exceed in cost above twenty, or five-and-twenty francs. *Hélas! les pauvres maris!* They know not that an elegant *canezou* costs from sixty to eighty francs, and it is that which gives so charming a finish to a dress they so much admire for its modest simplicity. A gown of pink, sulphur-yellow, or white organdy, with a clear muslin *canezou*, with long sleeves, and a body made half high, without any collar, but a double quilling of *tulle* next the throat, forms a very elegant out-door dress for a lady of fashion. *Déshabille* pelisses, for morning wear, have been seen; the greater part of them fastening down the sides in

front, with bows of ribbon. Those of gingham are often trimmed round with a narrow quilling of the same. They have all *pelerine* capes trimmed in the same manner. Such capes are also worn with round dresses in *déshabille*.

Ribbon and straw mingled together, yet continue favourite ornaments on straw hats. Some Leghorn hats have a full wreath of various flowers grouped together, round the crown; others have *bouquets* of tulips made of feathers: they are scattered about at equal distances, and are sustained by a bow of ribbon. Many *sparterie* hats are ornamented with a broad ribbon of damask gauze, yellow and green. This ribbon surrounds the crown; it is puckered below, the upper part brought together in large flutings. White crape hats are often trimmed with plats of yellow straw, sewn very close together, on the brim as well as on the crown. A double *aigrette* of feathers, placed at the bottom of the crown, completes their trimming. The trimming on blue crape hats consists of ears of maize, and *rouleaux* of yellow satin: there are about three or four ears of maize, which are fixed by rosettes of ribbon, on the top of the crown and round the brim. The fashionists sometimes make bonnets of sarcenet of the bird-of-paradise yellow, with large brown chequers; sometimes the bonnets are of *gros de Naples*, white with green stripes: the brims of these bonnets are cut very short at the ears.

An embroidery of a new description is now seen on organdy dresses: it consists of small flat silk *cordons* sewn on in different patterns, which produces a very charming effect of embroidery in relief. Others have been seen embroidered in coloured worsted; rows of which separate each flounce, the edges of which are also ornamented with a row of coloured embroidery. The sleeves of these dresses are *en gigot*, and are trimmed downwards in scalloped stripes, in lace of an elegant pattern, and fastened at the wrists by a broad gold bracelet, with a brooch of white cornelian. An evening dress of white *gros de Naples* has excited much admiration; it is trimmed at the border with flounces cut in the shape of cockscombs; and these stand out so from the dress, that no part but the top





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1876

of the flounce appears actually to touch the gown. For ladies fond of what they call a *bustling* trimming, this would be surely an acquisition. Two narrow round collars conceal the seam that fastens the sleeve to the body. A dress, also, of rose-coloured satin, with *bouffant* trimmings of the same coloured satin and crape, has appeared at some of our charitable *fêtes*; these trimmings held up by a *bouquet* of roses, ears of corn, and oats, of silver: the sleeves were very short and full. Coloured muslins are often trimmed with very broad bias folds; a chain of cotton braiding placed at the top of each fold: the same sort of braiding ornaments the body, and also the short sleeves of coloured muslin, which are discovered through long white transparent sleeves. The sashes are of shaded ribbons, with long ends, and are fastened with a buckle, but have no bow: these buckles are *à l'antique*. With white dresses it is usual to wear a pointed *pelerine* of black lace, or *tulle*. Many of these *pelerines* are seen at concerts and other evening spectacles, of beautiful white blond over coloured dresses of *gros de Naples*. Morning dresses are chiefly of printed cambric: the favourite pattern is that of little detached *bouquets* of flowers.

Bérets, so long the most favoured head-dresses, now give place to the more appropriate summer cap of blond adorned with flowers. Turbans are worn at the theatres: they are chiefly coloured, and on the

crowns is a treillage-work of satin, the colour of the crape or gauze of which the turban is composed. The few *bérets* yet seen are now in their pristine form; not placed flat on the head, but on the summit of a broad *bandeau*, with a full rosette on each side. The *béret* is surmounted by another rosette: this gives the head-dress a new feature, yet it is much more classical than it has been (by its late innovations) for some time past. Small dress hats, worn very backward, the borders of which are *en coquilles*, both before and behind, are a novelty now in high favour in the fashionable world. At the theatres some ladies have been seen in *basque* caps of Scotch tartan. For the ball-room the most approved head-dress is a wreath of blue flowers with green foliage. Caps for the morning are made short at the ears; and whether of muslin or gauze, they are trimmed with a great quantity of ribbon. Though their crowns are rather high, and they are placed very backward, they discover the hinder hair above the nape of the neck.

The new bracelets are of Egyptian pebbles. They are composed of three rows of those stones, cut in the shape of a lozenge, and united by little chains of gold. This new style of jewellery is charming, as it combines lightness, elegance, and simplicity.

The favourite colours are canary-yellow, rose-colour, blue, macassa-brown, and green.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

We have before us in five octavo volumes "*Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, for the Use of Families and Young Persons; reprinted from the Original Text, with the careful Omission of all Passages of an irreligious or immoral Tendency. By Thomas Bowdler, Esq., F.R.S., S.A., Editor of the Family Shakespeare.*" This title-page is, of itself, no mean recommendation of the work; and,

by all who recollect the very careful and able manner in which Mr. Bowdler executed his former task with respect to Shakespeare, it will at once be felt, that another important service has here been rendered to the cause of religion and morality. No one could be more competent to the task than Mr. Bowdler. To these volumes is prefixed a brief but suitable "Introduction," written, as we are apprized, early in the

year 1825. Since that period, Mr. Bowdler has been removed from the scene of his earthly labours. In a note, appended to the Introduction, we find this interesting statement:—

It was the peculiar happiness of the writer to accomplish, during the latter part of his life, the two-fold labour of purifying the pages of Shakspeare and of Gibbon, in order to present to those who seek for information and rational entertainment, the works of the dramatist and historian in such a form as might not raise a blush on the cheek of modest innocence, nor plant a pang in the breast of the devout Christian. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire was several times revised with the most anxious care, it occupied his almost undivided attention, and he often breathed an earnest prayer that he might be permitted to complete it before he should be called to his rest. This desire was mercifully granted. He was enabled, in the full vigour of a sound and well-informed mind, to put his last hand to the work; and in the short space of a few weeks after transmitting his papers to the publishers, closed a life of usefulness and benevolence with a strength of mind, a calmness and cheerfulness of spirit, which the gratification of personal vanity or ambition can never bestow.

The next historical production to which we are desirous of pointing the attention of our readers, is a "*Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte, and of his Residence on board H.M.S. Bellerophon; with a Detail of the principal Events that occurred in that Ship, between 24th May and 8th August, 1815; by Capt. F. L. Maitland, C.B.*"—From this modestly-written, yet highly-interesting book, we have given very copious extracts in the *Supplement* to Vol. III. of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, which will meet the public at the same time with these sheets.

A work of great promise, but comparatively slight performance, has appeared in two octavo volumes, under the title of "*Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France, during the Revolution; with original and authentic Anecdotes of Contemporary Sovereigns, &c.; from the Journals, Letters, and Conversations of the Princess Lamballe; by a Lady of Rank, in the confidential service of that unfortunate Princess.*" Certainly there is information in these volumes; but it bears an unauthenticated

and very questionable shape. The *soi-disant* "lady of rank" professes to be an English woman, indebted for her resources to his Grace the late Duke of Norfolk; and she intimates that the same of her early proficiency in music, as well as of a pious disposition to embrace the Catholic faith, drew upon her the favourable notice of the Queen of France, and of the Princess Lamballe, with whom the desire of making converts was paramount to every other consideration. Of this we are certain, that no *decent ENGLISHwoman*, whether of "rank" or not, would express herself on paper, or otherwise, as the author of these volumes has expressed herself; that no *ENGLISH gentleman* would venture to read her book aloud in a company of *ladies*. After all, those who chuse to wade through filth—"if any such there be"—may obtain some information from these "rank" volumes.

The following title somewhat indicates the character of the work by which it is borne:—" *Journal of a Voyage up the Mediterranean; principally among the Islands of the Archipelago, and in Asia Minor, &c.; by the Rev. Charles Swan, Chaplain to H.M.S. Cambrian.*" There is considerable information in these two volumes respecting the affairs of Greece, &c., but their effect is much injured by a flippancy of manner in the writer, and also by an air of pedantry, unpleasing equally to the lettered and the unlettered reader. We shall venture, however, upon two brief extracts; the first of which is a rather striking description of a mosque:—

The entrance of each of these buildings is furnished with a fountain and a number of cocks. The worshipper here makes his ablutions; he washes his feet, hands, breast, and face; then rinses his mouth, and wipes all upon a handkerchief or shawl, which he carries in his bosom. Ascending a few steps, a stone pavement, which is covered with mats, leads into the mosch. On this matted ground the slippers of the Moslem are deposited, as he proceeds into the building. Some of them, however, first worship without before they enter; and others, but fewer, go no further at the time. The mosch is covered with carpeting laid upon mats, to preserve it from the friction of the stone beneath. The east side facing the entrance has a profusion of gilding, with verses from the Koran inscribed in the

centre. On each side of this showy part a pulpit is erected, one of which the Imam ascends by a staircase of white marble; all beside is painted in imitation of it. Fronting the pulpits is a wooden gallery, and in the centre circular rows of lamps are suspended. When the worshipper enters, he stands erect, looking towards the shrine, if it may be so called; by-and-bye he bows his body horizontally; then his knees bend until they gradually touch the ground, by which movement his head, or rather nose, pretty much at the same time is also brought into contact with it. He again stands erect, and is continually repeating the same process till he finishes his devotional exercise.

The second passage we quote is a Turkish bill of fare, which we earnestly recommend to the notice of our good friend, Dr. Kitchiner:—

1. Sort of white soup, in which were a few pieces of minced liver. 2. Roasted lamb with pistachio nuts. 3. Jelly floating on a glass bowl of water, in which gold and silver fish were swimming. 4. Roasted turkey cut in pieces, and stuffed with pine-apple seeds and peeled chestnuts. 5. Sort of white custard, sprinkled with pounded cinnamon. 6. Stewed vegetables soaked in oil. 7. Custard. 8. Fried fish with an acid sauce. 9. Bread pudding sprinkled with sugar. 10. Fried fish. 11. Preserved apples with a rich syrup. 12. Grilled legs of geese. 13. Mincemeat pie with a variety of herbs, from the top of which came a living goldfinch—a common eastern trick. It was the same at all the three tables. 14. Honeyed pastry. 15. Cabbage leaves rolled up with boiled rice. 16. Almond Custard. 17. Stewed chicken stuffed with pine-apple seeds. 18. Sugar cake shaped like diamonds. 19. Stewed vegetables with a garlic sauce. 20. Pastry. 21. Wild boar roasted. 22. Pastry. 23. Sausages made partly with rice, herbs, &c. &c., I know not what. 24. Cakes. 25. Fried fish, mullet. 26. Cakes. 27. Wild boar or beef (I could not distinguish) done with sauce like beef olives. 28. Melons. 29. Pastry. 30. Fried knuckles of HAM !! 31. Cakes. 32. Fritters. 33. Sort of fry with chestnuts. 34. Roasted flesh of the wild boar. 35. Large dish of boiled rice. 36. Rose-water sweetened with honey.

We solicit the attention of every lover of genius to the four posthumous volumes of a lady who once reigned without a rival in the world of fiction:—*Gaston De Blondville, or the Court of Henry III. keeping Festival in Ardenne, a Romance*;—*St.*

Alban's Abbey, a Metrical Tale, with some Poetical Pieces; by Anne Radcliffe, Author of 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' 'Romance of the Forest,' &c.;—to which is prefixed a *Memoir of the Author, with Extracts from her Journals.*" We do not mean to say that Gaston De Blondville excites an equal degree of intense and appalling interest with the Mysteries of Udolpho, &c.; but its story is well constructed; and its diction, combining the quaintness of the antique with the beauty of modern times, breathes the very soul of poetry and romance. Of this production, a more extended notice, with some extracts, will be found in our Supplementary Number to the preceding volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. In that number also, under the head *BIOGRAPHY*, is given an abstract of the memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe. The poetical talents of that lady will shortly fall under consideration in our *Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction*.

"*William Douglas; or, the Scottish Exiles, an Historical Novel, in three volumes,*" is chiefly valuable for the vivid picture it presents of the manners and feelings of the people of Scotland during the troubled period of the reign of James II., when the wretched Covenanters were hunted like wild beasts, by men who, under the mask of loyalty, were guilty of every cruel and barbarous crime. The plot is simply as follows:—Ensign Forshaw is commanded by his superior officer, Sir John Davenport, to take up his station in a family suspected of favouring the Covenanters. The family consists of Mrs. Wallace, her sons and daughters, and sister-in-law. Their mild and amiable manners excite the Ensign's sympathy, not only for themselves but for the Covenanters in general, of the injustice and oppression towards whom he becomes daily more sensible. This feeling leads him into many unpleasant and suspicious situations, in which he incurs the disapprobation of his superior officers. His curiosity is excited by the singular appearance and manners of a person who visits the family as a tutor to the younger son, but who ultimately proves to be Sir Sholto Douglas, the husband of Mrs. Wallace, who had assumed the latter name for the sake of security. The estates of Sir Sholto, as a Covenanter, and for the part

which he had taken in the rising at Bothwell, have been confiscated; and on their master's being arrested in the person of Patrickson, the tutor to Mrs. Wallace's son, he is brought to a mock trial, and sentenced to death, and William Douglas, his elder son, with several others, are sentenced to perpetual slavery in the colonies. Here a new interest arises. The ship is wrecked on its passage; and William Douglas and a few of his companions are thrown upon an unknown island, a part of which, to their surprise, is peopled by British settlers, a family who had likewise been cast upon the island, had formed a colony, and now consisted of about two hundred persons. We must pass unnoticed the patriarchal manners of these people, their engagements with some buccaneers who occupied the farther side of the island, and proceed to state that William Douglas, after a residence there of eight years, during which he forms an attachment, and is united to, a beautiful girl named Lillias, is induced to return to Europe, in the hope of obtaining a pardon. He lands in Holland, where he learns that universal toleration has been proclaimed in Scotland. He returns thither, and meets his father, whose life had been preserved through the efforts of Ensign Forshaw. Forshaw is united to Emily Douglas, for whom he had conceived an affection as Emily Wallace; the estates and title of Sir Sholto are restored to him; and all ends happily. Such is the story of *The Scottish Exiles*.—Many of the characters, particularly those of Sir John Davenport and Ensign Forshaw, are ably sustained; and, as we have before observed, as illustrating the manners and feelings of the times, these volumes will be read with lively interest.

"Montville; or, the Dark Heir of the Castle!" Who, upon reading this title, would not anticipate a tale brimful of horrors, of haunted chambers, spectres, and all the concomitants of the Radcliffe school of romance? Who would not be astonished at being ushered into the presence of a company, "clad in the full costume" of ladies and gentlemen of the year 1826, whose gravest discussions are on the relative breadth of a gentleman's wristbands, and of whom, on reaching the end of the second volume, the only circumstance of record

is the death of a harmless boy, occasioned by a fall into the river? The plot, of which we are in total ignorance until the middle of the third volume, is nearly to this effect: Sir Kenerick resides at Montville with his niece, Constantia Avily, the heiress presumptive of his immense estates. Her claims, however, are set aside by the arrival of his nephew from the East-Indies, who has escaped from captivity, and whom Sir Kenerick had never seen. Mr. Montville is accompanied by a black servant, named Kassrac. The former quickly ingratiates himself with the female inhabitants of the castle, and, after breaking the heart of one luckless damsel, is on the point of eloping with Constantia, when Kassrac is brought in dead. Kassrac is discovered to be a female, and to have been killed by her master in a fit of passion. At this moment two strangers arrive, who declare Mr. Montville to be an impostor, named Castaldi; that he is an Indian; and that he had stabbed and left as dead, Sir Kenerick's nephew, and had obtained documents to assert his claim to the deceased's estates. The younger of these strangers proves to be the real Hubert Montville, who had recovered from his wounds, and after a long captivity in India, had returned to dispossess the impostor. Castaldi escapes, but, on his return to India, is met by Kenerick Mordaunt, a *protégé* of Sir Kenerick Montville's, towards whom he entertains the most deadly hatred, and a duel ensues, in which both lose their lives. The real nephew sickens and dies; Constantia is again heiress of Montville; soon finds another lover, to whom she is united, and thus ends the story. Skilfully wrought up, these materials might have formed a tale of much interest; but, in the present instance, we cannot compliment the author of Montville upon the success of his endeavours.

"De Vavasour, a Tale of the Fourteenth Century," in three volumes, is an historical romance, of a very different stamp from that of *"Woodstock,"* or of *"The Boyne Water."* Report assigns its authorship to Lord Blessington. Edward the Third, his youthful queen, Phillippa of Hainault, Charles IV. and Philip VI. of France, Petrarch and Laura, &c. figure as persons of the drama. There is a freshness about

many of the scenes that is quite delightful ; though, as grey-bearded critics, we cannot but pronounce that, here and there, an air of freedom presents itself which we cannot quite approve.

" *Vivian Grey*," in two volumes, is another lively effort, emanating apparently from the world of fashion. Its general tone is satirical ; and it contains a considerable portion of light, innocent scandal, relieved, now and then, by effective touches of sentiment and feeling.

" *Continental Adventures, a Novel, in three volumes*," said to be by the fair author of " *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*," is a most agreeable compound of fact and fiction, of real scenes and adventures with characters created by the imagination. It is written in the piquant spirit of an animated, well-informed tourist, rich in fancy, graphic in description.

The announcement of a new work from the pen of either of the Misses Porter, is at all times hailed with genuine satisfaction by the reading world ; in super-addition to the charm of an interesting fiction, they have been long taught to expect depth of feeling, purity of sentiment, and force of moral. We have now two volumes, the joint production of the fair sisters—" *Tales Round a Winter Hearth, by Jane and Anna Maria Porter*." The first and second of the five pieces which these volumes embrace, were, we are informed, " related to the writer by a lady of high rank, distinguished for many accomplishments." The incidents of the first—Glenrowan, a Scottish Tradition, connected with the struggles of the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward Stuart to recover the crown of his ancestors—were warranted by the narrator " as facts known to one of her own family." The second, entitled—Lord Howth, an Irish Legend—partakes of the character of a fairy tale ; yet it excites an affecting interest, and is spoken of as a tradition still religiously believed in Ireland. The third—Jeannie Halliday, a Tale of our own Times—dates its origin from events of recent occurrence. This sweet and touching story, which we suspect to be the production of Miss Anna Maria Porter, forcibly reminds the reader of that delightful ballad, Auld Robin Gray ; and who that has ever heard Miss Stephens sing that ballad has

not felt his heart enchained, his eyes o'erflow ? Such precisely is the effect produced by a perusal of Jeannie Halliday. We wish not to offer higher praise. My Chamber in the Old House of Huntercombe, the fourth sketch, forming an introduction to the fifth, and longest story, excites an interest in the reader, from its simplicity and quietness of manner—in fact, from its fidelity to nature. The writer states that it is a little memorial of real incidents which occurred to her at the fine old mansion of Huntercombe, once attached to the Abbey of Burnham, in the midst of a dear, domestic circle, such as she has described. The Pilgrimage of Berenice, a Record of Burnham Abbey, which occupies the whole of the second volume—and we wish it had occupied a third—is avowedly a fiction. Its wildness of Asiatic manners contrasts forcibly with the *home* pathos of Jeannie Halliday, the effect of each being materially heightened by the contrast. Though the whole is an effort of the imagination, we are led to suppose, from the vividness of its scenery, and the apparent truth of its general descriptions, that the writer must have rendered herself familiar with such subjects, through information afforded by her travelled and enlightened brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter. If we err not, Miss Jane Porter is the author of this piece.—To recommend these volumes to general attention, would be, on our part, a work of supererogation.

The professed object of what are termed " *The Stanley Tales, Original and Select, chiefly collected by the late Ambrose Martin, of Stanley Priory, Teesdale*," the first Part of which has reached us, is to form a selection of amusing and interesting tales, in monthly parts, interspersed with originals, and translations from the most popular German writers. No. I. contains ten tales : The Horn Book, from the German of H. P. Pratzel ;—Bathmendi, a Persian Tale, the moral of which teaches us to seek happiness within ourselves, rather than abroad ;—Pepoukin in Corsica, in which a disagreeable suitor is got rid of by inspiring him with a ridiculous dread of vampires ;—The Possessed One, the point of which, we confess, we do not comprehend ;—The Bear Hunt, from the German of Wyss ;—The Maid of the Inn ;—The Baron D'Ap-

preville;—The Bohemian;—Jabia and Meimoune, a Turkish Tale;—and The Spectre Unmasked. Of these the greater number are of a humorous nature.—The work is neatly printed; and should its succeeding numbers possess equal merit with the present, it cannot fail of success.

A small and neatly-printed volume, entitled "*Field Flowers; being a Collection of Fugitive and other Poems,*" by the author of "Odes," "Portland Isle," &c., claims our favourable notice. The greater number of these poems have already been published in different periodicals; and many of them—The Glen of Invermorristone, The Betrothed, Lines written at Bordeaux, The Dream of Endymion, &c.—have enriched the pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. Perhaps we may be accused of undue partiality in preferring the latter to any of the other poems in the collection; all of which, however, possess considerable poetic beauty. Our limits admit but of one extract—"Memory"—which we select, not as the best, but as one of the shortest in the volume:—

'Tis sweet beneath the moon's pale light,
Too late for day yet hardly night,—
To muse on parted hours so bright;
The hazle-grove,
Or summer meads with flowrets dight,
And those we love.

Hope may with brighter sun-beams shine,
Hope may a fairer wreath entwine,
But, oh! be Memory's pleasures mine,—
Unfading flowers;

For what on earth so half-divine
As her green bowers!

Hope's buds may blighted be by frost,
Hope's young bark may be tempest-tost,
Her every distant promise crost
By wayward Fate;

But Memory's joys can ne'er be lost
Though of far date.

Hope's pictured sailing far away—
Where fays and fairies sport and play,
'Mid regions of empyrean day,
On pinions fleet;

But Memory ever loves to stray
Close at our feet.

Sweet and tender, pious and pathetic, are "*Solitary Hours, by the Authoress of* [how we detest this word—a kin to writer-*ess*, glover-*ess*, Draper-*ess*!] *of Ellen Fitz-Arthur.*" Our only objection to this charmingly-variegated wreath is the qua-

kerish and Wordsworthian affectation of simplicity which it occasionally betrays.

Of course we cannot urge the same objection against "*A Selection of Popular National Airs, the Words by Thomas Moore; with Symphonies and Accompaniments by H. R. Bishop, No. V.*" Mr. Moore, we all know, is quite at home in these things.

Where are the visions that round me once
hover'd,

Forms that had grace in their shadows alone;
Looks, fresh as light from a star just discover'd,
And voices that music might take for her
own?

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting
o'er me,

Heard me say, "Where are those visions,
oh, where?"

And, pointing his wand to the sunset before
me,

Said, with a voice like the hollow wind,
"There!"

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,
On to the dim shining ruins of day;
And there, in that light, like a talisman broken,
Saw the bright fragments of Hope melt
away.

"Oh! lend me thy wings, Time," I hastily
utter'd,

Impatient to catch the last glimmer that
shone!

But scarcely again had the dark wizard flutter'd
His wing o'er my head, ere the light all was
gone.

We notice with much pleasure "*The Little Villager's Verse Book*, [of only 32 pages] *by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.*" It is a pretty gift of twenty-eight poetical flowers for the children of the poor—and even of the rich. Mr. Bowles, notwithstanding the nonsensical and ill-tempered contest into which he has been led, with Roscoe and others, we believe to be, as these verses presumptively shew, a truly pious and amiable man. One specimen, entitled *Starlight Frost*, we offer to the reader:—

The stars are shining over head,
In the clear frosty night—

So will they shine when we are dead,
As countless and as bright.

For brief the time, and small the space,
That e'en the proudest have,

Ere they conclude their various race
In silence and the grave.

But the pure soul from dust shall rise,
By our great Saviour's aid,
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
And all the stars shall fade !

A very thin volume of "*Poems, by Mary Jones, daughter of the late H. J. Pye, Esq., formerly M.P. for the County of Berks, and afterwards Poet-Laureat to his Majesty George the Third,*" would be entitled to a passing notice in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, were it only as a tribute to the memory of one—a gentleman, a scholar, and a magistrate—formerly well known, and universally respected, in the literary and polite world. To promote the sale of this unpretending little book would, we apprehend, be rendering a service to the daughter of the man who wrote the best poem in the English language, upon the first of England's heroes, Alfred the Great. One brief specimen of Mrs. Jones' talent, addressed "To Hope," is all that we can find room for.

Hope, blessed hope, oh ! never leave my heart,
Still with thy witching smiles new joys impart ;
Still round my brow thy blooming wreath entwine,

And tho' thou oft deceiv'st, O ! still be mine.—
Ah ! blessed Hope, fair hope of happier hours,
Strew in my path thy never-fading flowers ;
Still let Imagination's pencil gay,
Dipp'd in bright tints, some distant bliss pour-tray ;

Telling in future days there's peace in store,
When this sad sorrowing heart shall sigh no more.

But if at last thou prov'st an empty dream,
If on my future fate no sun-beams gleam,
In happy ignorance still keep me blest,
Nor cloud the present sunshine of my breast.

With Sir Walter Scott as her model, both in the construction of her fable and the measure of her verse, Agnes Strickland has succeeded in producing a little volume of considerable merit and interest, under the title of "*Worcester Field, or the Cavalier ; a Poem in Four Cantos, with Historical Notes.*" Interwoven with the occurrences of that eventful day, September 3, 1651, is a domestic tale of much pathos. The verse is easy and flowing, occasionally nervous and spirited; the notes are well selected; and, altogether, we find before us a work of much promise. We regret our want of room for extracts.

No. 19.—Vol. IV.

We hardly know how to characterize "*Felix Farley : Rhymes, Latin and English, by Themaninthemoon.*" To us, this little volume, which is illustrated by some pictorial sketches from the pencil of a Bristol artist, has proved very amusing; and, that it excites great local interest, we can readily imagine. The author, though occasionally a little coarse, is lively, humorous, and satirical. That he is an ardent lover of native and contemporary talent, is evident from the following brief excerpts, which will also serve to display his style of versification. The first of them shews, too, that he has no mean taste in the fine arts :—

Bristol has lent full many a name
To fill th' "obstreperous trump of fame."
SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, President
Of the R. A.'s pre-eminent ;
In genius vigorous, yet refin'd,
Noble in art, yet more in mind—
Sweet-temper'd, gifted Lawrence, great,
In singleness of heart innate ;
Pleas'd others' genius to commend,
And kind, a ready hand to lend
To merit, when it wants a friend.
And gorgeous TURNER, apt to waste
His strength in novelties unchaste,
Which his vast genius stamps with taste.
And BIRD, poor Bird, when will regret
E'er cease, that such a star is set ?
Now, for his name must still be dear,
Ye citizens be proud to cheer
His drooping house, their state survey,
And help his children on their way.

• • • • •
And thou ! good SOUTHEY, when that day
Shall come, that from thy mortal clay
Shall quench the fire, for come it must,
And thou shalt rise with honour'd dust ;
When old Mortality shall split
Thy pen, yet leave what thou hast writ,
And with his horrid scythe complete
A wood-cut for thy final sheet ;
(Unsparing e'en such work as thine is)
And shall engrave the fatal—*Finis*,
Then SOUTHEY, not till then, thy praise
Thy fellow-citizens shall raise ;
In marble line thy name embost—
Perhaps?—if thou bequeath the cost.

"*Conversations on the Evidences of Christianity, in which the leading Arguments of the best Authors are arranged, developed, and connected with each other, for the Use of Young Persons and Theological Students,*" form a volume which, for neatness and

perspicuity of style, for soundness of doctrine and force of reasoning, we can very safely recommend.

"*A Word in Favour of Female Schools*"—meaning, as we conjectured when we read the title, a word in favour of schools for females—is a little volume, the production of a lady, who represents herself to have sustained the honourable office of school-mistress for the last thirty years. That the opinion of a person so circumstanced is in favour of schools—in favour of public rather than of private education for girls—there can be little doubt. The subject has been so often, and so ably discussed, that it would be unnecessary for us to enter upon the question here, even if we had the inclination. On this point, as upon many others, much, we conceive, must depend upon circumstances: what may be preferable in one case, may not be preferable in another. The difficulty of obtaining a governess competent to perform all that some people expect, is very fairly shewn in the following letter, written by a lady to her brother, and its answer.

My Dear Brother,—I am in great distress for want of a governess for my daughters. As you go so much into the world, and see so great a variety of people, perhaps it may be in your power to assist me. As we are out of the reach of masters, I require a person who is a perfect mistress of music, drawing, dancing, geography, writing, arithmetic, and French. She must not only understand French grammatically, but must be able to speak it correctly and elegantly. A knowledge of Italian would be a great recommendation. Other essentials it is almost unnecessary to mention; for, of course, she must be a gentlewoman in her manners, well-read, well-principled, and very good-tempered, fond of children, and not objecting to retirement; for we see very little company, and Mr. — and myself like to have our evening to ourselves. I wish her to be about twenty-five. The salary is —, &c.

The answer ran as follows:—

My Dear Sister,—I have received your letter, and should be very glad to render you any assistance in my power. In the present case, however, I cannot give you any hopes of being serviceable to you: for many years I have been looking out for exactly such a woman as you describe—hitherto wholly in vain. I shall continue my search; but should I be so fortunate as to succeed, I must frankly tell you, that I

shall not make the lady your governess, but my own wife.—I am, &c.

This volume is deserving of attention.

We can find room this month for the notice of only one other publication. That an instrument has been invented for extracting teeth with greater ease and more certainty than that operation could formerly be performed, and that important improvements have been made in the mode of fixing artificial teeth, are points of information that will interest our readers. A brochure has been handed to us with the title—"A Description of the New Patent Instrument for Extracting Teeth; also of a Patent Method of Fixing Artificial Teeth; by J. P. De La Fons, Surgeon Dentist." Without the accompanying diagrams, it would not be practicable, even if our space allowed, to convey a clear idea of the patent forceps, which, the inventor states, "is so constructed as to form a combination of the instruments now in use, divested of their defects, while their best qualities are greatly improved." Amongst its advantages are these:—it extracts a tooth in one operation, as it retains its hold when the tooth is loosened, which the key instrument does not; it is a substitute for, and, we are told, it will totally supersede that very dangerous instrument called a punch, for extracting stumps; it is safer, takes effect with more certainty, in much less time, and consequently with comparative ease to the patient; and, in cases where the texture of the tooth, from its proximity to the decayed part, is too delicate to allow of its complete removal, a fresh hold can be taken, by slipping it lower, instantaneously, and so as not to be perceived by the patient.

The principle of the other invention of Mr. De La Fons, respecting the fixing of artificial teeth, consists, in carrying the fastenings to the hinder parts of the jaw, and fixing them upon the strong-rooted double teeth. To comprehend this principle, an inspection of the diagrams is requisite. "By the fastenings," observes Mr. De La Fons, being made to the back teeth, the teeth to be fixed are infinitely more secure, the whole being by this method transferred from single-rooted, to two and three-fanged teeth." Mr. De La Fons further observes—

"Many are prevented from having the loss of teeth supplied, by an idea of the necessity of the intervening teeth and stumps being removed; and in numerous instances are persuaded, in an unlucky moment, to submit to the extraction of a sound tooth, which, with good management, would have proved of the utmost service in support of the artificial ones. Independently of the additional expense occasioned by increasing the defect, this objection, it will be immediately seen, will be completely obviated by the improved method of constructing the fastenings." This tract appears to be highly deserving the attention of those who, afflicted with carious teeth, may be desirous of having them extracted; and also of those who, for purposes of comfort or of beauty, may wish to enjoy the advantages afforded by well-fixed artificial teeth.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Songs to Rosa.*" *The Poetry by T. H. Bayley, Esq. The Symphonies and Accompaniments by T. A. Rawlings.*—Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

The airs in this volume are all of them pretty, a few even highly beautiful; and when relieved and set off by Mr. Rawlings' accompaniments, which are executed in a most masterly, elegant manner, constitute as sweet a little volume of ephemeral music as we could wish to see. The "getting up" of the work is decidedly superior in execution to any thing of the kind. This is a subject of minor consideration; yet, to some of our fair readers, a beautiful title and embellishments, and extra boards, are sometimes an attraction. Perhaps one of the most pleasing melodies in the volume is an original air by the poet (Mr. Bayley), No. 4. Mr. Rawlings has also an original—"The Evergreen Leaf"—in which he has not been so successful, though it is a more laboured composition; and Mr. Mazzinghi has an original, every note of which is borrowed, either from his former compositions or elsewhere. An air, No. 2, by Mr. Whitmore, is rather heavy. No. 3, an air from Nina, is elegant. "When the Bee from the Roses"—light and pretty: crossing the hands, in the accompaniment, produces an odd effect.—No. 6, a French air, "Beauty and Love," we recognize, with some very

trifling alterations, as an old operatic acquaintance.—No. 7, "Lilla's a Lady," adapted to a German air, is the most original and characteristic in the collection.—"Oh do not chide me," an Indian song and chorus, is pleasing, but does not possess much originality. Of these airs, four are harmonized by Mr. Rawlings, with very good judgment; and on the whole the *Songs to Rosa* leave us nothing to wish for, except, perhaps, a few melodies of a more original character, which may dwell on the memory when the sound has passed away.

"*Sacred Melodies,*" No. 1, arranged with *Symphonies and Accompaniments, by W. Fitzpatrick; the Poetry by J. Belamy, Esq.*—Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

These two collections of melodies are in such very different styles, that it is scarcely possible, were it desirable, to form an estimate of their respective merits. We believe Mr. Fitzpatrick is indebted to Webbe's Catholic Church music for most of the airs of this number; but he has taken such liberties with some of them, in adapting them to the poetry, as almost to make them his own. The symphonies and accompaniments are entirely original (as the services have only a bass, and that sometimes a poor one), and are highly beautiful. If we were to draw a comparison between this composer and Mr. Rawlings, from the works before us, we should consider the former as possessing the greater share of genius, the latter the more refined taste.

These pieces are in a variety of styles: we prefer two—"Ill-fated Babylon," and "Daughter of Sion." The first is finely adapted to striking words. The introductory symphony, by-the-bye, though we confess its science and beauty, is enough to appal every amateur, by its immense congregation of sharps and flats. The second air is in the style of Moore's trio, "Sound the loud Timbrel" and would arrange for three voices with particularly good effect. The accompaniment to the second verse is a peculiarly fine specimen of harmonization.

"*The Lilac and the Rose,*" by W. Fitzpatrick.—Eavestaff.

"*Sweet falls the Eve on Craigie Burns,*" by Do.—Do.

The poetry of these two songs is poor Burns's, and, being in the Scottish dialect,

certainly requires (laying our feelings out of the question, for we consider it as sacrilege to set Burns to any but Scotch music), at least an air in the Scotch style. The composer does not seem to have been of the same opinion, which we are sorry for; for though the melodies are really pretty, and the accompaniments brilliant, we cannot tolerate them without the *sine qua non* before-mentioned.

"*Overture to Aladdin*," composed by H. R. Bishop.—Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

The whole of this overture, and particularly the adagio, is modelled on the Freischütz. It opens with a few bars in unison, followed by a soft passage for horns and wind instruments, and terminates with a tremolo movement of the violin exactly as its prototype. The allegro con fuoco in D, which follows, not only imitates the style, but in some instances has the identical passages. The composition of the whole is superior to the generality of Mr. B.'s overtures, but still, excepting some few passages, it is ineffective. The composer does not exhibit any tact in this species of writing, which is the more strange, as his orchestral effects, as far as regards accompaniment, are excellent.

"*Come, Love, to me*," the Romance in *Faustus*, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte, by G. Kjalmark.—Goulding and D'Almaine.

"*Oh Merry Row*," with Introduction and Variations, by Do.—Goulding and Co.

These compositions are not of a class to do very great credit to their author. They are of that common-place mechanical species which require little intellect to compose and no taste to execute. The market, however, requires a supply of such pieces, and we cannot blame Mr. K. for complying with the demand, though derogatory to his abilities. They each commence with an Introduction in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, and each contain the customary allotment of semi and demi-semiquavers. The latter is the more brilliant of the two.

Divertimento for the Piano-forte, introducing the Air "Cara Mano," from Il Crociato, by Pio Cianchettini.—Willis and Co.

This is a very sweet arrangement of an elegant air, and forms a delightful lesson; the additional matter is brilliant and novel

in effect. We are aware that arrangements of this sort are beneficial to the composer in a pecuniary point of view, and are quickly thrown off—but, as a young composer of great talent, we should recommend Mr. C. to attack a Concerto, a set of Sonatas, or some serious work, which may exhibit the originality as well as the elegance of his mind.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

THE national establishments have terminated their season; and, as during the last month they have afforded us no matter of novelty either in the way of play or performer, the hazarding a few observations on the present state of the drama of the most intellectual and enlightened country in the world will not cause us to intrude beyond the space which we usually prescribe to ourselves for the discussing of dramatic affairs.

We may be allowed to ask of the managers of the national establishments, what, during their last protracted seasons, they have produced consistent with the dignity of the audiences they profess to amuse, and whilst amusing to blend with gratification that moral instruction which, when the tendencies of the stage are ever attacked by illiberality or sectarianism, is made the principal defence of the assailed comedian? It is a lamentable truth, that at a period when establishments are daily thronged with the humbler classes of society, when the artisan employs the hours allotted him free from labour in the improvement of his better faculties—when he quits his daily application only for some school of philosophy—that at such a period, when the spirit of education is abroad giving life and energy throughout all classes of the world—when feelings and capabilities, that a few years back were distant and fitful in their operation, are becoming as general as the light of heaven—that at such a period, when the English theatre should be one of the prime glories and aids to the gratifying change, it is the only speck within the sun of modern improvement—that in proportion to the advancement of every other part of society in all that is calculated to comfort and dignify human nature, the theatre has retrograded to absolute nonsense and puerility. If the managers would rebut the charge, let them not, we pray, enumerate their efforts during the past season; each of which has been an insult to the judgment of their audiences, and a mockery of the progress of improvement in every other sphere save that of the drama. As the world adds to its refinements, the theatre, if possible, becomes

more foolish and despicable; and however majestically the form of reason may stalk abroad in the real world, its bearing has no influence on the puppets and monsters of the stage; they remain privileged follies, shaking their rattles, and jingling their bells in defiance of reason, feeling, and philosophy.

Our readers will not, of course, imagine we are for converting the theatre into a mere lecture academy; that we would have (if it were possible, although much is daily done by the potent effects of steel and wafers) Newton's *Principia* melo-dramatized; that we would have nothing but scholastic gravity stalk upon the boards—returning to the source from whence sprang the drama in its most pure and brilliant flowings—that we would introduce verbose pedantry in the place of flippant nonsense. We are not so saturnine. We have human lungs, and would “crow like chanticleer;” we would have the fancy-taking emanations of humour; we would enjoy laughter even to the very borders of incivility; we would licence that whimsical extravagance which creates a passing mirth, and throws off to the winds the heavy thoughts which compose life's fardel, as we would patronize the keenness and elegance of wit, whose power it is to titillate the mind within, and that so delicately, as scarcely to admit of an external indication. We would have tragedy in “her sweeping robe,” with her face pallid, yet beautiful with majestic sorrow; we would have her bowl and dagger, the last resource of passions superhumanized by magnanimity or guilt: but we would not have Melpomene as if she had just escaped from a lunatic asylum; a compound of madness, fury, and common-place. These are what we would have. It would be well if we could forget what we really possess—that we could reflect on the condition of our leviathan theatres, and not feel a mingled shame and indignation at those store-houses of mummery, and thunder and lightning. We defy the managers to state a single effort made by them during the last season, consonant with the feeling and the position of the times.

It has been asserted, in excuse of the conduct of the directors of our theatres, that the public taste demands the vitiating fare of late so plentifully helped to it. This assertion might once have been admitted; but at the present time, it surely lacks plausibility to be received in aid of argument for the managers: the comparative listlessness with which every dramatic insect is heard and beheld tells in favour of the public. The vitality of a modern dramatic show and a butterfly is of about equal duration, and it may be added, equally a matter of curiosity: they flutter for a moment, and

then a frost, “a killing frost,” issuing from public unconcern, stiffens the gaudy wings of the fragile drama; it beats for a term upon the ground, is crushed beneath the foot of oblivion, and returns, perhaps, under some new form, alike to revel an hour, to struggle, and to die. The indifference with which these spectacles are received proclaims the satiety of the public.

A want of dramatic talent is also a favourite argument with the upholders of tinsel and gold leaf. They gravely excuse the managers in their unrelenting attacks on the public reason by asserting that nothing better is to be obtained in the market. Let us ask of these gentlemen the inducements they hold out for men of talent to labour for the stage; what wreaths have they in store for the aspiring dramatist; what worldly and convertible advantages for those who would once more replace the drama's statue on the pedestal of common sense? It is a fact, as notorious as the present contemptible situation of the stage, that no man, unless recommended by personal interest, can ever get his manuscript perused; and, allowing it to be read, duly accepted, produced, and to have “bought golden opinions” of the world—what reverts to the author? A pitiful remuneration insulting to his feelings as a gentleman, and to gain even which, he has probably been compelled by the treatment of the managers to put aside an unprofitable delicacy, and act the dunning creditor. Are these auspices under which the dramatic energies of the country can ever unfold themselves? Instead of calling forth the principle of life to expand and beautify, they are calculated to close the little already mature—to make the

“—rose to shut and be a bud again!”

Such, indeed, are their character, which has brought the stage to its present condition, and involved it in worse than Gothic darkness.

All parts are complete in the structure of the modern drama; there is an ingenious uniformity in its literature and actors. One performer engrosses an exorbitant salary to the spoliation of his humbler brethren; another visits the metropolis for a few nights in a season; one vocalist engages at so much per song, a dancer at per *pas seul*. On the whole, the English theatre is in a truly melancholy condition.

HAYMARKET.

'*Twixt the Cup and the Lip*, a pleasing bagatelle, by the author of *Paul Pry*, has been produced with very tolerable success. Mr. Liston is, of course, the prime feature in the entertainment. Although we have laughed as boisterously (aye, even we, albeit a critic is believed

a thing of iron and marble) at the comedian, as most of the merry frequenters of this theatre, still we have not the complimentary knack, in common with them, of endangering the locality of our coat-buttons, when Mr. Liston's foot but projects some inches beyond the prompt place; this, however, *en passant*. It is sometimes fashionable to laugh, and we should not refuse subscribing a ha! ha! to a prevailing mode. The plot consists of the adventures of a *Mr. Simon Pengander* (Liston) in search of a rich wife, in the course of which he has plighted his troth to many ladies, but successively left them on the appearance of a richer prize. However, the farce opens with preparations for *Mr. Simon's* marriage with the unwilling daughter of *Mr. Allworthy* (Williams). At this juncture, a *Mrs. Freeman* (Mrs. Glover), a widow, and a friend of the family, arrives, discovers the young lady's disinclination to the match, and, to the surprise of the bride elect, assures her that she has a written promise of marriage from *Mr. Pengander*, whose addresses, for mere sport only, she had encouraged. A plan is instantly laid, in which *Mr. Larkins* (Vining), nephew to *Allworthy*, joins. *Pengander* is persuaded into an illness; afterwards, that *Mrs. Freeman* has lately had a considerable addition to her fortune, and is disconsolate at his perfidy; whereupon *Simon* returns to *Mr. Allworthy* the portion he had received from him with his daughter, and professes himself ready to marry *Mrs. Freeman*: *Simon*, of course, becomes the dupe, and his intended bride the help-mate of another. The piece is altogether very pleasant, and the language beyond the common standard. Liston was remarkably happy as the vacillating and avaricious *Simon*, and Vining dashed through *Larkins* with good-humoured freedom. Williams displayed his usual correctness and industry as the father; although we must blame him for the fancifulness of his pronunciation. The piece has been well received; and if it does not become a stock farce, will doubtless amuse for a season or two. Nothing else has occurred here that demands a notice.

MISS MACAULEY.

THIS lady, who, notwithstanding the force and versatility of her talents, has not for some time been before a London audience, gave, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the evenings of June 7 and 14, an entertainment called *Sketches of Character*; or, *My Uncle Richard*. In the musical department—for several songs were introduced—she was assisted by the Misses Rose and Kinhold. Miss Macauley's musical recitation of Lord Ullin's Daughter

was, as usual, encored; her MS. Historical Sketch of Queen Elizabeth's Visit to Tilbury Fort was delivered with great spirit; and her *Adventures of Molly Copping* wound up the evening's *mélange* with the happiest comic effect.

In a brief address to the audience at the close, Miss Macauley intimated her intention of coming forward at the Haymarket theatre, with renewed force, in the ensuing autumn.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A PRIVATE view of his Majesty's noble collection of paintings (164 in number) from Carlton House, was given to a select assemblage on Saturday the 17th of June; and, on the Monday following, the gallery was re-opened to the public. Not a day has since passed in which it has not been thronged with visitors of the first rank and fashion—artists, connoisseurs, and amateurs—all delighting in the opportunity which has thus been afforded them of inspecting some of the finest pictures in the world. The collection is particularly rich in the productions of Rembrandt, Rubens, Wouverman, Teniers, Cuyp, &c. Holbein, Vandyke, Paul Potter, the Ostades, Ruisdael, Jan Steen, Gerard Douw, Vanderveelde, Schalken, Berghem, Vanderwerf, Mieris, Le Nain, Metz, Titian, Backhuysen, K. du Jardin, Both, Zoffanii, Vanderneer, &c. are also amongst the contributors; and, though last not least in attraction or in merit, our own Sir Joshua, who associates nobly with the greatest we have mentioned.

Rembrandt has no fewer than seven pieces, all in the north room, the walls of which emit a blaze of splendour, unrivalled. Rembrandt's pictures are—his own Portrait; Portrait of a Jew Rabbi; Portraits of the Burgomaster Pancras and his Lady at her Toilet, amazingly rich and splendid in effect; the Adoration of the Magi, also exceedingly rich; Portrait of a Lady with a Fan; the Shipbuilder and his Wife; and Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen—the sky and the effect of light in which are truly wonderful.

Some of Rubens's pieces possess much accidental as well as intrinsic interest;—Landscape and Figures, representing the story of St. George, with Portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria and Charles I; the Assumption of the Virgin; his own Portrait; Portrait of his First Wife; Landscape with Cattle and Figures; Pan and Syrinx; and Man with a Hawk.

Vandyke has two Portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria; View of the old Palace of Green-

wich, with Portraits of Charles I, Queen Henrietta Maria, Lord Arundel, &c.; Marriage of St. Catherine; Portrait of Gaston de France; Study of Horses and Figures; and Charles I. in three Positions—the picture which was sent by Queen Henrietta Maria to Bernini, and from which he made his celebrated bust.

A picture by Grenet—the Inside of a Convent, with Monks at their Devotions—attracts extraordinary notice by its surprising effect of perspective; the painting actually seeming to alter its position for the accommodation of the spectator.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Cymon and Iphigenia* is a truly splendid specimen of colouring. Had this artist's experiments been generally as successful as in this picture, the present generation would not have to lament the deep and irreparable injury which his fame has sustained by the ravages of time. In looking upon this production in particular, we feel one of the remarks in the catalogue in its full force:—the lovers of British Art will observe with feelings of pride, that the Pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the present exhibition are such as fully to justify the eminent station in which he is placed among the professors of the art of painting. These pictures are among the most brilliant productions of his pencil; they attest the extent and variety of his powers, and prove that there are few indeed of his predecessors to whom he can be considered inferior as an artist.

It will be readily seen, however, that the grandest effects of this exhibition are found in its display of the peculiar merits of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting.

To the favoured few whose interest with the governors enables them to obtain admission to the evening exhibitions, the British Institution forms, at this period, the most attractive and engaging spectacle the metropolis can boast.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

AN unusual number of pictures having been sold, this Institution closed a very successful season on the 24th of June.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SUCH has been the encouragement given to this young, but highly meritorious society, that its exhibition will, we understand, remain open until Saturday the 8th of July.

CORONATION OF CHARLES X.

HAD it not been for Sir George Naylor's beautiful and valuable publication—beautiful in itself, and valuable as a work of reference for precedent, costume, &c., we should regret

exceedingly that the ceremonies at the Coronation of our own Sovereign, George IV, had not been handed down to posterity in a series of historical pictures, similar in plan and object to those of the Coronation of Charles X, King of France, which are now exhibiting in Maddox-street. These paintings, nine in number, with the figures all portraits, and as large as life, are as follows:—

1. The King in his Bedchamber, at the Palace of the Archbishop of Rheims, painted by M. Chabod;—2. The Procession from the King's Bedchamber to the Cathedral, by M. Lemasle, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur;—3. The King swearing to the Charter, by M. Delaval;—4. The Anointing of the King, by M. Gaillot;—5. The King Crowned, by M. Dubufe;—6. Enthroning of the King, by M. Thomas;—7. The Offerings, by M. Champmartin;—8. The Communion, by M. Rouget, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur;—9. The Royal Banquet, by M. Souchon.

Regarding these productions merely as works of art, they are not of a very high class; and, indeed, we should have been rather sorry than eminently gratified to see first-rate talent employed upon a subject, which, by nineteen spectators out of twenty, will be contemplated chiefly for its faithful display of costume, order of procession, ceremony, &c. As far as all this is concerned, nothing could be better imagined than these pictures; and, for such purpose, the execution is at least equal to our desire. To those who had the satisfaction of witnessing the ceremony itself, the paintings will conjure up innumerable recollections; to those who did not see it, they will convey, we apprehend, the most vivid and satisfactory idea. The figures being, as we have said, all portraits, the attraction and interest are much heightened.

PENCILORAMA.

THIS exhibition, which we have repeatedly had the pleasure of visiting with increased satisfaction, has, to its original six subjects—Turin; Holy Island; Exterior of the Castle of Chillon; Interior of the Castle of Chillon; London in the year 1590; Netley Abbey; and the City of Rouen—added a seventh, in a view of the City of Bath, from Beechen Cliff, from the correct, and at all times effective pencil of Mr. Nash. We predict that this picture will, from its fidelity, as well as from its beauty of execution, be universally admired.

COSMORAMA.

THIS pleasing historical gallery, as it may be termed, has now its full complement of pictures,

fourteen in number:—Bregenz and the Lake of Constance; Mount St. Bernard; interior of St. Peter's at Rome; the Piazza Navona; City of Bern, in Switzerland; *the London Docks*; *A moonlight view of the Arsenal of Lisbon*; Mont Blanc; Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral; La Pièce d'Eau des Suisses, in the garden of Versailles; the Palace of Versailles, from Le Bosquet du Rocher; Park of Versailles; and Jerusalem.

The London Docks and the Arsenal of Lisbon have been introduced since our last notice.* The former is a bird's-eye view, exhibiting the entire range of the Docks and their warehouses, the church of St. John's, Wapping, the church and houses of Rotherhithe, &c. In the Lisbon view, various effects of light are displayed: moonlight, light upon the water from the cabin of a ship at anchor, and light from a bonfire in the distance.

PANSTEREOMACHIA.

IN the same building as the Cosmorama (No. 209, Regent Street), a novel and very beautiful exhibition has just been opened by Mr. Charles Bullock. The Panstereomachia is a representation of the memorable battle of Poitiers, gained by Edward the Black Prince, in which are introduced upwards of 1,500 figures, exquisitely modelled, and coloured according to life. The general effect is pleasing beyond any thing of the sort that we have seen. The model has every appearance of having been formed with the closest attention to historical truth; and, from the figures being all arrayed in the costume and arms of the period represented, it is an object of no less curiosity to the antiquary than to the general spectator. The time of action, as we learn from the printed account, obtainable in the room, is towards the close of the battle, when, as Froissart states, friends and foes were so intermixed that it was difficult to distinguish between. In the front ground are various groups of dismounted knights, engaged in single combat; on the right hand, under some trees, is a group of mounted knights who surround the Black Prince; behind, on a rising ground, are specimens of the artillery and battering rams then in use, and also of the pavisers, or soldiers who held before them large shields for the cross-bow-men; in another part is seen a strong division of the English army, advancing into the plain; on the left hand are French troops in action, hand in hand with the English, cheered on by their leaders, on horse-

back and on foot; in front of a wide-spreading tree is seen, with his attendants, John, King of France, on a white palfrey, and armed with a battle-axe; and, in the back-ground, is a view of the city of Poitiers, with horse and foot troops retreating towards it in every direction.

The room, too, it should be remarked, is painted in the Gothic style of architecture of the reign of Edward III, from designs by Mr. Bridgens, and round it are placed the emblazoned armorial bearings of the noblemen and gentlemen who distinguished themselves in the great battle.

The descriptive account of the battle, to which we have alluded, is very judiciously compiled from Froissart, with additional information extracted from Dr. Meyrick's popular work—a Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

British School of Painting.—We have examined, with much satisfaction, the first part of a work, entitled "Specimens of the British School of Painting, dedicated by permission to Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart.; executed in lithography, by J. D. Harding and R. J. Lane. The specimens here given—five in number, including a vignette of a sea-coast, with shipping and figures, from a picture by Mulready—are amongst the finest we have seen of the lithographic art: the execution is good, and, as copies, they are faithful. Four of the five are by Mr. Harding; the fifth is by Mr. Lane, whose handling in the *Exile*, by Jackson, is entitled to high and particular praise. The *Boy with Grapes*, from Reynolds, possesses breadth, union, and mellowness, with all the characteristics of the master. The *Fête-Champetre*, from R. A. Bone, is a clever, tasteful, and spirited production. A *Landscape with Cattle and Figures*, from R. Reinagle, is also a pleasing performance, though somewhat feeble in effect.

Indian Scenery, Costume, &c.—The public is indebted to Captain R. Melville Grindlay, M. R. A. S., for the appearance of the first part of a work (to be completed in two parts), entitled "Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western Side of India." We hope for another opportunity of noticing this production, when we may find ourselves less pressed for room than at present.

The Extinguisher.—This print—an aquatint by William Daniell, from a drawing by the late George Dance, Esq., R. A., evinces considerable originality of idea, and it is also deserving of notice, from the happy effect with which its lights and shades are managed.

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. iii, p. 132.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

THE Highland Society of London has presented its medal, and 50 guineas, to Mr. Armstrong, Gaelic Lexicographer to the King, in approbation of his Gaelic Dictionary.

Amongst the newly-elected Peers are two individuals—Sir John F. Leicester and Sir Charles Long, now Lords De Tabley and Farnborough—distinguished by their love and patronage of the Fine Arts.

The Foundation Stone of Edinburgh College was laid in the year 1789: the last stone of the building was fixed in June 1826.

Letters from Captain Franklin, dated September 6, on the Great Bear Lake, announce that Captain F. had penetrated to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which he found to discharge itself into an open sea. The Expedition was in high health and spirits, well supplied, and looking forward with confidence to the approaching season for action. Three several expeditions—under Captain F. himself, Lieutenant Back, and Dr. Richardson—had been out, preparatory to the main attempt in the ensuing year.

Major Laing, who is penetrating to Timbuctoo from Tripoli, was, on the 27th of December, at a place called Tuat, whence he was to proceed on the 28th for his destination.

The Adventure and Beagle, under the command of Captain King, have sailed from England for the purpose of surveying the coasts of South America.

Captain Kotzebue has returned to Portsmouth in the Russian corvette *Enterprize*, after a voyage of survey and discovery, occupying about three years.

At the end of October another earthquake was experienced at Shiraz, in Persia, which destroyed many buildings, overthrew the celebrated tombs of Hafiz, Sadi, &c.

It is said that the apple, engrafted on sycamore stocks, is not likely to be affected by frosts. The tree blossoms late, and the fruit attains a large size.

A new dioramic picture, painted by M. Bouton, is now exhibiting in Paris. The subject is the Monastery of St. Vaudrille, near Rouen. M. Daguerre is finishing a picture from a sketch which he took during his last journey into Switzerland. It will exhibit one of the most majestic scenes of the Alps, placed in contrast with the details of an ancient Swiss village, &c. These pictures will, in succession, we have no doubt, be exhibited in London.

An English company of comedians is now performing at Amsterdam, under the management of Mr. Smithson.

Weber's funeral took place, in a comparatively humble style, at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, on the 21st of June.

The Rondinini Faun, a celebrated antique statue, has been purchased for the British Museum.

Beattie's Minstrel has been translated into Italian by Mr. Mathias, the author of "The Pursuits of Literature," &c. Mr. M. is also known in Italy as the translator of the Carac-

tacus and Sappho of Mason, the Lycidas of Milton, the Nais of Akenside, &c.

Mr. Brown is said to have succeeded in impelling a carriage by gas, at the rate of five miles an hour, up an acclivity of ten inches in ten feet. On level ground, the rate of motion is eight or nine miles an hour.

Works in the Press, &c.

The Revolt of the Bees, a Tale.

In five or six Parts, to form two quarto volumes, an Historical, Topographical, and Statistical History of Westminster; including Biographical Anecdotes of the most eminent and illustrious Individuals connected with the City, by Messrs. Neale and Brayley.

By Mr. Lass, author of the "Journey to Rome and Naples," a History of the Arts of Painting and Sculpture in England, for the last twenty-five years.

By W. G. F. Richardson, author of "Poetic Hours," the Life of Carl Theodore Körner, written by his Father, with Selections from his Poems, Tales, and Dramas, translated from the German.

Network, or Thought in Idleness, a Series of Light Essays.

The Principles of Light and Shadow, being a Second Part of Hints on Composition in Painting; illustrated by Examples from the most eminent Painters; by John Burnett.

A History of the Parish of St. John, at Hampstead.

The eleventh and concluding number of Mr. Britton's Chronological Illustrations of Ecclesiastical Architecture, with three Double Plates, numerous Tabular Lists, Indexes, &c.

By L. E. L., author of the "Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," &c., The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry; and other Poems.

The Sixth Number of Mr. Williams's Select Views in Greece.

Illustrations of Conchology, according to the System of Lamarck, in a Series of Twenty Engravings on royal 4to., each Plate containing many specimens; by E. A. Crouch.

A Selection of Sacred Harmony, by J. Coggin.

Reflection, a Tale; by Mrs. Hofland.

Lectures on Astronomy, accompanied and illustrated by the Astronomicon, or a Series of Moveable Diagrams; designed for the use of Schools and Private Students; by W. H. Prior, in 12mo.

By Dr. Elliotson, a translation of the last Latin Edition of the Institutions of Physiology, by J. F. Blumenbach, M.D., Professor of Medicine in the University of Gottingen.

With Plates, The Sheffield Anti-Slavery Album, or the Negro's Friend, containing Zambo and Nila—The Missionary—A Word for the Negroes—The Discarded Negro—The Voice of Blood—Sandanee's Dream—Zangam—The Voyage of the Blind—Anticipation—Alonso—Sebastian—The Negro Slave, &c. &c.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Or Sons.—The lady of Capt. Jasper Hall.—The lady of Sir W. E. R. Boughton, Bart.—The lady of Lieut. Fred. Wood, R.N.—The lady of Capt. Digby, R.N.—Lady Delamere.—The lady of the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville.—Lady Barbara Newdigate.

Or Daughters.—Lady Radstock.—The lady of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.—The lady of Augustus Bosanquet, Esq.—The lady of P. Horrocks, Esq. M.P.—The lady of Sir T. E. Croft, Bart.—The lady of the Rev. H. G. Cholmondeley.—The lady of Dr. Paget.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Thackwell.—Lady Caroline Stewart.

MARRIAGES.

At Stapletown, County Carlow, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Stopford, Archdeacon of Leitrim, third son of the Earl of Courtown, to Annette, daughter of Wm. Browne, Esq., and niece to the Earl of Mayo.

At Cranbrook, the Rev. Henry Cleaver, of Hawkhurst, Kent, to Caroline Charlotte Wilhelmmina, daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Louisa de Spaen.

At St. Mary-le-bone, Francis A. Morris, Esq., late of the Royal Lancers, to Sophia, youngest daughter of J. J. Holford, Esq. of York Place, and of Kelgwn, Carmarthenshire.

At Calcutta, the Ven. John Hawtayne, Archdeacon of Bombay, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir John Franks, Knt., one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

At St. Mary-le-bone, Capt. George Probyn, to Alicia, daughter of Sir Francis Workman Macnaghten, of Roe Park, county Derry.

The Rev. Herbert Oakeley, third son of Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., to Athol Keturah Murray, daughter of the late Lord Charles Aynsley, and niece of his Grace the Duke of Athol.

Edward Osborne, Esq., to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Fly, Vicar of Willesden, and Chaplain to his Majesty's Household.

Edward Knight, Esq., of Chawton House, Hants, to Mary Dorothea, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart.

At St. Mary-le-bone, the Rev. J. H. Cotton, Precentor of the Cathedral Church of Bangor, to Mary Lawrens, eldest daughter of Dr. Sam. Fisher, and niece of the Bishop of Salisbury.

At Dover, Peter Hesketh, Esq., of Roa-hall Hall, Lancashire, to Eliza Debonnaire, only daughter of Sir Theophilus John Metcalfe, Bart., of Fernhill, Berks.

At Walton, Surrey, Sir John Powlett Orde, Bart., to Eliza, daughter of the late Peter Campbell, Esq.

At St. James's Church, Mathew Wilson, jun., Esq., to Sophia Louisa Emerson, only daughter of the late Sir Wharton Amcotts, Bart., of Kettlethorne Park, Lincolnshire.

Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart., to Jane Matilda Lilly, eldest daughter of the Rev. Montague J. Wynyard, Rector of West Rounton.

At Bath, John Pistor, Esq., to Elizabeth, second daughter and co-heiress of the late C. Worthington, Esq. of Lansdowne Crescent.

At Kensington, James Henry Clough, Esq., to Miss Stone, of Rolleston Park, Staffordshire.

DEATHS.

At Paris, Lady Sydney Smith, the lady of Admiral Sir William Sydney Smith.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Nevill, eldest son of the Earl of Aberavenny.

At Dublin, aged 80, Leland Crosthwaite, Esq., President of the Chamber of Commerce, &c.

Aged 86, the Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, M.A., Rector of Denton, Lincolnshire, and of Wing, Rutland.

At Shroton House, Dorset, Rear Admiral Ryves.

At Cupar, Fife, Colonel David Boswell.

At Cheltenham, Elizabeth, wife of Lieut. Col. Eyre.

At Bath, aged 70, the Dowager Countess De Lawarr, relict of John Richard Earl De Lawarr.

In Manchester Square, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Lemon.

At Great Dumford, Wilts, aged 72, Mrs. Louisa Margaret Harris, sister to the late, and aunt to the present Earl of Malmesbury.

The Right Hon. Lady Louisa Boyle, youngest daughter of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, aged 19.

At Battersea, aged 74, Lady Elizabeth Pratt, daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Camden.

At Plymouth, Lieut. Col. Westropp.

At Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, Mrs. Bertie Greathead.

Aged 33, Bridget Anna, wife of John Gurdon, Esq., of Assington Hall, Suffolk.

In Lower Brook Street, aged 21, the Right Hon. Lord Dorchester.

In Great Portland Street, aged 39, Carl Maria Von Weber, the composer of Der Freischutz, Oberon, &c.

At Belew, Her Imperial Majesty Elizabeth, relict of Alexander I., Emperor of Russia.

In Great George Street, Westminster, Lady Pretymann Tomline, lady of the Bishop of Winchester.

At Richmond, aged 46, Louise Isabella, wife of John Payne, Esq., and eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.

On his passage from Arracan, aged 23, George M. S. Robe, youngest son of the late Sir Wm. Robe, K.C.B.

At Vienna, Lord Ingestrie, eldest son of the Earl of Talbot.

At Cheltenham, the Hon. Mr. Vavasour, of Haslewood Hall, Yorkshire.

At Bodryddan, Flint, aged 81, William Davis Shipley, the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Asaph.

Annabella, widow of Count General James Lockhart, of Lee and Carnwarth, Scotland.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XX., FOR AUGUST, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Most Noble ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER, engraved by J. THOMSON, from a Painting by T. STEWARDSON.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Marine Dress.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

" *Weddings, by a Parish Clerk, No. II.*" certainly in our next. We regret its delay; but we are unavoidably in arrear with the favours of many of our correspondents.

For the guidance of our friends in general we take leave to say, that we can offer no opinion or make any promise respecting articles, the whole of which may not at once be submitted to our inspection.

" *Lines on returning from Abroad,*" by " R.," will appear very shortly—most probably next month. We feel exceedingly obliged by the attention of the respected and valued friend by whom they were transmitted.

The continuation of " *Wanderings in the Land of Hafiz* " has been, with many other favours, unavoidably postponed. We hope to present it in our succeeding Number.

We are sorry to remark, for the delay is vexatious, that a repeatedly promised communication, which ought to have been prompt, has not yet reached us.

The conclusion of " *The Astrologer* " may be looked for next month.

We are glad to hear again from our obliging old correspondent in the North, " B. G." Her story of " *The Haunted Isle* " has reached us in safety.

A private letter has been despatched to " BRIDGET." She shall receive the utmost attention in our power. Unfortunately for us, and for our fair contributors, capabilities do not always keep pace with wishes. We cannot command space commensurate with our desires.

" *Sketches from my Diary, No. II.*" will, we trust, meet the eye of the author on the first of the approaching month.

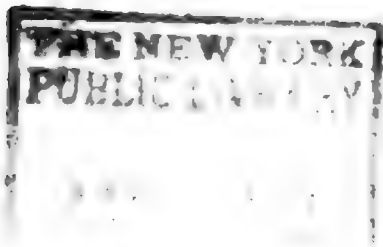
One of our country friends will perceive that we have taken the liberty of altering his signature. He will know the reason why.

" MATILDA," who dates from Chapel Field, in the neighbourhood of Leeds, may be assured that we shall be glad to hear from her.

It affords us sincere pleasure to learn that the author of " *The Smuggler's Daughter* " has arrived in safety upon the French coast. We hope she does not contemplate the smuggling over of any *contraband* articles.

PRINTED BY J. L. COX, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

AUGUST, 1826.





LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR AUGUST, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE MOST NOBLE ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THERE cannot be a more grateful task than that of tracing worth and greatness from their origin—of marking, in their progress, the attendant increase of splendour and of importance. Such is the duty which devolves upon us, in offering a succinct sketch, historical and genealogical, of the ancient and long-ennobled family of Charles Ingoldsby Paulet, Marquess of Winchester, Earl of Wiltshire, Baron of St. John, and Premier Marquess of England, the portrait of whose noble lady imparts new attraction to our pictorial assemblage of Britain's Female Noblesse.

The family name—which has been variously written, Paulette, Paulet, Powlet, Pawlet, &c.—is derived from the lordship of Pawlet, in Somersetshire, one of its possessions from time immemorial. According to Collinson's History of the County of Somerset, Walter de Dowai owned this lordship in the time of the Conqueror; and from him it is said to have descended to the Paganel, Fitzhardings, Gaunts, and Gournays. Collins, however, in his *Peerage of England*, states that Hercules, Lord of Tournon, in Picardy, who came into this country with Geffery Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, third son of Henry II., was lord of this manor, and, having thence assumed his surname, was ancestor of the present family. Sir William de Paulet, residing at Leigh, in Devonshire, in the early part of the thirteenth century, gave the manor the denomination of

Leigh Paulet. Sir John, one of his descendants, of Leigh Paulet and of Gotehurst in the county of Somerset, married a great heiress, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Reyney, of Rowd, and of Shyrston, both in Somersetshire. His son, Sir John Paulet, by that lady, sealed with the arms of Reyney (A.D. 1391) *viz.* GULES, A PAIR OF WINGS CONJOINED IN LURE, ARGENT.—In the 4th of Richard II. (1380) this Sir John Paulet was in the expedition under Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Buckingham and Duke of Gloucester, in aid of the Duke of Brittany against the French; and the honour of knighthood was conferred on him in the camp before St. Omer's—an honour which, afterwards, in the same year, when the army was before Trois, was also conferred upon his son, Sir Thomas Paulet.

The Sir John last mentioned married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir John Creedy, of Creedy in the county of Devon, Knt.; by whom, dying in 1378, he left two sons—Thomas, ancestor of the present Earl Paulet, and William—and a daughter, Dionysia.

William, his second son, sergeant-at-law in 1415, was designated of Melton Paulet, in Somersetshire.

Sir John, his eldest son (by Eleanor, eldest daughter of Philip de la Mere, of Noney Castle, in Somersetshire, and of Fisherton de la Mere, in Wiltshire) added greatly to his estate by marrying Constance, second daughter and co-heir of

Hugh, only son and heir of Sir Thomas Poynings, Lord St. John, of Basing. His son,

John, married, also with great advantage, Eleanor, daughter and co-heir of Robert Roos, of Gedney, Skelton, and Irby, in the county of Lincoln, Esq. By that lady he had a daughter, Margaret, wife of Sir Amias Paulet, of Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire; and a son,

John, who was one of the commanders of the army that subdued the Cornish men, at Blackheath, under the conduct of James Lord Audley. He was knighted; and he was also created one of the Knights of the Bath, at the marriage of Prince Arthur, A.D. 1501. His eldest son,

Sir William (by Alice, daughter of Sir William Paulet, of Hinton St. George) attained high rank and power in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1532, he was Comptroller of the King's Household; in 1533, he was sent with the Duke of Norfolk, to attend Francis I. King of France, on his intended interview with the Pope, Clement VII. at Marseilles; in 1537, he was made Treasurer of the King's Household; on the 9th of March, 1538-9, he was advanced to the dignity of a Baron, by the title of Lord St. John, of Basing; in 1540, he was made Master of the Wards, which office was confirmed to him in 1542, with the fee of £200 *per annum*, he being the first on whom it was bestowed, after the establishment of that court by authority of Parliament; in 1543, he was elected a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; in 1544, he accompanied the King at the taking of Boulogne; he was one of the executors of the will of his royal master, Henry VIII., and one of the council to his son, afterwards Edward VI.; in the first of Edward VI. (1547) he was Lord Great Master of the Household, President of the Council, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; on the 19th of January, 1549-50, he was created Earl of Wiltshire; afterwards he was made Lord Treasurer of England; and, on the 12th of October, 1551, his towering honours were crowned by his elevation to the Marquisate of Winchester.

Yet even this dignity can hardly be regarded as the summit of his political fame and glory. It was in a great measure by

his councils, that the consummation of the Duke of Northumberland's design in placing the Lady Jane Grey on the throne was prevented; a service rewarded by the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, who retained him in the Treasurer's office, which he enjoyed for thirty years. When asked, how he had preserved himself in that place through so many changes of government, he gave the emphatic answer—"By being a willow, and not an oak!"

This nobleman built the magnificent seat named Basing, in the county of Hants. On the 10th of March 1571-2, he died there, "in the ninety-seventh year of his age, after he had seen one hundred and three persons that were descended from him." His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Capel, Knt., ancestor to the Earls of Essex. By that lady he had four sons and four daughters; of whom the eldest,

John, succeeded him as second Marquess of Winchester. This nobleman, as Lord St. John, in the life-time of his father, was one of the peers who, in 1571-2, sat on the trial of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. By his first wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heir of Robert Willoughby, Lord Broke, he had four sons and two daughters.

William, his eldest son, third Marquess of Winchester, was a learned man, and was enumerated amongst the poets of his day.* His only son, by a daughter of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, was

William, fourth Marquess of Winchester, who entertained Queen Elizabeth, most splendidly, at Basing, in one of her "progresses." He married Lucy, daughter of Sir Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter; by whom he had six sons. John, his third but eldest surviving son, succeeded him; and Henry, the fourth, was ancestor to the present Marquess.

John, fifth Marquess of Winchester, was the father of Charles, the sixth Marquess, who, on the 9th of April 1689, was created Duke of Bolton.† In his de-

* He wrote a volume of essays, entitled, "*The Lord Marquess Idleness*; London, printed by Arnold Hatfield, 1586, 4to."

† John, the fifth Marquess, was one of those noblemen who firmly adhered to

scendants that title continued through a succession of six Dukes, till the 25th of December, 1794; when, on the death of Harry,

Charles I. His fine seat at Basing, converted into a garrison for his Majesty, endured a siege from August, 1643, to October 16th, 1645. Having several brave officers with him, the Marquess made many successful sallies, in which great numbers of the enemy were killed. Ultimately, however, the mansion was taken by storm, with the noble owner and about 200 persons in it. He had caused to be written with a diamond, in every window of the house, the glorious family motto—"Aimez Loyauté," which so exasperated the republicans, that they burnt this noble seat to the ground; having first plundered it of money, jewels, and furniture (amongst which was a rich bed worth £14,000) to the value of £200,000. A particular journal of the siege of Basing was printed at Oxford, A.D. 1645; and a curious letter on the subject, addressed to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and written in the Protector's own hand, is preserved in the British Museum.

The Marquess had the happiness of living to witness the Restoration of Charles II. He died, premier Marquess of England, on the 5th of March, 1674, in the 77th year of his age, and was buried at Englefield, in Berkshire, where a neat monument of black and white marble was erected to his memory. In one of the compartments of the monument appears the following inscription, in gold Roman letters, from the pen of John Dryden, then poet laureat.

"He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And 'midst rebellion durst be just and good;
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause, for which he fought before,
Rests here rewarded by an heavenly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, Reader, that such times no more appear,
Or if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ark of his age's faith and loyalty,
Which (to preserve them) Heaven confin'd in thee.
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate:
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns, given
To earth, were meant for ornaments to Heaven."

In another compartment, below, are these words:—

"The Lady Marchioness Dowager (in testimony of her love and sorrow) gave this monument to the memory of a most affectionate tender husband."

On a marble stone on the ground, at the foot of the monument, in Roman capitals, is the following record of the deceased:—

"Here lieth interred the body of the Most Noble and Mighty Prince, John Powlet, Marquis of Winchester,

Duke of Bolton, without issue male, the Dukedom became extinct. The other family titles then devolved on his fourth

Earl of Wiltshire, Baron of St. John of Basing, first Marquis of England: a man of exemplary piety towards God, and of inviolable fidelity towards his sovereign; in whose cause he fortified his house of Basing, and defended it against the rebels, to the last extremity. He married three wives; the first was Jane, daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage, and of Elizabeth his wife, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Darcy, Earl Rivers, by whom he had issue Charles, now Marquis of Winchester. His second wife was Honora, daughter of Richard Burgh, Earl of St. Alban's and Clanricarde, and of Frances his wife, daughter and heir of Sir Francis Walsingham, Knt., and principal Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he had issue four sons and three daughters. His last wife (who survived him) was Isabella, daughter of William Viscount Stafford, second son of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surry, Earl Marshal of England; and of Mary his wife, sister and sole heir of Henry Lord Stafford, who was the heir-male of the Most High, Mighty, and Most Noble Prince Edward Stafford, last Duke of Buckingham, of that most illustrious name and family, by whom he had no issue. He died in the 77th year of his age, on the 5th of March, in the year of our Lord, 1674. By Edward Walker, Garter King of Arms."

It is worthy of remark, that the Marquess's first wife, Lady Jane Savage, had the honour of an epitaph from the pen of Milton, commencing—

"This rich marble doth enter
The honoured wife of Winchester, &c."

Of this lady, John Howth, who assisted her studies in the Spanish language, observes: "Nature and the Graces exhausted all their treasure and skill in forming this exact model of female perfection."

Charles, the eldest surviving son of the Marquess, was instrumental in settling the crown of these realms on the Prince and Princess of Orange; who, on the 6th of April, 1689, appointed him Lord Lieutenant of the County of Southampton, and advanced him to the dignity of Duke of Bolton, on the 9th of the same month. He raised a regiment for the reduction of Ireland. His son and successor,

Charles, second Duke of Bolton, went to Holland, in the reign of James II., and came back with the Prince of Orange at the Revolution, in which his exertions had proved very serviceable. In 1688, he was appointed one of the commissioners for managing the King's revenues at Exeter; and, at the coronation of William and Mary, he carried the Queen's orb. In this and the two succeeding reigns he filled many offices of high honour and trust. By his second of three wives, Frances, daughter of W. Ramsden, of Byrom, in the county of York, Esq., he had two sons,

cousin, George Paulet, ancestor of the present Marquess of Winchester, with whose descent we shall immediately proceed.

Lord Henry Paulet, fourth son of William, fourth Marquess of Winchester, was created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I. He married Lucy, daughter of Sir George Philpot, Knt., of Amport, in the county of Hants. Dying in 1672, he left a son and heir,

Francis Paulet, Esq., who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Norton, and also heir to Sir John Norton, of Rotherfield Park, Hampshire, Bart. He died in 1696, leaving issue an only son,

Norton Paulet, Esq., who represented the Borough of Petersfield in Parliament, from 1707 to 1727. He died in 1741; having married Jane, daughter of Sir Charles Morley, of Droxford, in the county of Hants; by whom he had issue:—

1. Norton, M.P. for the city of Winchester, married, but died in 1759, without issue;—2. Henry, a Captain in the army, died unmarried in 1743;—3. John, also in the army, died unmarried in Germany;—4. Charles, Captain in the Royal Navy, died unmarried in 1762;—5. William, also in the navy, died unmarried in 1772;—6. Herbert, a Captain in the army, died unmarried in 1746;—7. Francis, died a minor, at Cambridge, in 1742;—8. George, who, surviving all his brothers, succeeded, on the death of Harry, sixth Duke

Charles and Harry, successively Dukes of Bolton.

Charles, the third Duke, K.B., &c. held many high offices under the crown. He was twice married, but died without issue. His brother and heir,

Harry, fourth Duke of Bolton, who married Catherine, daughter of Charles Parry, of Oakfield, Berkshire, Esq., left, at his death, in 1759, two sons, Charles and Harry, successively Dukes of Bolton, and two daughters.

Charles, fifth Duke of Bolton, K.B., &c. died unmarried in 1765, and was succeeded by his brother,

Harry, sixth Duke of Bolton, who died Vice Admiral of the White Squadron, on the 25th of December, 1794. He was twice married; but, dying without male issue, the dukedom became extinct, and the title of Marquess of Winchester descended, as already stated, to his Grace's fourth cousin, George Paulet, of Amport, Esq., father of the present Marquess.

of Bolton, in 1794, to the titles of Marquess of Winchester, Earl of Wiltshire, and Baron St. John.

This George, twelfth Marquess of Winchester, held the office of Groom Porter to his Majesty George III.; and he represented the city of Winchester in Parliament, in 1765 and 1768. He married Martha, daughter of Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. by whom, who died March 14, 1796, he had issue:—

1. Charles Ingoldsby, the present Marquess, born in 1774;—2. Urania Anne, married, first, March 17, 1785, Henry de Burgh, Marquess of Clanricarde, who died without issue by her, December 8, 1797; secondly, Peter Kington, Esq., a Colonel in the army, killed at the storming of Buenos Ayres, in 1807, by whom she has one daughter, Urania; thirdly, Vice Admiral Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke;—3. Lord Henry, K.C.B., Vice Admiral in the Royal Navy, who married, October 26, 1813, Maria, youngest daughter of Edward Ravenscroft, of Portland Place, Esq., by whom he had issue, two sons—Henry and Edward—and three daughters—Anna Maria, Frances Emma (deceased) and Uriania.

Charles Ingoldsby Paulet, the thirteenth and present Marquess, succeeded his late father on the 22d of April, 1800. Before his accession to the title, this nobleman was, in 1792, returned M.P. for the Borough of Truro, in Cornwall, and continued to sit till 1796. He had the honour of being appointed by his late Majesty, Groom of the Stole; an office which he holds also under our present most Gracious Sovereign.

The noble Marquess married, on the 31st of July, 1800, Anne, second daughter of the late John Andrews, of Shotley Hall, in the county of Northumberland, Esq. By this lady, whose portrait, faithful in its representation of the amiable original, we have the honour of presenting to our Subscribers, he has issue:—

1. John, Earl of Wiltshire, Major in the 8th regiment of Hussars, born June 3, 1801;—2. Lord Charles, born August 11, 1802;—3. Lord George, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, born August 12, 1803;—4. Lord William, Captain in the 85th regiment, born July 7, 1804;—5. Lady Annabella, born August 6, 1805;—6. Lady Cecilia, born November 21, 1806;—7. Lord Frederic, late Page of Honour to His Majesty, Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, born May 12, 1810.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. X.—THE LATE MRS. RADCLIFFE.

LET not the fair readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* commence the perusal of this paper under the impression that we are about to analyze the powers of the late Mrs. Radcliffe, as a writer of romances. No: her prose compositions have been many, many years before the public; most individuals must long since have formed a due estimate of their merits; or, doubting their own judgment, they have been kindly assisted by a great and infallible guide—by the first of all critics, of all poets, of all novelists, past, present, or to come—by the Aristotle, the Longinus, the Shakspeare of the age—by the stupendously Great Unknown himself, before whose awful throne we, as in duty bound, prostrate ourselves in humble submission. With reference, indeed, to her posthumous publication, Gaston de Blondville, we have ventured to remark that, “although it is without the lofty pretensions of some of Mrs. Radcliffe’s earlier productions, and incapable of exciting an equal intense-ness of interest, it will not in the slightest degree detract from the fame of her who, in our youthful years, bound our spirits with an irresistible spell.”* It is, however, with the poetry—the posthumous poetry—of Mrs. Radcliffe that we profess ourselves now to be concerned; and sorry are we to remark, at the very commencement, that it has by no means interested or delighted us so highly as we could have wished. In fact, with certain exceptions, her prose is more poetical than her verse.

We have little to advance in the form of criticism. Our objects in the present instance are, to convey to the reader a general idea of the poems which are appended to the romance of Gaston de Blondville, and to select beauties rather than to expose defects.

St. Alban’s Abbey, a poetical Romance, the chief of these productions, is in ten can-

tos, occupying about 330 pages, exclusively of notes. To this succeeds *Salisbury Plains*, filling about 50 pages. The next longest piece is a fairy tale, entitled *Edwy, a Poem in three Parts*; and besides these there are various miscellaneous effusions.

St. Alban’s Abbey involves much of what may be termed antiquarian description—a detailed account of the first great battle of St. Alban’s, in which that imbecile monarch, Henry VI, was taken prisoner by the York faction—and a story of a knight, his lady, and his father. Fitzharding, the knight, an adherent of the King’s, goes to the battle; his lady, Florence, supposing him to have been slain, searches for his remains amongst the dead in the Abbey. Fitzharding, however, had escaped; but believing his father, the Earl D’Arcy, to have been killed, he also secretly obtains admission to the Abbey, to search for his corpse. This affords opportunity for much beautiful, though somewhat intricate description—description was always Mrs. Radcliffe’s forte—and, ultimately, a felicitous meeting of all the parties is accomplished.

The poem is in irregular verse, greatly varied, and at times more than sufficiently harsh and grating upon the ear. In Mrs. Radcliffe’s view, however, we must suppose this, which we regard as a defect, to be rather intentional than accidental; for in a prefixed invocation to the spirit of ancient days, supposed to preside in solemn state, though unseen and silent, over the ruins of the Abbey, she says—

Like Grecian goddess, placed in Saxon choir,
Is the false union of the cadenced rhyme
And measured sweetness of the tempered lyre
With subjects darkened by the shroud of Time.
As Gothic saint sleeping in Grecian fane
Is ancient story, shrined in polished strain:
Truth views th’ incongruous scene with stern farewell,
And startled Fancy weeps and breaks her spell.

The ten cantos of *St. Alban’s Abbey* are thus respectively entitled:—1. The Abbey;—2. The Night before the First Battle;—3. The Day of the First Battle;—4. The Hour after the Battle;—5. The Evening after the Battle: Scene, without the Walls of St. Alban’s;—6. The Evening

I

* Vide Supplementary Number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, Vol. III. p. 303, where will be found an extended notice of Gaston De Blondville, with a long and eminently beautiful passage extracted. At page 287 of the same No. is an abstract of the life of Mrs. Radcliffe.—Vide also p. 33 of the present volume.

after the Battle : Scene, within the Town and Abbey of St. Alban's;—7. Scene in the Monastery;—8. Solemn Watch within the Abbey;—9 and 10. Among the Dead.

The poem thus opens :—

Know ye that pale and ancient choir,
Whose Norman tower lifts its pinnacled spire?
Where the long abbey-aisle extends,
And battled roof o'er roof ascends;
Cornered with buttresses, shapely and small,
That sheltered the saint in canopied stall;
And, lightened with hanging turrets fair,
That so proudly their dental coronals wear,
They blend with a holy, a warlike air;
While they guard the martyr's tomb beneath,
And patient warriors, laid in death?

Know ye that transept's far-stretched line,
Where stately turrets, more slenderly fine,
Each with a battlement round its brow,
Win the uplifted eye below?
How lovely peers the soft blue sky
Through their small double arch on high!
Deepening the darkness of its shade,
And seeming holier peace to spread,
More grandly those turrets, mossed and hoar,
Upon the crimson evening soar.
Yet lovelier far their forms appear
When they lift their heads in the moonlight air:
And softening beams of languid white
Tip their shadowy crowns with light.
But most holy their look when a fleecy cloud
O'er them throws its trembling shroud,
Then palely, thinly dies away,
And leaves them to the full bright ray.
Thus Sorrow fleets from Resignation's smile;
The virtue lives—the suffering dies the while.

And, as these moonlight-towers we trace,
A living look, a saintly grace
Beams o'er them, when we seem to hear
The midnight hymn breathe soft and clear,
As from this choir of old it rose.
Each hallowed thought they seem to own,
Expressed by music's heavenly tone:
And patient, sad, and pale and still,
As if resign'd to wait Time's will.

There is something very pleasing in the picture and in the sentiment of these lines :—

And when could festal joy e'er vie
With the calm rapture of the sigh
Breathed in that cloister's solemn shade,
When the lone monk would muse and read,
And meditate on ancient lore,
Or view the warrior on his tomb,
With raised hands seeming to implore
Of heaven a mitigated doom?

The following stanza from the early part of the second Canto is at once spirited, picturesque, and graphic :—

The eve before that battle day
The camp of either army lay
Beyond where now the straining sight
Can reach from Alban's utmost height.
'Twas leaning on this very tower,
That Alban's monks watched hour by hour.
They, who lie dark in death below
Yon fallen walls, in silent row
Gazed, as you gaze, from this high brow.
The cowl and helmet side by side,
Watched from this height the bannered pride,

And marked the gathering storm of war
Hang dark o'er all those hills afar;
And, in dread stillness of the soul,
Heard the low, threatening thunder roll
That soon would, in its cloudy course,
Burst round their walls with lightning-force.

The portrait of Queen Margaret, from the third Canto, is also spirited and correct :—

And had our sovereign lady, Dame
Margaret, the Queen, been here,
Her cheek had crimsoned o'er with shame
To view her husband's fear;
Though sorrow and disease oppressed
The princely spirit in his breast.
Not thus she fled, when second war
Dyed Alban's field with blood,
But, high on Victory's iron car,
Rushed through the purple flood.
But pity tempered not her ire;
No tear-drop dewed her eye of fire;
No hallowed fear her conscience held,
Nor piety her proud heart quelled;
These virtues, that ambition thwart,
Drew not upon her course the rein;
Brought not the pause—the second thought,
That passion's impulse may restrain:
Rapid and fierce she pressed her way,
Though Truth and Mercy bleeding lay.
So, Gloucester, thy red grave might tell,
When mourned for thee St. Alban's knell.

The fourth Canto describes the leading of the captive King to St. Alban's shrine—the meeting, by the Abbot, of the victor and the vanquished at the abbey gate, &c.

Such vision still is seen to mourn,
When evening twilight falls,
By him, who on that day's return
Stands silent by these walls—
The vanquished sire, the victor chief,
The mitred abbot pale in years,
Whose cheek seems furrowed o'er by grief,
And sanctified by Pity's tears;
The pious fathers, side by side,
And the whole convent's choral pride;
Three times beneath the chancel's gloom
They move around St. Alban's tomb,
Through open arches that appear,
As once they went above the bier,
But, when the dream has passed away,
Close, and are seen as at this day.

It is a strange and fearful sight—
The vision of that dreary night!
—To watch those shadows crowding by,
Each moving in his ordered place,
Like living form with deathly face,
Distinct, and busy to the eye,
With gesture true of solemn rite;
Yet not a whisper heard, the while,
Of step or voice, upon the aisle;
It is a strange and fearful sight.

Sudden, on each low tomb around,
A bleeding bier has seemed to rest,
Where stern in death a warrior frowned,
With funeral watch-light o'er his crest.

But feeble age has fancies strange!
Youth may, on that same midnight, range
Through choir and aisle, and nothing see,
Save Norman arch and gallery,
And the brass-bounden grave of him
Who sang the warrior's dying hymn.

We pass at once to the tenth Canto, from which we select the following passage :—

A tear! does glory claim a tear?
Weeps he upon a hero's bier?
The maid, as in the tomb she fades;
The youth, once 'tranced in Fancy's shades;
The wedded pair, whose hearts are one,
Who lived each other's world alone;
The infant, that had smiled so fair,
Like cherub, on its mother's care;
The long-loved parent sinking slow
Beneath the weight of winter's snow—
O'er these, when in the grave they lie,
May fall the tears from Pity's eye;
But o'er the warrior's tomb should glance
The lightning of a poet's trance.

With the close of the poem, as with its commencement, we certainly are pleased:—

Farewell! farewell! thou Norman Shade!
The waning moon slants o'er thy head;
Thy humbler turrets, seen below,
Uplift the darkly-silvered brow,
And point where the broad transepts sweep,
Measuring thy grandeur; while they keep
In silent state thy watch of night,
Communing with each planet bright;
And sad and reverently they stand
Beneath thy look of high command.
Oh! shade of ages long gone past,
Though surk their tumult like the blast,
Still steals its murmur on my ear;
And, once again, before mine eye,
The long forgotten scenes sweep by;
Called from their trance, though hearsed in time,
Bursting their shroud, thy forms appear,
With darkened step and front sublime,
Sadness, that weeps not—strength severe.
And still, in solemn ecstasy,
I hear afar thy requiem die;
Voices harmonious through thy roofs aspire,
The high-souled organ breathes a scraph's fire!
Peace be with all beneath thy presence laid:
Peace and farewell!—farewell, thou Norman Shade!

We are now constrained—painfully constrained—to observe, that with the diction of this poem we are far from satisfied: it is hard and elaborate, cold and prosaic. The structure of the verse is often bad in taste, and defective in rhythm. For instance, we have many such lines as this :—

Though courting kindly gesture from his sovereign's hand.

Mrs. Radcliffe has, in *St. Alban's Abbey* the same class of spectral horrors resolvable into natural effects as in her romances; but they are more subdued—less thrilling—less appalling. The story of Florence is very happily imagined: the incidents are pathetic; but we do not feel—and, in such cases, feeling is the test of merit—that they are pathetically treated. They do not deeply excite our interest—we are not irresistibly carried along with the story.

In perusing the extracts which we have given, it must have occurred to the reader, that the poem of *St. Alban's Abbey* is neither more nor less than an imitation—and a bad imitation too—of the style of Sir Walter Scott. This is more palpably evident from the following description of the effects produced by the blaze of the far-off signals :—

It gleamed on stately bowers below,
Tinged porch and transept's dusky brow;
Glared on broad courts and humble cell,
Glanced on the crystal Oriel,
And cast deep shadow on the ground
From gates and turrets ranged around.
There, abbey lance-men slowly paced,
Where scarce the portal-arch was traced,
As flashed the blaze along the air,
And quivered on each warrior's spear;
Long shaded walks it showed, that led
Where cloister-plat and gardens spread,
And monks, wrapt close in sable weed,
Passed to and fro, with fearful speed.
The gloomy light was thrown so far,
It reddened dark St. Michael's brow,
Frowning on Roman foss below,
And tinged the bridge and streams of Ver.

Again, in the speech of Duke Richard to the Abbot, who had opposed his threat of violating the church's right of sanctuary :—

I will not vouch my soldiers' grace,
No, not in Alban's chariest place!
His very shrine may be profaned;
His very shroud with gore be stained.

Also from the following description of Florence, as first seen in the Abbey by her husband, Fitzharding :—

Though now were gone the mourner-train,
One weeping form appeared again.
A figure, wrapt in pilgrim fold,
Passed as with desperation bold;
On as she stept, went close beside
A monk, as guardian and as guide.
She glanced on every warrior's face;
And, though she passed with frantic pace,
Yet there was in her gesture grace,
That gave to sorrow dignity,
And drew and fixed Fitzharding's eye.
He sighed to think, that frame so slight
Must meet affliction's rudest blight;
That sensibility so keen
Had dared to rush upon this scene,
Where nerves, that had sustained the fight,
Shuddered and shrunk, and shunned the sight.
"She seeks, perchance, a husband slain;
If found—how may her heart sustain
The dreadful truth?" 'Twas thus he said,
"How may she view her husband dead?"

We now proceed to the poem of *Salisbury Plains*, which is a wild and wondrous tale of the origin of Stonehenge. It is founded on the cumbrous machinery of the Northern mythology. A wizard, hostile to the power of Odin, ruled the land.

Then Odin swore,
 By the hour that is no more !
 By the twilight hour to come !
 By the darkness of the tomb !
 By the flying warrior's doom !
 Then Odin swore,
 By the storm-light's lurid glare !
 By the shape that watches there !
 By the battle's deadly field !
 By his terrible sword and snow-white shield,
 The Sorcerer's might to his might should yield.

A hermit, possessing the spell of minstrelsy, and becoming the founder of the Druids, is through spiritual agency employed by Odin to deprive the wizard of his power. This is to be effected by extracting, during his sleep—we know not by what description of patent instrument—his one-hundred-and-forty teeth. The hermit by the power of his spell accomplishes, though surrounded by a thousand threatening horrors (the work of the wizard-protecting fiends) his grand undertaking. He then, according to prescribed forms, sows the teeth in circles by moonlight. The *crop* from this *seed-sowing* was the massive pillars of Stonehenge ! This, it will be allowed, is sufficiently extravagant. Thus the poet commences :—

Whose were the hands that upheaved these stones,
 Standing, like spectres, under the moon,
 Stedfast and solemn, and strange and alone,
 As raised by a wizard—a king of bones !
 And whose was the mind that willed them reign,
 The wonder of ages, simply sublime ?
 The purpose is lost in the midnight of time,
 And shadowy guessings alone remain.

The character of the poem will be fully comprehended from the three following stanzas :—

It was far, far back, in the dusky time,
 Before church-bells had learnt to chime,
 That a sorcerer ruled these gloomy lands
 Far as old Ocean's southern sands.
 He lived under oaks of a thousand years,
 Where now not the root of an oak appears !
 On each high bough a dark fiend dwelt,
 Ready to go, when his name was spelt,
 Down, down to the caves where the earthquake slept,
 Or up to the clouds, where the whirlwind swept.
 The Sorcerer never knew joy, or peace,
 For still with his power did pride increase.
 He could ride on a wolf from the north to south,
 With a bridle of serpents held fast by the mouth ;
 And he minded no more the glare of his eyes,
 That flashed about as the lightning flies,
 Than the red darting tongue of the snake, that coiled
 Round his bridling hand, and for liberty toiled.
 He could sail on the clouds from the east to west,
 He rested not, he ! nor let others rest ;
 And evil he wrought, wherever he went,
 For he worked with Hela's and Loke's consent.
 The BRANCH OF SPECTRES she gave for his wand,
 And nine hundred limbs were at his command !
 He could call up a storm from the vast sea-wave,
 And when ships were wrecked, not a man would he save !
 He could call a thunder-bolt down from a cloud,
 And wrap a whole town in a fiery shroud !

He could chase a ghost down the road of the dead,
 Through vallies of darkness, by snakes' eyes shown,
 And pass o'er the bridge that to Hela led,
 Where afar off was heard the wolf Feuris' groan,
 While it guarded her halls of pain and grief,
 Where she nursed her children—Famine and Fear ;
 He could follow a spectre, even here,
 With the dauntless eye of a wizard-chief.
 He could chase a ghost down the road of the dead,
 Till it passed the halls of Hela the dread.
 He could chase a ghost down the road of the dead,
 Till it came where the northern lights flash red ;
 Then the ghost would vanish amid their glow,
 But the wizard's bold steps could no farther go !
 And whether those lights were weal or woe
 The Sorcerer's self might never know.
 All this and more he full often had done,
 And changed to an ice-ball the flaming sun.

This poem, wild, extravagant and impossible as it is in its fable, displays far greater imagination, far greater power in the writer, than that of *St. Alban's Abbey*.

The next longest production in these posthumous volumes is the fairy tale of *Edwy*, the scene of which is laid in Windsor Forest. From its third part, entitled the Magic Mirrors, we transcribe a beautiful and fanciful description of the appearance of Eda, the Love Fay.

A tongue from Windsor's distant tower
 Toiled twelve along the silent wood,
 When lo ! the planet of the hour
 Quivered upon the trembling flood.

Cheered by the monitory sight,
 Then Edwy forth his mirrors drew,
 And by that star's informing light
 Upheld them to his searching view.

Again he called on Eda's name
 Mildly and meekly to appear.
 And round the crystals rolled a flame ;
 While unknown murmurs met his ear.

See !—o'er the mirrors mists arise,
 And strange and fearful shadows throng ;
 Frowning faces, glaring eyes
 Look and threat and glance along.

These gone, a tiny form there bounds,
 Flitting along the magic glass ;
 Which, in an instant, her surrounds
 With leaves of Love in idleness.

She seems reclining in a bower,
 As the green leaves around her spread,
 The motley-yellow, purple flower
 Bends in a top-knot o'er her head.

As round this cage of wreaths she lies,
 Forth from her wand a lustre pale
 Dawns o'er her blue and frolic eyes,
 And silvers all her dewy veil ;

Touches the rose upon her cheek,
 The dimple, that her quaint lip owns,
 The smile, that now begins to break,
 Through clouds of wild, capricious frowns.

While Edwy gazed, a little strain
 Of sweet complaint did feebly swell,
 When hovering round her leafy chain,
 Behold ! her faithful nightingale !

He perched upon the true-knot there,
 And tried to break, with slender bill,
 Her prison-wreath, so flowery fair ;
 But the leaves mocked his puny skill.

Too late, she owns the forcefull spell
The little purple blossom throws ;
Fixed, as a painting, she must tell
Mildly and meekly all she knows !"

Mrs. Radcliffe's blank verse is positively bad. Her ear seems to have been altogether unacquainted with the pauses, the rhythm, the general structure of blank verse. Yet, in some of the pieces which she has thrown into the form of that ill-understood measure, she has evinced considerable poetic feeling. Some of her imagery is fine; and, if differently attired, its effect would be beautiful. This is shewn perhaps as strongly in the piece addressed to the sea-mew as in any. We quote some of its best lines :—

Bird ! I would hover with thee o'er the deck,
Till a new tide with thronging ships should tremble ;
Then, frightened at their strife, with thee I'd fly
To the free waters and the boundless skies,
And drink the light of heaven and living airs ;
Then with thee haunt the seas, and sounding shores,
And dwell upon the mountain's beaked top,
Where nought should come but thou and the wild winds.

There would I listen, sheltered in our cell,
The tempest's voice, while midnight wraps the world.
But, if a moon-beam pierced the clouds, and shed
Its sudden gleam upon the foaming waves,
Touching with pale light each star and line of cliff,
Whose head towered darkly, which no eye could trace,
Then downward I would wheel amid the storm,
And watch, with untired gaze, the embattled surges
Pouring in deep array, line after line,
And hear their measured war-note sound along
The groaning coast, whereat the winds above
Answer the summons, and each secret cave,
Untrod by footsteps, and each precipice,
That oft had on the unconscious fisher frowned,
And every hollow bay and utmost cape
Sighs forth a fear for the poor mariner.
He, meanwhile, hears the sound o'er waters wide ;
Lashed to the mast, he hears, and thinks of home.

The subjoined, from another piece, is very sweet and true to nature :—

Oh ! for the magic pencil of Lorraine !
To give the soft perspective, where the waves
Fade to thin air in tints of mildest blue,
And the dark masts, and cobweb-shrouds and lines
Of spiny shipping trace themselves in light.

There is more of pathos in the succeeding extract from a piece upon reading certain beautiful lines written by the late Lady Elizabeth Lee, sister of Earl Harcourt, in a bower called by her name, at St. Leonard's Hill, the seat of the Earl, in Windsor Forest :—

Here bliss may dwell, and never, never die !
Vain thought ! in that low bower there seems a voice,
Breathed, soft as summer winds o'er waters sigh,
" I once, like you, could in this scene rejoice.

" This was my bower of bliss ! Approach and read !"
It sunk, that solemn sound, and died on air.
Within the cell I paced with reverend dread,
And found the angel-spirit still was there.

Still in " that green-roofed bower," that " peaceful shade,"

Whose changeful prospect seems for ever new,
The pomp of forests stretching till they fade,
And sleep in softness on the distant blue.—

Still in that fine repose—that once-loved bower,
Breathe thoughts of heavenly mind, that speak of
God !

And tell a heart which, grateful, owned His power
In every leaf, that paints the humble sod.

Fast fell my tears, as flowed with her's my thought,
The living feeling with the voice of Death !
The glowing joy by nature's beauty wrought
With proof how transient is even rapture's breath.

Here in this shade she sat ! fast fell my tears ;
When my sad mind a hushing music won ;
Again mild accents seemed to sooth my fears,
And murmur, " Grieve not that her race is run !

The plous heart, the comprehensive mind,
These were of Heaven, and are to Heaven returned !"
It was a seraph's voice upon the wind ;
I heard her song of joy—I heard ! nor longer mourned.

The following is an entire piece, entitled
Smiles.

It was a smile—a fleeting smile,
Like a faint gleam through Autumn's shade,
That softly, sweetly did beguile,
As it around her dimples played.

What are smiles, and whence their sway ?
Smiles that, o'er the features stealing,
To the gazer's heart convey
All the varied world of feeling,
What are smiles ?

Do they dwell in Beauty's eye ?
No ! nor on her playing cheek,
Nor on her wavy lip—though nigh
Seems the glancing charm they seek.
Where do they dwell ?

Where ?—Their home is in the mind ;
Smiles are light—the light of soul !
Light of many tints combined,
And of strong and sure control.
Smiles are light.

There's a smile—the smile of joy,
Bright as glance of May's fresh morn ;
And one that gleams but to destroy,—
'Tis the lightning smile of Scorn.

There is a smile of glow-worm hue,
That glimmers not near scenes of folly,
Pale and strange and transient too,—
The smile of awful Melancholy.

Like to the sad and silvery showers,
Falling in an April sun,
Is the smile that Pity pours
O'er the deed that Fate has done.

Dear is Friendship's meeting look,
As moonlight on a sleeping vale,
Soothing those the sun forsook—
So does that o'er Care prevail.

But who the first pure tint has seen,
That trembles on the edge of morning,
When summer's veil is so serene,
Hiding half and half adorning ?

They, who this have seen, may know,
What the smile that here's intended ;
They, who do to Laura go,
See that smile with beauty blended.

How sadly the expletive *do*, in the last line but one, hangs upon the ear !

Presuming Lord Strangford's admired rondeau, " Just like Love is yonder Rose,"

to be full in the recollection of the reader, we quote the following, which for its fancy, its beauty, its tenderness, will not suffer by comparison.

No, ah ! no ; not just like love,
Is yon gay and conscious rose ;
All its flaunting leaves disclose
Sun-shine joy—and fearless prove ;
Not like Love !

But yonder little violet-flower,
That, folded in its purple veil,
And trembling to the lightest gale,
Weeps beneath that shadowing bower,
Is just like Love !

Though filled with dew its closing eyes,
Though bends its slender stem in air,
It breathes perfume and blossoms fair,
It feeds on tears, and lives on sighs,
Just like Love !

And should a sun-beam kiss its leaf,
How bright the dew-drops would appear !
Like beams of hope upon a tear,
Like light of smiles through parting grief !
And just like Love !

Here we close, in perfect charity with
the muse of the departed !

H.

LORELEY, A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

(From the German.)

THERE where yon rocks are sleeping,
Beneath the bright moon-shine,
The nymph her watch is keeping,
And gazing on the Rhine.

She gazes o'er the river
As the vessels glide along ;
She sings and gazes ever—
But, youth ! heed not her song !

She warbles a sweet love-story,
But oh ! of the Syren beware !
She is the beauteous Lory,
She spreads thee a fatal snare.

She looks upon the Rhine
As though she looked on thee ;
But think not her love is thine,
For faithless and cold is she.

With eyes as softly beaming,
Thus doth she look on all ;
While round her like bright gold streaming,
Her clustering ringlets fall.

But changing as the water,
Those glances still have rolled—
Oh ! shun the Flood's fair daughter,
For the wave is false and cold !

Thus sang an old huntsman, who had seated himself on a stone beside the Rhine, not far from the cave where, in ancient times, the holy hermit, Goâr, had taken up his abode, and effected the conversion of the neighbouring fishermen. The waves, as they rushed past him, bore swiftly along a small and fragile bark, in which sat a youth clothed in costly apparel. The boat was just reaching the dangerous whirlpool called the Bank, where the steersman has need of his utmost skill ; yet the youth

heeded it not, nor turned away his gaze from the overhanging rock, from whence the fair and magic maiden looked down, and seemed to smile upon him. The old huntsman now sang louder and louder, for he could not help fancying that the poor youth had set out to visit his own true-love, and that now he was bewitched by the sight of Loreley. Lute, bow, and rudder, all had escaped from his hold—his white-plumed hat hung only by a ribbon round his neck ; and he seemed to abandon himself to the rushing, raging waters, as though he delighted in their fury, and only wanted them to rise high enough for him to reach the rock. The huntsman might have sung still louder, and the whirlpool have ceased to overpower him with its roar, yet not one single word would have reached the object of his warning ; for he heard and saw nothing but the beautiful nymph who sat on the rock above him, picking up little pieces of glittering stone, as if they were flowers she was gathering, then gaily scattering them into the water, and bending over to watch them dance down, and disappear in sparkling foam-bells. It seemed to the infatuated youth that it was to him she was leaning and smiling ; and he stretched out his arms with a longing look, and stood as if gazing on a star—when all at once his little boat dashed with a shattering stroke on the sharp stones, and the vortex dragged him to its raging breast, and closed its gigantic arms above him. All was now over with the hapless boy—he never rose

again; but Loreley looked down as if all were a sport, and picked up fresh splinters from the rock, and smiled like a child through her long fair hair. Then the huntsman took his horn, and blew a shrill blast that brought his dogs howling around him, and drew to the spot some fishermen who were busy with their salmon-nets at a little distance; but no aid could rescue the victim from the waters. "Did you see," asked he, as he stepped into the fishermen's boat, "how the sorceress rejoiced at the death of the poor youth, and how pleased she listened to the waves that swallowed him up, and foamed and hissed above him, as though they were exulting over his love and folly?"—"Nay," replied a young fisher, "what had the maiden on the rock to do with it, if the rash boy chose to fix his eyes upon her, instead of watching the current? It was not *she* who drove him towards the whirlpool, but *he* who made his grave for himself." Then they went on to tell how the beautiful nymph would often show herself to them of an evening, close to the shore; and look so sweet and kind, and point out places for them to throw their nets, where they never failed to be enriched with a plentiful draught. "But if," continued they, "any one should offer to approach her (as who would not, when she is so good and so beautiful?) then she grows angry, and disappears like a vapour. Whether she flies up to the clouds, or sinks down to the deep, is more than we can tell, and nobody knows who or what she really is."

The old huntsman shook his head, and went on his way towards Bacharach in the darkening twilight. Nor far from thence lay Stahleck, a castle inhabited by the Palatine of the Rhine. Many a tale had reached the court about the wonderful maiden who, from time to time, was wont to show herself upon the rock; but no one of the Palatine's household had ever seen her, and the Count would always repress their inquisitiveness, and tell them that those from whom God was pleased to withhold the sight of such ministers of the evil one, ought to be thankful and contented, and not allow themselves to indulge in foolish curiosity.

The Palatine's son was a young and beautiful boy—so beautiful, that it seemed

as if the spring had sent him forth for its messenger, and as if life turned to spring wherever he looked and smiled. Often had the youth bent his longing eyes towards the spot from whence came these marvellous stories of Loreley, and whence his eager steps were only restrained by the commands of his parents; for they had themselves remarked, and had heard from his playmates and companions in the chase, how completely his mind and thoughts were filled with the idea of the fair enchantress. All he had ever heard of her was treasured up carefully in his memory; and her image stood constantly before him, arrayed in brightness and beauty. In fancy he beheld her, all lovely and lonely, sitting on her wild rock by the setting sun, or the pale moon, with a dreamy light around her, and warbling sweet music to the solitary Rhine.

On the evening we have mentioned, Hubert (such was the young Count's name) was sitting with his sister Una on a pleasant slope of the green mountain called the Kühlberg, just opposite the sunny Voigtsberg, famed for its luxuriant vineyards. There they had lingered, watching the boats as they glided down the river, or gazing at the beautiful reflections in the water of many a familiar object, now mirrored in joyous light, and now in gloomy shadow. For some time they had held converse together, and talked over many a fairy legend and romantic tale, but now they sat silently hand in hand. To Una, Hubert had confided all his secret sorrows, and when his sighs were wafted towards the cloudy distance, which veiled in its blue vapours the far-stretching mountains, *she* well knew whither those sighs were sped.

All was now hushed—the trees waved gently to and fro, as if they were rocking themselves to sleep—the wild pinks and violets, which peeped out here and there amongst the rocks, had closed their sweet eyes, and no sound was heard but the mountain rills, which seemed to murmur in their dreams. The trees and shrubs in the foreground glowed with a thousand hues, while the stately forests which crowned the distance shone in ruddy gold—and, after a while, the fair moon arose from behind a neighbouring summit,

like the Genius of Faëry itself, shedding a witching light over the scene.

"That is Loreley's voice!" suddenly exclaimed Hubert; "yonder she sits and smiles—didst thou hear her call? Never does a bird sing thus beneath the moon-light."—Then Una arose hastily and alarmed. "Come, brother," cried she, "it is time you should take me home; and we must not again stay so long and so loneliness on this precipice, for indeed it terrifies me to see you thus."

They now returned to the castle, and Una, hand in hand with her brother, and dreading the expected reproof of her mother, entered the hall where her parents were sitting, with their usual evening society. The company were discoursing of Loreley, and of the strange story of her enchantments, which had just reached the castle. "If she be a witch," said the Knight Ruthard, she ought most certainly to be burnt, an' though she were as beautiful as that bright evening star." Then Hubert sighed, and leaning fondly over the Palatine's chair, "Father," cried he, "send me to take her, for I fear her not. If she be a sorceress, I will give her up to you, but if you find her innocent, and that she has never willingly done harm to any one, then, oh! give her me to wife." At this, the whole company could not refrain from laughing, and the Count replied, "From what we hear of this Loreley, she seems to be a skilful fisher, and to spread out her glittering nets so artfully as to entrap every thing which comes within her reach; and you, my son, are a young and innocent little fish, that had better keep out of the way of her snares. Youth is often led by curiosity, and by mere prohibition, to wish for things, which, once obtained, lose all their charms, and are speedily thrown aside."

"If this unearthly creature is not a sorceress," pursued the chaplain, "she may very likely be a mermaid; and with these sort of beings man should seek no fellowship. God has created them for another element, and placed enmity between them and the human race; and woe to him who would attempt to pass the bounds which nature herself has prescribed."

"Ay, we have stories enough," answered Ruthard, "of the ill-fortune of these

sort of love adventures, and for my part, I do not see what should hinder us from hunting down, like wild beasts, such creatures as these, which lie in wait, and spread out snares to allure man to his destruction."

"There I think you are going too far," said the Countess, "for a water-sprite, as they say, is a creature devoid of sense; not like man, gifted with reason, to prevent him from following the blind impulses of nature."—"And I can tell you, Ruthard, I will never lend you my bow again, no never," vociferated Hubert, "if you talk in this cruel way of the poor, sweet Loreley."

The Palatine now put an end to the conversation, and called upon the chaplain for the evening benediction. But Hubert had little rest that night, either waking or dreaming, for he felt almost sure that Loreley would be attacked, and fancied he already saw the arrow transfixing her fair bosom, and her blood streaming like coral down the dusky rock into the deep Rhine.

A few days afterwards a large company of strangers were assembled at the castle; and such as were disposed for the chase, were led forth by Hubert and his companions, through many a vine-covered valley and beechen glade. The Palatine had secretly given directions to Ruthard to keep a strict watch over Hubert, lest curiosity or rashness should prompt him to disregard the parental injunctions, and attract him towards the syren of the rock. Notwithstanding this, however, it happened that Hubert was imperceptibly separated from his party; and almost before he was aware, he found himself in perfect solitude, and heard the bugle-notes, that were sounded to recal him, already softened by the distance. His heart beat high with the joy of newly-acquired freedom; like that of the young eagle, as it listens to the retiring wings of the guardians of the nest. He rushed eagerly forward, scarcely knowing whither to bend his course. Sometimes he felt as if impelled to accomplish the will of his father, and to make Loreley a prisoner; and sometimes it seemed as if he had long known her, and loved her, and was called upon to hasten to her rescue.

He now descended through a deep ravine to the shore, just where the river makes a turn through a solemn wilderness of rocks,

overlooked by the lofty turrets of Oberwesel and the watch-tower of Schöenberg. The last rays of expiring day still lingered on their pinnacles, while behind the mountains glimmered the first pale moonbeams, as on that sweet evening when Hubert had sat with Una on the Kuhlberg. Now there came over the water a sound of music, repeated again and again in one unvarying strain, but so soft and soothing, that he who listened felt as if entranced, and knew not that they were but the same tones which still returned upon his ear. Hubert looked round, and saw nothing, and wondered within himself what bird it could be that sang more sweetly than the nightingale: but it chanced that there were some young peasants from Oberwesel amusing themselves in a boat near the shore, and he heard them say to one another, "that is Loreley." Then he called out to them, and said, "I am the Palatine's son, and would fain take a row by the moonlight, so come and ferry me over;" and he leapt into their boat with his bow and arrow in his hand, and his locks floating to the wind. "Row me to the rock where Loreley sings," cried he; "row away, that I may see the beautiful Lory." The young rowers pulled with might and main, and soon pointed out to him the rock from whence the voice proceeded; and there stood the nymph, all dazzling in the moonlight, twining through her golden hair a garland of water-flowers and rushes, and singing unceasingly the same notes, "Loreley, Loreley."

"Take me over, take me over," cried Hubert—but the rowers told him that to do so might be his death, and still kept near the shore. "Then let it be my death," cried he, "for I will either die or obtain thee, my gentle love, never to part from thee more!"—and again he conjured the young men to proceed, and assured them that he had been sent by his father to take the maiden prisoner, and had come for that purpose, armed with his bow and arrows. And now they ploughed their way through the deep waters; there was hissing and foaming round the oars, and already the mighty rock stretched its broad black shadow across the boat; and once more the rowers paused, and essayed to turn the rash youth from his purpose. The

song had now ceased, and the fair Loreley stood at the edge of the water, looking out as if through a golden mist, with her eyes beaming brightly, and her long hair waving down to her feet. The young men urged Hubert to take aim at the sorceress, now that the moment was so favourable; but he seized his bow and dashed it into the water, and called out, "Fear not, thou lovely one, that any thing shall harm thee, for I will defend thee from all that would do thee hurt."

Then a great fear came over all that were with him, and they dreaded lest they too might become infatuated like the Palatine's son, and meet their death upon this rock; and they turned the boat hastily round, and pulled hard at their oars to regain the shore. Hubert sprang up, and tried to leap upon the rock; but he missed his aim, and sank into the water; and after him, with a soft, melancholy cry, rushed down the syren; and there seemed like the flashing of a silvery ray from the rock into the water. The youths, in dismay, rowed away faster and faster, intent upon their own safety. "How shall we dare to tell," said they to one another, "that the Palatine's son has perished on this spot? and yet if we keep silence, and hide ourselves from the father's wrath, what bad suspicions will alight upon us whenever it comes to be known! We will tell the truth as it all really happened—how he intreated and commanded us to bring him here, and made us believe that our lord the Count had sent him to kill the wicked sorceress; and how he was suddenly bewitched, at the very moment when he ought to have taken aim at her."

When Hubert unclosed his eyes, he felt as if he were waking in the middle of winter; green and blue icicles of gigantic size appeared to encompass him on every side; but a soft spring air was playing through the clefts, and thawed his frozen limbs, and kissed his cold forehead. These icicles, however, were spars and bright crystals, and the balmy air was the breath of Loreley, which floated around him like a whispering wave. Thickets of tall sedge and various water-plants rustled around the cave, and there was a perpetual singing and sighing, as the limpid waves rose and fell in plaintive murmurs. In the

stillness and seclusion of this deep world, Hubert now found himself alone with the water-fairy; yet he felt not at rest in this mysterious solitude, and, with the same impatience with which he had consigned himself to the flood, he now longed to return to the regions of upper air, and felt that there alone he could gaze with unalloyed delight on his lovely Lory. "Take me where the sun shines, that I may rejoice in thy beauty," cried he, as her wavy hair and dazzling arms were twining round him—and she took him by the hand, and led him further into the recesses of the rock. At every step the light became fainter, and the flowers that trembled in the water seemed at a more immeasurable depth.

"The mountains and valleys are sleeping," said Loreley, "while the eyes of heaven are open. Dost thou not see them looking down upon us? Take care that thy foot slip not," added she, as Hubert seemed bewildered with the wild rush of the waters; "sit down beside me here, and we will wait for the sunrise."

A tall white cliff glimmered in the faint light, and seemed as if borne along by the impetuous waves which rolled close to Hubert's feet. He could now distinguish, through the still air, dark outlines of rocks and towers. "Where are we?" asked he, almost shrinking from Loreley's touch—for he sometimes felt as if it were a ghost that sat beside him, and that perhaps the next moment he might be hurled back into the abyss.

"We are in the middle of the Rhine," replied the nymph; "these are the old mountains, the Children of the Giants, and at the foot of one of them we are now sitting. Though it has stretched its proud head so long out of the water, it is nothing but brittle white stone, and with pieces of it I can angle for the ships that sail so merrily up and down the Rhine: for by that rock they sink; and yonder, where I look down the river, the fragments come to light again; * but nothing ever returns from that dark gulph alive."

Far across the water now shone a glim-

mering light. It was a lamp just beginning to burn before one of the altars of St. Clement's Church, on the opposite shore; and as the feeble flame slowly illuminated the spot, shedding here and there a flickering ray, Hubert thought he could distinguish the Mausethurm at a little distance, and several of the well-known towers which crowned the neighbouring heights. "See," said Loreley, who seemed aware of his mistrust and inquietude, "I have led thee *up* the stream, though the waters would fain have carried thee *down*; but had they done so, my own fairy people would never have let thee escape from their crystal castles, and now thou shalt be mine; and mine only. For thy sake I have quitted our beautiful palace—there is no happiness for me without thee."—"Loreley," said Hubert, looking in her face (and as the light shone out, it smiled as sweetly as ever, through the locks that waved in the night-wind) "they say thou wert wont to rejoice upon thy rock, when one of the human race was swallowed up by thine own wild waters." And Loreley sighed and answered, "Sweet youth, it may indeed be true, for I knew no better. I thought it must be a delight to them all, to sport and lave as we do, in cool crystal grottoes, with the waves singing about them."—"And they say too," said Hubert, "that thou wert wont to sit and sing, to allure the sons of men to their destruction."

"I troubled myself not with the sons of men," answered Loreley, somewhat pettishly. "I sang for my own diversion, and looked about me because it amused me. I neither called them, nor looked at them, nor thought of them—and I have often laughed to myself to see how they fancied I was making signals, and sporting with them. But now all this is changed, and such pastimes will amuse me no longer. Thee have I chosen for myself, and thee will I follow all over the world, for I am thine, and thou art mine."

The ruddy glow of morning now illuminated the heights, and their white pinnacles lighted up like so many beacons in the ray. The fair Loreley started up in alarm, as the crowing of a cock was heard from the shore. "I must away," cried she: "at eventide thou shalt find me again where thou foundest me before. Forget

* There is a saying on the Rhine, that the vessels which sink at the *Bingerloch* are thrown up again at the place called *Die Bank*, near St. Goar.

not the hour of meeting!" Then throwing a pebble into the water, the waves grew troubled and foaming; and a little boat was seen working its way out of their swelling bosom. "Leap into this bark," said Loreley, "and fear nothing. That loose plank, which has been shattered in the wreck, will serve for an oar. Fare thee well, Hubert, fare thee well!" With these words she sank into the flood; and Hubert, who had already stepped into the boat, saw her no longer; but a low mournful voice sang, "Loreley, Loreley," and it seemed at last as if the melancholy notes were choked by tears. The dancing bark conveyed Hubert as trustily, as if he had been a heedless child confided to its care, past the dangerous current to the opposite shore, where the castle of Ehrenfels, looking down on its joyous vineyards, glittered in the morning ray. Beneath the bright sunbeams Hubert began to shake off the bewildering visions of the night; and, as they gradually unravelled themselves before him, he scarcely knew what to think, or what course to pursue. Doubt and confidence, tenderness and repugnance, struggled in his bosom, as night and day had lately done before his eyes. Sometimes he saw before him the gentle face of Loreley, as it had smiled in the light of that lamp from the altar; and he thought if he could only have brought her into the daylight, that all doubt and dread would have vanished at once. Then again, when he remembered how she started in affright at the crowing of the cock, a fresh horror came over him, and he felt once more as if it had been a ghost that was with him through the darkness, and only wondered that he had escaped alive from the fearful adventure.

He betook himself to the hut of a neighbouring vine-dresser, and craved a morning's meal; and, throwing off his wet garments, clothed himself in those of one of the young peasants. What to do next he could not decide: at first he was tempted to return forthwith to Stahleck, in the hope that, since his life had been so wonderfully preserved, his father's anger against his disobedience might be appeased, and his mother and sister might perhaps be persuaded to join their prayers with his on behalf of the beautiful Loreley. Then,

if a tender yearning would break forth in his bosom, to fly once more to the Nymph of the Rock, and devote himself to her and her alone, an involuntary shudder would again overtake him, and his love would be changed into a vague feeling of horror. Thus dreaming away a great part of the morning upon the shore, he at length came to the determination of proceeding to Stahleck without further delay, to avert, if not too late, any evil which might be impending over the beautiful syren. His heart grew heavier at every step which brought him nearer to his father's castle. He ascended a staircase cut out of the rock, which led by a shorter passage to a side portal, and as he lifted the knocker to gain admittance, he perceived for the first time that the ring from his left hand was missing; and it instantly occurred to him that the nymph must have secretly withdrawn it from his finger, and retained it as an irrevocable pledge of betrothment.

It was already evening: the Palatine, apprized of the death of his son, had, at his own desire, despatched Ruthard with a numerous troop of followers, to carry off Loreley, living or dead. As these fierce men came rowing along, the maiden stood on her rock, gazing up the stream towards Hubert's dwelling, and warbling in her wonted notes, "Loreley, Loreley." Then Ruthard called out in a deceitful tone, "we bring thee a greeting from thy true love, Hubert; he sends thee a bridal kiss, which will make thee his wife. Come down then and take it, or show us the way to come safely up to thee. Here is fresh prey for thee, beautiful Loreley; come down then to us, as thou didst to Hubert."—Loreley stretched forth her white hand, and with her delicate finger pointed out a way for them to climb up the rock, and here and there a shrub which might assist their progress: for she in truth believed that they were bringing her a greeting from Hubert. Several of his companions tried to dissuade the daring Ruthard from the dangerous attempt; but he laughed at their fears, and chose out two of the most desperate of his followers to clamber with him up the cliff. "Bind her!" cried he, when they had reached the summit. "Alas! what would you?"

cried Loreley. "Sorceress!" answered Ruthard, "know that I am come to kill thee, and to make thee dance in the Rhine, till the breath is out of thy body. Ay! to kill thee, thou witch! as thou hast killed the fair young Hubert."

"Hubert, Hubert, come hither!" cried Loreley, in a plaintive voice, towards the mountain. "Alas! I am no sorceress, I am Hubert's own true love."—"Spirit of evil!" said Ruthard, "thou knowest that Hubert lies down in that river." But Loreley protested again and again that Hubert was safe at Stahleck; and wrang her snowy hands, and embraced Ruthard's knees, and cried in a piteous voice, "Oh! let me not die! Hubert, Hubert, come hither!"

Her grief and beauty softened the hearts of all those who had staid below; and one of them called out to the cruel knight, "Prithee stay awhile, Ruthard, and I will gallop back to Stahleck, and see if what she says be true. If the young Count be really at the castle, and that she has indeed saved his life, then she may be set at liberty." Then Ruthard laughed him to scorn, and called out, "wilt thou not bring a priest with thee also, and try to convert the evil one? Even if Hubert were yet alive, this Loreley would still be deserving of death, for having led him astray from his duty." Loreley, however, seemed now inspired with fresh courage as she gazed upon her champion, who was already scowering away on his foaming steed. "And wilt thou throw me into the Rhine?" asked she. "I fear thee not! see, I will leap down before thine eyes." But Ruthard tied her hands, and ordered a heavy stone to be brought, and stood with his sword drawn over her snowy neck. A dancing skiff soon came parting the waves; the horseman returned to the rock in triumph, and a white flag was seen waving from the boat. "Loreley," cried a voice from within, "give back the ring that thou tookest from the Palatine's son, and thy life shall be spared: our lord the Count promises it to thee on this condition."

"I have no ring, no ring," answered Loreley, in a piteous voice; "he had none on his hand to give me. Ah! Hubert, Hubert, why comest thou not to save me? Take me to him in these bonds, and surely

he will unloose them." "Dost thou see now," cried Ruthard, "she will not give up the ring?" And Loreley wept like the pleading roe, when the cruel huntsman stands over it; and called on Hubert again and again, and maintained unceasingly that she knew nought of the ring; and even some of the rugged men who stood below were melted to tears, for Ruthard would have no more pity, and granted no longer delay; but the rough stone was hung round her tender neck, and the fierce executioners were about to fall upon her. Loreley looked on them and exclaimed, "my lover has betrayed me—none shall approach me more," and once more gazing up the river, and leaning forward, as though to descry the castle of Stahleck, she rushed to the edge of the rock, and plunged into the water.

Ruthard and his murderous assistants stood as if turned into stone. They could find no more the path down the rock, and perished miserably on its summit.

The next day a man from Oberwesel carried to the castle a net full of fish; and as they were preparing for the table, within one of them was found the young Count's ring, which must have slipped from his finger as he sank into the river. Hubert, whom his father had at first kept a prisoner, could be withheld no longer when he heard the fate of Loreley; but in vain did he traverse the Rhine from side to side: her fair form and gentle face never again met his eyes—no man ever beheld them more.

Her voice, however, might still at times be heard; no longer singing or calling, but softly answering those who spoke to her. The tones were half lost in tears and sighs, and became lower and lower at every word; and it seemed as if she were saying, "why do you waste your words on me, and invite me to sport as I was wont to do? I hear Hubert's voice no longer—I have lost him, lost him!"

One day Hubert called to her, and she answered and gave him back his own greeting; but he could not bear the tones, and turned to hide his face in the bosom of his sister Una, who stood mournfully beside him. Then stretching out his hand, he threw the ring into the water, and listened anxiously between the strokes of the

oars, and was rowed away full of grief and despair; and if his sister had not held him back, he would have plunged into the deep Rhine.

From the time of his dropping the ring upon the rock, which to this day bears the

name of the water fairy, Hubert began to pine as if something were preying on his heart; and, with a yearning grief for Loreley, his young life melted away like the faint tones of the huntsman's horn dying in the distance.

DOMESTIC MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE domestic usages of the fourteenth century were not less different from those of the present time, than the ancient castle was from the modern palace. The hours allotted to eating seem to have been in progressive advancement, though with increasing rapidity, ever since this period. The baron of the fourteenth century took his morning cup, heard mass, and dined at ten o'clock; his day was after dinner. The morning cup was undoubtedly filled with wine; it is not said that any solid refreshment accompanied it, nor did there need any, when dinner was served at so early an hour.

The dinner of a powerful baron was eaten in the great hall of his castle, where his guests, knights and 'squires, assembled before he made his appearance. When he entered, one of the most considerable of his knights held the silver bason for him to wash his hands, while another stood ready with a fine napkin for him to dry them; after which the whole company washed. Washing hands before eating was a regular ceremony, and not a useless one: for forks were unknown, and fingers performed their office. The lord having seated himself at a table at the upper end of the hall, the company took their places at the different tables, and above or below the salt, in the middle of each, according to their rank or degree; their places being assigned them with the nicest precision, by the comptroller of the household, bearing his staff of office. No person sat at the table of the lord but his family, and nobles or prelates who might happen to be his guests, and none but these presumed to speak, unless he began the conversation. The dishes, plates, spoons, and cups were generally of silver, and

sometimes of gold. I believe there was no medium between the silver plate and the wooden trencher.

When dinner was ended the tables were removed: for as the seats were wooden forms, and the tables were probably boards laid on tressels, it was less difficult to remove the latter than the former. Wine with spices, or, as I imagine, wine in which spices had been infused, was served round to the company, and this was always the signal for them to separate. After the Count de Foix had dined with the King of France at Toulouse, and the wine and spices had been served as usual, comfits were brought in a comfit-box of gold, divided into different compartments. This was a distinguishing mark of respect shewn to sovereigns, and bestowed by them on persons whom they intended especially to honour. On the present occasion the comfit-box was offered to the King by a nobleman, to the Duke of Bourbon and the Count of Foix by two knights; and it was offered to no other person, though two of the King's cousins were present.

The Count de Foix gave a splendid dinner, in return, to the uncle and brother of the King of France, and upwards of two hundred French knights. The tables were ornamented with many curious dishes and devices, and the knights of Foix and Bearne waited on the company. After dinner, the French and Gascons tried their skill and strength against each other, in wrestling, pitching the bar, and throwing the javelin. Indigestion was neither known nor feared. Who now would venture on such rude exercise after such a dinner? The same King of France, Charles the Sixth, on occasion of a double marriage in his family, was waited on at dinner by several of the principal lords of his court, mounted on large war-horses.

* *Vide* vol. iii, page 246.

Supper was an important meal in the fourteenth century, and the time for conversation, minstrelsy, and calm enjoyment, after the toils of war, the fatigues of the chase, or the perplexities of business were ended. The same ceremonies were observed as at dinner, and, at night, torches were held by servants. Froissart, from whose chronicles the above particulars respecting Charles the Sixth of France and the Count de Foix are taken, tells us that the servants of Sir Amery de Bode-nay, who had arrived at a village about noon, were soon after found preparing supper. He also says that, when Richard the Second of England visited his uncle the Duke of Gloucester, at Pleshy, for the purpose of having him assassinated, the Duke had finished his supper before five o'clock, and supper was again brought out for the King. We need not history to inform us that the manners of France and England were nearly the same at this period, for the communication between the two countries was incessant; several of the French provinces belonged to England, and Aquitain, the neighbour of Bearne, had been lately under the personal government of Edward the Black Prince.

In the course of something more than four centuries, the hour of breakfast has overtaken the hour of dinner, and dinner has made nearly half the diurnal revolution of the globe. In 1512, the first date of the Northumberland Household Book, the gates of the lord's castle were shut at eleven o'clock, and the tables were laid for dinner. The lord and his family now dined at the first table in the *dining-room*, with such of their guests as were noble, and they were waited on by gentlemen brought up in the castle, and worth from two to seven hundred pounds a year. A second table was for knights and honourable gentlemen, who were attended by footmen; and the tables in the hall, three in number, were consigned to the principal officers of the household and gentlemen guests under the degree of a knight, who were served from the table of the lord. It is remarkable that the chaplains, of whom there were no fewer than eleven, dined with the housekeeper in her apartment. In 1715, when Pope wrote to

Martha Blount, in the country, she was said to

"Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon."

Noon was, by this time, an unfashionably early hour, associated with the character of an unbred country squire, and the retiring to rest soon after seven o'clock; but it is observable that, long after this period, the word afternoon implied after dinner. The fashionable hour of dinner, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was three o'clock, from which time it has advanced with rapid strides to the present; when a man of middling station will invite his friend to an early dinner at five o'clock, and a man of fashion will sit down to dinner at eight or nine. Dinner has been thus encroaching upon afternoon till it has fairly, or rather unfairly, elbowed it out of the world. It has even lost its place in the English language; and, as Addison said of the days at Rome, it may be said of our's, "They are like those of the first chapter of Genesis, the evening and the morning make the day." As to supper, it is either banished from society, or shorn of its honours by being brought in a tray. What is there in this but a name? Light and darkness return at never-varying periods, and we feel hunger at much the same intervals as before—words only differ. A hot luncheon has sprung up in the place of dinner, and we dine poorly and sup profusely, instead of dining plentifully and supping slightly.

But to return to the fourteenth century. At the lower end of the hall of a castle was a door which opened into a passage leading to the offices; and half way along the passage was a hatch, or half door, which divided the territories of the cooks from those of the serving men; on the top of the hatch was a broad shelf, on which the meats were placed by one party, and from which they were carried into the hall by the other. The kitchen was spacious; furnished with enormous spits, immeasurable boilers, huge dressers, and a massive table. The cellar contained tuns of wine and strong beer; the buttery, stacks of cold meat and piles of butter and cheese; the bakehouse, capacious ovens, and inexhaustible binns of meal. Such was the

provision necessary for the feudal baron, his resident knights and squires, his family and guests, his menials and his soldiers; for his dwelling was a fortress, and his soldiers were a garrison.

The space allotted to the inmates of a castle bore no proportion to the food provided for their sustenance. Whoever has seen the magnificent castle of Caernarvon, in the principal tower of which a Queen of England brought forth an heir to the throne, must have some idea of the contracted space allowed to others. The state beds were few and small, and every nook capable of containing a bed received one of some description. Darkness, if it were not total, was esteemed no impediment to sufficient accommodation; and loop-holes, where an apartment was favoured with them, admitted no inconsiderable light; for, though they might not exceed six inches in width on the outside, they frequently expanded to six feet within, as they sloped gradually through the thickness of the wall. Soldiers, whether men at arms, bowmen, or archers, lay on straw spread on the floors, and were as closely packed as negroes on board a slave-ship.

The grand business of life was war; its grand amusement was the chase. A superior hound was a present for a prince. The Count of Foix and Bearne had sixteen hundred hounds of various sorts, and hunted summer and winter; his forests affording him a never-failing supply of wolves, bears, and wild boars. The boar's head, the trophy of the chase, was always adorned with rosemary, served in great state, and was the first dish placed on the table.

The son of the baron was early initiated in deeds of knighthood; he grasped his little lance, mounted his hobby, and performed his mimic courses in the court of his father's castle. The hobbies of the fourteenth century were real horses, though small ones; but time has bestowed the name on the inanimate sticks, on which boys make their first attempts at horsemanship, and is transferring it to any object pursued with childish avidity. The embryo hunter was not less apparent than the future knight. The boy was acquainted

with his father's favourite hounds, caressed them, and of course whipped them; but the generous animals would remember the kindness and forget the stripes.

The wardship of an heiress included the appropriation of her revenue till she married or were of age; and the guardian commonly appropriated it to his own use. The heiress herself was equally at his disposal; and her hand was either sold for money or given as his interest might direct.

Among the domestic amusements of the fourteenth century was chess; cards were invented towards the end of the century. The needle, the use of which is the peculiar advantage of woman, afforded to ladies an inexhaustible fund of amusement; dancing, singing, and carolling were common to both sexes. It may be doubted whether knights in general could read; but it is certain that they employed clerks, that is, priests, to write their letters and pen their challenges. Signatures were not in use; or if that of Edward the Black Prince be extant, as it is said to be, it is one of the earliest known: the seal was considered a sufficient testimony.

Letters to and from princes were sent by heralds, and delivered on the knee; the bearer was rewarded with a sum of money, or clothed in cloth of gold, or presented with a robe lined with minever. The same liberality was exercised towards the minstrels of princes, who frequently accompanied their masters on their visits.

The ancient baron was observant of the exercises of religion; but, except in the alms distributed daily at his gate, its spirit was unknown or forgotten. His chaplain was as indispensable as his cook; his mass invariably preceded his dinner; and if he suffered a captive to languish and expire in one of his dungeons, or had him precipitated from the top of one of his towers, atonement was made by an additional number of masses, or a penance enjoined by a domestic ecclesiastic, who would probably shew some lenity towards the failings of his lord. Sir, was a title prefixed to the name of a secular priest, as well as to that of a knight.

C. H.

EUSTACE ST. VALERIE.

THE young Countess Ottilie de Werdenberg, on entering a small town on the confines of Prussia, which formed a part of her princely inheritance, was struck with astonishment at the air of unusual solemnity which it presented: the shops were all shut, the streets were thronged but silent; and, although it was neither market nor holiday, troops of peasants were seen flocking in from all directions. The fair traveller looked out from her barouche in wonder at the strange appearance of a place generally so orderly and so cheerful. Dismal preparations met her eye; the bell of a neighbouring church began to toll heavily, as for the knell of a departing soul; and the postilions, who had dashed along the street in good style, were compelled to draw up their horses on one side to make way for a criminal to pass to execution. Surrounded by a troop of soldiers, bare headed, a rope encircling his neck, and attired in coarse garments, the culprit walked erect in the midst of his guards. Majestic, and elegantly formed, his port was dignified and graceful: he was young, too, and bore features of surpassing beauty; and though suppressing even the slight quiver which convulsed his lip as the tall dark gallows met his eye, the deadly paleness of his countenance evinced his internal agony at the ignominious death that awaited him.

Ottilie, though anxious to avoid the sight of human suffering, was compelled to be a reluctant witness of the sad procession. Pity melted her breast as she gazed upon the unfortunate being about to be cut off by the hand of violence. His fine countenance and gallant demeanour strongly interested her feelings. She fastened her eyes upon him; and, suddenly overcome by the thought of his near approaching doom, she turned sick at heart, and fainted. Colonel Schreiber, the commandant of the garrison, was instantly at her side. His officers were dispatched for water, and the whole course of the proceedings was suspended until the beautiful Countess recovered her senses. Glancing wildly around, she exclaimed, in an agitated voice, "is it over—is he dead?"—

"You have seen the prisoner before, and are interested in his fate?" demanded Schreiber inquisitively.—"Oh, no! never!" cried Ottilie; it is sufficient that he is a fellow creature and in distress."—"How amiable!" exclaimed the Colonel, fixing his dark eyes on the fair creature whom he held in his arms, and who would have disengaged herself from his grasp, but the same sickening sensations came over her, and she remained powerless.

"For what heinous crime," inquired the Countess, after a moment's pause, "must my native town be subjected to this unwonted spectacle?"—"The Frenchman," cried Schreiber, "is more unfortunate than guilty; he has been arrested as a spy, but has denied the charge, and I have some reason to believe that he spoke the truth; but my predecessor left him here for execution, and I only obey orders." "Then," said Ottilie, "you have the enviable power of saving his life."—"Not so," replied the Colonel, "but of delaying the sentence, perhaps."—"And," cried the enthusiastic pleader eagerly, "you will do this? You know my uncle, the Prince of —, is powerful in the council; I will make him acquainted with all the particulars of this unhappy young man's situation, and we shall be the blessed instruments of snatching a human being from a dreadful fate."—"I shall risk the displeasure of my superior," said Schreiber; "but I can scarcely refuse so lovely a suppliant, if she will promise that my compliance shall entitle me to receive a boon in return."—Ottilie shrunk from the glance that accompanied these words, and replied coldly, "there needs little stimulus to a brave man for the performance of an act of humanity; the prisoner may be left with safety to your mercy."—"Pardon me, fair lady," returned the Colonel; "his life is in your hands; he has made a powerful enemy in General Kleist: we want an example; and, innocent or guilty, he must die, unless some very strong intercession shall be made for him. I care not to waste the small influence which I possess upon a stranger. Women are said to be more tender-hearted; but it does

not appear that you are inclined to abate an iota of your sex's privileges for his sake."

The Countess, inexpressibly disgusted, turned away her eyes and encountered those of the criminal, who stood so resolute yet so forlorn at the foot of the scaffold, and again every faculty of her soul was absorbed in pity. He seemed to be aware that to her he was indebted for the, perchance temporary, delay which had interposed between him and impending death; and he looked as though all his hopes and expectations were centred in her alone. Could she hesitate a moment? Could she abandon the cause of a fellow creature, who without her assistance must inevitably perish? She had been made unexpectedly the arbitress of his fate; and, however painful and revolting the alternative, she could not consign him to the grave.—"Save the life of that unfortunate man," she cried, addressing Schreiber, "and demand my everlasting gratitude." The Colonel sprang from the carriage, remounted his horse, and, having given the necessary orders, the melancholy cavalcade returned to the prison; the barouche moved forward, and in a few minutes Ottilie found herself alone upon her knees in her chamber.

The fair Prussian trembled at the amazing revolution which had taken place in her prospects and in her feelings, in the brief period which had elapsed since her entrance into —. Distinguished for her patriotism, and her hatred of the insults offered by Napoleon to her suffering country, every impulse of her young and ardent mind had been devoted to the emancipation of Europe from the yoke of France. High born, beautiful, and possessed of immense estates, she had been the star of the imperial court of Austria, the worshipped idol of princes and nobles; yet, for the sake of an obscure individual, a foreigner belonging to a hated nation, she had sold herself to a man of low family, a coarse brutal soldier, who owed to his military rank the only title to her acquaintance, and who, in daring to seek her favour, became the object of her unqualified disgust. It was true that she might still retract her plighted word; but it could only be by sacrificing the life of the

man whom she had so lately snatched from destruction. The pale face and imploring eyes of the prisoner were for ever present to her mind; and, despite of the horror which she entertained of Colonel Schreiber's addresses, she felt a strong, sweet feeling of delight, at the idea of rescuing the interesting stranger from an unmerited death. She purchased his safety at a high price, for the Colonel obliged her to sign a promise of marriage before he permitted the memorial of Eustace St. Valerie to be despatched to head-quarters.

Filial affection had led the young Frenchman to the couch of his dying mother, at a period in which it was dangerous for one of his nation to appear in Prussia. He was a soldier, too, and wore the cross of the legion of honour; but his life would scarcely have been placed in jeopardy had he not incurred the hatred of General Kleist, who, remembering that at Paris a dishonourable transaction at a card-table had been detected, exposed, and checked by Eustace St. Valerie, indulged a malignant revenge in proceeding against him with the utmost rigour of military law. Fortunately, General Kleist was called away at a moment's notice, and was disappointed in his expectation of returning to his command to witness the execution. The duty was delegated to Schreiber, who felt at liberty to exercise his own discretion; and, perceiving how deeply the Countess de Werdenburg had interested herself in behalf of the prisoner, he resolved to make her compassion subservient to his own ambitious views.

Ottilie in the evening lighted up her palace; and, anxious to avoid a private interview with her new lover, she invited the garrison to a splendid collation. Surrounded by a crowd, all anxious to pay their homage to the high-born beauty, her heart was the whole evening in the gloomy dungeon where the respited criminal pined in dreary suspense. A plea of indisposition secured the Countess from Schreiber's visits during the few days which elapsed before she received an answer from her uncle. The Prince of —, concluding that the Frenchman's cause must be a just one, since the fair heroine of Prussia had engaged in it, exerted himself with so much zeal that, in a very short time, he despatched

the pardon and safe conduct which she had requested. Ottilie, in the first moment of rapture at the success of her benevolent efforts, forgot the horrid condition annexed to her triumph; and, unaware of the danger which might attend a second meeting, with one who had already gained a stronger power over her affections than any of the multitude of titled suitors who had professed themselves her slaves, did not refuse the audience which St. Valerie ardently solicited. Penetrated with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, the first use which the liberated prisoner made of his freedom was to fly to his fair preserver. He found her alone, seated in a saloon which opened to a garden sloping down to the banks of a crystal stream. The fresh air and lovely scenery of this delightful retreat formed a soothing contrast to the dark and noisome dungeon which he had just quitted. His almost miraculous escape from death, his restoration to life and sunshine, and the deep obligation which he owed to the beautiful creature who, like an angel of mercy, had arrested the hand of death, rushed to his heart in a full tide of feeling; and, overcome by his emotions, he stood mute and rooted to the ground. In another moment, however, a burst of gratitude followed this expressive silence, and he was at Ottilie's feet, pouring out the fervent thanks of a generous spirit. The Countess, who beheld him as one arisen from the grave, was little less affected. The circumstances under which they met were too singular and touching to admit of ceremony; and, giving way to the impulse of their hearts, although no declaration of his passion passed the lips of Eustace, nor did Ottilie confess the tender feelings which possessed her soul, both knew that they loved and were beloved again. A few, a very few words were spoken; for, aware of the utter hopelessness of their attachment, of their immediate separation, perchance never to meet again—or if to meet, to be more cruelly estranged either by distance or by absence—they remained silent, yet with a sweet consciousness of present happiness. Eustace still held the hand of Ottilie; and, stepping out upon the broad terrace, they wandered through the flowery labyrinth of the garden, inhaling

the perfume of the flowers, breathing the soft and balmy air, and gazing upon the bright current of the smiling river. These were moments of bliss, but fleeting as they were exquisite—the voice of Schreiber destroyed the charm. Restrained by his presence, St. Valerie took a formal leave; the garden gate was closed upon him; and the Countess was left alone, to wonder and marvel at the new sensations, which usurped supreme dominion in a breast once entirely absorbed in lofty aspirations. No longer were her proud thoughts engrossed by the fate of Europe; the period of high excitement in a patriot cause was over, and the destiny of one obscure individual became almost wholly the object of interest. Not that Ottilie was indifferent to the welfare of her country and of the Christian world; but every idea connected with the fall of France brought with it her hated engagement, the thrall of her promise to Schreiber, which must be fulfilled at the expiration of the war; and she turned from the hideous recollection, to dwell with fondness on a sweeter theme.

Anxious to avoid the perpetual intrusions of the Colonel, she stole away from Prussia to a rustic habitation in the romantic region of Der Sacchsischen Schweiz, where she indulged in the loneliness which suited the state of her feelings. Had not her generous interference in behalf of Eustace St. Valerie entailed upon her the grievous necessity of plighting her faith with a being from whom every sentiment of her heart revolted, the recollection of the young Frenchman would only have produced that quiet feeling of pleasure, which a noble mind must experience when it contemplates the performance of an act of disinterested kindness. But the brilliant hopes and expectations cherished by the Countess de Werdenburg were destroyed by the promise which Colonel Schreiber had extorted from her; and, no longer beholding the prospect of happiness which had smiled upon her early youth, her melancholy was soothed by tender remembrances of the amiable being for whose sake she had sacrificed all that gave sunshine to her existence.

Saxony became the theatre of war, and Ottilie, though secure in the isolated spot

she had chosen for her residence, repaired to a mansion she possessed at Schandau, a small town through which the hostile armies were continually passing, and where she hoped to hear tidings of Eustace. The French were now in full retreat, followed by the Russians and Prussians; but the joy of the Countess at the disastrous flight of the invaders was damped by the perils which surrounded St. Valerie, and her painful incertitude of his fate.

At Schandau the army of Napoleon made a desperate stand; and though frequently driven out, it rallied and occupied the disputed town again. The house of Otilie became, alternately, the headquarters of the contending armies; but she obtained a secure asylum in a sequestered hermitage in the garden, which had been fancifully fitted up for the residence of a recluse. There, with trembling expectation, she awaited the result of each day's warfare. One morning the din of battle waged with more than wonted uproar. The fierce struggle, the clash of arms, the shout of victory, the short pause, and the renewed attacks, evinced the deadly nature of the strife. At one moment the French eagles were planted exultingly in the centre of the town; and then, amid the groans of the wounded, arose the gay carol, the martial and the provincial ballads sang by the light-hearted victors as they quaffed full bumpers of generous wine: in the next hour their proud standards were displaced by the floating banners of the allies, whose triumphs were celebrated by the solemn hymn, broken by the wild cry of the Tartar hordes as they drank and caroused; and again, by another overwhelming effort, the imperial birds spread their golden wings ostentatiously to the sun.

While the contest was at the hottest, and Otilie, scarcely screened from the danger, watched the event in breathless expectation, she saw a French officer rush through a breach in the garden wall, and, bearing a Prussian in his arms, hasten to a small fountain which welled out upon the grass. She too sought the spot, anxious to tender her assistance, and beheld Eustace St. Valerie bending over the inanimate body of Schreiber. Committing the man thus generously rescued from the

weapons of the conquerors to her care, he again plunged into the centre of the battle. Schreiber had received only a slight wound, and recovering from the stunning effects of a blow which had stretched him powerless before his enraged foes, he also returned to the action, leaving Otilie charmed with this proof of St. Valerie's noble remembrance of the ungracious boon which he had received from the Prussian's hands. The certainty that Eustace was engaged in the struggle gave to the Countess a new, intense, and breathless interest in the surrounding scene. She had thought that her anxiety scarcely admitted of an increase; but now the strong and rapid pulsation of her heart told her how fearfully she could be excited when danger threatened the man who had been so long the object of her tenderest solicitude. The tumult without raged with undiminished fury: if for a moment the shrill burst of the trumpet, the thunder of the fire-arms, and the clang of hostile weapons subsided, the deafening sounds arose again with redoubled violence; heaps of slain accumulated in the streets; and the survivors fought over the lifeless bodies of their comrades. Otilie had now a mournful task in binding up the wounds, and bathing the temples of those who staggered to the fountain, and stretched their expiring limbs on the turf beside it. Covered with dust and blood, Schreiber returned to refresh his parched lips with the pure water of the spring.—“Where,” exclaimed the Countess, regardless of her treasured secret in this moment of dismal apprehension, “where is St. Valerie?”—“Among the dead,” replied Schreiber, his blood-shot eyes glaring with fierce and horrid joy. Otilie left to her handmaids the care of the wounded, and darting into the street, searched for the corse of him to whom she had so strangely and so absolutely devoted herself. Though every sense was rendered acute by the agonizing desire to perform the last sad offices for one fated to sink into an early grave, it was with difficulty that she recognized the beautiful features of St. Valerie in the convulsed countenance that met her gaze. The head alone was visible, for the body was covered with a confused heap of slaughtered friends and enemies. The

French were now completely routed, and compelled to fall back; and Ottilie, obtaining assistance, removed the melancholy pile, and, kneeling down by the side of Eustace, uttered a cry of joy, as, placing her hand upon his heart, a slight pulsation answered the touch. Instantly and carefully she had him conveyed to the hermitage. In moving onwards, the groans of a dying wretch arrested her footsteps. She looked down—Schreiber lay bleeding on the ground.—“Forgive me,” he cried, “for by my sword St. Valerie fell.” The Countess started, and was hastening away; but compassion prevailed: she stooped over the sufferer, raised his head, and wiped

the damp from his brow. Her charitable aid was vain; the change of position was instantly fatal; and he expired in her arms. Skill and assiduity restored Eustace St. Valerie to animation. The moment that he could bear the motion Ottilie had him conveyed to the wilds of Saxon Switzerland, where by her unceasing attention he slowly recovered from his wound. When the young soldier became convalescent peace was established throughout the Christian world, and the Countess de Werdenburg bestowed her hand upon Eustace St. Valerie, in the happy conviction that she did not espouse the enemy of her country.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

ON the morning of the 15th of August, A.D. 1209, the sun rose brightly on the deserted walls of Carcassonne. Little more than a fortnight had elapsed since, under the spirit of fanatical persecution, stimulated by a thirst for wealth, power, and domination, the neighbouring city of Beziers, in the viscounty of Toulouse, had been razed to the ground, and converted into one vast funeral pile. The crusading army, headed by the savage legate Arnold Amalric, Abbot of Cotteaux, having entered the gates with the citizens, on their return from an unsuccessful sortie, found themselves in possession of the city without the sacrifice of a life, and ere they had formed a plan for its attack. “To your swords! To your swords!” exclaimed Amalric. “How,” inquired one of the commanding knights, “shall we distinguish the Catholics from the heretics—the children of the true faith from the offspring of the devil?”—“Kill them all!” was the reply; “the Lord will well know those who are his!”—Too fully was this diabolical order executed. The bells rang—the priests were at the altar—the churches were crowded—but mercy was no where to be found. In one sacred structure alone seven thousand men, women, and children were indiscriminately massacred; and it was not until the last sigh of the last suffering wretch had been heaved that the reeking sword of slaugh-

ter was restored to its sheath. Sixty thousand human beings, fresh in life only a few hours before, were thus sacrificed on the bloody altar of superstition. The houses were then pillaged—the city was fired in fifty parts at once—a terrific conflagration raged—one mass of ruins alone remained.

The circumjacent villages were subjected, partially or universally, to a similar fate. “The ruin of so fair a country,” observes Sismondi; “the contrast between its former opulence and its present desolation; the remembrance of its fêtes, of its tournaments, of the courts of love assembled in every castle; of the troubadours, the singers, the minstrels, visiting by turns the lords and noble ladies, welcomed at their arrival, loaded by presents at their departure, and the sight of the fires for executions, of deserted villages, of burning houses, would soon have caused the fury of war to have been succeeded by a deep-felt pity, if any other cause than religious fanaticism had armed the hands of the crusaders.”

Carcassonne, on the right bank of the river Aude, was now the last strong-hold of the Albigenses in this quarter. On the day after the arrival of the fanatic pilgrims, an attack, furiously made by Simon de Montfort, and as gallantly repelled by Raymond Roger, the young Count of Toulouse, terminated in the capture of one of the suburbs. For eight days the

second suburb was nobly defended ; but at length it was evacuated, fired, and abandoned to the enemy. Through the mediation of Peter II. King of Arragon, terms were proposed by the legate, Amalric ; but they were of so insolent and merciless a nature, that Count Raymond replied, " rather than comply with them, he would suffer himself to be flayed alive." The siege proceeded : streams of boiling water, and boiling oil were poured on the besiegers—they were crushed with huge stones and other projectiles—they were compelled to retire ; but they returned with added strength—they renewed and prolonged their attacks—the inhabitants were dying of thirst and of disease. Count Raymond obtained a safe conduct to the crusaders' camp, with a guarantee, confirmed by oaths, for his safety and liberty. Attended by three hundred knights, he left the city, threw himself at the feet of Amalric, declared his submission to the orders of the church, and to the decision of the council. The legate, impressed with the famous maxim of Innocent III. that " to keep faith with those who have it not, is an offence against the faith," arrested the Count, with all his attendant knights, and consigned them to the care

of Simon de Montfort ; mentally devoting to the flames every citizen of Carcassonne.

In the latter object of mercy, however, he was foiled. The citizens, apprised of his treachery, and with the fate of Beziers full in their recollection, availed themselves of a secret passage—a cavern three leagues in length, leading from Carcassonne to the towers of Cabardes—and, in the night, abandoning their effects, left the city. In the morning astonishment seized the besieging army : not a man was to be seen upon the walls—the busy hum of life had ceased—all was silent as the grave. Amalric and his murderous bands entered, discovered the cause of their surprise, and took quiet possession of the spoil. The thirst for the blood of heretics was not, however, to pass unslaked. He had three hundred knights in his power—his scouts succeeded in overtaking many of the fugitives—and from the aggregate number he selected four hundred victims, whom he caused to be buried alive, and fifty to be hanged !

The pious monks, witnesses and panegyrists of these crusades, always assure their readers, that " the pilgrims seized the heretics and burned them alive with infinite joy !"

Original Poetry.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES.

Rest, honour'd dust ! Rise, pious soul !
Though shoreless Time's vast sea may roll,
And sweep with mighty flood away
The worshipp'd pageants of a day,
Thy nobler fame shall lasting keep
Its light-crowned summit o'er the deep ;
Pale Envy's wizard storms defy,
And crest its bright top in the sky !
Showing around, on standard high,
The good man's name and spirit never die !
P.

THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

Weep for the young and valiant one,
Whose earthly race is o'er ;
Whose dark eyes' eager gaze shall look
On battle fields no more !

Oh, who that saw thy noble form,
When hostile ranks were nigh,
Tow'ring in all the pride of youth,
Dreamed then—that thou should'st die !

Alas ! there was no mother near
To raise thy fainting head ;
The cannon's roar thy requiem was,
The cold, cold earth thy bed !
And thy true love was far away
When the hour of death was near ;
And that mellow voice was hush'd for aye,
Whose tones she thrill'd to hear !

For thee no pealing organ swelled,
Nor flowing pall was there ;
Yet now within thy soldier's bed
Thou sleepest free from care ;
While warriors brave shall tell thy deeds,
In many an after-day,
And hearts that feel thy patriot worth,
Weep o'er thy bed of clay.

Mrs. H.

To the Editor of La Belle Assemblée.

SIR:—The notice of the noble family of Beresford in your last No.* reminds me of a copy of verses, accompanying a volume of the "*Economy of Human Life*," which I had the honour of presenting to Lady Sarah Beresford, eldest daughter of the present Marquess of Waterford, in September 1821, on taking leave of the family, as late tutor to her brothers. I now, Sir, commit the piece to your hands; and, by inserting it in the pages of your elegant miscellany, you will much oblige

Your obedient humble servant,

JOHN CAREY.

West Square, June 10, 1826.

Let youthful poets paint the charms that grace
Thy form majestic, and enchanting face:
Let them, in raptur'd strains, this truth declare,
That Envy's self must own thee passing fair:
Enough of beauty will be said and sung,
While maids are lovely, and their lovers young:
But wilt thou, fair one, lend a patient ear
To strains less fervid, though not less sincere?
Wilt thou accept, from cool, observant Age,
The golden precepts of th' enlighten'd sage,
And deign, while blooming in the pride of youth,
To reap instruction from the page of truth?

In life's bright spring—ere yet one cloud
appear,

To dim the sunshine of thy op'ning year—
While yet you own a Mother's gentle sway,
Her lessons treasure, and her cares repay,
And catch from her those winning charms, that
give

To beauty graces that for ever live—
'Tis thine, sweet maid, to taste those joys re-
fin'd,

That tune to harmony the youthful mind—
Joys, which the wise approve, the good revere—
To virtue sacred, and to mem'ry dear.

But soon—while Time on rapid pinion flies—
To charm thy view, shall gayer scenes arise.
Then, when distinguished in the courtly throng,
Where Pleasure leads the joyous Hours along,
Wilt thou—by Nature and by Fortune blest,
Admir'd by strangers, and by friends caressed—
Oh! wilt thou still a Mother's maxims prize,
And dare, in spite of Fashion, to be wise?

Thou wilt! I've watch'd thee with attentive
eye,

And marked those waneless charms that Time
defy:

(For Age, though not to outward beauty blind,
More highly estimates the beauteous mind,

* *Vide* Illustrative Memoir of the Right Honourable Lady Isabella Anne Brydges, LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. iii, p. 234.

And pauses oft, with fond delight, to trace
The heart's pure language in the expressive face;) Pleas'd I have seen thy soul superior rise
Above each paltry art, each mean disguise—
Seen, when thy brothers gained the meed of praise,
How beamed thy eye with joy's enliv'ning rays,
While thy bright roseate blush, and raptur'd tone,
Proclaim'd *their* pleasers dearer than thy own.

Oh! ever thus, esteemed, admired, approved,
By equals cherished, by inferiors loved,
May'st thou, sweet Maid, through life's eventful
day,

Retain those virtues which inspired my lay!
Meantime, whene'er thy noble Parent's voice
Shall bless the favoured object of thy choice,
May'st thou, thrice happy, in that partner find
All that adorns and dignifies mankind:
May he, while bright his manly virtues shine,
Duly appreciate, duly honour thine!

A REFLECTION FROM THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

"—— I felt as though the world,
With all its pomp—with all its joys and smiles—
Could never charm again." HARRAL.

My dream was sweet in childhood's bowers,
When all around was bright and fair,
Then bloomed my path with lovely flowers,
And all was happy Eden there!
Oh! when that cloudless dream was past,
I mourn'd—to think it did not last!

And I have quaffed the cup of joy,
That sweet, all other sweets above,
When beauty's smile flung o'er the boy
The magic spell of early love:
And, when that cup had from me past,
I mourned—its nectar did not last!

And I have joined the festive board
When joy laughed o'er the sparkling brim,
And freely ope'd his honied hoard,
Till souls were all entranced by him!
But, when that moment's glow had past,
I mourned—its fervour did not last!

I tried the world—the world was cold,
And felt not—could not feel with me;
I sought for fame—I toiled for gold—
Was blessed with both, or *seemed* to be:
My gold is gone, my fame is past;
I mourned—they did not, could not last!

Where shall my wayward heart now find
The peerless good that will not fly?
Can Joy his rosy chaplet bind
On aught that is foredoomed to die?
Yes, o'er my soul he bound it fast,
I mourned—its freshness did not last!

The fruitless hopes that all must feel,
 The hopeless-tears that all must shed ;
 Kind, gentle hearts—and hearts of steel—
 The thoughtless living—dreamless dead—
 Are passing, or have quickly passed ;
 'Tis well—I would not these should last !

Cease, vain regret ! Time's certain death
 Will bring us life ! and all will be
 Quickened by ONE immortal breath,
 Our heritage eternity,
 Glorious, cloudless, changeless, vast !
 ETERNITY alone can last !

J. B.

RECITATIVO AND RONDO.

*Translated from the Italian of "O, tu, divina fè
 de' Padri miei," &c. in the Opera of "Il
 Crociato in Egitto."*

Recitativo.

Faith of my Fathers, I have kept thy truth !
 Oh, sacred honour ! guiding spell of youth !
 Support me, thou ! Shed, shed thy hallowed
 pow'r

On this my last, my sad, and bitter hour.
 Yon setting sun, whose fading rays I see
 Verging afar, has smiled his last for me !
 Morning shall rise in splendour as before,
 And sunbeams smile, but I—must wake no
 more.

Oh ! cherished objects of my dearest love,
 Where are ye now ? Am I no more to prove
 The sweets of your affection's hallowed spell ?
 My wife—my all of hope, farewell ! farewell !

Rondo.

Yes, again will morning light
 Chase the silent gloom of night,
 Thy waking eyes to bless ;
 And thou wilt think on him who then
 Shall never, never wake again,
 To sooth thy loneliness.

Would my enamour'd shade might be
 Permitted still to visit thee—
 To linger at thy side ;
 How often then 'twould hover near,
 Thy lorn and sorrowing heart to cheer,
 Poor widow'd bride !

META.

STANZAS TO A. S.

THINK of thee ! Yes—while memory lives
 To paint the hues of feeling ;
 And each warm pulse existence gives,
 Can trace the heart's revealing.

Think of thee ! Yes—when early flow'rs
 Spring's genial brows entwining,
 Wooed by the gales and vernal show'rs
 Like glistening pearls are shining.

Think of thee ! Yes, when skies are clear,
 And groves are brightly beaming ;
 And dark blue waves like gems appear,
 In Summer's sunlight streaming.

Think of thee ! Yes, when leaves are sear,
 And June's rich rose is fading,
 And fast the garlands of the year
 Autumnal tints are shading !

Think of thee ! Yes, when woods are bare,
 When wintry winds are sweeping ;
 And shrubs, and plants, and streamlets fair,
 In diamond chains are sleeping.

Think of thee ! Yes, thy virtues claim
 My bosom's fond devotion,
 While thy pure friendship lights my name,
 As sun-beams gild the ocean.

* * *

THE FUTURE.

WHEN cold in the dust sleeps this bosom of clay,
 And the captive enlarged wanders lightly and
 free ;

While it trends the expanse of eternity, say,
 Will it then be a stranger to love and to thee ?

O, shall the pure flame that was kindled below
 From the spark that still burns on the altar
 above,

Be quenched in the clime where each breast
 feels its glow,

Where each harp wakes the theme, and the
 chorus is love ?

Ah no ! in those regions of light and of joy,
 Recollection returning, will friendship pro-
 long ;

We shall know as we're known, and its con-
 verse enjoy,

As we join the bright band, and unite in their
 song.

Unclothed with the frailties that fettered us here,
 Each scene of past anguish forgot by us then—
 The cloud that has hovered will there disappear,
 And the sunshine it veiled will illumine
 again.

Freed alike from each sorrow that reigned in
 the breast,

And the bliss that shone dimly or sparkled on
 care ;

The revealings of joy will but quicken its zest,
 Immortality seal what it cannot impair !

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—MARINE COSTUME.

A **ROUND** dress of fine India muslin, with a broad trimming at the border, formed of lace, *en jabots*, placed on in bias; between the *jabots* an elegant embroidery, worked on the muslin, in a pattern of vine leaves. The body is partially low, and *en gerbe*; the waist encircled with a belt of celestial-blue ribbon. Over the bust is a sort of collar-cape, in two points, perceptibly separated in front: these points are embroidered at the corners, and are trimmed round with lace: a *chemisette* tucker draws round nearly as high as the throat. The sleeves are moderately wide, with *mancherons à la Psyché*, of muslin, edged with lace; the wrists finished by a double range of antique points, and confined next the hand with gold bracelets, clasped by an emerald brooch. The hair is arranged in full curls, and very short at the ears. A hat of white *gros de Naples* is worn, without either cap or *cornette*, and is fancifully ornamented with white gauze and blond; the crown adorned with large tulips of different colours. The strings of the hat are of celestial blue ribbon, and float loose. The necklace and ear-rings of amber.

No. 2.—MORNING DRESS.

A **PELISSE-ROBE** of jacconot muslin, embroidered down the sides in front, and round the bottom of the skirt, in a rich scalloped pattern; a double *pelerine* cape falls over the shoulders, and is worked in a correspondent manner: the body is plain, and made to wrap partially over in front. The sleeves are made nearly to fit the arm, and have a very broad scalloped ornament of embroidered muslin at the wrist, turned upwards. The head-dress is a *cornette*, discovering but little of the hair, with lappets unconfined, of a very fine specimen of Uring's lace, of which there is a great profusion in the fabrication of

this novel *cornette*: between the hollows made by the different windings of the lace are large puffs of broad pink satin ribbon. A necklace of coral encircles the throat, and the slippers are of coral red silk.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

EVERY article belonging to female attire, a tendency indicating in its texture to exclude cold, has now entirely vanished. The warm weather has brought with it all those light and beautiful materials so adapted to its temperature. The large umbrella-like Leghorn hat shields the fair skin from the scorching rays of an ardent sun; would that we might say that they did not glitter over such refulgent colours as are now in favour, and which are but too conspicuous in our present style of ornaments, either in flowers, ribbons, or feathers; these colours, too, are so diversified, that they dazzle and bewilder the sight, while they destroy that chastened simplicity of taste by which the females of Great Britain have so long been distinguished.

In regard, however, to the morning pelisse, and the general order of the day, white is the predominant mode for dresses, particularly in out-door costume. Scarfs of lace or blond are much worn by ladies of fashion: they are pointed behind; and beautiful blond *pelerines*, either black or white, according to the colour of the dress or style of costume, are the chief out-door addition during the warm weather. These *pelerines* are triple, and the borders are of the most rich and beautiful patterns; the ends are drawn through the sash, and they are tied at the throat with a bow corresponding in colour with that of the dress; if that be white, then the colour of the bow depends on the taste of the wearer. Cachemire and

silk shawls of cornflower-blue, with a splendid border in palm-leaves of different colours, are much in favour, and pelisses of every shade of light and bright summer green are seen in great numbers: they are trimmed in various ways; the *bias rouleaux* of some are so numerous, and are disposed in such a mode, that they give to the pelisse the appearance of a tunic robe: we have remarked that the brighter and more resplendent the colour, the less the pelisse is trimmed, but preserves an elegant plainness. *Barège* scarfs and shawls are yet in great request.

Very young ladies wear their Leghorn hats enormously large; they are quite round, and are simply trimmed with a plain ribbon encircling the crown, with a bow on one side. The open straw hat is again in favour, and is of a very moderate size and charming shape. These hats are generally lined with pink, and ornamented with white gauze bound with satin ribbon, and have a few small roses and palm-leaves elegantly disposed among the gauze ornaments. Hats of sea-green, or etherial-blue *gros de Naples*, are lined with white and are trimmed with puffs of blue and white silk; the strings are white and are left unfastened: these hats are not very large in their dimensions, and veils are generally worn with them. When flowers are worn on Leghorn hats they are generally in wreaths or clusters, and are composed of coquelicots, blue-bells and daisies, mixed with ears of corn. On white hats, whether of chip or *gros de Naples*, the ornaments are crape or gauze, with tulips intermixed, as in our engraving of a marine dress. Three or four points of ribbon, mingled with *tulle*, are fixed under the brim where the strings are fastened. Lilac and green mixed together are often seen on white hats; one string of the hat is lilac, the other green.

Coloured muslin dresses, and those of Italian net, of very bright and striking summer colours, worn over white satin, prevail much at friendly afternoon parties; they are trimmed with *bias* folds of satin the colour of the dress. The muslin of which the first-mentioned dresses is composed is remarkably clear, and may at a first glance be mistaken for Italian net. A favourite half-dress is of very light fawn-

coloured taffety, with two flounces pinked at the edges in scallops: the sleeves are long, and are of white crape or leno: the body is made low, and the bust surrounded with a very full frill of the same material as the sleeves, edged by a quilling of *tulle*: this frill is not plaited in the middle, as only a narrow part of it stands up next the neck, and the other falls over the *corsage* and shoulders, giving a breadth not at all accordant with the rules of beauty, however handsome a broad chest may be reckoned: *trop est trop*; and this enlargement imparts an idea of herculean strength, which destroys that of the native delicacy so interesting in females; with a back that is not remarkably fine, the trimming we have just described gives not only a brawny appearance, but something resembling deformity. A dress of aurora-coloured muslin has been seen lately on a lady of distinction, and very much admired: it was beautifully embroidered between and at each edge of three flounces, in silk embroidery: the body was plain, and the sleeves *en gigot*, finished at the wrists with points downwards, and the wrists each encircled by two gold bracelets. A *pelerine* of clear muslin, trimmed with lace, with a double collar, was worn with this dress. Figured muslin, in a chequered pattern, is a favourite material for dresses in home-costume; they are of celestial-blue or some other light colour, and the chequers black: three-flounces falling over each other finish the trimming on the skirt; the body high, and made slightly *en gerbe*. Coloured gauze dresses, with satin stripes, are much in favour for evening dresses: they are trimmed with plain crape of the same colour, *bouillonné*; they have clear, long white sleeves over those that are very short, of white satin; the body is of white satin, made low, with draperies of gauze across the bust and back, and a tucker of blond, in large plaits, surrounds the bust. The sash is of satin ribbon the colour of the dress.

The favourite *déshabille* head-dress consists of a *cornette* of *tulle*, with bows of pink gauze ribbon; the same kind of *cornette* is sometimes retained through the day, when at home; it is then ornamented with yellow *foliage*; it has long pendant lappets. Caps of blond are also worn in

home costume; the trimmings are all of blond, *en serpentine*, the interstices filled up by gauze ribbons of lapis-blue. Turbans of richly-striped gauze, both white and coloured, are more worn in half-dress than caps; they are smaller than those worn in full dress, and infinitely more becoming. Young ladies, as is usual in the summer months, wear only their hair, well arranged, in plats, ringlets, or large long curls, according as they best suit their features. When flowers are placed in blond caps at friendly parties, they are but sparingly disposed, and consist chiefly of flowers full blown, especially the summer rose. Diadem combs of pearls, placed on the summit of the head, behind a row of large curls, while the smaller ringlets play over the forehead in a light and easy manner, are much admired for evening parties; and this manner of dressing the head is universally becoming. Many dress-hats of a novel kind have appeared at Vauxhall, and at some distinguished assemblies, or parties in the country; the most admired are of French-white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with roses and hedge-foliage of different colours; they are made to fly very much off the face, and are far from becoming, as they impart much breadth to the face, which, if rather broad by nature, receives by this head-dress an appearance of vulgarity.

The favourite colours are blue of all shades, pink, straw-colour, butter-cup-yellow, green, lilac, and aurora.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

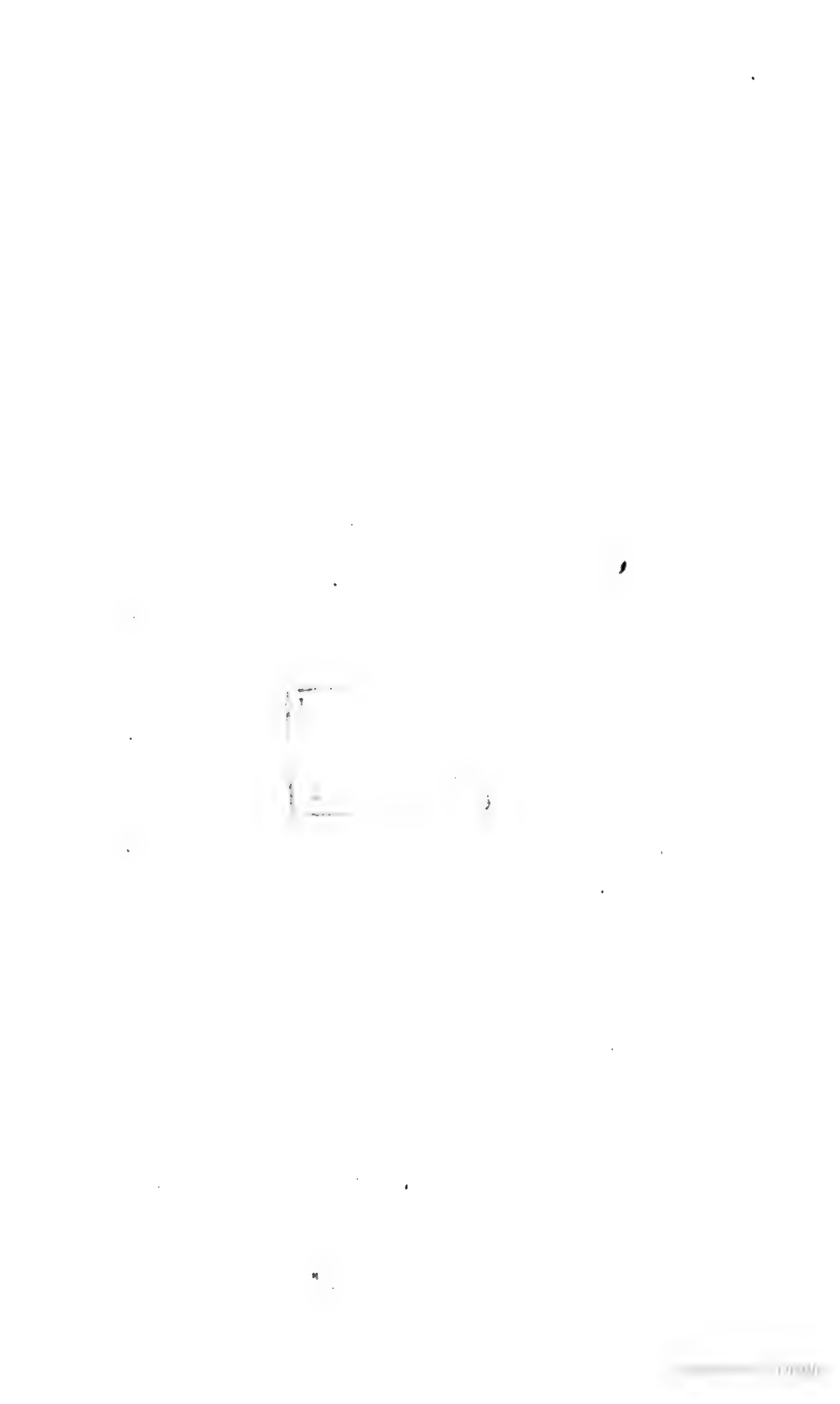
THOUGH I am willing to allow that the style and taste of English costume has improved in a wonderful degree for some years, and that it still continues to improve in rapid progression; yet, without deeming me guilty of nationality, you must allow me to say that every new mode in France is original, and owes nothing to the copyist, while every court belonging to the civilized part of the globe imitates

our fashions, and declares, as *par excellence*, "this is such as is now most in fashion at PARIS!"

We, too, sometimes imitate *your modes*; and the elegant specimens of fashion contained in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* are much admired by many of my countrywomen: it is but just, therefore, that I should, according to my promise, state to you the changes in *our fashions*, for your fair subscribers to adopt, imitate, or reject, as may best please them; for it must be confessed that fashion is so whimsical, that some of her grotesque changes deserve to be rejected by good taste.

The weather during the commencement of July was so warm, that even the light muslin *canezon* was too oppressive for outdoor wear; and elegant scarfs of black or white blond were the only covering over the promenade dresses. As the weather became at times more varied, or in the cool of the evening, many ladies were seen in silk pelisses; one was much admired, of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the Parma violet; it was trimmed down the front of the skirt and round the border, with a *rûche* of mingled violet-colour and amber. A carriage pelisse of lilac *gros de Naples*, trimmed with lilac and straw-coloured *rûches* intermingled, is also much in esteem. A lady of distinction was lately seen in a carriage with a white blond shawl handkerchief, the collar consisting of three rows of pointed blond.

The Leghorn hats, which are very numerous, are now often seen adorned with long feathers, sometimes five, sometimes seven. Other hats of this material are trimmed with a *cordon* of different flowers, with a few blades of grass. White chip and white cotton hats yet prevail. On several of these latter hats is seen a branch of foliage without flowers: sometimes the ornament is five or six ears of maize. A hat has appeared and promises to be fashionable, of celestial-blue *gros d'Élé*; it is trimmed with straw-colour in long puffs of the same material, and ears of corn. Most of the Leghorn hats are trimmed with two ribbons, each of different colours, in bows, generally pink and sea-green; these hats are ornamented with one plume of cocks' feathers, part of which are the colour of the lees of wine, the other dark









green: the strings are in a loop, and are formed of a broad shaded ribbon, pink and sea-green. These last mentioned Leghorn hats are in the Swiss shape, and are sometimes trimmed with white and yellow satin ribbon, sewed together; they have four or five large puffs placed at the left side on the summit of the crown, one of which is formed from the band that encircles it. White Sparterie hats are trimmed with bias folds of tartan sarcenet; it is between the large folds formed by the Sparterie, which constitute the crown, that the puffs made of the tartan bias folds are placed.

Dresses of pink or celestial-blue muslin, with a full broad border of narrow flounces reversed, are much in request; these are worn under a white muslin *canezou*, with a belt richly embroidered. A dress of light summer silk, of etherial blue, spotted with black, is among the novelties of the day; it has two broad flounces, and a muslin spencer is worn with it, with lace let in down the bust, forming brandenburghs. This, you will say, is neither *original* nor new: granted; but it makes a very handsome spencer, with a triple ruff of fine lace next the throat. White dresses continue in favour; they are generally trimmed with three broad muslin flounces, cut in sharp scallops; some of these flounces are seen bound with different colours; the ornaments on the wrists are so long, that the points come up a third part of the arm; they are *en rûches* in embroidery or lace, and are fastened down by a beautiful button. *Pelerines*, the same as the dress, are seen only *en déshabille*. Embroidered *tulle* is much in use for long sleeves: the trimmings on the dress and the *canezou* should then be of lace, except when the *canezou* is of *tulle*; then the ornaments should be *en rûches*. At the public spectacles, and for evening dress, we often see short sleeves, terminated by a quilling of *tulle*. Braces, the same as the sash, are again the mode; they are generally formed of

shaded ribbons. A favourite evening dress is of white *gros d'Été*, trimmed with *rûches* of white crape. The balls are now rural, and the dresses consequently simple; but we are a dancing nation, and dance all the year round: the dresses are of white or printed jaconot muslin; the flounces plain, neither notched nor scalloped. Some young ladies wear *canezous*, but they are on the decline. Rose-coloured dresses of muslin, embroidered on the flounces with white cotton, are the latest novelties in the ball department.

Rose-coloured gauze ribbons mingled among the hair in an ingenious manner, form a kind of *béret*, and are a very pretty summer head-dress for evening parties. On these occasions, married ladies wear round hats of pink crape, with white marabout feathers. Small caps, almost covered with roses, form the favourite *coiffure* at the theatres. *Toques* for full dress are of *tulle*, embroidered with pearls: this embossment generally consists of leaves of coloured satin, either pink, lilac, or blue; to these is attached a flower formed of pearls, which valuable articles also surround the leaf. *Berêts* of coloured gauze are still worn; they are very flat on the top of the head; on the right temple is placed an *aigrette*, and a similar one over the left ear; one of these *aigrettes* is formed of marabouts, the other of bird-of-paradise feathers.

The most aproved bracelets are made of dark hair, very broad, and are fastened with a medallion, set round with pearls. Gold buckles generally confine the sashes, the ends of which are rounded.

Gaiters are very fashionable, either in cloth or ticking; many ladies dance in them; they are then of silk, and are buttoned with mother-o'-pearl.

The favourite colours are blue, violet, lavender-grey, rose-colour, grass-green, lilac, and straw-colour.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

JUDGING from the number of works on our table this month, the Book-trade must be experiencing a salutary revival. Many of them, too, are amongst the more respectable classes—history, materials for history, biography, travels, &c.

The first that we shall specifically notice is "*A History of the Mahrattas; by James Grant Duff, Esq., Captain of Bombay Infantry, late Resident at Satara, &c.*" in three vols. 8vo. This production, dedicated to the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, and illustrated by excellent maps and other embellishments, forms a very valuable addition to our knowledge, which has, of late years, been much upon the increase, of the affairs of India. The greater part of the information in these volumes, drawn from previously unexplored sources, may strictly be termed original.*

Another valuable and interesting work—or rather, a portion of a greater work—has also just made its appearance in translation under the title of "*History of the Crusades against the Albigenses, in the thirteenth Century, from the French of J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi; Honorary Member of the University of Wilna, of the Academy and Society of Arts of Geneva, of the Italian Academies of Georgofili, Cagliari, and Pistora, &c., with an Introductory Essay by the Translator.*"—M. Simonde de Sismondi is known to have long been engaged upon a History of France, in which much pains and research are bestowed upon the Crusades against the Albigenses; a subject which, connected with the principles and conduct of the Church of Rome, has excited great attention. A translator has, in consequence, been induced to offer to

the English reader "that part of M. Sismondi's narrative, with only so much of the general history as may serve for its connexion and illustration."—"Although," he continues, "it is only an extract from a larger work, yet it nevertheless embraces an entire, and, to a considerable degree, an independent subject, giving a view of a series of interesting events, issuing in a catastrophe of great importance to the cause of civil and religious liberty, and of lasting influence upon the future destinies of Europe and of the world."—Would our limits permit, gladly should we follow the translator through every page of his highly-interesting Introductory Essay, in which he endeavours to prove, that whatever may be the assertion of the modern Catholics, the church of Rome has never conceded her claim "to a divine right to extirpate heresy and exterminate heretics, with or without the consent of the sovereigns in whose dominions they may be found."—This narrative embraces a period of about forty years, commencing with the first Crusade in 1207, and concluding with the peace signed between Raymond VII. Count of Toulouse, and Louis IX. of France. The more prominent features of the war waged against Raymond VI. and VII. Counts of Toulouse, under the plea of exterminating the heretics, who professed the principles of the Waldenses and Albigenses, and in which Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, bore so distinguished a part, are familiar to the reader from the pages of general history; but they who are anxious to become acquainted with the more minute details of these dreadful events, will peruse Sismondi's work with intense interest. The translation does honour to the person who has presented it to the public in an English dress. One brief excerpt will suffice to shew the style and character of the production. It relates to the heroic death of Pedro, King of Arragon.

* It may be mentioned here, *en passant*, that the most striking views which we have ever met with of the Mahratta character, are to be found in a work entitled, *Pandurang Hári, or Memoirs of a Hindoo.*—*Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. iii. page 83.

Simon de Montfort, quitting, on the morning of the 12th of September, the gates of Muret, in order to seek his enemies, did not march straight towards them, but kept along the side of the Garonne, from the eastern gate, so as to make it appear to the King of Arragon and his allies, who were also under arms, that his design was to escape. But, all at once, turning sharply upon the army of Don Pedro, he repulsed the Count of Foix, who commanded the advanced guard, and encountered the body led by the King of Arragon himself. Two French knights, Alain de Roucy, and Florent de Ville, had agreed unitedly to attack the King, to attach themselves wholly to his person, and to suffer no assailant to divert them from the pursuit until they had killed him. Pedro of Arragon had changed armour with one of his bravest knights; but, when the two Frenchmen had, at the same time broken their lances against him who wore the royal armour, Alain, seeing him bend under the stroke, cried out immediately, *This is not the King, for he is a better knight. No, truly, that is not he, but here he is*, instantly replied Don Pedro, who was near at hand. This bold declaration cost him his life. A band of knights, who were waiting the orders of Alain and Florent, surrounded him immediately, and neither left him, nor suffered him to escape, till they had thrown him lifeless from his horse. As the French had anticipated, the death of the King of Arragon occasioned the rout of his army. Simon, who had remained at the head of the rear-guard of the crusaders, did not come up with his enemies till the news of this event had already circulated amongst them, and he profited by it to press, more vigorously, the three Counts, and Gaston de Bearn, whom he compelled to flight. Arrived at the place where Don Pedro had fallen, and where his body was already stripped by the infantry of the crusaders, it is said, he could not forbear shedding a few tears; but this apparent compassion was only the signal for new displays of fury. He fell upon the infantry of the Toulousians, who had taken no part in the battle, and who, abandoned by their knights, could make no resistance against a powerful cavalry; and, having first cut off their retreat, he destroyed nearly the whole, either by putting them to the sword, or drowning them in the waters of the Garonne.

We are glad to see a new edition, in half-a-dozen octavo volumes, of "*James's Naval History, &c., from 1793 to 1820*," in which many errors are corrected, and much new and valuable information is in-

troduced. We have been particularly struck with Mr. James's long and minute account of the death of Lord Nelson—an account, which varies in many particulars, from every other statement which has appeared of that fatal and deeply-interesting event. We cannot here enter into the detail; but, for reasons which will appear as we proceed, we extract one short paragraph from the narrative.

The wound was by a musket-ball, which had entered the left shoulder through the fore-part of the epaulette, and, descending, had lodged in the spine. That the wound had been given by some one stationed in the Redoubtable's mizen-top was rendered certain, not only from the nearness (about fifteen yards) and situation of the mizen-top in reference to the course of the ball, but from the circumstance that the French ship's main-top was screened by a portion of the Victory's main-sail as it hung in the brails. That the ball was intended for Lord Nelson is doubtful, because, when the aim must have been taken, he was walking on the outer side, concealed in a great measure from view by a much taller and stouter man. Admitting, also (which is very doubtful) that the French seaman or marine, whose shot had proved so fatal, had selected for his object, as the British commander-in-chief, the best dressed officer of the two, he would most probably have fixed upon Captain Hardy, or, indeed, such, in spite of Doctor Beatty's print, was Lord Nelson's habitual carelessness, upon any one of the Victory's lieutenants that might have been walking by the side of him.

Now, it has always been understood—never before, as far as we recollect, have we seen it controverted—that, during the battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson was dressed in full uniform, and most ostentatiously decorated with the insignia of all the numerous orders which his bravery had won. How are we to reconcile this idea with Mr. James's opinion, that had the French seaman or marine, who shot Lord Nelson, selected for his object, as the British Commander-in-chief, the best dressed officer of the two, he would most probably have fixed upon Captain Hardy, or even upon any one of the Victory's lieutenants that might have been walking by the side of the Admiral! Why, against so much long-established, and, as we think, unimpeachable testimony, are we called upon to give superior credit to the representations of Mr. James?

We have a word or two more to say upon this subject. A volume, apparently a translation from the French, has just been published under the title of "*Adventures of a French Serjeant, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c.; written by Himself.*" This French serjeant—Robert Guillemard—claims, unaffectedly, and with much appearance of truth, the credit of having shot Lord Nelson. Let us see how far this French serjeant's disinterested evidence agrees with that of Mr. James. "On the poop of the English vessel," says he, "was an officer covered with orders, and with only one arm. From what I had heard of Nelson, I had no doubt that it was he. He was surrounded by several officers, to whom he seemed to be giving orders." Here, again then, we find Lord Nelson "*covered with orders.*" On another point, the French serjeant agrees better with the English historian. "As I had received no orders to go down," he observes, "and saw myself forgotten in the tops, I thought it my duty to fire on the poop of the English vessel, which I saw quite exposed, and close to me. I could even have taken aim at the men I saw, *but I fired at hazard among the groups I saw of sailors and officers.*" Thus, in opposition to former received opinions, the fatal ball, according to the Frenchman's account, was not aimed at Lord Nelson in particular. "All at once," continues the serjeant, "I saw great confusion on board the Victory; the men crowded round the officer whom I had taken for Nelson. He had just fallen, and was taken below covered with a cloak. The agitation shewn at this moment left me no doubt that I had judged rightly, and that it really was the English Admiral. An instant afterwards the Victory ceased from firing; the deck was abandoned by all those who occupied it; and I presumed that the consternation produced by the Admiral's fall was the cause of this sudden change."

Another generally-received opinion is, that the man by whose hand Lord Nelson fell was instantly shot by one of the Victory's crew; and the man who has the credit of this act of vengeance is now living, or was a few months ago, in the enjoyment of a pension, in Parson's Green

Lane, Fulham. All this serves to shew the extreme difficulty that exists in ascertaining the truth, even from witnesses who have no interest in the propagation of falsehood. Sir Walter Raleigh duly estimated this difficulty: writing what he intended to be a *true* History of the World, he found it impossible to come at the *truth* of what was passing under his own window, and he consequently burnt his book.

After all, Mr. James's History is a very valuable work; and the French Serjeant's Adventures abound not only with amusement but information.

Written with the accustomed freedom, and even licentiousness, of the French school, the "*Mémoires Autographes de M. le Prince de Montbarey, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat au Département de la Guerre sous Louis XVI.,*" in two volumes, will be found to throw considerable light on the history of the eventful and intriguing period to which they relate. They assort well with Madame Campan's History of Marie Antoinette, and other productions of that class.

The "*Memoirs and Recollections of Count Segur, Ambassador from France to the Courts of Russia and Prussia, &c. written by Himself,*" are at length complete in two volumes octavo. This work also contains much of the *matériel* of history, and abounds with curious anecdotes, biographical sketches, &c. relating to the chief personages at the courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin.

Modern biography generally constitutes a tissue of flattery and adulation. If any one doubt whether it be possible to err on the other side of the question, his doubts may, we conceive, be removed by a perusal of "*Biographical Sketches of British Characters recently deceased; commencing with the Accession of George IV.; comprizing 230 Subjects, chronologically arranged from the periods of their Deaths; with a List of their Engraved Portraits.*" Mr. William Miller, the predecessor of that renowned bibliopolist, John Murray, is the ostensible editor and author of these two expensive quarto volumes, which we are given to understand, form only the commencement of a work, which, should it experience sufficient patronage from the public, may be incalculably extended. It is an extraordinary change of trade for a bookseller to

turn satirist; such, however, is the case with Mr. Miller. Regardless of the old adage, that of the dead we should say nothing but what is *good*, he has with unsparing severity dragged forward, and, we had almost said, gibbeted the unfortunate memoirs of those who have fallen under his notice. Whether he have adhered to the other maxim of speaking only the *truth* of the dead, we have not the means of determining; but we are much inclined to believe that the instances are few in which he will be found to have satisfied survivors. As a specimen of the work, we have been hesitating whether we should select Mr. Miller's notice of Lord Byron, or of Hayley the poet, who died in the year 1820, at the age of 79. Of the two, the latter is more to our purpose:—

This gentleman, who possessed a moderate independent fortune, was a writer in various departments of literature—poetry, biography, essays, dramas in rhyme, and epistles: but Hayley never stood high in the republic of letters. He was, however, vain of his acquirements, and considered himself entitled to a niche in the Temple of Fame, which he laboured hard to obtain; but in his progress could never advance more than a few paces up Mount Parnassus—the *steps* of the vestibule he never touched—he recoiled at every attempt to ascend. The “*Triumphs of Temper*” is one of Hayley's earliest productions, and the most popular; it is to be found in all young ladies' *bijouterie* book-cases. A modern writer, in his “*Recollections*,” asks, “What was the mental vigour of the age that could give popularity to this poem?” A most just question: it is puerile in incident, and the poetry is deficient in vigour and spirit. Hayley was constantly courting correspondence with eminent characters: thus his acquaintance with Cowper arose, which was a fortunate incident in his life—it gratified his vanity—it fed his avarice for literary fame—and in the end was a lucrative connexion. His life of that poet (which should have been edited by Cowper's relation, Dr. Johnson, who possessed most of the papers) produced a considerable profit; but, whatever were his pecuniary gains, his reputation as an author received no accession. In reading this work, we impatiently *wade through* all that is Hayley's, and linger with delight and instruction on all that came from the pen of Cowper. Hayley was not a very moral or religious character, at least his religion was not of a public nature—he never went to church. I am acquainted

with a gentleman, who for several years held the curacies of Eartham and Woole-Lavington: he told me he had a poet in each parish—Sergeant, the author of *The Mine*, and Hayley; *one* never was absent, the *other* never present at divine service. It is not generally known that Hayley published a novel, named “*Coruelia Sedley*.” In a letter addressed to the author of these pages, he acknowledges himself as having written it. He thought that his *consequence* as a literary character would suffer by a public declaration, but was surprised at its slow sale. Hayley had a *poetical* method of alleviating the excess of his grief on the death of a relation, friend, neighbour, or servant—he immediately retired to his library, and composed a sonnet, epitaph, or stanzas—sometimes all three; which were instantly despatched to the survivor. Vanity was his prevailing weakness. At the funeral of Alphonso, his favourite natural son, a sermon was preached which the afflicted father had written just before: he did not attend the ceremony, but retired to his marine cell, and there composed *two* sonnets: they are too long for insertion here; but the reader, if he be curious, may find them in the second volume (page 12) of Dr. Johnson's *Memoirs*. Hayley was twice married, but unfortunate in both alliances: his friend and editorial biographer, Dr. Johnson, makes but slight mention of the second union, which was far from a felicitous one. At this critical period of Hayley's life, the “*honest chronicler*” suddenly breaks off with an unsatisfactory apology, and leaves us in the dark respecting the last eleven years of his existence. This is a weak omission; because had Johnson, as a faithful historian, declared what he knew, it would have thrown a curious light on Hayley's domestic habits and eccentricities: but Dr. Johnson has that defect, which in another place I have alluded to—he occasionally wants *nerve* to speak the *TRUTH*, when truth is essential to the full elucidation of character.

We marvel that Sheridan's very smart epigram, on laying down Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*, did not occur to Mr. Miller:—

Miss keeps her temper five long cantos through—

Egad! it's more than half your readers do.

It will gratify the curious in biography to know that a new edition has been published, in three volumes, of that scarce but exceedingly amusing and interesting work, “*The Lives of the Right Honourable Francis North, Baron Guilford, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles II.*”

and James II., the Honourable Sir Dudley North, and the Reverend Dr. John North, by the Honourable Roger North."

Another re-publication, equally curious, interesting, and amusing, but of a description altogether different, presents itself in "*An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian, written by Himself.*" This, in fact, forms the first volume of a series of "*Autobiography; a Collection of the most instructive and amusing Lives ever published, written by the Parties themselves, with brief Introductions and compendious Sequels, carrying on the course of Events to the Death of each Writer.*" Should this work be well conducted—the selections made with taste and judgment—it will prove very attractive. The specimen here noticed, is at once cheap, portable, and handsome.

An octavo volume, entitled "*Notes of a Journey through France and Italy,*" is understood to be the production of Mr. Hazlitt; a writer who possesses genius enough for two, ignorance more than enough for three, impudence enough for four, conceit, egotism and arrogance enough for half-a-dozen. The volume is very amusing, merely from the character of the writer; we can say little in favour of its information. Like many other travellers, Mr. Hazlitt goes abroad to make discoveries, in utter ignorance of every thing that is taking place at home. Thus, as soon as he reaches France, he says, "I observed that one man frequently holds the plough, and guides the horses, without any one else to assist him, as they do in Scotland, and which in England they hold to be an agricultural heresy." Now had the writer ever visited the chief agricultural counties of England, he would have seen that, so far from holding the plough and guiding the horses by one man being regarded as an agricultural heresy, it is a general and every-day practice. The French, we are assured, have Molière and Racine by heart—they have, in fact, a national theatre, and a national literature, which we have not; and we are assured that "even well-informed people [quære, Mr. Hazlitt's associates?] among us hardly know the difference between Otway and Shakspeare!" Throughout the book, there is much of the most contemptible, common-place vitupe-

ration against England. Speaking of Buonaparte, his idol, whom he designates as the Rob Roy of the scene, in crossing the Alps, he tells us, that he alone "seemed a match for the elements, and able to master 'this fortress, built by nature for herself.' Neither impeded nor turned aside by immoveable barriers, he smote the mountains with his iron glaive, and made them malleable; cut roads through them; transported armies over their ridgy steeps; and the rocks 'nodded to him, and did him courtesies.'"—Immediately afterwards, noticing his arrival at some place where he was told the King of England had stopped, he adds, with the inflated air of tipsy cockney-radical magnanimity,—"this made no sort of difference to me!"

Lamenting, in woe-begone bitterness and tears, weeping himself blind, as he tells us, on finding the walls of the Louvre stripped of the plunder of half Europe, which, through the honesty of a legitimate government had been restored to its rightful owners, he exclaims—"What could ever fill up that blank in my heart, fearful to think upon—fearful to look upon? I was no longer young; and he who had collected [stolen] them, and, 'worn them as a rich jewel in his iron crown,' was dead, a captive, and vanquished." Then he describes "all we who remained," as "the lifeless bodies of men," wearing "round our necks the collar of servitude, and on our foreheads the brand, and in our flesh and in our souls the stain of thralldom and of the bond-slaves of kings."—Such is the "*stuff*" of which this book is made. Its writer is coarse and vulgar—as who could expect Hazlitt to be otherwise? This, perhaps, we could in some measure excuse; but the detestable un-English feeling which runs through every page of the work is disgusting even to loathsomeness. In the words of its author, we cannot help feeling that "the great misfortune of a certain class of persons (both for their own sake and that of others) is ever to have been born or heard of!"

Le Voyage de Polyclète, ou Lettres Romaines, by the Baron de Theis, published in 1822, in three volumes octavo, contains a mass of information relating to the private life of the Romans, from their form of government down to the minutest details of

their domestic economy, which from its being scattered through a multitude of volumes, was previously unattainable by the general reader. From an abridgment of this valuable work an English version has just been published, entitled "*Travels of Polycletes, in Letters from Rome, A. U. C. 668-672, abridged from the Original Work of the Baron de Theis, by Mons. de Rouillon, and translated into English by M. A. P.*"—Polycletes, son of Crantor the Archon, is sent to Rome after the conquest of Athens by Sylla, as a hostage; and his adventures, as detailed in letters to his friends at Athens, form the materials of the work. Domesticated in the family of the Consul, Cneius Octavius, he contracts a friendship with Lucius, his son; visits, with him and his tutor, Syrus, an Athenian slave, every part of the city, examines the public buildings, attends the theatre, the amphitheatre, and acquaints himself with the state of the sciences, fine arts, language, religion, the priesthood, education, government, magistracy, laws, calendar, coinage, literature, the army, diversions, public and private, repasts, dress, &c. During the residence of Polycletes in Rome, Octavia, the Consul's daughter, is married; Lucius assumes the *toga virilis*, and is formally admitted as a member of the state; the slave Syrus is emancipated; and Octavius, the consul, is assassinated: circumstances which lead to a long description of the ceremonies attendant on each of these events. Polycletes discloses to Sylla a plot which he had overheard for the assassination of that general and the whole of the senate, and is rewarded by the title of a Roman citizen, is loaded with presents, and dismissed to his own country.—Of the original work itself we cannot speak too highly: it is a book which deserves a place in every library; and it is with pleasure we add, that the translator has most ably performed his task. In a future edition we would suggest a table of contents (which, in fact, is given in the French abridgment) and the introduction of a few plates of costume, &c.

In two volumes of "*Travels in the Mogul Empire, by Francis Bernier, translated from the French by Irving Brock,*" we recognize an old acquaintance with a new and improved face. Bernier's Travels are not less valuable now than they were when

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first published, more than a century and a half ago. Replete with historic fact and personal anecdote, they furnish some of the most striking descriptions we have seen of the sacrifice of Hindoo widows, &c.

We have been in some respects much pleased with a volume called "*Four Years in France, or Narrative of an English Family's Residence there during that Period; preceded by some Account of the Conversion of the Author to the Catholic Faith.*" The converted author, it appears, had been a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, a clergyman of the church of England, and son and grandson of Prebendaries of Lincoln. The book, indicating great delicacy and sensibility of mind, is agreeably written; and the history of the life and premature death of the writer's son is fraught with pathos.

"*Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland, by the Author of the War in the Peninsula; or Recollections of the eventful Life of a Soldier*" (*Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, Vol. ii. page 79) is a very tolerable third or fourth-rate performance, well worth reading, though inferior in novelty and interest to its precursor.

The most mischievous publication, in its object and tendency, that has for a long time met our eye—though from its dulness we anticipate that it will be but very little read—presents itself in three formidable volumes, misnomered "*Truth, a Novel, by the Author of Nothing.*" The author, with somewhat humble powers of composition and of reasoning, applies the axe not merely to the wild and worthless branches of sectarianism, but to the very roots of Christianity itself. His work is a sort of Tom Paine's Age of Reason, thrown into the form of a heavy and impossible fiction. Should any of our readers be so unfortunate as to have received the poison which it instils, we take leave to advise them to seek, without loss of time, for an antidote, in Tremaine, in the works of Lardner, Paley, or Tomline; or, should the perusal of any of those be deemed too serious an undertaking, let them look to a very recently published volume, entitled

"*The Necessity of a Revelation of the Being and Will of God, and the Adaptation of the present Revelation to that Necessity; by the Rev. A. Norman, Author of 'Literæ*

Sacræ." This is altogether a work of great and extraordinary talent, reflecting high honour upon its reverend author, and rendering essential service to the great cause which it supports.

It is with unqualified pleasure that we announce the appearance of "*Sir John Chiverton, a Romance*," in one volume. This delightful fiction is prefaced by some beautiful dedicatory stanzas to the "Lady Love" of its author, which, were we less pressed for room, we should be anxious to transcribe. The scene is laid in Chiverton Hall, an ancient demesne in one of the northern counties of England, about two hundred years ago. The descriptions prove the author to be possessed of much accurate information respecting the castellated mansions of our ancestors. The story is well constructed; and the characters, drawn with considerable spirit and originality, are very ably sustained—particularly the character of Scymel, a physician and fatalist. To introduce a Moorish mute, a tool of murder and assassination, at the residence of an English gentleman, was a bold attempt, but it has perfectly succeeded. We shall not sketch the plot, for that would destroy its interest with the reader; but we unhesitatingly recommend the volume to general perusal.

"*Alla Giornata, or, to the Day*," a novel in three volumes, from the pen, as we have some reason to think, of Lady Charlotte Susan Maria Berry, better known as Lady Charlotte Campbell, the mother of Lady Tullamore, a portrait and illustrative memoir of whom appear in the preceding volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*,* abounds with beautiful sketches of scenery and of character. Ildegarda, the heroine, is finely, sweetly conceived. Richness of fancy and elegance of mind indicate the superiority of the work, and of its author.

Wild and fresh, glowing and brilliant in its sketches, the Viscount de Chateau-

briand's romance, entitled "*Aben-Hamet, the Last of the Abencerages*," will be read with universal pleasure. The description of the Alhambra, the palace of the Moorish kings of Grenada, is beautiful as a fiction of fairy-land. This little volume, prefaced by an interesting notice of the author's life, embracing a general view of the affairs of Europe, forms a portion of an edition, in five-and-twenty volumes, of the complete works of Chateaubriand. The first division of this extensive series relates to history, the second to travels, the third to literature, and the fourth to politics.

The thirst for German literature appears to be reviving. Three volumes of "*Specimens of German Romance, selected and translated from various Authors*," have just reached us. The translator—Mr. George Soane, we believe, a gentleman in every respect well qualified for the undertaking—tells us that, when he "commenced this work, it was with the intention of carrying it on through many volumes, and thus presenting a complete circle of German romance." This intention, we trust, may yet be accomplished; as, judging from the specimens before us, it could hardly fail of success. The first of these tales in particular—*The Patricians*, by Van der Velde,—is capital. It presents a spirited and admirable picture, with much strength and distinctiveness of character, of the feuds which, in the sixteenth century, prevailed between the nobles and citizens of different towns in Germany. The other pieces, of a slighter texture, especially *The Mantle*, a fairy tale by Naubert, are also clever of their kind. The value of the work is enhanced by designs from the pencil of George Cruikshank.

Another work in two volumes, entitled "*Lorenz Stark, a characteristic Picture of a German Family*, by J. J. Engel," is interesting from the original view which it presents of modern German manners.

Then again we have, in four volumes, "*The German Novelists: Tales selected from Ancient and Modern Authors in that Language, from the earliest Period down to the close of the Eighteenth Century, with Critical and Biographical Notices*;" by Thomas Roscoe." The critical portion of the work is of less value than might have been expected; the selection, too, we con-

* Page 185.—Lady Charlotte Campbell, daughter of the late Duke of Argyle, was some years ago a distinguished ornament of the world of fashion. Her mind was of the highest order—her person at once elegant, graceful, and commanding. She was, if we mistake not, the first who introduced the style of Grecian costume in this country.

ceive, might have been superior; but, upon the whole, it is deserving of praise.

"*The Stanley Tales*," Part II., completing the first volume of this amusing work, contains the following pieces:—The Spectre Unmasked, commenced in Part I.; An Adventure in Athens; The Mysterious Guests; The Inconstant; The Cypress Crown; Alexiew Von Lieben, from the German of Blumenhagen; the Counterparts; The Transformation; and the Prudent Squire. The tales are agreeably varied from the pathetic to the humorous, and the Part before us is in no respect inferior to the former.*

"*Charles and Eugenia*, from the French of Madame de Renneville, by M. G.," is a pleasing tale for youth, conveying a useful moral, with some historical and biographical information. The object of the author has been "to stimulate the active energies of youth, by the example of two orphans of respectable family, and born with the prospect of a good fortune, who are suddenly reduced to the necessity of exerting their talents with a view to their own support." In the fulfilment of this object Madame Renneville, as the translator observes, has not been unsuccessful; and although French taste and French feeling are displayed in almost every page, the moral is good, the general tendency unexceptionable, and the book may safely be recommended to the perusal of youth of both sexes.

Sibyl's Leaves: Poems and Sketches, by Elizabeth Willsford Mills," constitute a pleasing volume, of considerable talent and much promise.

Another young lady has treated the public with a metaphysical "*Essay on Mind, with other Poems*." The said essay, though sufficiently clever, and very very profound, is quite a blue-stocking affair.

"*The Progress of Licentiousness; or, a Hint to Freethinkers in Politics and Religion: a Satirical Poem*; by T. A. A."—Strong and good in feeling, but coarse and unpolished in expression.

Amusement is sometimes more gratifying than instruction. The former object will certainly be attained by a perusal of

Richard Winter Hamilton's "*Essay on Craniology*." An opponent of the system, or rather systems of Gall and Spurzheim, Mr. Hamilton, with much humour and effect, holds up to ridicule those learned professors and their labours. The following passage is certainly happy:—

There has been nothing more advantageous to the belief in craniology than the fortunate guesses made by its professors of character and disposition. A person feels himself in the presence of one who can scan his inward being. He is awed by the credulity of a superior power. The cross-examination begins, mixed with the most leading questions. "You have pride very large."—"That's a mistake, I am very bashful, and oppressively humble."—"I mean proper pride, honour."—"O yes, that is very correct; I hope always to respect myself."—"You have ideality very large."—"There you are out; I am a plain matter-of-fact man, and often admire what the governor says to Tilburina, when distraught with love and fiction; 'The Spanish fleet thou *canst* not see, because it is not yet in sight!'"—"But you like poetry?"—"O yes, I hope so."—"You have destructiveness very large."—"Now I have no opinion of this science at all; for I would not tread on a worm; and conscientiously abstain from lobsters and eels."—"Yes, now I perceive it *will* be so, for your destructiveness is counteracted by a very large benevolence.—You have casualty very large."—"Farther and farther from the truth. I never ask a reason, and cannot endure an argument."—"Stop; do not be hasty; let me see: I have it: your *comparison*, which is a superficial sort of an organ, is so immense, that your *casualty* cannot work.—You have wit very large?"—"That is not at all in my way."—"But when you speak do not they laugh?"—"They do, and much more than I like."—"That is your wit which makes them; for wit consists not only in being so ourselves, but as the cause that it is in other men.'" Thus the conjurer may throw his balls at pleasure, without the trick being perceived. A sleight of hand, and a readiness of equivocation, are the perfection of his art.

"*Considerations on Volcanoes; the probable Cause of their Phenomena; the Laws which determine their March; the Disposition of their Products; and their Connexion with the present State and past History of the Globe*; by G. Poulett Scrope," will be read with great interest by every student of geology. Mr. Scrope has, in this pro-

* Vide page 35.

duction, thrown much new light upon the subject.

Few volumes of equal size contain so much general and varied information as "*The Little World of Knowledge, arranged numerically; designed for exercising the Memory, and as an Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, History, Natural Philosophy, Belles-Lettres, &c.*; by Charlotte Matilda Hunt." The writer informs us that the compilation was formed for the use of her own children; but, in consequence of the solicitations of her friends, she had consented to its wider circulation. The arrangement is novel, and must have cost the compiler great labour; though, we confess, we do not perceive the advantages arising from it. Under the respective heads of *Les Uns, Les Deux, Les Trois, &c.* up to *Les Douzes*, is classed every subject which can possibly be brought to divide itself into those numbers. Thus, under *Les Deux*, we find descriptions of the two English universities, the two hospitals, Chelsea and Greenwich, &c.;—under *Les Trois*, the divisions of Chronology, ancient, middle, and modern—the Three Punic Wars—the Graces, Fates, Furies—Cases of Nouns—Sorts of Verbs, &c. This classification, it will strike the reader, must occasionally lead the compiler into error, and to dispose of subjects where they are not most likely to be sought for. Questions for the exercise of the pupil are subjoined, and a copious index is prefixed to the work, which, as already stated, contains, for its size, an unusual mass of information.

NEW MUSIC.

PIANO-FORTE.

Rondo Brillant pour la Piano-forte, par J. B. Cramer. Op. 72.—Cramer and Co.

According to the specimens of our best composers of late years the term brilliant has become a mere synonyme for difficult: whenever we meet with a brilliant fantasia by Pixis, a brilliant rondo by Hummel or Czerny, or a set of brilliant variations by Moschelles, we are sure to find such a congregation of cramp passages, that nothing short of the iron grasp of a German professor, with the feathery touch of the German instruments, can hope to execute them with effect. But Mr. Cramer has

shewn us very clearly that brilliancy, originality, and elegance may be conjoined, and that abundance of passages, novel in effect, may be produced, without degenerating into abstruse and crude harmonies or uncouth combinations. This rondo is in the key of E major, which, from its sparkling quality of tone, is peculiarly adapted to a piece of this class; it is highly spirited, and is besprinkled with a profusion of elegant little passages throughout, in a manner which evidently shews the rich stores of the composer's mind. The Introduction is graceful, and contains a truly elegant cantabile movement.

"*Le Due Sorelle,*" a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by Mus Essen.—Willis and Co.

This duet consists of but one movement, an allegro in C major; brilliant, shewy, but easy. There is nothing scientific in its texture, but as a simple composition we should recommend it highly.

Select Airs from Boiledieu's "Damo Blanche," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment, by A. C. Whitcomb. Nos. I. and II.—Paine and Hopkins.

Do. Do., by Burrowes.—Goulding and D'Almaine.

This opera is a complete mania at present in Paris, and is undoubtedly of a very superior class to the generality of Parisian music. We suppose it will be introduced on the English stage, and if so, we shall probably have it in as many forms as the everlasting *Der Frieschütz*. We are obliged to these gentlemen for bringing us acquainted with these popular airs in a simple and pleasing form. We give Mr. Burrowes's arrangement the preference; but would it not have been an advantage to have transposed "*Chut, Chut, ecoutons*" to a less remote key than five flats; the flute is almost impracticable to every-day performers?

HARP.

Grand Allegro de Bravura seguito da una brillante Polacca. Dedicated to Hummel, by N. C. Bochsa.—Goulding and Co.

This is certainly Bochsa's first work for the harp in point of merit. There is in general no design or consistency about his compositions; they are a mere tissue of

brilliant passages, strung together as thickly as possible, to astonish the ears of the groundlings. He has in this instance, however, made a more systematic arrangement; but there is still too much frippery and too little real expression, though we are approaching nearer what music ought to be. There are two or three really beautiful passages in the first movement. The *andante* commences well: but, although so short, falls off immediately. The *polacca* is brilliant and highly finished; and those who are partial to Mr. Bochsa's style will find this to be perhaps his masterpiece.

Non, je ne veux pas chanter, arranged as a duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Introduction and Coda, by N. C. Bochsa.
Goulding and Co.

This lovely song of Nicolo's possesses in itself so many beauties, that if it were arranged with tolerable ability it could not fail to form a sweet duet.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. A. Lee, from the Liverpool theatre, made his first appearance here as *Belville*, in *Rosina*; as, however, his second character, *Captain Macheath*, affords greater facilities for the display of a singer, we shall proceed to notice him as the most vocal of highwaymen. Although there is neither much power nor depth in Mr. Lee's voice, there is a redundant and flexible sweetness, which brought into play by great scientific skill, becomes highly pleasing, though it never astonishes. The lighter airs, as *My Heart was so free*, and *When the Heart of a Man*, Mr. Lee gave with great spirit, taste, and vivacity; in the deeper and more serious parts of the opera, he betrayed a want of sufficient compass necessary for a first-rate singer. He is, however, a man of considerable talent, and, in the present dearth of male vocalists at this theatre, is most acceptable. Farren played *Peachum* in a fine, caustic way; he was the very hero of iniquity and chicanery; and Williams's *Locket* was a Pylades worthy of such an Orestes. W. West shuffled through *Filch* with a truly petty-larceny dexterity. Miss Forde, a young lady who a few years since formed one of the English Opera-House company, appeared for the first time at this theatre as *Polly*. This young lady has many requisites, but great study is yet indispensable to bring them into successful action. Her high notes are somewhat too sharp; they pierce rather than gratify the ear; her cadences

are also badly finished, and there is a lack of pathos and feeling in her singing, without which, music has only sound and no sense: none of these imperfections, however, we think absolutely insurmountable. Mrs. Humby's *Lucy* is a pleasant "piece of simplicities;" but *Lucy* should be any thing but simple. Mrs. Humby whimpers and complains; *Lucy*, without overstepping nature, should storm and threaten. Certainly Mrs. Humby's *Lucy* is wholly an original piece of acting; but the sense of the author should not be entirely violated for the love of novelty. Mrs. C. Jones (who, by-the-bye, a season or two since played *Lucy* most triumphantly) acted on the present occasion *Mrs. Peachum*, with her general spirit and discrimination.

We have witnessed *The School for Scandal* at this theatre; and would we could forget the violation of Sheridan's wit, grace, and vivacity by Mrs. Pindar, in *Lady Teazle*; who was, indeed, as *Sir Peter* taunts her, still more fit to ride behind the butler on a pillion, than to mix in and to give an impetus to the movements of fashionable life. We should scarcely have noticed this second failure of the lady, did there not appear a mysterious desire to intrude her perforce upon the public in characters wholly beyond her seeming intelligence. Farren's *Sir Peter* was, as ever, excellent.

Clari, which for a long time must be looked upon as a dangerous effort, has been played by Miss Forde, and with more sensibility than her *Polly* inclined us to expect. Her scene with her father, if not absolutely pathetic, was highly interesting. Miss Forde introduced a song of Mr. A. Lee's composing, which we did not think added to the value of *Clari*. Mrs. Humby played *Vespina* prettily enough; but why, Mrs. Humby, dress in such an outrageous style? As a morning print justly observed, the Milanese waiting-woman was a complete *Columbine*: Mrs. Humby has no need of "the foreign aid of ornament," and should not strive to "gild refined gold, or add a perfume to the violet." Mr. Osbaldiston (whose name has been handled as bearing a grave offence by many of our sapient journals) appeared for the first time here as *Rolando*, which he played with much judgment, energy, and feeling. In what is termed the heavy, serious business, this gentleman will be an acquisition. West's *Jocoso* was flighty and mercurial; but his song, "*The Pleasures of a Play*," was full of danger to him. We attended him through it with our best wishes greatly excited by our fears; he has neither science nor compass of voice sufficient for the effort. Be advised, Mr. West—omit it.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

A Mr. G. Penson, from Liverpool, has appeared at this theatre as *Figaro*, in *The Barber of Seville*. The part is, assuredly, not the easiest for the common run of English comedians. There is an airiness, a volatility in the scheming tonsur as distinct from the whim and gaiety of an English valet, as is the sprightliness of untrammelled youth to the ease and good-nature of middle age. We had no actor sufficiently imbued with the carelessness, the airy effrontery of the *Barber*: Mr. Liston was too *outré*; Mr. Harley too snappish; Mr. J. Russell too formal. Mr. Penson exactly marks the difference between absolute romping and tameness—he throws into *Figaro* a happy, so to express it, floridness of feeling highly characteristic of the *Barber*. His voice is good, though not powerful; and a more than tolerable command of science displays it to a good advantage. He introduced the song from the Italian opera with great success. We think Pearman improves; at least, his *Pietro* gave signs of more than ordinary care and study. Wrench is not a fit actor for *Count Almaviva*; he must be quick, hot-brained, quaint and decisive, or Wrench is nothing. He seems to make love as though it was a sheer matter-of-fact business, to be transacted by a stop-watch. This is wholly at variance with the character of the impassioned lover of *Rosina*, and *Almaviva* was consequently dull and ineffective. Why does Mr. Bartley play *Bartolo*? In the first place, he has too much predominating good-nature for the hard-hearted gaoler, and no voice for the composer's music. Miss Paton's *Rosina* is a fascinating performance, and her singing beyond all praise. The song, *Tyrant now I'll burst thy Chains*, by her, is one of the most brilliant attempts of the art.

A new and pleasing melo-drama, entitled *The Last of the Guerillas*, next claims our attention. It is from the *Tales by the O'Hara Family*, and adapted by their author to the stage. The Deputy Licensor, however, very needlessly, as some think, deemed the title and scene of *John Doe* somewhat too startling, and compelled the adaptator to alter his place of action to Spain. However, feeling no inclination to discuss the motives of Mr. Colman, we proceed to detail the plot of the production.

Losquez (Archer) has caused the ruin of the family of *Alvez* (Bennet) whose sister *Mary* (Miss Gray) he has also seduced; and whom he deserts in order to marry *Clara Sosa* (Miss Hamilton) the early love of the youthful *Alvez*. At the commencement of the piece the French troops are in Spain, hunting down the last

surviving Guerilla party. *Lieutenant Damien* (Pearman) is the received lover of *Clara Sosa*, and is consequently marked by *Losquez* for destruction; to which end he fees an assassin; who, however, whilst on the point of committing his purpose, is shot by *Alvez*. *Losquez* now determines to carry off *Clara Sosa*, and therefore, disguising himself as a Guerilla chief, he with a due force enters the house of *Don Sosa*, captures him with his daughter and *Alvez*, who has just arrived there charged with a letter from *Damien*. *Martin* (Salter) an emissary of *Alvez*, is in the confidence of *Losquez*, and betrays him with his captives into the hands of the Guerilla party, of which *Alvez* proves to be the chief. *Damien* and his forces are also captured. *Alvez*, on finding that the affections of *Clara Sosa* are irrecoverably lost to him, gives her to *Damien*, and consigns *Losquez*, the destroyer of his house and the wronger of his sister, to death. At this moment *Mary* rushes distractedly into her brother's arms, and is borne off by the heart-broken *Alvez*, who determines to seek in a foreign country the peace denied him in his own.

The melo-drama is cleverly adapted, and having been judiciously pruned, plays with strong effect. Bennett, as *Alvez*, is vigorous without being bombastic; and pathetic, yet clearing the lachrymal: faults which, ere now, we have known to blur many of his performances. Salter's *Martin* is a fine, original sketch. Archer makes *Losquez* respectable, which is all that can possibly be done for him. Pearman plays *Damien* correctly, and sings with some taste. Miss Goward is remarkably clever as a nervous little waiting-maid; her terror at the approach of the Guerillas is most amusingly displayed: and here our praise of the ladies in this piece must rest. Miss Hamilton has by no means sufficient powers for *Clara Sosa*; and Miss Gray, as *Mary*, wholly sinks beneath the pathos and passion requisite for the part. The piece has been frequently played, with merited success.

The Death Fetch, another adaptation from *The Tales by the O'Hara Family*, has been produced, with partial success. The story turns upon a popular German superstition, which believes in the appearance of a *Fetch*, or double of the person condemned by fate to "shuffle off this mortal coil." On the whole, the piece is extremely dull, and had it not been for the soul-harrowing acting of Miss Kelly on the appearance of the *Fetch* of *Ebert*, her lover, could not have been heard to the conclusion. The music is barely respectable, and in many respects a servile imitation of that of *Der Freischütz*.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

WITH one exception, the grand annual exhibitions of the season are now over. The Royal Academy and the Society of British Artists both closed on the 8th of July. The British Institution, however, with its splendid galaxy of Dutch and Flemish art, still remains open; and, at the Diorama, the Pœcilorama, the Cosmorama, the Panstereomachia, the Coronation of Charles X. &c., there is still ample scope for the connoisseur, the amateur, and the fashionable loungeur.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

CERTAINLY this is one of the exhibitions which no individual with the slightest pretension to taste ought to omit seeing; which no person desirous of being acquainted with some of the finest paintings of their class in existence, ought to omit the opportunity of repeatedly seeing and studying.

Independently of some pictures of more intrinsic merit, there are two to which, for many curious anecdotes connected with their history, we are desirous of pointing the attention of the reader. The first of these is Zoffany's picture of the Royal Academicians of the last reign, all of whom are now no more. The portraits in this remarkable painting are as follows:—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Sir William Chambers—George Michael Moser—Francis Milner Newton—Edward Penny—Thomas Sandby—Samuel Wale—Dr. William Hunter—Francis Hayman—Tan Chet Qua, a Chinese modeller—George Barrett, father of the present meritorious water-colour painter, whose sun-light views are so justly admired—Francesco Bartolozzi—Edward Burch—Agostino Carlini—Charles Catton—Mason Chamberlin—J. Baptiste Cipriani—Richard Cosway—John Gwynn—William Hoare—Nathaniel Hone—Mrs. Angelica Kauffman—Jeremiah Meyer—Mrs. Mary Moser—Joseph Nollekins—John Richards—Paul Sandby—Dominick Serres—Peter Toms—William Tyler—Sir Benjamin West—Richard Wilson—Joseph Wilton—Richard Yeo—Francesco Zuccarelli—and Johan Zoffany.—A mezzotinto engraving was made from this picture, the impressions from which are very scarce, the plate having been burnt in a fire at Mr. Sayer's warehouse, Fleet Street, many years ago.

The other picture to which we have alluded, as one of the gems of this truly royal collection, is the Florence Gallery, also by Zoffany, and also containing many highly interesting portraits. Her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, is understood to have purchased this piece of the artist for six hundred guineas.

COSMORAMA.

TWO other changes have just been made in this gallery, the City of Bern and the London Docks having been displaced to make room for an Exterior and an Interior of the Pantheon at Rome. The former is an evening moonlight view, the customary lights appearing in the shops, houses, &c. This is managed on the Dioramic principle. We conceive, however, that the effect might be greatly improved and rendered more strict to nature by deepening the shadows. The Interior of the Pantheon, illuminated by wax-lights, and receiving the moonlight from the circular opening at the top of the dome, is also painted upon the Dioramic principle. The effect is extremely pleasing; the moon-beams fall very sweetly on the pillars of the time-honoured structure; the brilliancy of the artificial lights with their numerous reflections, is very successfully executed; and the appearance of the garden and fountain by moonlight in the extreme distance is really beautiful. We have some doubt whether, upon the whole, the light is not too much and too equally diffused.

PŒCILORAMA.

SINCE we noticed Mr. Nash's view of the City of Bath from Beechen Cliff, last month, which had then been recently introduced in this attractive collection, the artist has given it several finishing touches, which more strongly mark the localities, and heighten the general effect. The foreground, too, has been much strengthened.

There are so many interesting associations connected with the view of London as it appeared in the reign of Elizabeth—with the Castle of Chillon, immortalized as it has been by the glowing pencils of Rousseau and Byron—and with that fine old ruin, Netley Abbey, that we cannot wonder at the lively attraction which this gallery sustains. Indeed the view of Rouen, with its atmospheric changes, is alone worth twenty visits.

DIORAMA.

THE windows of the building in which the deceptive genius of Messrs. Bouton and Daguerre triumphs, suffered so seriously from the great hail-storm at the end of June, that the exhibition was obliged to be shut for several days. Now, however, it is open; and that admirable illusion, Rosslyn Chapel, with its waving shrubs, and fitting clouds, and gleams and bursts of sunlight, is once more contemplated with renewed delight. The view of Rouen is also continued.

CORONATION OF CHARLES X.

WE must again direct the attention of our readers to the nine great pictures now in Maddox Street, illustrating the coronation of the reigning monarch of France. The story is well told, the portraits are striking, and the costume has every appearance of perfect correctness.

PANSTERKOMACHIA.

To this beautiful model of the battle of Poitiers, already noticed at some length (*Vide* page 44) we must also again request attention. It is by far the finest and most effective specimen of the art of modelling we ever saw. We are acquainted with no exhibition of the kind that ever gave such general satisfaction.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Ecce Homo.—An exquisite engraving in stipple, by Woolnoth, from Guido's *Ecce Homo*, has just been published. It deserves to be in the cabinet or portfolio of every amateur and connoisseur in Europe.

Belshazzar's Feast.—Martin's celebrated picture of *Belshazzar's Feast*, exhibited all over the kingdom with extraordinary success, is now before the public in a mezzotinto engraving, by the painter himself. It is fortunate, indeed, for Mr. Martin's fame, that he has in this instance been his own engraver; as, without disrespect to other artists, we cannot imagine the capability of any of their body to render such complete justice to the painting as has been rendered by Mr. Martin himself. The fidelity, as well as the effect of the plate, as a whole, and in all its parts, is truly wonderful. Much as we dislike Martin's general style, we have always admired this picture, as a monument of art highly honourable to our age. The engraving is dedicated, with strict propriety, to our chief patron of the fine arts, His Most Gracious Majesty George IV.

The Princess Charlotte's Cenotaph.—It will be recollected that the cenotaph to the Princess Charlotte, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was some time since opened to the view of the public. An engraving of this monument, in outline, by Fairland, as it now appears in the chapel, can hardly fail of proving acceptable to all who love and cherish the memory of her who was proudly looked up to as England's future Queen.

Othello.—We never liked Fradelle's picture of *Othello* relating the History of his Life to Brabantio and Desdemona; and, certainly,

our opinion of its merit is not heightened by Say's mezzotint scraping which has lately appeared. The painting is bad in composition, poor in character, tame yet affected in manner. The failure of effect in this print we attribute to the painter, not to the engraver.

Leicester's Visit to Amy Robsart.—The Earl of Leicester's visit to Amy Robsart, painted by Fradelle, and engraved by C. Turner, is much more to our taste: the costume and accessories of the subject have experienced the happiest attention from the painter, and the engraver has been equally successful in their transfer to the copper. With difficulty, however, can we persuade ourselves that the delicate, the exquisite, the romantic tenderness and passion of the ever-fascinating Amy, has received full justice at the hands of the original artist. Yet it is a charming picture.

Marine Sketch Book.—Whether we regard this publication with reference to its execution as a work of art or to its accuracy of transcript, we find ourselves equally pleased. These sketches, made and etched by Henry Moses, ought to be in the possession of every lover of marine scenery.

Beauties of the Rhine.—Three numbers have appeared of a work entitled *The Beauties of the Rhine*, in a series of twelve Lithographic Views, drawn from Nature, and executed by Robert Mackreth. No. I. contains views of the Ruins of Baden Castle, Heidelberg Castle, Frankfort, and Salmon Fishing; No. II. Mayence, St. Goar, the Ruins of Rheinfels, Boppard, and the Ruins of Stolzenfels; No. III. Bacharach, and some others. The subjects are all well-suited for a display of the lithographic art, and for conveying a correct idea of the scenery of the Rhine.

*Sketches of Shippin*y.—Another series of marine subjects, entitled *Sketches of Shipping*, Views in Portsmouth Harbour, drawn and etched by Henry Moses, furnish the artist with an additional claim upon the public for their patronage. These sketches are at once correct and beautiful, pleasing and instructive.

Views in Russia, &c.—The Rev. T. A. James, A.M., is publishing, as illustrations of his travels, a series of Views in Russia, Sweden, Poland, and Germany. The designs are on stone, thrown off on tinted paper, and coloured in imitation of drawings, from which, such is the delicacy of their execution, they are hardly to be distinguished. For this most interesting style of lithographic art we are indebted, we believe, to Mr. Ackermann. That gentleman, however, is not the publisher of the work now under consideration. The subjects in the First Number of Mr.

James's Views are as follow:—The Field of Borodino—an Architectural Scene in the Kilaigorod, Moscow—The Kremlin—Interior of the Dannemora Iron Mine, near Upsala in Sweden. There is much pleasing and interesting detail in these sketches.

Lodge's Portraits.—Engraved by Freeman, Cooper, and Deane. The XXth Part of this favourite national publication, completing its fifth volume, contains the portraits of Sir Thomas More, from Holbein; the Duke of Marlborough; the Duchess of Marlborough, from Lely; John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, from Holbein; and John, first Lord Maitland, of Thirlestane.

Dr. Jenner.—The engraving of Hobday's portrait of Dr. Jenner, the great promoter of vaccination, was commenced by the late W. Sharp; and, finished by W. Skelton, it is now before the public. The resemblance is

strikingly characteristic; the style altogether bold and forcible. The engraving is in line. This is as it should be: the memory of such men as Dr. Jenner ought to be perpetuated in the highest departments of art.

Madame Pasta.—The admirers of Madame Pasta will be gratified by the appearance of her portrait as Medea, sketched on stone, by J. Hayter. With the accompanying design we are not altogether so well satisfied.

Ornamental Villas.—Mr. Robinson's Rural Architecture, and what he modestly termed an Attempt to ascertain the Age of Mickleham Church, have completely established his character as an architectural draughtsman. His Designs for Ornamental Villas, six numbers of which have appeared, cannot fail of increasing his celebrity. They should be seen and studied, for convenience as well as for beauty, by all who are desirous of such erections.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Dr. Gooch has been appointed librarian to his Majesty, in the room of the Bishop of Llandaff.

A new expedition, under Captain Parry, has been determined on, to explore the northern hemisphere. One large vessel is to proceed to a given point, where it will be stationed, and serve as a rendezvous to parties sent out in boats, sledges, &c., to make discoveries in every quarter, on sea and on land.

Mr. Wood, near Newcastle, has proposed a plan for avoiding the dreadful accidents which frequently occur in coal-mines. His idea is, to cause artificial explosions at times when the workmen and horses are removed, and thus to clear the pit of its inflammatory hydrogen gas.

The perfect head (with the horns attached, and twelve teeth, perfect, in each jaw) and other bones of a moose-deer have been dug out of a bog at Killinew, in the county of Meath, Ireland. They were found about eighteen or twenty feet below the surface.

To the gratification of every person of good taste, his Majesty has interfered to prevent the further demolition of Salisbury Crags, Edinburgh.

Mr. Bish, the lottery contractor, became, by tender, the new lessee of Drury-lane Theatre; but, not being satisfied with his bargain, he has forfeited his deposit of £2,000 in favour of Mr. Price, the American manager.

M. Meyerbeer is in Paris, assisting in the preparation for performance, at the Odéon, of one of his operas, "The Nymph of the Danube," which has been translated into French for that purpose.

The Emperor Nicholas has ordered the gold and silver coinage of the kingdom of Poland to continue to bear the bust of Alexan-

der I., as "Restorer of the Kingdom of Poland in 1815:" on the reverse a crown, with a legend naming the reigning emperor, &c.

Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor, has been appointed President of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome.

The American newspapers have got a new story of a sea-serpent, sixty feet long and ten in circumference, of a dark, dingy, black colour, and covered with protuberances.

Works in the Press, &c.

A work entitled *Death's Doings*, to consist of twenty-four plates, from designs by Mr. R. Dagley, author of *Select Gems from the Antique*, &c. is announced. If report speak true, not fewer than twenty popular writers of the day have favoured the artist with their illustrations of his subjects, in verse or prose; so that a *pic-nic* volume of considerable merit, and highly-varied interest, is anticipated.

A History of the Battle of Agincourt, from contemporary authorities, with Biographical Notices of the principal Commanders, &c., by Nicholas Harris Nicolas.

Memoirs of the Life of M. G. Lewis, Esq., M.P., author of The Monk, &c.

By Mr. Percival, author of the *History of Italy*, a History of France, to extend from the Foundation of the French Monarchy to the Second Restoration of the Bourbon Dynasty.

By W. Brockedon, Member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps by which Italy communicates with France, Switzerland, and Germany*, from drawings made during the summers of 1821, 1822, 1824, and 1825.

A Memoir of Dr. Mesmer, the pretended discoverer of Animal Magnetism.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—The lady of the Hon. and Rev. J. F. Noel.—The lady of the Hon. Henley Eden, M.P.—The Lady Frances Higginson.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of Sir W. Pilkington, Bart.—The Duchess of Bedford.—Lady Georgiana Grenfell.—The Countess of Kinnoul.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Staveley.—The Lady Augusta Chichester.—The Lady Louisa Tighe.—The lady of Sir Sandford Graham, Bart.—The Marchioness of Ely.—Lady Georgiana Granville Ryder.

MARRIAGES.

At Chiswick, Lord Brudenell, to Elizabeth Jane Henrietta, eldest daughter of Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. Mr. Dutton, son of Lord Sherborne, to Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter to the Earl of Suffolk.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Sackville Fox, Esq., to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Osborne, daughter of His Grace the Duke of Leeds.

At Funtingdon, Sussex, Major W. Hewitt, second son of General Sir Geo. Hewitt, Bart., to Sarah, second daughter of General Sir James Duff.

The Earl of Hopetoun, to the Hon. Elizabeth Macdonald, second daughter of Lord Macdonald.

The Rev. Henry Clissold, M.A., to Marianne, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Bayley.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. Mr. Moreton, son of Lord Ducie, to Miss Dutton, daughter of Lord Sherborne.

At Glenbee, N. B., the Chief of Clanronald, to the Right Hon. Lady Ashburton.

At Bath, H. M. Chadwick, Esq., of Leventhorpe House, Yorkshire, to Eliza Catherine, youngest daughter of the late General Chapman.

At Conailla Church, Dublin, Lord Massy, to Matilda, youngest daughter of the late Luke White, Esq., of Woodlands, county of Dublin.

Captain C. A. Munro, to Lucy Eliza, eldest daughter of Major J. Lloyd Jones.

At Exeter, the Rev. John Scobell, Rector of Southover and of All Saints, Lewes, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late William Land, Esq., of Hayne House, Devon.

Henry William Mason, Esq., of Beel House, Amersham, to Horatia, fourth daughter of George Matcham, Esq., and niece to the present and late Lord Nelson.

At Berlin, James Annesley, Esq., Consul at Barcelona, to the baroness Clementine of Brockhausen, daughter of His Excellency the Baron of Brockhausen.

At Chelsea, Abel Smith, Esq., M.P., to Frances Anne, youngest daughter of General Sir Harry Calvert, Bart. and G.C.B.

Robert Goslin, Esq., to Georgiana Vere, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. John Sullivan, of Riching's Lodge, Bucks.

Major General Sir Henry F. Bouverie, K.C.B., to Mrs. Wilbraham, youngest daughter of the late Lewis Montolieu, Esq.

At Fellbrigg, G. T. Wyndham, Esq., to Maria Augusta, second daughter of Rear-Admiral Wyndham, and niece to the late Right Hon. William Wyndham.

At Newington, Lieut. Glassen, to Cecilia, daughter of the late Sir John, and sister to the present Sir George Mouat Keith, Bart.

DEATHS.

At Haynes, Bedfordshire, aged 90, the Right Hon. Henry Frederick Thynne, Lord Carteret, brother of the late, and uncle to the present Marquess of Bath.

At Aldwich, Sussex, Sir Thomas Brooke Pechell, Bart.

Major General Robert Haldane, C.B.

Aged 27, Charlotte Frederica Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Wilson, M.P.

At Mitcham Grove, the Countess Minuzzi.

Lady Georgiana Grenfell, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Sefton.

At Wells, Gloucestershire, aged 84, J. Holloway, Esq., Admiral of the Red.

The infant daughter of the Hon. G. D. Ryder.

In the East-Indies, Lieut. Col. H. R. Browne.

At Hackney, Lieut. James Sinclair, sixth son of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

At Highwood, Sir T. Stamford Raffles, late Lieut. Governor of Bencoolen and Singapore.

The Earl of Chichester, Postmaster General, and brother to the Duchess of Leeds.

The infant daughter of Sir M. H. Nepean, Bart.

Aged 21, the Hon. Anastasia Georgina Browne, daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Kilmaine.

At Woolwich, aged 23, Jane, eldest daughter of Colonel Sir Alexander Dickson.

Aged 79, at his house in the New Road, Regent's Park, John Farquhar, Esq., late owner of Fonthill Abbey.

At Donoughmore, aged 28, the lady of the Rev. Sir John Lighton, Bart.

At Barnby Moor, the Right Hon. Lady Saltoun,

Aged 14, the Hon. Thomas Grey, fifth son of Lord Grey.

At Bath, aged 55, Mary, Dowager Countess of Kintore.

At Tannachy, near Forres, aged 78, Major General William Grant.

At Oakeley, Staffordshire, Lady Henrietta Chetwode, eldest sister to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

At Chelsea, Sir Norborne Thompson.

At Ham Common, Evelyn Philip Medows, Esq., of Conholt Park, Wilts, nephew to the last Duke of Kingston.

The Very Rev. Peter Vaughan, D.D., Warden of Merton College, and Dean of Chester.

La Belle Assemblée, OR COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXI., FOR SEPTEMBER, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of LADY AMELIA HOBHOUSE, engraved by J. THOMSON, from a Painting by J. JACKSON, R. A.

A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Private Concert Dress.

A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Visiting Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE need not say that we are glad to hear from "L. S. S."

The conclusion of "*The Astrologer*," without fail next month. Accident alone prevented it from being finished in the present Number.

The long-promised article from "Mr. D." reached us at so late a period—in fact nearly six weeks after the time that it ought to have arrived—that it was impossible for us, without most undue sacrifices, *wholly* to meet his wishes this month.

"*The Haunted Isle*," Part II. by "B. G." in our next.

A further continuation of "*Wanderings in the Land of Hafiz*" has been duly received, with, as will be seen by the author of that interesting narrative, other acceptable favours from the same quarter.

"*The Chamois Hunter, from the German*," probably in our next; but we seem to have various articles before us claiming precedence of insertion.

"*Sketches from my Diary, No. III.*," stands one of the earliest communications upon our list. We hope to hear again, in the course of the month, from its fair author.

We are fearful respecting the practicability of effecting the wishes of our kind friend, "C. H.," on one point; but, if we fail, it shall not be through want of effect. To the second request, we answer—"Certainly."

We exceedingly regret the circumstance to which the polite intimation of "F. H." refers. That lady, however, may be assured that she stands fully exonerated from even the faintest shadow of blame.

"Q. Q. Q." will find a packet for him at Mr. Whittaker's

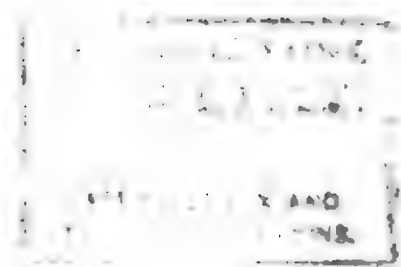
"*A Sketch of the Olden Time*," by "Mrs. H.," arrived too late last month to obtain acknowledgment. Its obliging author will please to accept our thanks, with the information that it shall very soon appear.

Thanks, for a "*Song*," by the author of "*Field Flowers*."

With our best thanks we acknowledge the receipt of a promised paper on the "*Warfare of the Fourteenth Century*."

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SEPTEMBER, 1826.





LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF LADY AMELIA HOBHOUSE.

AMELIA, the lady of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., &c. is the daughter of the Rev. J. Parry, of Cirencester, in the county of Gloucester; sister of the late Dr. Parry, an eminent physician of the city of Bath, and, consequently, aunt of Captain Parry, distinguished by his repeated expeditions of discovery to the Northern regions.

Lady Hobhouse is the second wife of Sir Benjamin, to whom she was married in the month of April, 1793. She has had by this marriage a numerous family.

Sir Benjamin Hobhouse has been many years well known in the political world. He is of a good family, formerly residing in Somersetshire. His father was extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits at Bristol, where he long enjoyed a commanding influence, formed upon the basis of a reputation for high honour and unblemished integrity, and supported by the consequence which great wealth seldom fails to ensure.

Mr. Hobhouse received the rudiments of his education under Mr. Lee, at that time master of the free grammar-school, Bristol. Amongst his contemporaries were, we believe, Dr. Lawrence, the civilian, Sir John Nicoll, Lord Somerville, &c. In proof of the proficiency which he made in classical and polite literature, under Mr. Lee's care, it may be mentioned, that, on hearing him deliver a Latin oration, Edmund Burke, in compliment to his ability, did him the honour of presenting him with some books.

In the year 1774 he went to Oxford to

finish his education. While there, he formed a lasting intimacy with Mr. Addington, now Lord Sidmouth. After the usual number of terms kept at Brazen-nose College, he was admitted B.A. in 1778, and M.A. in 1781. In the latter year, having some time before been entered of the Middle Temple, he was called to the bar. He immediately proceeded on the western circuit, and in the course of his practice he became acquainted with Mr. Pitt, whom it was his fate afterwards, on many occasions, very strenuously to oppose.

Ill health compelling Mr. Hobhouse to retire from the practice of the law. He, in 1783, went over to the Continent, visited France, Italy, &c.; and, while there, he amused himself by writing a short account of his observations, in letters to his friends in England. These letters, at the request of those to whom they were addressed, he afterwards collected and printed, under the title of "Remarks on several Parts of France, Italy, &c. in the years 1783, 1784, and 1785, by Benjamin Hobhouse, Barrister at Law." The book was never published; but it is held in great esteem by those to whom it has been presented.

After his return from the Continent, Mr. Hobhouse married—September 1, 1785—Miss Cam, daughter of Samuel Cam, of Chantry House, near Bradford, in the county of Wilts, Esq., a lady of great personal attractions and large fortune. With her he retired into the country, and lived several years at Hastham House, near Chippenham. In that retreat he wrote

and published various tracts on subjects of law, agriculture, &c. &c.

Towards the close of the year 1791 Mr. Hobhouse lost his first lady, by whom he had issue :—

1. John Cam, M.A. F.R.S., M.P. for Westminster; — 2. Benjamin, formerly Captain in the 69th regiment of the line, killed in the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815; and three other children.

In April, 1793, as already stated, Mr. Hobhouse married Miss Parry; a lady whom he has found calculated, in every respect, not only to alleviate but to repair his loss.

In 1796, he was induced to offer himself, on what is termed the independent interest, for the representation of the city of Bristol; but, having to contend with the opulence of many, supported only by his own private purse, and seeing no fair prospect of success, he declined continuance of the poll on the evening of the first day. Almost immediately afterwards he was returned for the borough of Bletchingly. He directed his parliamentary attention chiefly to finance; and the arithmetical skill and practical knowledge which he displayed upon that subject were of the first order. He was ever a strenuous opponent of the slave trade, the income tax, the union with Ireland, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, &c.

On the signing of the preliminaries of peace, in 1801, Mr. Hobhouse, happy that private friendship and public duty pointed to the same road, went over to the Ministerial side of the House;* and from that

* The speech which he made in the debate upon the preliminaries seems to have developed his motives and intentions in giving his support to Ministers. "I offer," said he, "my warmest thanks to His Majesty's Ministers for the favourable and happy conclusion to the negotiation with the French republic. With the greatest satisfaction I give my consent to the preliminaries; and if the future conduct of ministers shall be conformable to the specimen they have now given; if the pacific system shall appear to prevail in all their councils; and if they shall not continue the existing encroachments upon the constitution beyond the date assigned for their expiration, they shall have my unbounded confidence and cordial support."

time he was, with certain reservations, a warm supporter of Mr. Addington's measures.

In 1802, Mr. Hobhouse was returned M.P. for the borough of Grampound; and, in 1806, for that of Hindon, which he continued to represent until the dissolution of Parliament in 1818, when, in consequence of frequent indisposition, he retired from the arduous duties of senatorial life.

In the month of November, 1803, he was appointed to the honourable and confidential post of chief secretary to the Board of Control; and there is no doubt but that, for the retirement of his friend, Mr. Addington, from office, in 1804, further honours and distinctions would have succeeded. However, he retired on the accession of the new premier.

On the return of Lord Sidmouth to power, in 1806, Mr. Hobhouse was appointed Chairman of the Committee of Supply; and, when a commission was appointed to inquire into the Nabob of Arcot's debts, he was nominated by the creditors and the East-India Company first commissioner, with a salary of £1,500 *per annum*, which he has ever since continued to enjoy.

It was on the 22d of December, 1812, that his present Majesty, then Prince Regent, was graciously pleased to reward his services, by conferring upon him the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain, by the name, style and title of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, of Westbury College, in the county of Gloucester, and Chantry House, in the county of Wilts, Bart.

Sir Benjamin is generous and benevolent in his disposition. There are few public charities of which he is not a warm supporter. Prompted by a zealous love of the arts and sciences, he is of them, too, a warm patron. In December, 1798, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and his name appears amongst those of the managers of the Royal and British Institutions. Throughout his own county—Wiltshire—he is universally respected, as was shewn in a very signal manner, by his being unanimously elected to fill the office of President of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, on the resignation of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XI.—JOHN HAMILTON.

A STRANGE revolution has, within these few years, taken place, respecting the publication of poetry. Formerly, a volume of MS. poems, if the verse were in itself meritorious, would readily find a publisher, without pecuniary risk to the author: the book would sell and be read, be admired, and be praised, and become popular. It is not so now: the name of a Byron, a Moore, a Southey, a Wordsworth, a Croly, a Milman, a Hemans, a Baillie, is requisite as a passport from the author to the bookseller, from the bookseller to the public; otherwise the chances are, as a hundred to one, that the work will fall still-born from the press. We have reason to believe—so fastidious has the taste of the literary world become—that there are at this time hundreds of volumes, of not merely pretty, not merely respectable, but really good poetry, in MS., which cannot meet the public eye, unless the respective writers should incur a personal responsibility for the expenses of publication, which, after all, would be useless, as, in the technical phrase, the works would not sell. The effect of this is, in some respects, salutary; for it prevents us from being smothered by rubbish in rhyme; but, on the other hand, it deprives us of much that might afford gratification to the reader, and obtain fame for the author.

Now and then, some luckless wight, not having the fear of printers' and paper-makers' bills, and booksellers' commissions before his eyes, hazards the publication of a volume at his own risk. It circulates perhaps, to the extent of fifty or a hundred copies, amongst the author's friends; possibly also it is "damned with faint praise" in some of our fashionable periodicals; and then, its unsubstantial glory perishes and is heard of no more for ever! This is extremely mortifying to the man who, in attempting to "build the lofty rhyme," considers himself to be raising a proud structure, that shall carry his name down, covered with honours, to the latest posterity.

Fame is not always just. Were she so,
No. 21.—Vol. IV.

some names, which now attract considerable notice and enjoy considerable celebrity, would fade into insignificance; whilst others, almost unheard-of, would rise and flourish in renown.

We have been led to these reflections by the perusal of a little volume, which, though published only five years ago, is now, we fear, almost forgotten. If so, most willingly would we be the means of its resuscitation. Its title is, "*The Garden of Florence, and other Poems*," by John Hamilton. Who is John Hamilton? From his dedication, apparently to the lady with whom he was about to unite his fate for life, we learn that he is a lawyer; for he talks of giving up "drawling verse for drawing leases."—We infer too, that the lady—and we do not like her a bit the better for it—is the cause of this unpoetical decision. He says—

I will not tell the world that thou hast chid
My heart for worshipping the idol muse;
That thy dark eye hath given its gentle lid
Tears for my wanderings:—I may not choose
When thou dost speak, but do as I am bid,—
And therefore to the roses and the dews
Very respectfully I make my bow:—
And turn my back upon the tulips now.

The good man really seems to be in love:—

Thou hast entreated me "to write no more,"
To turn aside from the consuming art;
And can I shun the voice that I adore,
The voice that hath an echo in my heart?

Further on he pays the lady a compliment, to the justice of which, if she really be a heretic in verse, we hardly know how to subscribe.

I wish the world could know how young and bright
Thou art whose voice forbids me poesy;
And how thy cheek, June-born, doth take delight
In marring thy sweet caution:—Oh! to me
Thine eye is lustrous with the Muse's light,
And that which thou forbiddest is in thee!—
'Tis as the lily in some magic hour
Should speak, and warn the heart against a flower.

For our own parts, we are not so clear-sighted as to perceive the absolute incompatibility of law and poetry. On the contrary, we are strongly disposed to feel, that the man who follows the former as a profession, ought to adopt the latter as a relaxation—as the solace of his leisure hours. Few, if any pursuits can tend more

to narrow, if not to debase the human mind, than those of an attorney's office; therefore, as nothing can have a sweeter effect in soothing, expanding, and elevating the spirit, than poetry, nothing can so amply redound to the mental advantage of a lawyer as his occasional cultivation of that divine art.

Mr. Hamilton's volume takes its title from its first piece, *The Garden of Florence*; but, in our estimation, that, although a very sweet tale, is neither the writer's most valuable effusion, nor the effusion which displays his powers in the most attractive light. His grand achievement is *The Romance of Youth*; to which, in his dedication—altogether a *morçeau* of agreeable *naïveté*—he thus happily alludes:—

There is some talk of fairies in my book,
(Creatures whose bodies have a doubtful title)
I once believed in them—and oft have shook
My boyish heart with thoughts that mad me sigh, till
Years stood like shadows in each leafy nook,
To parcel out the wilds in rood and pigmy!

First, however, of *The Garden of Florence*, from Boccaccio.—The story is simply that of two young lovers, a merchant's son and a peasant damsel, who “lived by patient carding of the fleece:”—

They met all innocence—and hope—and youth;
And all their words were thoughts—their thoughts,
pure truth:—
Every new day that pass'd, pass'd them the fleet,
And hours, though sweet, were chased by hours still
sweeter.
Love had adopted them. The pillow now
Held a perplex'd and aching, dreamless brow—
Ah! sleep alighted not on either's lid—
The fever'd hand toss'd on the coverlid,—
And all the patient dawning of the day,
The dimness—and the gleam—and the chill'd grey
Of the silver east were seen, while they all restless lay!
Oh lovers are long watchers of the night!
Watchers of coiling darkness—of the light—
Of the cold window-pane, whereon the moon
Casteth her sallow smile in night's mid noon—
Of the unwearied stars that watch on high,
As though there were lone lovers in the sky!—
Passion lays desolate the fields of sleep,
And wakes a thousand eyes to watch and weep.

• • • • •
Pasquino one autumnal day sat near
The loved Simonida, and with deep fear
Trusted his tremulous passion to her ear:—
She, unaffected, gentle, pallid—shrunk,
Her heart with its first draught of rapture drunk,—
Scarce daring to give credence to the words
That melted round her like the songs of birds!
She droop'd an instant—gazed—perceived the truth
Bloom'd all at once through her confiding youth—
And all in tears confest her wishes blest—
And hid her face in blushes on his breast!
He press'd her to his heart—her tresses fell
Like shadows o'er his hands—and such the spell
Of this full tenderness—he dared not move,

Lest his breast lose her cheek—lest passion prove
A dream—and he should break the enchantment of his
love!

They agree to wander forth together one
sweet morning in autumn:—

They met—and kissed a welcome.—The first morn
On which their lips seemed for each other born!

The morning itself—the beauteous lau-
rels—the lofty foliage that “lent a tender
gloom, like that which doth through holy
buildings come”—the stretching roses that

—o'er the pathway played,
And shook their bright dew at the lovers' feet,
Scattering those morning-pearls their steps to greet—

the “bird's light voice,” that

—but seem'd to wake
A hymn to silence, e'en for silence sake!

—are all exquisitely described. In the
succeeding lines, the passion of love is
delicately yet warmly, chastely yet most
affectionately pourtrayed. They possess
all the beauty and tenderness, without the
sensuality, of the best parts of Don Juan:—

Could they not love so ever—ever stray?
Ah, no such thing as time before them lay!
They loved—and were together—and alone,—
The morn, with all its riches, was their own!
They laugh'd—and linger'd,—they sat down—they
wander'd,—
Now spake—and now in gazing silence ponder'd!—

Pasquino plucks a leaf from a bed of
sage; and, jesting upon its supposed pro-
perty of whitening the teeth,

—he champed the plant—
Amid his heedless talk—and pallid—faint—
He whiten'd at the leaf,—and sigh'd!—His hand
Trembled in cold and fearful damp.—A bland,
A dim expression of undying love
Went o'er his shiver'd cheek,—and then he strove
To kiss Simonida—and as he gave
That deathful kiss—that kiss cold as the grave!
He curl'd with shuddering throes and withering clutch,
Like that frail plant which shrinketh at a touch!
One shriek—no more—and lost Simonida
Feels at her feet a corpse—for there it whitening lay!

Simonida is suspected of murder and
dragged before the potestate or judge, “a
passionless and aged man,” who looks
mildly on her, pities her, and proposes
that the accused and the accusers should,
with him, proceed to the spot where the
body lay. The proposal is adopted. Si-
monida, at length aroused from a state of
unconsciousness, gathers a leaf of the
fatal sage; relates her simple tale;—

—and delaying
A moment as in memory,—she applied
The sage-leaf to her teeth, champ'd it, and sigh'd
Over his treasured words of tenderness,
Repeating word for word in her distress,
And pausing but his name most passionately to bless!

The people, not satisfied with her story,

clamour for speedy vengeance on the murderess, till they

Were awed and silenced by Simonida,
Whose voice, now dallying with her lover's name
In a low childish fondness paused and came !
It weaken'd—and it weaken'd—and it stopped—
Her fluttering lips were voiceless—and down dropp'd
Her nerveless hands against her tremulous side—
She shriek'd—and, falling on Pasquino, died.

On turning up the bed of sage, at its root is found a huge and gloomy toad supposed to have infected the plant with its poison. The reptile is burnt in its lair, and the lovers are buried side by side in the garden. Thus ends the story, which is related with great sweetness, tenderness, and pathos.

Mr. Hamilton's *forte*, however, we conceive to be description. This, in *The Romance of Youth*, is of a high and beautiful order. The original object of the author was to shew "how ruthlessly discontent and a connexion with the world mar all the beauty and bloom of youth; how sad and how distracted the heart becomes, when it is distorted from its innocent rapture and ingenuousness, and impelled from its early romance into the bitterness and severities of ripened life." In the first canto of the poem—all that has as yet been given to the public—only the bright side of the picture is presented. The canto, however, "is complete in itself, so far as fable goes, and contains all that may be called the *dream* of the story." Mr. Hamilton observes, that "if this canto be read, the conclusion of it may follow: if it be disregarded, 'here the story ends.' And the author will have reason to bless the alienation of mind that baffled its completion." The poem cannot have been disregarded: on the contrary, we are assured that by every reader of taste and feeling whose eye it has met it must have been admired. Our fear is that it is not yet sufficiently known; our hope is, through the pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, to increase its publicity; and, that object effected, we shall venture to look forward in the expectation of a second canto.

We cannot stop to analyze the story, further than to say, that the hero is a romantic boy, living in rural seclusion with his mother—that he worships nature in her primeval loveliness and beauty—that he sees revels of the fairies, and is suffered to participate in their enjoyments—that in the midst of his happiness, meeting with a

sceptical friend, "a worshipper of change in human practices," one who "would estrange men from their faith," he, in despite of the friendly warning which he had received from the fairy queen to "seek not the world," leaves his happy home, and prepares to mingle in the worldly throng.

We must here be indulged in some excerpts, a perusal of which will amply compensate the reader.

Oh sunn'd romance ! Spirit of Spenser's song !
Spirit of moonlight wolds—of ladies' eyes—
Spirit of high ethereal hearts, that long
To beat for ever !—Spirit of golden skies—
And winter cloud, that like a giant lies
Slumbering in heavy gloom the livelong day :—
Spirit of love ! Sole light from Paradise
Brought by the wandering two :—Ah who shall say
Our dreaming boy was wrong, who loved thy proud
array ?

Some say that from the cradle he was prone
To strange delights, unlike his simple kind ;
That he did love to lie and be alone,
To creep from out his bed, when night was blind,
And listen at the window to the wind,
Singing in leafy elms ;—to feed his eyes,
Which then were dark, and deep, and full of mind,
With sight of the wan moon in desert skies,
Till tears to those two orbs, like night-stars would arise.

How sweet is this description of eve's loveliest planet :—

That placid star
Is Venus sitting in her pearly car ;
How full of simple joy is her soft look !
How full of love ! No wild air seems to mar
Her quiet locks—but all around are shook—
As her's appear when seen in some unresting brook.

This little song, framed by the youth upon his midnight bed, though quaint, is full of poetic feeling.

O melon-scented lily !
O water-queen of flowers !
When shall I see the silver waves,
Dancing around thee, like sweet slaves
To Beauty in its bowers ;
When shall I take an earthly part
In honouring thy golden heart ?

O pretty rose autumnal !
O fairy queen of trees !
When may I trace thy gentle buds,
Adorned with their emerald studs,
In their green palaces :
When see thy vernal velvet pall
Under thy ruby coronal ?

The sound of forest music,
The water song of streams,
Are become dim and strange to me,
As musings of old witchery ;
But in my fitful dreams,
And in my waking, weary, hours,
Spirits come to me, as from flowers.

We are fearful of loading our pages with quotation; yet many of the passages before us are resistless :—

Oh, who hath ever at his heart withstood
The deep stillsweetness of a soft brown eye,
That seems in its own silent orb to brood
O'er visions of the inward mind, to lie
Circled with intellectual witchery :—
And then the even forehead, all above,
As white and smooth as sheening ivory,
On which rich tresses of the brown hair move :—
Ah, who hath gazed on these, nor given a sigh to love !

The following is yet finer :—

Long raven hair, lying on ivory shoulders,
And eyes with soft and dusky lashes shaded,
And snow-fair breast and brow, awe young beholders
Into still madness :—and one black tress braided
Along the silent forehead, hath invaded
Many a heart, and never pass'd away :—
A cheek, in which the inconstant rose hath faded,
Hath with pale beauty made enchanted prey
Of those who have been wild and heedless in their day.

The fairies, and the fairy queen, and the
flowers, and the glow-worms, and the feast,
are all delightful ; but we have unfortunately no room for their display.

The boy's dark eyes were drunken with th' excess
Of wonder, and of beauty, and of joy ;
His hands each other closely did caress,—
Within his lips, his sighs were strangely coy,
And could not venture forth :—the heart's annoy
Was its own haunting pleasure :—who would not
Have been on such a night that dreaming boy,
Though madness from that hour should be his lot,
Madness of heart and brain, in dungeon dim and hot ?

There are four stanzas, the emanations
of an enthusiast heart panting for fame,
which we are anxious to offer, but must
content ourselves with the fourth :—

Were it not glorious at one vigorous bound
To spring, all life, upon the wings of Time,
And never more to touch the soiling ground,
But float for ever, and through every clime,
The wonder of all lands ? Oh, flight sublime !
Give me but this,—and I will throw this form
Back to its fellow earth, that cannot climb :
What matters that the body glut the worm,
So as the spirit flies proud o'er each worldly storm !*

We have found ourselves totally unable
to render justice to this poem in the way
of extract : many of the best passages that
we had marked for transcription, it is im-
possible here even to glance at ; we there-
fore earnestly recommend the entire vo-
lume to the notice of the reader.

The Ladye of Provence is a tale of great
interest, from Boccaccio, but we like not the
subject. It is related also, with variations
and with better effect, in some of the French
writers.*

Mr. Hamilton's blank verse, though de-
parting from established rules in its struc-

ture, has a charm—a sweet and tender
charm—almost peculiar to itself. In blank-
verse, and also in rhyme, his verse is occa-
sionally defective in numbers and in har-
mony ; yet its redeeming excellencies are
such, that the offence to the ear is com-
paratively slight. It was our intention to
offer some illustrations on this point, but
we forbear.

Mr. Hamilton's shorter pieces are, upon
the whole, less successful than his longer
ones. The aspirations of the heart are,
however, always good :—

— Ah ! might I live
For ever near the sea—the fields—the wood—
To watch the day go by on golden wings,
Woo the lone morn that sleeps in balmy light,
And kiss the quiet breath from Evening's lips.

The following is brilliant as the scene
which it describes :—

— The sun—
The only eye worthy to watch the sea,—
Is shedding diamonds to enrich the waves,
That rise to catch them.

From three Sonnets, relating to Robin
Hood and Sherwood Forest, we select the
first :—

Robin the outlaw ! Is there not a mass
Of freedom in the name ? It tells the story
Of clenched oaks, with branches bow'd and hoary,
Leaning in aged beauty o'er the grass :—
Of dazed smile on cheek of border lass
Listening 'gainst some old gate at his strange glory :
And of the dappled stag, struck down and gory,
Lying with nostril wide in green morass.
It tells a tale of forest days—of times
That would have been most precious unto thee :
Days of undying pastoral liberty :—
Sweeter than music old of abbey chimcs—
Sweet as the virtue of Shakspearian rhymes—
Days, shadowy with the magic green-wood tree.

With the following song we must, though
reluctantly, conclude :—

That peasant girl's blue eyes
Are beauty's stars to me ;
They're not like summer skies,
Nor like the deep blue sea ;—
Nor of the harebell's hue—
And yet they are sweetly blue !

That peasant girl is fair,—
And, when your eyes behold
Her white hand wreath her hair,
'Tis ivory lost in gold ;—
But still you'll turn to woo
Those eyes so sweetly blue !

We repeat our wish, that by every
genuine lover of poetry Mr. Hamilton's
little volume should be attentively perused.
It affords a rich and luxurious repast.

II.

* *Vide* Millot's Literary History of the Troubadours,
Vol. i. ; and La Gaule Poétique, Vol. vii.

THE HAUNTED ISLE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE incidents occurring in a resort to the highland moors, though interesting *en passant*, are seldom memorable to the actors, or amusing to others when recapitulated. In the autumn, however, of 1804, a party of English gentlemen were driven to a small islet of the Hebrides, where they became acquainted with a story which may be added to the catalogue of miseries produced by civil war, and vacillating religious principles.

Lord — and his brother, the Honourable Mr. W., with his preceptor, the Rev. Dr. L., called at the shooting quarters of two Squires, his lordship's nearest neighbours in Wiltshire, and invited them to join in a maritime excursion. The sportsmen, more than half tired of rifles, pointers, and fatigues, gladly prepared for aquatic diversions; and at the appointed day appeared on the shores of Loch Aylost. No boat of many oars, bearing some resemblance to the ancient berlin, could be procured, except one, which had been the pleasure-barge of a chieftain, now resident at the metropolis to finish the education of his family. The barge was purchased by a marine pensioner, and he attended as steersman.

"We must sail a long way before we get to the Isle of Skye," said Doctor L.

"I reckon that an advantage," replied Lord —.

"But if we are sea-sick?" objected Doctor L.

"Or should a storm arise?" subjoined the young Honourable.

"Shentlemans, it be no canny speak of storm—bode storm, and storm never deaf," said a brawny highlander, who had come to assist in taking trunks and hampers to the boat. The gentlemen laughed at the bad English and bare knees of the highlander, and commenced the joyous bustle of embarkation. The early morn had glided away insensibly at breakfast, and in various arrangements, and before the oars and sail could waft the barge to the *sound of Skye*—as the narrow strait between that island and the main-land is called—a strong current and a north-easterly gale drove

the voyagers out to a turbulent sea. The tender scion of nobility cried out, that the storm was indeed neither deaf nor voiceless, and he entreated to get his foot on *terra firma*, however barren and desolate. The rowers asserted that there was no danger; and except at the west side of the Isle of Skye, they could find no landing-place but one little islet, which no human foot had trodden since the widow and daughter of a chieftain left it in the last year of scarcity, to escape starvation. It was a spot of horrors, being famed as the abode of evil spirits—yet the lady and her daughter had sought refuge there from the *red soldiers*, who would have killed the chief, and burnt the castle, after the battle of Culloden. Since their departure the spirits, exorcised thence by a holy priest, had again taken possession, and fearful red smoke was observed by boatmen who chanced to pass at night. The smoke certainly arose from the house which the clansmen had built for the lady; and many fine things were in it, that these people had removed from the castle, and concealed till the rage of burning and wasting was over, and the house could be made comfortable with the furniture which had been brought from France by the family, when they came back with the Prince. The chief had fought with his royal father in the "*fifteen*," and, like many others, was forced to fly. They were all gone, and the evil spirits had the islet to themselves.

"I should be delighted to have an interview with spirits, good or bad, white, black, blue, or grey;" said Lord —, "and some hours passed in converse with genii of the hills or ocean must impart the grace of novelty to a few paragraphs in a tour to the Hebrides."

Lord — glanced significantly to the preceptor as he spoke the last sentence. Doctor L. had been very sick and rueful, before the dread of a watery premature grave absorbed every sensation—yet as Lord — and the boatmen treated the rude gusts and foaming billows so lightly, the Doctor was ashamed to own his alarm, and he tried to dispel the fears of his

pupil. But as Lord — furnished him with a reason for going on shore, he said that it would be very wrong to forget Mr. W.'s delicate constitution, and if his present anxiety should not be removed it might occasion a relapse of his nervous malady.

"Your argument is good, Doctor," said Lord —, "and shall prevail. Steersman, I will double your boat-hire, and pay you handsomely by the day for detention, if you land us on the haunted isle."

The steersman putting his hand to his bonnet *à la militaire*, replied, "My Lord, the sun is going down, and darkness among sunken rocks and contrary winds and tides may bring real danger, which may be avoided by getting on shore while we have light. I have long wished to enter a harbour where the lady and her daughter left their boat. My grandfather handed them to the beach, and often pointed out the place. I wished to go nearer, but nobody would venture with me."

Lord —'s English friends applauded the good sense and courage of the steersman, and promised to reward him.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am one of the few marines that recovered from wounds received on board of Admiral Nelson's ship before Copenhagen. The Admiral gave leave for the marines to go below, as their arms could be of no real service on such a station; but the clear point of honour determined our officers to remain in the way of duty, and the soldiers would not fail in courage. A man that for many hours had stood before cannon-shot, and seen his comrades mown down like rye-grass under the scythe, must be a fool, not less than a dastard, to set himself against the will of his betters, who are willing to take their chance with him against spirits that may be no more than empty air."

In about an hour all the party were safe on a stony beach. Tents were erected at a short distance from the harbour; hampers were emptied, corks were drawn, and wine-cups graced an abundant collation. After a regale of meat, and bread and cheese, the boatmen gathered heath and made heather beds for the voyagers, and were rewarded with whisky from *queeks* provided for the occasion. The gentlemen gave a special charge to the boatmen to

awake them very early, and lay down to sleep. The dawn was faintly visible when a sonorous voice roused Lord —. His Lordship quickly set all his friends in motion; and attended by their drowzy valets and grooms, they set out to explore the region of supernal repute. The overgrown heath, mixed with long grass and frequent clumps of dwarf birch or sallow, and their offsets, concealed the irregularities of the ground; and the highlanders, who acted as pioneers, had frequent tumbles over hillocks, to the great diversion of the spectators, as they sprang up unhurt, uttering laughable exclamations in broken English. About the centre of the islet a girdle of rocks, shrouded in rank grass and trees, nearly encompassed a glen not more than the extent of two acres, with a narrow inlet having a south-west aspect. This inlet was overshadowed by apple, plum, and cherry trees, their offsets forming a thick barricade against intruders. The highlanders all, except the marine pensioner, demurred at proceeding to invade the magic circle of evil omen; but the old soldier declared he would enter alone, if a passage could be forced through the underwood of the fruit trees, which no doubt had been brought from foreign countries by the holy man who banished the malicious spirits; and assuredly his blessing, and the blessing of the Pope, was still in full force. The wily veteran was a Protestant, but he knew how to influence the prejudices of his crew, who were rigid Catholics. They immediately unclasped their long knives, and assisted in cutting away the obstructions. Indeed, Lord —, and all his party, laboured with eager exertion. A thatched building became visible, and after a search the explorers found a door so decayed by time that it crumbled to the touch. Mephitic vapours issued; the soldier warned his Lordship to retreat till he should make a fire to dispel them; and, expert in using his tinder-box, he soon raised a column of smoke to purify the air. The attendants were provided with wax tapers, and, bearing one lighted, the soldier, followed by Lord —, made his way into the cottage. A glazed window overspread with dust was observed by the quick survey of a highlander, and on brushing off the loose sand, the endeavour to clear off an in-

crustation formed by damp made the sash fall to pieces. Air and more distinct light were admitted to the cottage, and a table heaped with dust caught the eye. The soldier cleared it off, and they saw that the table was of the finest inlaid work, seemingly intended to support a waxen image of the Virgin Mary, adorned with costly gems. A silver crucifix of large size was placed before the Madonna, and beyond the table, a couch, spread on the floor, presented a sad spectacle. A human skeleton, or rather a mummy, was covered with a velvet counterpane, buried in dust and corroded by moths. On removing it, Lord — was convinced that the defunct must have been lamentably emaciated before he expired. The muscles, ligaments, and skin adhered to the bones; the ghastly visage was turned to the silver crucifix, and the bony fingers of one hand pressed a small golden crucifix to the lips; the other hand grasped an ebony box, but it was locked. The tattered counterpane being taken off the corpse, a large packet, wrapped in a piece of velvet, was discovered; within the unsealed packet a silver key promised access to the box, but the iron-work of the lock had rusted. A servant had been so provident as to take a phial of oil for bruises, and it performed seasonable service: the lock, cleaned by this unction, applied with feathers from a sea-fowl's nest, renewed obedience to the long estranged key; and while one of the valets performed the operation, Doctor L. read aloud the contents of the packet found beside the deceased, to the following purport:

"If a good Catholic finds this writing, the sacred emblems of our most holy faith will be joyfully accepted in compensation for giving Christian burial to the mortal

remains of the writer. If the request falls into the hands of a conscientious Protestant, he will have the humanity to bring the gold and silver articles to sale for defraying the charges of a decent funeral: the balance is intended to relieve the necessities of the French emigrants. In a box of ebony will be found some *memoranda* of the errors committed by a man unstable as water. The key"—here the failing sight and trembling hand had retraced the same lines so often that they were illegible. The unhappy writer had made his bed upon stones, certainly with a view to penance; and among the stones many valuable articles were found deposited.

One of Lord —'s English friends recommended making inventories on the spot, authenticated by the signatures of all who were present; and that all the moveables should be carried to the tent, and thence to the boat, to be delivered to the nearest legal authorities for the purpose of giving interment to their late owner. These advices were followed, and Lord — said, as they had provisions enough, and, if needful, could eke them plentifully with wild fowl and fish, he was desirous to remain at the islet until the *memoranda* should be copied. If given in to a public office, the papers might be thrown aside as useless lumber, and the narrative lost for ever; but if the gentlemen each had a portion, to make duplicates, and Doctor L. took the trouble of collating their several transcripts, the intention of the writer would be fulfilled, by preserving his communications from oblivion.

Doctor L. was elated by the compliment to his literary talents, and with assiduous fidelity produced the relation, which we are about to abridge for the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. B. G.

WEDDINGS: BY A PARISH CLERK.—No. II.*

It is a fine thing to live in a literary age. I never thought of making pretensions to authorship, which would have been a very presumptuous idea in an obscure parish-

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, Vol. i. page 147.

clerk like myself; and yet, because at the instigation of a friend in the book trade, I just penned a few particulars relating to the marriages which stand upon our register, behold I have had, I do not know how many applications, from gentlemen who tell me they belong to the leading periodicals

of the day, editors of the most fashionable magazines, to continue my "reminiscences," as they are pleased to call them. Notwithstanding this great encouragement, and the pleasure I experience in having unexpectedly obtained so large a share of public approbation, it was a long time before I could be prevailed upon to commit my poor notions of things to paper again; more especially as I feared that many persons who liked my former effusion would raise their expectations too high, and so turn away from the perusal of the second disappointed, as, of course, I picked out the most interesting narratives at my first selection, and have now only to choose from those which I formerly rejected as too dull to amuse, or too extravagant for belief. Nevertheless, I am very willing to distrust the judgment which induced me to pass over incidents that now, for the first time, see the light in a literary shape; and I beg to say, that I will vouch for the truth of every circumstance which shall appear under my hand. The facts, indeed, have been already partly known to the public, as all my neighbours can testify; and should any doubt arise, I am very certain that the rector and the officiating clergyman will corroborate my evidence if called upon. Indeed, I believe from the little I have seen of the world—and I have seldom stepped out of the limits of my own parish—that the imagination of an author cannot outstrip the extraordinary events which occur in common life; and that a book might be written, of which every syllable should be strictly true, which the critics would condemn as absolutely incredible.

I make these remarks because, as my veracity has never yet been called in question, I should be sorry at my time of life to incur the imputation of distorting facts; and if, on the other hand, my stories should be condemned as too common-place, I can only plead the strong temptation which the applause of so many fine gentlefolks offered to an humble scribe.*

* I am not much in the way of seeing new publications; but a little niece of mine, shewing me in triumph a fine new pocket-book—a sort of mock Forget-Me-Not—which she had obtained as a prize for her good behaviour, I was

It would not perhaps be unamusing to describe the vast changes in fashion which have taken place during the forty years that I have officiated as parish clerk; but though I am not an inattentive observer of dress, I have looked beyond the bridal robes, and my chief delight has been to scrutinize, I hope not impertinently, the conduct of the parties. I was much interested by the appearance of a lady who came in a splendid carriage, and attended by her friends, to our church. She was richly and elegantly attired, in white lace and white satin; but no one who looked upon her countenance would ever cast a thought upon her dress again: her form was so thin and fragile, it seemed a mere shadow; her face was of lily paleness, and she wore a look of such deep and touching melancholy, that the heart melted at the piteous sight. There was, however, no violence in her grief; her eyes were tearless, and her manner was calm. I understood that she was a great heiress, who had lately changed her name for a large fortune, and that she was of age, and her own mistress; therefore there could be no constraint employed in inducing her to approach the altar. My ears are rather quick, and I could not help overhearing a part of this lady's conversation with her bride's-maid, as they walked up and down the aisle together. "I was wrong to come here," she said, in a mournful tone, "wrong to allow any persuasion to tempt me to violate the faith I have plighted to the dead. Can an oath so sacred as that which I have sworn ever be cancelled? I scarcely dare glance my eyes towards

somewhat surprised to find that it contained my paper on weddings, copied from *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*; and my friend, the bookseller, tells me that a certain weekly sheet of literature, which lately affected to carry itself in lofty state, did me the honour to select the very same article, as a specimen of the excellence of the contents of the said mock Forget-Me-Not; so that I may say, the Chapter on Weddings has already gone through three editions.

Thus, the editor of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* takes leave to add, the proprietors of respectable publications are incessantly plundered by needy, talentless, unprincipled adventurers.

those dark and distant corners, lest I should encounter his reproaching shade: it seems as though he *must* rise from the grave to upbraid me with my broken vow."

The friend endeavoured to combat these fantastical notions, urged the duty she owed to the living, and the various excellencies of the man who now claimed her hand. "I know it all," returned the fair mourner, "but still I cannot be persuaded that I have not acted lightly in accepting the addresses of another. My faith should be buried in the tomb with my heart and my affections. I fear me that he who now receives my vows will repent those solicitations which have induced me to break my stedfast resolution to keep that solemn promise which made me the bride of the dead." Pulling down her veil, she passed her hand across her eyes and sighed heavily. Not wishing to appear intrusive, I withdrew to the vestry room; and shortly afterwards the bridegroom entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as a stranger, saying that the relative who was to have attended him as the groom's-man had been suddenly taken ill, and his place unexpectedly supplied by a friend newly arrived from the Continent. He then inquired for the bride, entered the church, and led her to the altar. The clergyman opened his book—the ceremony commenced—and the lady, raising her drooping downcast head, fixed her eyes upon the stranger who stood by her intended husband's side, and, uttering a wild scream, fell lifeless on the ground! We carried her immediately into the vestry, and, after many applications of hartshorn-and-water, she at length revived. In the interim an explanation had taken place; and I learned that in early life the bride had been engaged to the gentleman whose appearance had caused so much agitation, and whom she had long mourned as one numbered with the dead. The bridegroom did not urge the conclusion of the ceremony, and indeed the spirits of the lady had sustained too severe a shock for the possibility of going through it. Her tremor was so great that there was some difficulty in conveying her to the carriage, and the whole party retired looking very blank and dejected.

About three months afterwards, the
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same lady came to church again to be married, and never in my life did I see so astonishing a change as that which had taken place in her person and demeanour. She had grown quite plump; a sweet flush suffused her face, and her eyes, instead of being sunk and hollow, were now radiantly brilliant. She stepped forward with a cheerful air, and her voice sounded joyously. If my surprise were great at this alteration, it was still greater when I looked at the bridegroom, and saw that he was the very same gentleman who had come before. I thought, to be sure, that the lady who had grieved so deeply was now going to be united to her first love—but, no such thing; and I was told afterwards, that the young heiress was so shocked by the inconstancy of the faithless friend—for it seems that he was not aware of the report of his death, and had long ceased to trouble himself about her—that her attachment was quite cured, and she had determined to bestow her hand and fortune upon the man who best deserved them.

There was something very remarkable about the next couple who came to be married. The lady was old, and the gentleman young—a mere boy of one-and-twenty, going to link himself with sixty-five. And such a vinegar crabbed aspect as the bride possessed was surely never exhibited at a wedding before. She seemed conscious that she was about to do a foolish thing, and was angry that the world thought so too; the bridegroom looked sheepish, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, while he rapped his shoe with his cane, much to the discomfiture of the lady, who was compelled to put herself forward as he hung back, and to take his arm instead of waiting to be led to the altar. She could not conceal her mortification at the neglect she experienced, but she bridled, and tossed, and cast such bitter glances upon those who seemed disposed to smile, that all the party stood awe-struck; and when the ceremony commenced, it was rather curious to hear the bridegroom whispering his part of the service, while the sharp shrill voice of the bride was actually startling in the solemn silence of a large and nearly empty church. The contrast between this antiquated belle's yellow parchment visage

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and her snowy drapery was so striking that it increased her ugliness. I could think of nothing but an Egyptian mummy tricked out in white satin; and there were some sly looks passed amid the company when her restless fiery eyes were for a moment withdrawn, which seemed to say that some such idea was gliding through their heads. I suppose that she had a good deal of money, for by the poor lad's manner I should think that nothing else would have induced so young a man to link himself with such a withered, and I may say pestilent hag.

I have seen, to be sure, many unwilling bridegrooms in my time. One, I remember, was evidently brought to church through fear of the brothers of his bride: they came, three of them, to escort the lady, as fierce as dragoon officers; and I believe one of them was in the army, for he clattered in with long spurs, and wore a brave pair of mustachios on his upper lip. The other two were stout athletic men, with an air of great resolution; while the bridegroom, who was strong enough to have coped with any one of them, but who in all probability disliked the chances of a bullet, looked dogged and sullen, taking especial care to shew that the slight civility which he displayed was extorted from him by compulsion. I felt for the poor girl, for she met nothing but stern glances. The rising tears were checked by a frown from some one of her three brothers, who watched her narrowly; and there was little consolation to be drawn from the countenance of her intended husband: if ever he looked up there was a scowl upon his brow. She could only hope to exchange three tyrants for one, and there seemed too great a probability that the last would revenge upon her the treatment which he had received from her kinsmen. The ladies of the party shook their heads and were silent; and altogether I never saw more evil augury, although the termination was not so disastrous as that which I once witnessed upon a nearly similar occasion.

The lady, according to custom, came first. She had many of her friends about her; and the whole company shewed more joy than is generally exhibited by the polite world, even on these happy events. There appeared to be a sort of congratula-

tion amongst them, as though they had brought some fortunate circumstance to pass of which they had despaired; and amid them also was a tall bluff-looking brother, who seemed very well pleased with the success of his exertions. The bride, too, was in high spirits, and talked and smiled with her bride's-maiden, arranged her dress at the glass, and carried her head with an air. So much were the party occupied with their own satisfied feelings, that they did not appear to observe the wild and haggard look of the bridegroom. I was shocked and alarmed at the pale and ghastly countenance which he presented: he was dressed in black, and though somebody took notice of this circumstance, it was only to joke about it. To me he seemed under the influence of brandy or of laudanum, for he talked strangely, and laughed in such a manner that I shuddered at the sound. Nobody, however, appeared to regard it; and the wedding party entered the church as gaily as possible. During the ceremony the bridegroom's mood changed; as if struck by its solemnity, he became grave; a shade of inexpressible sadness passed over his wan, cold brow; and large drops of perspiration chased each other down his face. The nuptial rite ended, he stooped forward to kiss the bride, and just as the clergyman turned to leave the altar, drew a pistol from his bosom, and shot himself through the heart before an arm could be raised to prevent him! Down dropped the new married couple together, for this unhappy gentleman had entangled himself in his wife's drapery, and dragged her with him as he fell. It was a horrid sight to see the dead and the living stretched in this fearful embrace upon the ground. Paralyzed by the report of the pistol, we stood aghast, and a minute elapsed before even I could stretch out my hand to extricate the bride from her shocking situation. She had not fainted, and she could not weep; but her eyes were glazed, her features rigid, and her skin changed to a deep leaden hue. Her satin robe was in several places stained with blood; and surely never was any spectacle half so ghastly! Her friends repressed their tears and sobs, and, gathering round her, attempted to convey her away. She submitted as if unwittingly; but when

her foot was on the threshold of the portal she burst into long and continued shrieks. The whole church rang with the appalling cry; and it was not until she had completely exhausted herself by her screams, and had sunk into a sort of torpor, interrupted only by low moans, that she could be taken from the fatal spot. A coroner's inquest sat in the vestry, and a sad tale of female levity, and of the weakness and libertinism of man, came out. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon, and I gladly turn to pleasanter recollections.

We had a very fine party shortly afterwards, who arrived in two or three carriages. The bride was young and fair, but she held her head down, and seemed greatly agitated. It was very easy to perceive that her heart had not been consulted in the choice of a husband. The father, a tall heavy-browed man, cast severe and threatening glances upon his trembling daughter; but the mother, though she seemed equally bent upon the match, interceded for a little cessation of hostilities, and when the shrinking girl asked to be allowed to walk for a moment with one friend in the church, in order to collect her scattered thoughts, leave was granted. As she passed out of the door she dropped her white satin reticule, and it clanked heavily against the steps—a sound not at all like that of a smelling-bottle, and I must confess that my curiosity was strongly excited. I endeavoured to pick it up—but before I could bend my arm, which is a little stiff with the rheumatism, she had whipped it off the ground, and down the side aisle she went, leaning upon her companion's arm. This aisle is long, and rather dark, terminating in a heavy oaken screen, which conceals the green baize door leading to the front portal. She passed behind this screen and was seen no more! I thought it very odd, but it was not my place to speak, so I returned into the vestry room, that I might not be questioned. Presently the bridegroom arrived, and an ill-favoured gentleman he was, with a fretful discontented countenance; and he began complaining of having been detained at home by some fool's message. After he had grumbled for a few minutes the bride was called for—she was not to be found. The father stormed. "Is this a time," he exclaimed,

"to play such childish tricks! she has hidden herself in some corner?" and away we all hastened in search of her. The church doors were shut and locked, but as I passed up the gallery stairs I observed that the bolts were withdrawn from that which led from the side aisle. I did not, however, feel myself compelled to publish this discovery, though I shrewdly suspected that the reticule which had rung so loudly as it fell contained a key; and so it proved. Some time was wasted in examining the organ-loft, and indeed every place in which a mouse might have been concealed. At last somebody hit upon the truth, and a little inquiry placed the elopement beyond a doubt. We learned that a carriage had been in waiting at a corner of the street opposite to the church; and that a gentleman had been seen loitering under the portico, who, the instant that two ladies popped out, conducted them to his equipage, which moved leisurely away, while we were engaged in our unsuccessful search. Upon strict examination it came out that a pew-opener had furnished the means of obtaining a false key. It would be impossible to describe the rage and dismay of the disappointed parties: the mother went off in hysterics, the bridegroom looked sourer than ever, the father raved and swore bitterly; and the clergyman, after vainly attempting to pacify him, read him a lecture upon his intemperate conduct. All those who were not related to the parties slunk quietly away, perhaps to have their laugh out; and I take shame to myself to say that I could not help enjoying the scene, so thoroughly unamiable did those persons appear with whom the fair bride was unfortunately connected. I was anxious about the young couple, and heard with great pleasure that they got safe to Scotland.

Another young lady, forced by her parents to the altar, did not manage matters quite so cleverly. They had dressed her out, poor thing, in ball-room attire; her beautiful hair fell in ringlets from the crown of her head, down a swan-like throat as white as snow, and these glossy tresses were wreathed with long knots of pearl, which crossed her forehead twice, and mingled in rich loops with the clustering curls. Her white arms were bare, for her

gloves had been lost in the coach, and the veil had slipped from her head and hung in disorder over her shoulders. Before the carriage reached the church, I saw her fair face thrust out of one of the windows, as if in expectation of seeing somebody. She paused for an instant on the steps, and, unmindful of the gazing crowd, cast hurried glances up and down the street; and even in the vestry-room, and in the church, she searched every corner narrowly with her eyes, turning round quickly at the slightest sound. Hope did not forsake her until the very last moment—when the bridegroom appeared—a tall prim personage, who drew on his gloves very deliberately, not seeing or heeding the agonizing perturbation of his intended bride. Her movements became more hurried as her expectation of a rescue decreased. She suffered herself, as if bewildered, to be led to the communion table; her head all the time turned over her shoulder, still watching for the arrival of some too tardy friend. But when she stood by the rails, and the actual commencement of the ceremony struck upon her ear, she seemed to awaken to a full sense of her dangerous situation; and, throwing up her beautiful white arms, and tearing away the long curls from her brow, she exclaimed, with much vehemence, “No! no! no!” Her bosom heaved as though it would have burst through the satin and lace which confined it; her dark flashing eyes seemed starting from her head; her cheek was now flushed with the hue of crimson, and now pale as death, and every feature was swelled and convulsed by the tumultuous emotions which shook her frame. The tall prim gentleman looked astounded: there was a gathering together of friends; but the bride was not to be appeased—she still continued her half-frenzied exclamation, “No! no! no!” A slight scuffle was heard outside the church, and in the next moment a fine-looking young man dashed in through the vestry room, scarcely making two steps to the afflicted fair, who, uttering a piercing cry of joy, rushed into his outstretched arms. The clergyman shut his book, scandalized by the indecorum of these proceedings; the tall prim gentleman opened his eyes, and seemed fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for a card; and the lovers,

careless of every thing but each other, clasped in a fervent embrace, had sunk down upon one of the free seats in the middle aisle—the youth swearing by heaven and earth that his beloved should not be torn from his grasp, and the lady sobbing on his shoulder. The parents of the bride, confounded and amazed at this unexpected catastrophe, had nothing to say. They at length attempted to sooth the bridegroom; but he had elevated his eyebrows, and, looking unutterable things, was evidently preparing to walk off; and, this resolution taken, he was not to be stayed. He seized his hat, placed it solemnly under his arm, faced about, and, perceiving that his rival was wholly engrossed in wiping away the tears from the loveliest pair of eyes in the world, he pursed up his mouth to its original formality, and marched straight out of the church. An arrangement now took place between the intruder and the crest-fallen papa and mamma. The latter was left with her daughter, while the two gentlemen went in quest of a new license. The young lady, a little too wilful it must be owned, pouted and coaxed, till the old lady's brow relaxed, and all was harmony. Again the curate was called upon to perform his office, and now radiant smiles played upon the lips of the bride—a soft confusion stole over her cheek, and scarcely waiting until the conclusion of the ceremony, as if she feared a second separation, she clung to her husband's arm, not quitting it even while signing her name in the book.

There was nothing extraordinary about the next couple who joined their hands in our church, excepting their surpassing beauty. It seemed a question which could be styled the handsomer, the lady or the gentleman: both were tall, and both had that noble aspect which one is apt to fancy the exclusive gift of high birth. The bridegroom was a man of rank, and the bride little inferior in family connexion. The friends of each party, magnificently appointed, graced the ceremony: altogether it seemed a most suitable match, and was one of the grandest weddings that had taken place for a long time. The whole affair was conducted with the greatest propriety; hearts, as well as hands, appeared to be joined; the lady smiling through

the few tears which she seemed to shed, only because her mother and her sisters wept at parting from her, and the rapturous delight of the gentleman breaking through the cold and guarded forms prescribed by fashion.

I was much amazed to see the same lady only five years afterwards come again to our church to be married. The same she certainly was, but still how different! Wrapped in a plain *deshabille*; attended by a cringing female, who bore the stamp of vulgarity in face, dress, and demeanour; her cheeks highly rouged, and the elegant modesty of her manners changed into a bold recklessness, which seemed to struggle with a sense of shame. I could scarcely believe my eyes; the widow of a nobleman would not surely have been in this degraded state. I was soon convinced of the truth of the surmise which flashed across my mind: she answered to the responses in her maiden name—she had been divorced—and the man to whom she now plighted the vow so lately broken, was he worthy of the sacrifice? I should say, no! He was, I understand, one of the wits of the day; but in person, bearing, and breeding, sadly, wretchedly beneath her former lord. She seemed to feel her situation, notwithstanding all her efforts to shake off the painful recollections that would arise. I saw her press her hand once or twice upon her heart; and when her eyes glanced around, and caught those well-known objects which she had gazed upon in happier days, she heaved deep and frequent sighs. There was less of solemn earnestness about the clergyman who officiated than usual, and he seemed to hurry over the service as though the holy rite were prophaned in joining guilt and shame together. But though the marriage-ceremony was cut short, it had already detained this dishonoured pair too long: as they were leaving the altar the vestry-door opened, and a gay bridal party descended the steps. It was the divorced lady's deserted husband, leading a beautiful young creature, the emblem of innocence and purity, by the hand, and surrounded by a host of friends splendidly attired. A start, and almost a scream of recognition, betrayed the emotion which the wretched woman, who had forfeited her rank in society, sustained at this

unexpected and most unwished-for meeting. She had many mortifications to undergo before she could get away. During the ceremony of signing her name, several individuals made excuse to enter the vestry, in order to stare at her; while the ladies, in passing by, shrunk away as though they feared contamination; and she was obliged to walk half-way down the street, amid a line of gaping menials, before she could reach her shabby carriage, which had drawn off to make room for the coroneted coaches of the noble company in the church.

There was something I thought exceedingly strange about another wedding which took place nearly at the same period. One chariot contained the whole party, which consisted of an elderly and a young gentleman, and the bride, a very pretty girl, not more than seventeen or eighteen at the utmost. She was handsomely dressed, but in colours, and not with the precision and neatness of a bride: her clothes, though fashionable and expensive, were certainly not entirely new, bearing slight tokens of having been worn before. Neither did she shew any thing like timidity or bashfulness; asking a hundred questions, as if totally ignorant of the forms and ceremonies usually observed at weddings, laughing heartily at the idea of a set of demure bridesmaids, and exclaiming continually, "La! how ridiculous!" The bridegroom lounged upon the chair and benches, and said it would be a fine addition to a parson's income, if he could unmarry the fools who were silly enough to slip into his noose; and the old gentleman listened to this idle conversation with a grieved and mortified air. The young couple, it seems, had not very long returned from a journey to Scotland, and were now reunited, to satisfy the scruples of the bride's father; although both appeared as if they would have been as well pleased to have been left at liberty to seize the facilities offered in the North for the annulling, as well as the celebrating of contracts, too often hastily performed and speedily repented.

There was a gentleman, a sort of Blue-Beard I must call him, who, having his town-house in our parish, came five times to be married; and I observed that in all his five wives he seemed to make a pretty good choice, at least as far as beauty went.

The first was a blooming country nymph, who, except that her hair was powdered, and she wore high-heeled shoes, might have passed, with her large curls pinned stiffly in a row, immense hat, and spreading furbelows, for a belle of the present day : and a mighty comely pair she and the 'Squire made. The second wife was a languishing lady of quality, who, annoyed at the bridegroom's old-fashioned prejudice against a special license, kept her salts in her hand, said that the church smelled of dead bodies, and that she should catch some disease and die : and so she did. Then came the third, buttoned up in a riding-habit, which was an ugly fashion adopted at weddings some fifteen or twenty years ago, with a man's hat upon her head, and a green gauze veil : her partner, then a little inclining to the shady side of life, affected the fooleries of the times, and was dressed in the very tip

of the mode. She looked as though she would see him out ; but he came again ; and the fourth, a pale, pensive, ladylike woman, apparently far gone in a consumption, who seemed, poor thing, as though she had been crossed in love, and now married only for a maintenance, did not last long. The fifth time we had three weddings : the old gentleman and his son espoused two sisters ; the former taking care to choose the younger lady, and his daughter married the uncle of her father's bride. It was a droll exhibition ; and I think that the elder Benedict would have done well to remain in his widowed state ; for he appeared to have caught a Tartar at last, and would have some difficulty in carrying things with the high hand which he had done with his former wives. I have not heard of his death, but I still retain the expectation of seeing his widow.

SKETCHES FROM MY DIARY.—No. II.

Weep not for her ! Oh she was far too fair,
 Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth !
 The sinless glory, and the golden air
 Of Zion, seemed to claim her from her birth :
 A spirit wandered from its native zone,
 Which, soon discovering, took her for its own :
 Weep not for her !

March 2d.—Mr. Hamilton dined with us to-day : what singular youthfulness and freshness of feeling he possesses ! How simple, and yet how nervous is his language. And what a clear bright eye—who that listens to him, and looks on him, could suppose he were now in his seventieth year ? After dinner the beauty of the evening tempted us to walk. Lucy was seized with an idle fit ; so I set out, attended only by my dear old beau. As I stopped to admire the picturesque situation of a cottage that stood in a deep but most sweet solitude, Mr. Hamilton looked at it and said, "Once I would have called that cottage the very dwelling of gladness : youth and beauty abode in it, and the Lord blessed it with his favour ; but, alas ! with what chastening have all who dwelt there been visited !" He sighed heavily, as he

added, "there is indeed a melancholy story connected with that little dwelling !" —"Dear sir," I exclaimed, "how much I should like to hear it !" He smiled kindly on me, and said, "I intended to tell it to you, my child, for I think you will be interested in the history of poor Alice ; and I have brought some papers which she gave me, that will tell it in her own simple words."

I remember every sentence of the tale he told me ; for Mr. Hamilton never speaks a word that does not seem to be engraved upon the tablet of my memory. Much, however—it may be all—the interest of the tale was derived from the looks and manner of the venerable narrator. How this may be I know not ; but the story which he told me was as follows.

Among the young scholars who attended

my Sabbath evening-school, none had so much attracted my attention as the beautiful and gentle Alice Blantyre. She was, indeed, a fair and lovely creature. Yet this wondrous adornment of person was rivalled, nay exceeded, by the purity and holiness of her young heart. It was the earnest humility of her looks, while listening on a Sabbath-night to my explanations of the words of our blessed Lord, that first drew my attention to this sweet child. None of my dear pupils ever turned on me such speaking looks as I used to meet from the blue eyes of Alice—none ever clasped their little hands to address "OUR FATHER which is in heaven" with such devoted yet humble adoration. None ever deplored, with such penitent and contrite tears, the magnitude of inborn sin, as did this gentle and precious child, this child of my love and of my grey hairs. But now did she approach her seventeenth year; and it was fitting that she should no longer attend me in that school-room, where, while she was yet a lisping babe, I had taught her to adore that Jesus who had said, "suffer little children to come unto me." And how did I behold the innocent maiden grow up to womanhood! And there was not a fairer creature in the green valley of Glenrae! When the old men beheld her, as she glided along the hill-side, with the light of the evening sun shining on her dark locks, they prayed that a blessing might be upon the head of the sweet Alice Blantyre; and the young men never saw her without wishing they might one day call Alice their own wedded wife.

I was at this time called from home on business which I expected would detain me only a few weeks; and never shall I forget the evening previous to my departure. I stood with Alice under the shade of the rose-trees that climbed even to the roof of her low dwelling; the brightness of a Midsummer moonlight fell upon the maiden, and marked out every graceful line of her white drapery; and some of the flowers of the rose-tree, silvered over with dew, rested upon her dark locks, and formed a natural garland round her head. Sweet Alice! again and again I folded you to my bosom; and tears, so seldom shed by the aged, fell from my eyes upon your young brow, when at last we parted. It was now a

relief to me to be alone; for then I was able to pour out my heart in prayer, and fervently I did indeed pray—pray that this lamb might never stray from the fold of the Great Shepherd. Five months after I had parted from Alice Blantyre—for I had been detained by vexatious and distressing matters—I returned to my parish. It was late on Saturday night when I arrived; and when I rose upon the Sabbath morning a thick haze enveloped every object, and a cold penetrating dew was falling heavily. I felt a melancholy sensation pressing on my heart; but I folded my plaid about me, and proceeded with a quicker step than that in which I usually walked, along the footpath leading from the manse to the lowly church, where for forty years I had preached the Scriptures. When seated in the pulpit, my eyes involuntarily turned towards the corner in which I used to recognize the fair face of Alice Blantyre. And she was there now—or did my old eyes deceive me? Could the spectre on which I looked be indeed my child? Alas! the sudden glow that coloured her pale cheek, and the delighted look she threw on me, told me it was indeed Alice; and when I heard her sweet voice joining in the holy psalm—that voice that now sounded like the broken music we would chaunt over the dying or the dead—I knew it was my gentle Alice that I saw; and when she raised her eyes, full of humility and holiness, towards heaven, I felt that *guilt* had nought to do with the alteration I beheld in her.

The first place I visited on the following morning was the cottage where Alice dwelt; and as I went along the brae-side I remembered how often I had seen Alice bounding there like a young fawn; and now, as I approached the cottage, I saw her seated on the green turf before her father's door, and there was a book upon her knee, and I well knew that book—it was the Bible I had given to her on the Sabbath on which she first partook of the sacrament of our Lord's Supper. I gently sat down beside her on the grassy turf; and, as I took her thin hand in mine, I said to her, "Alice, my child, what means this change?"—"It is the will of Him," she replied, "who dwelleth in the heavens; and he hath been gracious unto me, he hath restored thee to

my sight before I die : but it may not be that I should thus waste the precious time bestowed upon me by my heavenly Father ; here," she said, putting a little packet into my hands, " you will find a confession of all my sinfulness, and now let us no longer speak about so vile a worm." And Alice would no longer speak about herself ; but she knelt down by my side, and prayed with the simple fervour of a young child ; and while she yet knelt among the flowers that were blooming around us, her faint voice became fainter—her clasped hands relaxed in their hold—and she fell back cold and dead, a whiter and a fairer thing than the lilies among which she lay."

" And death came on her like the gentle sleep
Of an innocent child, so calm and deep ;
And she lay there like a pale young flow'r,
Gentle and calm in her dying hour ;
And, oh ! it was beautiful to see
A soul thus pass to eternity !"

When I returned to my lonely and now melancholy home, I opened the packet intrusted to me by Alice, and I found in it the following papers.

" *To the Reverend — Hamilton.*

" My dear Mr. Hamilton : When I parted from you I was a happy, and almost an innocent creature. I never laid my head upon my pillow but to dream sweet pleasant dreams ; and I never rose but my heart felt grateful to our blessed Lord. I loved him in the sweet singing of the birds, and in the bright flowers I used to gather while the dew was yet hanging like silver bells upon their leaves. But you had not been gone many days when my father began to droop, and he said he must see Alan Cameron, his brother's child, before the days of his pilgrimage were ended ; and Alan came, and my father loved to look on him, and I also loved to look upon his sweet face, and to hear his sweeter voice ; and we used to wander together in the twilight by the river-side, and in the birken howe.

" And we wandered together among the woods,
And among the wild and the deep solitudes ;
And together ador'd the mighty Pow'r
Whose eye was upon us in that lone hour ;

And we worshipp'd together the mighty hand
That had formed our bright and beautiful land."

" And I cheated my own heart, and made myself believe I was thinking of God and of heaven ; but I was only strengthening myself in my wickedness, for it was of Alan I was thinking ; and when he spoke to me of his house at Braeside, and when he said to me, ' I will love thee, Alice, when that bright hair of thine has turned grey, and when my old eyes in their blindness shall no longer be able to rest upon thy sweet face, still I will love thee, Alice Blantyre ; and I will love, in our old age, as dearly as I do now in our youth, to hear thy gentle voice of a Sabbath night singing the holy psalm.'—I listened to Alan, and believed I loved to listen to him because he talked of holy things ; but, alas ! I began now to love holy things for the sake of him who spoke of them. One evening we went, as we were wont, to walk by the river-side. The sun was shining on the water like a stream of molten gold ; and the birch-trees and the heather sent up sweet incense to heaven. And Alan and I spoke of the mercies of our blessed Lord ; but our hearts, in our ingratitude, thought only of each other. The water looked so cool and beautiful, that Alan said he would row me back to my father's house in our fishing-boat ; and we went into it together, and I had no fear, for Alan was sitting at my side. As we glided happily along, the boat almost grazed the leaves of a beautiful lily—the part of the stream on which we then were was deep and rapid—and we were quickly passing the flower—but I stretched far over the boat to gather it—and I remember nothing more except a choking in my throat, and the rush and the swell of waters closing above me ! When I came to my senses I was in my own room, and in my own bed, and Alan—where was he ?"

The tears of the writer had effaced what yet remained of the narrative ; but next day, as I passed through the church-yard, I saw a new-made grave, and upon the stone was engraved—

ALAN CAMERON :
Aged 24.

THE ASTROLOGER.

(Continued from page 17.)

ASTONISHED at such a mysterious disappearance, Edward de Lancaster stood breathless and panting with agitation. "But an instant ago," he said, "and she was here, standing upon this very rock beside me. I saw her countenance, I marked the waving of her dress, yet notwithstanding such an undoubted symptom of humanity, she has contrived to vanish into air. Humph! very odd! I do not see how she can well be a fairy—a ghost—and yet she must be either the one or the other. Very odd, certainly! I'll e'en go back and acquaint the abbot with the circumstance, and to-morrow, be she who or what she may, I'll unravel the mystery;" and accordingly he posted back to the convent, where he explained every thing to the abbot and his attendant monks, the consequence of which was, his being unanimously ridiculed as a visionary.

I need not tell my readers that when once a mystery has taken strong hold of a youthful and enthusiastic fancy, the brain continues in a state of ferment until that mystery is fairly and satisfactorily elucidated. Now Edward had no sooner betaken himself to his couch than he revolved every circumstance connected with his late adventure in succession, twisting it this way, and twisting it that, here exaggerating and there diminishing a little, until his imagination, ever in the extreme, convinced him that the whole was the illusion of enchantment. A very pretty conclusion for a young gentleman of the sixteenth century to come to.

The next morning rose bright and cloudless; and scarcely could the mists find time to rise up, like a curtain from the lake, before our hero, all expectation, quitted his sleepless pallet, and directed his steps towards the rock where the fair unknown had vanished. On reaching it, he seated himself upon a loose heap of stones beside him, when suddenly the same music that he had heard the preceding day again came pealing towards him, but faint and strangled, as if it sounded from some depth beneath him. At this instant, a huge stone

gave way at his feet, and while he was yet striving to renew his seat upon another, the whole mass thus wedged from its proper place, yawned asunder, disclosing an aperture just sufficient to admit the entrance of a man, and of course a woman. Not with more pleasure did the ten thousand Greeks cry "Eureka," at the first sight of the dear ocean which was to bear them to their native home, than did our hero survey what he now called the explanation of a strange mystery. Slowly, but with courage, he descended, covering up as well as he could the entrance, and picking his way over ledges of broken rocks, with here and there a mass of shapeless ruins that might once perhaps have formed parts of a column. This business of exploring continued, say for full half an hour, when the aperture insensibly enlarged, and disclosed at the far end a something which ingenuity might call a room. Towards this room Edward now made the best of his way, till, after arriving at a spot where the rock, being overarched, and tinselled with glittering spar, gave an appearance of space and splendour, he took his station behind some faggots which were piled up promiscuously on one side of this natural apartment, and leisurely looked about him. At one end, and stationed beside a harp, sat a young lady who had apparently just finished playing; and close behind her stood a high inscrutable-looking old man, dressed after a quaint unknown fashion, with his full melancholy eyes fast riveted on his fair companion. Suddenly his gaze became averted; and as he turned towards the spot behind which our hero stood concealed, he recognised in his stern features, lofty furrowed brow, grey beard, and haughty carriage, the astrologer of the tower—the unwelcome prophet of misery and murder. But the young lady—who was she? thought Edward: her dress was simple, but of a fashion long since passed away, and her dark luxuriant hair, as it curled in ringlets upon a neck whose alabaster whiteness might shame the swan's plumage, gave an expression of almost

superhuman interest to her beauty. Her figure was slender, but not too much so; her eye dark and lustrous, while her countenance possessed that peculiar nameless interest which, once beheld, can never afterwards be forgotten. As Edward stood gazing at this delightful vision she again had recourse to her harp, and played the very air which had twice before so delighted him. He could now no longer repress his ecstasy—caution was absorbed in admiration—so leaping at a bound from behind the faggots, he stood motionless and visible before her.

At this instant the astrologer chancing to turn round, beheld the young intruder, and instantly recognised his former visitant at the tower. His eye flashed fire at the discovery, and in no very measured terms he insisted on his immediate departure. But a spell was on the youth—the spell of love and beauty: he apologized, indeed, for his intrusion, but still there he stood, rooted to all appearance as firmly as Snowdon in the earth. After a pause, during which an arch glance from the lady had identified her in his mind with the peasant girl of Tally—

“I am aware,” said he, “of my intrusion, but listen to the explanation I offer. The sound of music proceeding, as it seemed, from below the earth, arrested my attention; and while I remained silent, entranced, and wondering at the sounds, the ledge on which I sat gave way, disclosing the aperture through which I have now ventured into your presence. Speak, stranger, are you satisfied?”

The earnest simplicity of this explanation appeared to interest the feelings of the old man, who, in a voice hollow with contending emotions, exclaimed, “from my soul I pity you; the horoscope of your destiny, when last we met within the tower, was portentous, and the star that flashed forth beside the moon at midnight, when we two stood beneath its light, pointed to misery and murder. You are doomed to wretchedness, young man, as are all who have ever stood in my presence, when yon bright star, twinkling now like an eye beside the moon, was high in heaven. Leave us, I entreat you.”

Edward was slowly retiring when a look from the young lady, half pity, half sup-

plication, and perhaps one-third tenderness, induced him to stay. “You promised,” he said, addressing the old man, “to reveal futurity to me—may I request your performance of that promise?”

“Of what use can that be? Why so eagerly desire to peruse the book of fate when its contents are torture! Have I not warned you of your fate?”

“You have, but —”

“A restless curiosity goads you on—”

“Perhaps so.”

“Meet me, then, to-morrow night within the tower, when the valley is yet scarcely wet with the midnight vapours, and the monastery clock strikes ten. But now away—away, or we never meet again.”

The stern manner in which this last command was uttered induced Edward to obey; so, slowly threading his steps back through the long interstices of the cavern, he emerged into the air just at the foot of the rock, and reached the monastery in time for his night’s repast.

Oh! with what anxiety did not our hero await the next nightfall! Morning came and went, but the sun seemed to lag in the firmament; evening lingered on its road—and the western clouds retained the flush of twilight longer than he had ever known them do before! At last night, like every thing else, came on; and scarcely had the bell struck ten, when Edward was clambering the old staircase of the tower. The astrologer was seated beside the window, alone, with an astrolabe at his feet, and a dress of a more quaint fashion than before—dark—solemn, and replete with talismanic devices, wrapt loosely round his majestic figure. As Edward approached, he looked steadfastly towards him, and tears, long since repressed, burst from his eyes. At last, after a pause, he addressed our hero, inquired minutely into all the particulars of his family—fortunes, principles, and education; to each of which having received a satisfactory reply, he again paused—and—“Age,” he abruptly exclaimed, “is any thing but communicative, more especially an age passed like mine in misery; but there is something, young man, in your open, fearless, yet candid behaviour, that wins the confidence of even me. Your father, too, is, or was a friend to Wales, and that alone is a warrant of your sin-

cerity, Listen then,"—he added, in a more impressive manner; "in me you behold the last descendant of the last of the bards who were massacred by the sanguinary Edward. For some years I was attached to the fortunes and family of Llewellyn, but I lived to see his race almost extinguished—his honours past from him, his body stretched bleeding and breathless upon the heather, and the independence of Wales lost by one fatal battle. I am now no longer a Welchman; I abjure—I scorn my country; and shall devote the few remaining years of life to solitude. I never stir out—for my heart would break, and my eyes would fill were I to witness my countrymen in the livery of slaves; so this young stranger"—pointing with a faint smile to the lady, who just then entered the room, "is my sole messenger—my friend and victualist. And in her," continued the astrologer, in a more impassioned tone, "in her, though thus degraded by attendance on her father's servant, you behold Alice—the sole remaining daughter of Llewellyn. Behold her, Sir, she is the Queen, the legitimate but unacknowledged Queen of Wales."

With agitated but respectful address, De Lancaster advanced towards this beautiful relic of royalty: she received him with dignity blended with tenderness; and when our hero inquired the reasons of her appearing in the garb of a Welsh peasant girl—"You must know," she replied, with a smile, "that I have assumed this disguise

in order to prevent exposure and mortification. As a poor peasant, I can safely traverse the neighbourhood—provide for the daily wants of my dear old friend beside me; but as an acknowledged Queen you must allow, Sir, that it would be rather inconsistent with my dignity to purchase provisions at a village-market."

"But the cave," exclaimed Edward, "the cave?"

"There is no mystery attending even that," interrupted the astrologer, "this part of the country, being the quarter which was most disturbed, is excavated in numerous places: among other recesses the one you saw last has been familiar to me from infancy; and by joining the town at the foot of the lake, affords the amplest opportunities of seclusion. I have selected it, therefore, as my residence for life."

Being thus satisfied in every respect (for there is no mystery in life so great as that made by an excited fancy) De Lancaster was now reluctantly preparing to depart, when the astrologer, with a more kind look than he had hitherto shown, told him that in his behalf, as he seemed to desire it, he would relax his vow of seclusion, and that sometimes, but never till evening and when alone, he might bend his steps towards the tower; a permission which the youth received with open, and the lady with concealed satisfaction, which, I think, you'll agree with me was all exactly as it should be.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WANDERINGS IN THE LAND OF HAFIZ.

(Continued from page 26.)

THE CHASE.

"His dwelling I have made the wilderness, and the barren lands his resort; the range of mountains are his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing!"

I HAD left the gilded minarets of the gardens of Ispahan far behind, when the vast mountain-valleys which divide that midland part of the empire from the great plains of what may be called Persia-proper (the Persis of the ancients, of which Persepolis was the capital) opened before me; wild, magnificent, and chastened by me-

mory on every rocky promontory's brow, with some memorial of its mightier days. Sometimes, indeed, the chisel of a sculptor of many ages back was found to have recorded, in yet evident imagery, the heroes who had passed that way, "mighty hunters," a thousand years ago; or whose deeds of martial glory had stamped that

their abiding place with the characters of greatness.

While I stood musing, or rather my horse stood quiet under my loosened rein, while I sat absorbed in the thoughts the scene suggested, in one moment I saw a fleet creature shoot across the mouth of the defile where I had halted, with my attendants a little in my rear; but in that instant they, with the dogs our companions, dashed past me, their horses in full speed, and the dogs in loud cry, after the animal I had just seen so like a flash of lightning. My own horse followed immediately; and on he carried me, for I needed not to urge him, through the valleys and over the hills, in chase of a creature that seemed formed of air; so momentarily he started again and again to sight, and again as instantly vanished. But the scent was yet in the experienced knowledge of our native dogs, till at last, just as we came plunging down the side of a deep ravine, they appeared at fault. A river here crossed the path. The dogs stood at gaze, for the scent was gone. "He has taken somewhere to the water!" cried one of my people; "and we have lost a good supper!" ejaculated another. I expressed my admiration at the swiftness of the animal, asking what species of deer it was; for I could hardly say I had seen more than the apparition of a flying shadow, of a light dun colour. A Persian khan (who had joined me at Ispahan, and been the leading huntsman now) smiled at my question, answering, that it was a creature whose flesh was held in higher relish than any deer's in the king's park! In short, it was the *ghour*. Again I wanted more explanation; and then I found that by this name he meant the wild ass of the desert. I could scarcely credit that any animal, however wild, of the species of the poor sluggish rough-coated beast we have in England, could be such a thing of grace and airy motion; for grace can be discerned by a glance, when the details of form may not be distinguished. My friend the khan broke forth in ardent eulogies of the delights in hunting this noble game, which, by its native hardihood and untameable wildness, led the daring pursuers into situations of more desperate peril than any animal would venture to attempt. "It

has ever," continued the khan, "for that reason been the favourite object of our most valiant, and therefore noted princes. One in particular, the renowned Boharam, was surnamed the *Ghour* on account of his passion for the chase of this intrepid creature; and, in the end, he lost his life in the pursuit of one of them."

The circumstances my companion then related were wonderful and affecting. It seems that Boharam, being virtuous as well as brave, was tenderly beloved by his queen; a woman, the story tells, worthy of such a consort. Happy in his presence alone, she always attended him to the chase, and planted her pavilion usually in the *Valley of Heroes*, the name given to the extensive forest regions most especially considered the free range of the fine animals devoted to the sport. But that valley, by its total abandonment to nature alone, became intersected, in various parts, with morass, dangerous as quicksands, and deep miry pools of water, hidden under a surface of long grass or thicket. Into one of these, the heroic, the universally beloved Boharam fell! In heedless chase of the flying ghour, and even in full view of his queen, he plunged headlong and disappeared. Man and horse were gone; the miry pool closed over them, and the grass waved lightly in the wind, as if nought else had disturbed its solitary tranquillity. Indeed, so instant was the disappearance and the death, that not a struggle could have shaken the mass below, not a sound. But the cry above was terrific. The shrieks of the queen resounded from echo to echo of the adjoining hills; and, breaking from her attendants, she rushed to the side of the green spot where she had beheld the beloved of her heart lost to her for ever in this world.

"Boharam! Boharam!" she cried, "hear me! receive me again to thy dear arms!"—and before any body could be aware of her intention, she had cast herself on the bosom of that horrid grave, and in the same instant was also lost to the sight. But the grass heaved for a moment over her, and then all was still. Her heart had found Boharam! And long did the tears of a bewailing people flow in remembrance of that treacherous pool, yet to be seen and avoided in the far-famed Vale of Heroes.

I was powerfully struck by this narrative; and the more so when, soon after, entering the very vale, the khan shewed me the pool which had engulfed the king and his too faithful wife. But not only them; for it seems that, a few years ago, a young gentleman in the suite of one of our travellers there must needs go too near the fatal spot, and something exciting his horse, it gave a plunge forward, and both shared the same destiny with the unfortunate monarch. But again our sympathies were interrupted; the people who were our attendants, and were then a little ahead of us, gave a shout—"the ghour! the ghour!"—and looking onward, we saw the animal in full speed before them. My friend was off on the same career, in spite of pools and pit-falls; and my good horse took the same route. Suffice it to say this hunt proved successful, and to the no small triumph of the hunters, it is so difficult a matter ever to reach the ghour, either by dog or gun. This creature was shot, and by the khan; and his exultation could not have been more had he levelled the Grand Seignior himself, the sworn enemy of his great master the Shah! The animal proved to be a young one; and after being exhibited before me, that I might note its difference from the common ass, and peculiar formations for such extraordinary fleetness, the dead carcass was given to the people for due disposal of its venison, of which we were to partake. While the anticipated feast was preparing, and the khan and myself, with an Armenian merchant (another member of my little caravan) were reposing ourselves from the fatigue of the late pursuit, and the increased heat of the day, our drawing-room the delightful shade of some sycamores, our sofas the green bank of a sedgy rivulet, the intelligent Mussulman gave me some account of the various species of ass he had seen, and which, in the east, appear as numerous as the tribes of dogs with us in Europe.

The wild creature I had myself just been examining was rather larger than our English donkey, shaped in the body and limbs much like a deer; the tail long, and tufted at the point in the manner of its humbler brethren with us; its head, also, is of a similar form with them, only the

frontlet-bone over the nose of a higher arch; and the eyes (for during the last chase I could observe their flashing brightness) seem of an infinitely greater vivacity and fire. The colour of the creature was chiefly light dun, with a white belly; the bristled mane dark, and also the streak down the back, but there was no traverse work of any kind by the shoulders. When I saw him lying dead before me, the beautiful limbs, motionless, formed to outspeed the winds, and which I had beheld only a few moments ago—"taking the hills at a leap," I could not but regret the fate of that young inheritor of the desert, whose freedom we had invaded, whose life we had taken, and thus unsparingly cropt, even in the spring of its innocent enjoyments! The Armenian, who had travelled much farther eastward, told me he had met the same kind of animal in the wildernesses towards India; and mentioned the affinity of its name, it being called there the ghourkhur. I then recollected having read a short notice of it by the present Governor of Bombay, that excellent man Mountstuart Elphinstone, in his interesting account of the country of Cabul. "And," continued the Armenian, "are you a Christian, and from the very sanctuary of the Holy Scriptures, the school of the prophets, whence *the feet of them who bring glad tidings* issue! and can you have forgotten that the *sacred book* speaks by the mouth of Job of this very animal, even as you have seen him now? Does he not say, '*Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass, whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren lands his dwelling? He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing.*'" I bowed at this just rebuke, marvelling within me at the way with which we often read even the best things; frequently taking for mere figures of speech the truest representations, and thus perpetuating the ignorance with which we first sat down to our book. I will not call such *perusing* study; study is to reflect on what we read, and the fruits arise accordingly. Convinced of this, I did not hesitate to acknowledge my own reprehensible carelessness to the good Ar-

menian, and so acquitted my teachers of the neglect which had amazed him. He smiled, and shook his head, exclaiming, "So it is! poor human nature; we do indeed need a more efficient instruction than even the best understand; a better reminder than even the best memory!"—"And that instructor, that reminder we have;" I could not but reply, "in the holy spirit of Him who leaves no man without timely suggestions, either by inward awakening thoughts, or, as in the present case, by the required *word in season* from the lips of a friend."

The khan continued gravely attentive during the short dialogue; and when we ceased speaking, warmly expressed his admiration of the passage from Job which had just been quoted. "The ghour is a noble animal!" cried he, "like the kindly Arab tribe of Chameen, without the inherent sins of their other desert brethren! Whom does he pillage? whose blood does he shed? None; he browses on the wild grass, or, in dearth, perishes for want of food: he seeks nothing living for prey; and when he is hunted and taken himself,

his pure teeth do not gnash against his murderers, neither does he lift a hoof to strike again!" After this elegiac kind of eulogy, we sat ourselves all down together upon the green bank; and then he, as well as the Armenian, continued to satisfy my curiosity to know more of the various species of this genus of animal. An animal which, in its domesticated state in the east, other parts of our sacred records have consecrated to us as an object of peculiar interest. The flight into Egypt, and the "meek and lowly" entry into Jerusalem, both bring it forward as humble and docile, and hence particularly favoured by the divine visitant then on earth. And again, we find it at our own doors, bearing the houseless gipsy; we see it on the commons near our paternal homes; play with it in our infancy; mount it in sport, and often maltreat it in wantonness; yet it rebels not; it hangs down its head, and is patient. And when we find we have hearts, and that God has willed they should shew *mercy to beast* as well as to man, we weep for the creature we have stricken, and we love it. (*To be continued.*) P. J.

Original Poetry.

ON RETURNING FROM ABROAD.

O'er many a wild, o'er many a wave,
My solitary path hath been;
Alas! and is a brother's grave
My mournful journey's closing scene?—
My heart had hoped one day to prove,
Though fate of many hath bereft me,
Had fondly hoped a brother's love,
To cheer this drooping heart, was left me!
But hoped in vain!—No more renewed
Is love's embrace, or friendship's vow;
The wreath of death, in tears bedew'd,
Is all that I can give thee now.
Farewell! farewell!—though fate denied
To clasp thee living to my breast,
Still will I kneel thy tomb beside,
And, weeping, hail thy peaceful rest! R.

STANZAS.

I planted a rose in my greenwood bower
Full tenderly priz'd by me,
And I watch'd from the morn to the evening
hour
Its earliest bloom to see.

The breeze was soft, and the sky was blue,
And my rising charge was teeming
With many a bud of the ruby's hue
And leaf of the emerald's beaming:
When, sudden, there came a searching blast
Through its fibres rudely driving,
And dark were the moments of grief I past
As my blossom for life was striving.
But the frown of the storm soon sank away
Unable the stem to sever;
And my victor plant, from that hostile day,
Has flourished more brightly than ever.
And thus, have I mused, does the Christian heart,
In the midst of adversity, gather
The strength that RELIGION alone can impart
All the gales of affliction to weather;
For though, like the rose, it may bend to the
ground
While the tempest with fury is driven,
It will rise with fresh splendour to blossom
around,
And yield its pure homage to HEAVEN.

EPITAPH.

*By Mrs. Hannah Moore.*SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ALBINIA JACKSON,*Who lost her life in the twenty-fifth year of her age,
in the wreck of the Elizabeth, East-Indiaman,
off Dunkirk, on the 27th of December, 1810,
whilst proceeding with her husband to Calcutta.*FAIR, young, and happy, loving and beloved !
A daughter cherished, and a wife approved !
Such was Albinia ;—where could life display
A brighter promise of a prosperous day ?Oh, treacherous calm !—The sky was soon o'er-
cast ;Loud was the surge, and direful was the blast.
Not fond affection's grasping arm could save
The floating victim from her wat'ry grave !—
Thou sad survivor, rescued from the deep,
Improve the respite, cease at length to weep ;
Prepare to meet her on that blissful shore,
Where storms shall beat and friends shall part
no more !—HEAVEN calls, HOPE leads, and FAITH trium-
phant saves,“ Through the dear might of HIM who walked
the waves !”

TO NATURE.

WRITTEN AT THE CAVE NEAR NEW-FORT, RHODE
ISLAND.HAIL ! lovely stranger, clad in vernal flowers,
Nymph of the cavern wild and mountain
hoar ;The times have past since I beheld thy bowers,
When listless childhood spent the fleeting hours,
Where Schuylkill's glassy wave reflects the
woodland shore.Through youthful memory's faintly shaded
screen,They still appear as lovely as before ;
For flowers though dead, and sloping hills not
green,
Are clothed in verdure when at distance seen,
And Fancy lights her lamp at Memory's
waning store.

Then, Nature, I beheld thee in a dream !

The briar-rose clamber'd o'er thy rocky
throne,And clustering bent above a murmuring stream :
So childhood bends attentive to the theme
Of haunted cell, where dismal torches gleam,
Or wizards dance, or dead men dwell alone.This rifted fragment o'er the deep
In awful grandeur lowers ;
Within yon cavern fairies sleep
On ocean's sparkling flowers.There Mystery, in dripping shroud,
Waves her dull sceptre round—
The bolt that bursts the thunder-cloud
Rends not her cell profound.Around that cell a feeble ray
Is sometimes seen to beam ;
It leads the pilgrim from his way,
O'er fen, and moor, and stream.
So, Hope, thy little taper shines,
Unquench'd by winter's blast ;
So he that follows soon repines,
For he's deceived at last.

F.

SONG.

I HAVE perhaps to thee been dear,
But that fond dream has fled ;
And now I shed the bitter tear
To find that joy is dead, Henry !Peace in my heart thou hast destroyed,
Never again to gleam ;
The Hope which most this bosom joyed
Has proved a fading dream, Henry !This heart can never glow again
As it has glow'd for thee ;
It ne'er can wear another's chain,
Since thou hast set it free, Henry !How cold, how cruel now thou art,
To thee I need not tell,
Nor still that love in this warm heart
For thee must ever dwell, Henry !But for another, ne'er this heart
Such grief shall bear again ;
Nor shall a second love impart
To me such madding pain, Henry !
Dulwich Grove. W. H. L.

TO H. A.

I swear to love thee, gentle maid,
By ev'ry tie most dear to truth ;
By all those hopes which never fade
When virtue binds the vows of youth !I swear to love thee, by those eyes
So brightly pure, so purely bright,
That e'en the stars of yonder skies
Cannot surpass their lucid light !I swear to love thee, by that brow
Whence love and holy peace combined
Their brightest beams are darting now,
To warm my heart and glad my mind.Then why, fair maiden, still refuse
To shed thy beam of love o'er me ?
Throw fear aside, and frankly choose
That heart which warmly glows for thee.
Dulwich Grove. W. H. L.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

NO. 1.—PRIVATE CONCERT COSTUME.

A DRESS of canary-yellow taffety, with two rows of double flounces delicately scalloped, edged with narrow white blond, and each row of the flounces surmounted by a rich ornament of white satin *foliage*. The body low, and made *en gerbe*, but not so full as in general: the sleeves short and much puffed out, but sitting close to that part of the arm above the elbow, where they terminate by a narrow blond. A very broad blond tucker, of a light pattern, scalloped at the edge, falls over the bust, back, and shoulders, each of which is ornamented with a bow of broad ribbon, of canary-yellow, which bows are placed on the falling tucker. The hair is arranged in the Lesbian style; the curls very full, long, and large in front; and the Sappho knot is separated from the front hair by a rich antique diadem, or regal fillet, composed of jewels, or wrought gold: of the latter material is the necklace, which is of the most exquisite workmanship. Rubies, set round with small pearls, fasten the festoon-chains of the necklace, at equal distances from each other. The ear-rings correspond.

NO. 2.—MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A HIGH dress of fine India muslin with three broad scalloped flounces, with a delicate embroidery at their edges, of bright jonquil crewel. The sleeves are *en gigot*, with antique points, very sharp and long. Next the hand is a bracelet made of braided hair and camcos. A triple French ruff of Urling's lace encircles the throat, and with this dress are worn bracers of broad jonquil ribbon: over the shoulders depend four ends of the same ribbon, each having one loop of a bow at the top; the bracers terminate in a rosette in front of the girdle, which is of dark braided hair, the same as the bracelet: from this rosette hang two long ends handsomely fringed. The hat is of white *gros de Naples*, with the crown

plentifully besprinkled with yellow and white jonquils; and under the brim, just above the left eyebrow, are two jonquils, one white, the other yellow: these flowers are rather larger than nature. The dress, altogether, is very elegant, and the hat of a shape peculiarly becoming; being a great improvement on the Pamela hat, which it resembles, but has a much more tasteful appearance. A sea-green parasol is generally adopted with this costume.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

To be constant to any one mode of dress is a sentiment, in general, unknown among the votaries of fashion, and yet we certainly find now a certain standard of taste, which almost causes despondency to the whimsical, who are eagerly gasping for novelty, though wisdom declares it is not to be "found under the sun."

Let these fair modern *Athenians*, then, who search after every thing that is *new*, be pacified: we have a few summer novelties to record, some slight changes in fashionable attire. In the course of two months, when the days close in fast, and the evenings bear a temperature more than chill, then will invention be so busy, that we shall hardly be able to find room in our pages for the description of her various fancies.

The equestrian dresses at the different country recesses are of fine dark-blue cloth; a very small black beaver riding-hat is worn with them, to which is generally attached a white veil. Spencers are more in favour over white dresses, for the promenade, than they have been known for some time; they are of silk beautifully striped, or of plain dark-coloured satin; the sleeves *en gigot*, and the body elegantly ornamented on the bust and shoulders with *chevrons*. A few muslin pelisses have

been seen at the sea-side, trimmed superbly with fine Mechlin lace. *Barège* scarfs, and *fichus* of the same material, the latter put on *à la Paysanne*, form the chief coverings when the weather is warm. A lady of distinction appeared at a fashionable watering-place, last week, in a pelisse of pink *gros de Naples*, which was trimmed round the border with a *rûche en festons*: down each side of the front the pelisse was trimmed in the same manner, and was fastened with hooks and eyes imperceptibly, they being placed under the hem: the *pelerine* cape and collar were ornamented also with *rûches*. Shawls are universally worn for the morning and evening promenade, if the weather is chill.

Carriage hats are often of white crape, with innumerable feathers of the marabout kind, playing in various directions. Fan ornaments of crape and blond are placed beneath the brim on each side: these kind of hats are often without strings. Those Leghorn hats that are worn in carriages are ornamented with feathers, in preference to flowers; though feathers are less general this summer than we have known them to be for some time. Most hats have strings in a loop, a senseless and useless fashion; these loops are very long, and of the most rich and expensive ribbon. Hats of transparent crape are much admired, with a broad blond at the edge; the crowns trimmed with gauze and blond, and a profusion of beautiful garden-flowers. Leghorn hats for the promenade are handsomely trimmed with figured ribbon, and the ribbons, that scarcely seem even to fasten the hat, are in a very long loop: beneath the brim on each side are bows of ribbon, the same as that which trims the hat, which is generally a ribbon of a very light ground, chequered or striped with darker, but very lively colours. The flowers worn on carriage hats are very large. All the walking bonnets of silk are ornamented merely with bows of the same, or rich ribbons, but devoid of either feathers or flowers.

Gowns of light, unobtrusive colours, either in *gros de Naples* or Italian net, are much worn in evening parties; though dresses of fine India muslin, trimmed with lace, predominate: they are made low, and the coloured dresses have white trans-

parent long sleeves of *tulle*, gauze, or crape, drawn over short ones of the same colour and material as the dress. Home dresses are of coloured muslin, either plain or of a bright-coloured ground, with small dark figures. These dresses are trimmed with three broad flounces; the bodies plain, and the sleeves *en gigot*, fastened at the wrists with broad gold bracelets, clasped by a cameo brooch. *Fichu-pelerines* of fine lace, trimmed with the same, are generally worn with these dresses; and they impart to them much smartness, and take off the homely appearance usually attendant on a coloured washing garment. The *pelerines* have long ends, which are drawn through the sash; and the collar is fastened at the throat with a bow of ribbon the colour of the gown. The clear leno dresses have, however, a much more elegant appearance; and, beautifully striped in various colours, with long sleeves of white *tulle*, they form a very appropriate dress for friendly evening parties. Their trimming is much the same as that of the coloured muslins; though some ladies prefer broad bias folds at the border, to flounces.

Pearls, lightly entwined amongst the hair, form a favourite ornament on the heads of young married ladies at evening parties. Many matronly ladies still prefer caps to turbans on the same occasion: these caps are of the most superb blond, and plentifully ornamented with roses, or other summer flowers; even on turbans, which are made of materials of a gossamer lightness, a bunch of white roses is tastefully placed, rather backward, over the left ear. Young ladies wear on their heads no ornament, but have their curls and tresses clustered and arranged in the most elegant manner. For home costume a cap is often worn of blond, very slightly ornamented with full-blown roses, and having very long lappets of broad blond, carelessly crossed over the bust. A favourite dress-hat for the dinner party is of pink crape, ornamented with pink satin and blond, with a full plume of white marabouts on the left side. *Deshabille* home *cornettes* are of blond and *tulle*, ornamented with blond and bows of coloured chequered gauze ribbon. The *fichu-négligée*, never likely to be out of favour, is yet much admired. It

is of fine lace or blond, according to the style of dress. This charming *coiffure*, suited to all, is now, from having been placed formerly at the back of the head, put on very forward. This is not an improvement, however it may give it the air of novelty. It is brought in a peak, quite low on the forehead, and the bow of hair is discovered in front: on one temple only, is placed a large full-blown Provence-rose. The caps for the morning, or *dejeuné* costume, are of a beautiful and becoming shape: they are of embroidered thread-tulle and lace, and are trimmed with bows of coloured ribbon.

A favourite ornament in the jewellery line, is a braid of hair worn round the throat, fastened there by a heart of gold; and from the ends of the braid, which meet the girdle, depends a large patriarchal Greek cross of gold.

The favourite colours are peach, mignonette-leaf-green, light slate-colour, lavender-grey, hortensia, and pink.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the heat of the weather, there are more fashionables of rank in "our good city of Paris," than we have known for some time at this season of the year. It certainly has become very common to go out of town every summer: that may be one reason; but I apprehend the delights of Ranelagh, and various others in the environs of Paris, form the chief cause of this protracted sojourn.

Muslin pelisses, with four broad tucks round the bottom, and fastened down the front with bows of tartan ribbon, form a favourite out-door costume for the morning walk: the body is *en gerbe*, and is surmounted at the throat with a triple ruff of lace. The sleeves are *en gigot*. With high white dresses, a *barège* scarf of Raymond-blue is the favourite covering. Over a very dark cachemire skirt, made with a demi-train, is worn a white *canezou* of Organdy, buckled at the waist with a white

belt; the buckle of silver; the *canezou* surmounted at the throat by a falling collar, edged round with lace, with a *fichu* of Raymond-blue tied under the collar; the sleeves *en gigot*. This dress is one of our last novelties. The skirt is, however, sometimes made of coloured lawn, the tint of the Parma-violet, and bordered by two deep flounces edged with black velvet.

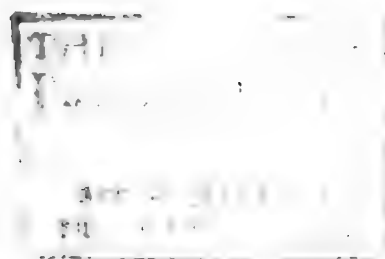
Hats for walking costume are of *sparterie*, trimmed with two different coloured ribbons sewed together. Small straw hats are also worn, in the shape of riding-hats: to these is always added a green veil. Large round chip hats, surmounted by a full plumage of yellow and blue feathers, are much worn in carriages, and in the public walks. The strings are in a very long loop, one yellow, the other blue. One of our prettiest hats is of white chip, trimmed with blue and straw-coloured tartan ribbons, and ornamented with corn-flowers. Another white chip hat is very fully ornamented with flowers of a large and striking kind, in which small sun-flowers, with a slight portion of green foliage, predominate. The strings are excessively long, and are formed in a loop. A small rosette of white satin is placed under the brim on the left side; this part slightly turns up at the sides, like the riding hats worn some time since, and the hat is placed on one side; its shape, altogether, is very becoming.

A very pretty evening dress is of canary-yellow Organdy, with two rows of double flounces, elegantly finished at their scalloped edges with white silk trimming of the braiding kind. Each row of flounces is surmounted by white embroidery in *floize* silk. The body is made partly *en gerbe*, but the fulness is so very slight that it can scarcely be seen to form the sheaf. It is made low, with a falling trimming all round the tucker part; the sleeves short and very full. A favourite half-dress is of India muslin, with one broad pointed flounce, headed by a *rûche* of thread tulle; the body plain and low, with a falling tucker of Vandyke lace, headed by a quilling of tulle; the sleeves, *en gigot*, with antique points of lace, and confined next the hand with bracelets ornamented with cameos, and clasped with a large emerald. Dresses of white Organdy have, generally, two broad









flounces elegantly embroidered at the edges; between the flounces a festoon ornament of embroidery in foliage; and the same ornament surmounts the upper flounce. The sleeves are *en gigot*, as to shape, but are not very capacious: they are confined at the wrists by gold bracelets, enriched by cameos. I have just seen a very handsome evening-dress of *tulle*, over white satin, which has been completed for a lady newly married: it is trimmed at the border with scrolls of *crêpe-lisse* and tube-roses. A twisted *rouleau*, *en tire-bouchon*, conceals the hem next the shoe. The body is made *à la Vierge*, with a double falling tucker of blond; the transparent long sleeves fastened with bracelets, composed of emeralds and pearls. Either as a home dress, or for the retired promenade, is a gown of white muslin with three flounces, embroidered at the edges in a delicate pattern with yellow; between the flounces, and over the upper one, is a row of small foliage of the same colour. The body is made high, *à la Vierge*, with a narrow triple ruff encircling the throat; the sleeves moderately wide, with very long antique points, of which there are two rows, each edged with lace. At the wrists are worn very broad bracelets composed of cameos. A scarf-sash of very broad yellow ribbon is puckered on the shoulders; whence depend three long ends, which form *mancherons* to the sleeves.

The hair is often arranged *à la Madonna*; with a bow of hair on the summit of the head, brought forward, so as to be visible in front. An ornament of plaited blond separates the Madonna band from the bow; and over the back of the head is thrown a white veil of the finest blond. This head-dress seems chiefly confined to ladies recently married; otherwise, the hair is mostly dressed in very full clusters of large curls; and bows are added at evening parties. A favourite ornament in this style of dress is a *bandeau* of gold across the forehead, worked with, and diversified by hair. The rest of the head-dress consists of puffs of silk of two different colours, one of which corresponds with the gown; these puffs brought rather forward, so as to form a *coiffure* somewhat resembling the old French *commode*. From the right side of these silk ornaments depend two lappets,

or streamers, of the two different colours, each terminating by a handsome tassel. At the rural balls a few flowers are sometimes seen on the heads of the young; but as these are never dress-balls, it is more usual to see them with no other ornament than their own hair well dressed. Wreaths of ribbon are much admired as the most pleasing novelty on the hair at a *bal-champêtre* that has yet been seen: they are named, but, indeed, I cannot tell you why, *Mary Stuart* wreaths. I do not think the beautiful Scottish Queen ever wore such a head-dress: they are certainly so placed on the head as to form a heart, which was very much the shape of Mary's caps; I can find no other reason for their being named after her. I am happy, however, that our summer fashion of dancing in hats is laid aside: at the last ball at Ranelagh only one lady was seen dancing in a hat. Hats at the theatres are also seldom seen; and the well-dressed heads now form a charming *coup-d'œil*, and are a truly gratifying relief from the broad-brimmed hats which lately annoyed our sight, in every sense of the word. Two ladies were seen lately at the theatre in very becoming head-dresses; one was a cap of the helmet-kind, the other a Scotch cap. Some transparent hats have been seen in evening-dress, formed entirely of rich blond: they are extremely beautiful, and there are few faces they do not become; as they impart a softness to the features and complexion, which is very attractive. They have seldom any other ornament than a few bows of ribbon tastefully disposed. Some of these blond hats are lined with yellow silk, which has a very pleasing effect; but they look better when transparent.

Necklaces, formed of hair and finely-wrought gold, are among the newest and most favourite articles in our jewellery department. A braid of dark hair encircles the throat, while from that depend festoons of gold, fastened to the braid by rubies, set round with *fillagree* gold. The extreme delicacy of workmanship in these necklaces is admirable. The ear-rings worn with them are of one large ruby, encircled with *fillagree* gold.

The favourite colours are blue, jonquil, pink, salmon-colour, Spanish-brown, myrtle-green, and straw-colour.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

NOTWITHSTANDING the close, as it may be termed, of the regular publishing season, several productions of interest have recently appeared. Amongst these we observe an octavo volume, with the title of "*Mission to the East Coast of Sumatra, in 1823, under the direction of the Government of Prince of Wales' Island, &c. &c.; by John Anderson, Esq., Deputy Secretary to the Government, Malay Translator, &c.*" This work throws much new light upon a settlement with which we have been hitherto very imperfectly acquainted. Mr. Anderson, a man of acute observation and sound judgment, appears to have been most judiciously selected for this mission. Whenever he found it practicable he fell in with the prejudices of the native inhabitants, humoured their harmless propensities, and thus, in most instances, obtained their respect, affection, and esteem. If in any point he were disqualified for the undertaking, it was by his not possessing a scientific knowledge of natural history. He, however, has opened the way, and established a firm footing for any further intercourse that may be found desirable.

Perhaps no portion of Mr. Anderson's narrative are more curious or striking than those which establish, beyond controversy, the formerly-disputed fact—whether some of the tribes by which the eastern coast of Sumatra is occupied were cannibals. It appears that the people called Battas—at least some of the tribes of the Battas—carry the horrible propensity of cannibalism to an almost incredible extent. It is not, however, observes Mr. Anderson—

for the sake of food that the natives devour human flesh, but to gratify their malignant and demon-like feelings of animosity against their enemies. Some few there are, however, of such brutal and depraved habits, as to be unable, from custom, to relish any other food. The Rajah of Tanah Jawa, one of the most powerful and independent Batta chiefs, if he does not eat human flesh every day, is afflicted

with a pain in his stomach, and will eat nothing else. He orders one of his slaves (when no enemies can be procured, nor criminals for execution,) to go out to a distance, and kill a man now and then, which serves him for some time, the meat being cut into slices, put into joints of bamboo, and deposited in the earth for several days, which softens it. The parts usually preferred, however, by epicures, are the feet, hands, ears, navel, lips, tongue, and eyes.

In another page we learn that a celebrated marksman and man-eater told Mr. Anderson, "that young men were soft and their flesh watery. The most agreeable and delicate eating was that of a man whose hair had begun to turn grey."

Further on, we find it stated, that upon a certain occasion, another man displayed to the author—

with signs of particular pride and satisfaction, a kris, with which he said he had killed the seducer of his wife, and whose head he had severed from his body, holding it by the hair, and drinking the blood as it yet ran warm from the veins. He pointed to a spot of blood on the kris, which he requested me to remark, which he said was the blood of his victim, and which he pressed to his nose, smelling it with a zest difficult to describe, and his features assuming at the same time a ferocity of expression which would not have been very agreeable, had not my safety been guaranteed by my watchful sepoy guard.

Good eating is evidently a point of consideration in this part of the world. The Sultan's troops are described as farcing most sumptuously. "Their food consisted of the flesh of tigers, elephants, hogs, snakes, dogs, rats, or whatever offal they could lay their hands on."—So much for a people, who, it is added, have no religion, who fear neither God nor man, and who believe that when they die they shall become wind!

Two octavo volumes of much practical utility, to persons interested in the subjects of which they treat, present them-

selves in "*Travels in Chile and La Plata, including Accounts respecting the Geography, Geology, Finances, Agriculture, Manners, &c., and the Mining Operations in Chile; by John Miers; illustrated by original Maps, Views, &c.*" Independently of his mining speculations and discoveries, Mr. Miers' work contains some valuable and highly-interesting extracts from the diary of Dr. Leighton, a gentleman who was professionally attached to a military force employed against the Indians by the Government of Chile. The object of this expedition, we are told, was to chastise the Indians for their temerity, and to compel them to give up certain Spanish refugees, by whom they were excited to acts of hostility. The diary was kept at intervals, from the 16th of December, 1822, to the 4th of January, 1823; and within that brief period many extraordinary adventures occurred, and much curious information respecting the character and conduct of the Indians was obtained. The infantry was under the orders of a Major Rodriguez, of whose savage conduct Dr. Leighton relates the following instance:—

Major Rodriguez here pointed out to me the spot where he had shot an Indian last year; his account made my blood run cold. It seems, that on attacking the place, he could only surprise a woman, her son, and her daughter; the latter was a child. The tribe had succeeded in escaping to their hiding places in the woods: in vain did he menace the woman and her son with immediate death if they did not discover the hiding places of the Indians; nor were promises of reward more effectual; till, infuriated by their obstinacy, the inhuman major obliged the son to kneel, in which posture he was shot in the presence of the distracted mother and affrighted child. Still the woman remained obdurate, and she was made to kneel down, and on the muskets being levelled at her, the child rushed towards the murderers, begging them to spare her mother's life, and she would conduct them to the retreat of her father and brothers: the mother, infuriated, started upon her legs, and rushed upon her daughter, whom she attempted to strangle. The child was rescued from her grasp, and dragged to the spot toward which she had pointed as leading to the place of retreat, while she upbraided the child with degeneracy and want of courage. She finally expired in agony on beholding the massacre of

her whole family, giving her last breath in curses upon the relentless murderers.

The result of the expedition was satisfactory; a treaty was entered into with the Indians, who agreed to give up the refugees, and to remain at peace with their patriot neighbours; terms which they religiously observed.

We find a new theory started in a 4to. volume, entitled "*Historical Researches on the Wars and Sports of the Mongols and Romans; in which Elephants and wild Beasts were employed or slain. and the remarkable local Agreement of History, with the Remains of such Animals found in Europe and Siberia, &c. &c., with a Map and Ten Plates: by John Ranking.*" Mr. Ranking's theory is—and in support thereof, he has brought forward a formidable array of historical evidence—that the fossil bones of elephants and wild beasts which have been found in Britain, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, Siberia, and other countries, instead of being as hitherto supposed the wrecks of some great convulsion of nature, are neither more nor less than the remains of those animals which have been employed in the wars, religious ceremonies, and amphitheatrical sports of the Romans and the Mongols. That many of the cases adduced in support of Mr. Ranking's novel theory are what he believes them to be, there can be little doubt; but, that they will all be received as satisfactory proofs of its correctness, is a point which, we apprehend, few will be found to concede. The subject, however, is infinitely too vast to admit of the slightest examination here. The volume is replete with interest—with striking anecdote—with extraordinary adventure.

A very acceptable little volume appears in a "*History of the Mogul Dynasty in India, from its foundation by Tamerlane, in the year 1399, to the accession of Aurengzebe, in the year 1657; translated from the French of Father Francis Catrou, of the Society of Jesus, founded on the Memoirs of Signor Manouchi, a Venetian, forty-eight years Physician in the service of the Imperial Family at the Court of Delhi and Agra, &c. &c.*"—The volume has been long well known to the literati; but it has not, we believe, before been given to the public in English attire. We can recommend it equally to the lover of romance, as to the student of

history. The pictures which it exhibits of eastern character, habits, and manners, of eastern magnificence, of eastern warfare, are many of them of the most animated and glowing description. These, however, are all too long for our purpose of extract: we shall therefore content ourselves with one brief anecdote of an ingenious but singular mode adopted by an Oriental Emperor to discover the retreat of a disgraced minister whom he was desirous of restoring to his favour:—

Babar issued a singular edict throughout his kingdom, which commanded the inhabitants of the villages to bring to Delhi, their bazars, or market-places. He wished to ascertain what apology each village would furnish, by way of evading a compliance with an ordinance which it appeared impossible to obey. He trusted, that the village, in which Ranguildas was concealed, would display some ingenuity in extricating himself from the dilemma, and that his minister would by this means be discovered. In effect, Ranguildas, who passed in a village, at a distance from the court, the life of a sage, and had acquired some reputation in the place in which he had resided, suggested to the inhabitants an excuse, which ought doubtless to have contented the emperor. "Go to Delhi," he said, "and presenting yourselves to the king, speak to him in the following manner:—The bazar of the village, my lord, whence we come, is ready to obey your orders; there is only one difficulty to be removed, which is that it is ignorant of the road to Delhi. If your majesty will condescend to send the bazar of your capital to serve as a guide to ours it will immediately commence its progress, in obedience to your mandate." The emperor thought the reply of the peasants so ingenious that, wishing to know the author, he commanded that he should be brought into his presence. Ranguildas, in spite of every resistance he could make, was thus conducted by the peasants to the court of his master. Babar soon caused him to forget by his kindness his former bad treatment. He was restored to all his posts, and his counsels resumed their influence.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the successful progress of an eminently useful, valuable, and ably-conducted work entitled "*The Animal Kingdom described and arranged, in conformity with its Organization, by the Baron Cuvier, &c.; with Additional Descriptions and other Original Matter: by Edward Griffiths, F.L.S., and*

others." The Ninth Part of this publication is now before us; and in no respect is it inferior to its predecessors. The Order *Pachydermata* is here concluded, and the Order *Ruminantia*—both in the class *Mammalia*—is commenced. In these portions of the performance, the differences between instinct and reason, and the connexion as well as the differences between human and brute reason, are very forcibly displayed. "The real difference," observes the editor, "between brute reason and human, does not appear to us to be in kind, but in the capability afforded to the latter and denied to the former."—Again: "reason, in the brute, is rudimentary and incapable of progression: in man it attains a degree of development proportioned to the pains bestowed upon its culture. And this is perfectly compatible with the accountable condition of man, and the contrary state of lower animals. They, in all probability, have not arrived at what is called a moral sense: their rudimentary reason has not attained to a comprehension of right and wrong." We cannot help thinking, however, that in some of the striking illustrations adduced, at least the rudiments of a moral sense are perceptible. This, we think, will be found apparent in the first part of the succeeding anecdote:—

At the siege of Bhurtpore, in the year 1805, an affair occurred between two elephants, which displays at once the character and mental capability, the passions, cunning, and resources of these curious animals. The British army, with its countless list of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, when on the approach of the hot season, and of the dry hot winds, the supply of water in the neighbourhood of the camp necessary for the supply of so many beings began to fail: the ponds or tanks had dried up, and no more water was left than the immense wells of the country would furnish. The multitude of men and cattle that were unceasingly at the wells, particularly the largest, occasioned no inconsiderable struggle for the priority in procuring the supply for which each were there to seek, and the consequent confusion on the spot was frequently very considerable. On one occasion, two elephant-drivers, each with his elephant, the one remarkably large and strong, and the other comparatively small and weak, were at the well together; the small elephant had been

provided by his master with a bucket for the occasion, which he carried at the end of his proboscis; but the larger animal being destitute of this necessary vessel, either spontaneously or by desire of his keeper, seized the bucket, and easily wrested it away from his less powerful fellow-servant: the latter was too sensible of his inferiority openly to resent the insult, though it is obvious that he felt it; but great squabbling and abuse ensued between the keepers. At length the weaker animal, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backwards a few paces, in a very quiet, unsuspecting manner, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well. It may be easily imagined that great inconvenience was immediately experienced, and serious apprehensions quickly followed, that the water in the well, on which the existence of so many seemed in a great measure to depend, would be spoiled, or at least injured, by the unwieldy brute which was precipitated into it; and as the surface of the water was at least twenty feet below the common level, there did not appear to be any means that could be adopted to get the animal out by main force, at least without injuring him: there were many feet of water below the elephant, who floated with ease on its surface, and, experiencing considerable pleasure from his cool retreat, evinced but little inclination even to exert what means he might possess in himself of escape. A vast number of fascines had been employed by the army in conducting the siege, and at length it occurred to the elephant-keeper, that a sufficient number of these (which may be compared to bundles of wood) might be lowered into the well to make a pile, which might be raised to the top, if the animal could be instructed as to the necessary means of laying them in regular succession under his feet. Permission having been obtained from the engineer-officers to use the fascines, which were at the time put away in several piles of very considerable height, the keeper had to teach the elephant the lesson, which, by means of that extraordinary ascendancy those men attain over the elephants, joined with the intellectual resources of the animal itself, he was soon enabled to do; and the elephant began quickly to place each fascine as it was lowered to him, successively under him, until in a little time he was enabled to stand upon them: by this time, however, the cunning brute, enjoying the cool pleasure of his situation after the heat and partial privation of water to which he had been lately exposed (they are observed in

their natural state to frequent rivers and to swim very often), was unwilling to work any longer, and all the threats of his keeper could not induce him to place another fascine. The man then opposed cunning to cunning, and began to caress and praise the elephant, and what he could not effect by threats he was enabled to do by the repeated promise of plenty of rack. Incited by this, the animal again went to work, raised himself considerably higher, until by a partial removal of the masonry round the top of the well, he was enabled to step out: the whole affair occupied about fourteen hours. This affair involves a series of intellectual operations which it seems very difficult to separate from reason.

The following statement vividly indicates the faculty which is possessed not only amongst individuals of the same species of communicating their ideas to each other, but amongst individuals of a different genus.

During an afternoon walk with a friend on a hill near Coventry, we observed several sheep standing with steadfast looks round the head of a cow which was grazing: their fixed attitude attracted our attention, and as we came up, the cow suddenly raised her head, and the sheep opened before her, as we imagined, to go out of our way; she did not, however, proceed more than a dozen yards before she reached a gravid ewe, which, hitherto unnoticed by us, had fallen over on her back, and was unable to recover herself from her perilous position. The cow placed the tip of her horns close under the side of the animal, and gave a slight toss, so dexterously managed, as to enable the ewe to get instantly on her feet; meantime the other sheep had dispersed, and the two animals walked their way.

Another instance of reasoning power in an elephant, and we have done:—

An elephant, which a few years ago belonged to Mr. Cross, at Exeter 'Change, attained to the practice of a curious trick, which by repetition might be said to have acquired, if indeed instinct could be acquired, something of an instinctive character; but which, the first time it occurred at least, seems attributable to nothing short of reason. It is the usual part of the performances of an elephant at a public exhibition, to pick up a piece of coin, thrown within his reach for the purpose, with the finger-like appendage at the extremity of the trunk: on one occasion a sixpence was thrown down, which happened to roll a little out of the reach of the animal, not far from the wall:

being desired to pick it up, he stretched out his proboscis several times to reach it; he then stood motionless for a few seconds, evidently considering how to act. He then stretched his proboscis in a straight line as far as he could, a little above the coin, and blew with great force against the wall. The angle produced by the opposition of the wall, made the current of air act under the coin as he evidently intended and anticipated it would, and it was curious to observe the sixpence travelling by these means toward the animal, till it came within his reach, and he picked it up. This complicated calculation of natural means at his disposal, was an intellectual effort beyond what a vast number of human beings would ever have thought of, and would be considered as a lucky thought, a clever expedient under similar circumstances, in any man.

As a scientific work, and as a work abounding with information of the most curious, amusing, and instructive character, this production of Cuvier's, as edited by Mr. Griffiths, cannot be too extensively recommended.

"*A Treatise on Diet, with a View to establish, on practical grounds, a System of Rules for the Prevention and Cure of the Diseases incident to a Disordered State of the Digestive Functions; by J. A. Paris, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians,*" ought to be a good book. In parts, certainly, it is valuable; but, as a whole, it is far from affording us satisfaction. The style is bad—but that is a minor consideration—and many of the rules laid down are at variance with all received and established principles. In fact, we consider—and we are confident that we should be borne out in this opinion by many of the most able amongst the faculty—that the knowledge and experience of the writer on many points—points of importance too—are far from complete.

With Dr. Paris, however, we fully agree in his approval of gymnastic exercises; and his remarks upon exercise in general, with respect to valetudinarian and dyspeptic patients, are altogether so good, that, in transferring a portion to our pages, we shall feel ourselves to be rendering a material service to persons of that class.

Exercise in the open air is essential to the well-being of every person; but its degree must be regulated by the circumstances under which the individual is placed. The interval

between breakfast and dinner is the period for active exertion; and the enjoyment of it, when not attended with severe fatigue, will strengthen and invigorate all the functions of the body. This, too, is the period when the mind may direct its energies with the greatest chance of success: but it is important to remark, that *the valetudinarian and dyspeptic ought never to take his principal meal in a state of fatigue*: and yet I would ask, whether there is a habit more generally pursued, or more tenaciously defended? Ay, and defended too upon *principle*;—the invalid merchant, the banker, the attorney, the Government clerk, are all impressed with the same belief, that *after the sedentary occupations of the day, to walk several miles to their villas, or to fatigue themselves with exercise before their dinner, or rather early supper, will sharpen their tardy stomachs, and invigorate their feeble organs of digestion*. The consequence is obvious: instead of curing, such a practice is calculated to perpetuate, and even aggravate the malady under which they may suffer, by calling upon the powers of digestion at a period, when the body is in a state of exhaustion from fatigue. Often have I, in the course of my practice in this town, cured the dyspeptic invalid, by merely pointing out the error of this prevailing opinion, and inducing him to abandon the mischievous habit which has been founded upon it. Do not let me be understood as decrying the use of moderate exercise before dinner; it is the *abuse* of it that I am anxious to prevent. No person should sit down to a full meal, unless he has had the opportunity of previously inhaling the open air, and taking a quantity of exercise, proportionate to his power of sustaining it without fatigue. Upon this point I agree with Mr. Abernethy, who says, "I do not allow the state of the weather to be urged as an objection to the prosecution of measures so essential to health, since it is in the power of every one to protect himself from cold by clothing; and the exercise may be taken in a chamber with the windows thrown open, by walking actively backwards and forwards, as sailors do on shipboard."

Amongst much that is wild, extravagant, and even ridiculous, in "*The Labours of Idleness; or, Seven Nights' Entertainments, by Guy Penseval,*" we meet with many indications of genius giving promise of future excellence. The Dead Man's Dream is a *dead* failure; but Lilian of the Vale is a sweetly imaginative sketch. It is in this sketch that the original words of the popular air, "I've been roaming," occur.

The enchanted Lyre forms a wilderness of flowers and weeds, most strangely, most fantastically intertwined; and Pedro Ladrón, or the Shepherd of Topple-down Hill, is an outrage upon all knights of the long bow, Baron Munchausen alone excepted. Still, as we have said, the work has great indications of genius. There are altogether seven pieces in the volume.

"*Recollections of a Pedestrian, by the author of 'The Journal of an Exile,'*" in three volumes, are very lively, spirited, and amusing. We have no room for extract; but we can venture to say that all who were pleased with *The Journal of an Exile* will wish to read a second production of the same author.

"*The Rambles of Redbury Rook, by the Author of 'The Subaltern Officer,'*" in one volume, is a clumsy and indecent, an ill-tempered and vulgar allegorical satire.

The First Part of the second volume of "*The Stanley Tales*" is superior to either of its predecessors. It contains eight tales:—Gordon the Gipsy; Ellen; The Castle of Esclees, a wild legend; The Smuggler; The Lost Friend; The White Roses; The Elder's Death-Bed; and Nicholas Pedrosa.

The lovers of ancient literature will find a rich treat in "*Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, by John Josias Conybeare, M.A. &c.; edited, with additional Notes, &c., by W. D. Conybeare, M.A., Rector of Sully.*" The work is of a nature far too *recherchée* for the general reader; but as its editor is fortunately a man of true poetic taste and feeling, it contains many gems which, from their intrinsic merit and beauty, deserve to appear in a separate volume. We speak with reference to the metrical version into which some of the old Saxon poems are very happily thrown. One of these, the *Gudrunar Quida*, from the Eddaic Collection, describing the grief of Gudrun for the loss of her husband Sigurd, who had been murdered by her brother Gunnar, we select:—

By her Sigurd's blood-stained bier,
As, with equal death oppress'd,
Gudrun sat; she shed no tear,

Her hand she smote not on her breast:
Word, nor sign, nor act, might shew
The wonted course of woman's woe.

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Sages came, the wisest they,

But vain the aids from art they borrow:
Can rhetoric soothe, or reason sway,
That stern mood of deepest sorrow,
When the heart to bursting swells,
Yet no tear its anguish tells?

Round her pressed a widowed train,

Sisters they in grief united—
Calling back long scenes of pain,
Each her own sad tale recited:
Vainly thus to wake they try
The soothing power of sympathy.

Vainly—for her anguished mind,

Stunned beneath that sudden blow,
Hardens, to itself confined,

Nor opens to another's woe!
Hard and cold was Gudrun's soul,
Nor sigh would rise, nor tear would roll.

Last did youthful Gulrand speak:—

"Matrons, though in wisdom old,
Here, I ween, your skill is weak;
Age's counsels, all too cold,
Cannot reach the widowed heart,
When youth's strong loves are rent apart."

With hurrying hand from Sigurd's bier

Swept she then the pall away:
"On him, thy love, look, Gudrun dear,
To his cold lip thy warm lip lay;
And round him, as they still could hold
Thy living lord, thine arms enfold."

Gudrun turned—one hurried glance

On that much-loved form she threw—
A moment viewed where murder's lance
Had pierced the breast, to her so true;
Saw stiff with blood those locks of gold,
And quenched that eye so bright, so bold.

She saw, and sank, and low reclined,

Hidden in the couch her throbbing head,
Her loose veil floated unconfined,

Her burning cheek was crimsoned red;
Then, her bursting heart's relief,
Copious fell the shower of grief.

This, it will be observed, is rather a paraphrastic than a close translation. The curious alliteration of the Icelandic, as well as of the Saxon version of the poem, we, of course, cannot with any effect transfer to our pages. To us, the work is one of great and lively interest.

"*The Lusiad, an Epic Poem, by Luis de Camoens, translated from the Portuguese, by Thomas Moore Musgrave,*" is entitled to great praise for fidelity, and also for spirit. It is, however, in blank verse—a measure which, though it affords great facilities to the translator, is less happy

for effect; and by a comparison of the two versions, we are strongly inclined to believe, that although Mr. Musgrave's is the more close to the original, Mickle's will continue to be a favourite with the general reader.

In "*The Crazy Maid of Venice, and other Poems, by the Author of 'Guissepino,'*" we find passages which remind us—not favourably to the author—of Lord Byron's '*Lament of Tasso*,' in a *subdued* spirit. There are, however, considerable feeling and beauty in the volume. From the miscellaneous poems we select a brief specimen—a Wizard Song—from an unfinished drama.

By the shore of the sea, the wild shore of the
sea,
'Tis there, 'tis there, I love to be;
When the storm hath past, with a harrowing
blast,
O'er the billowy wilderness dark and vast;
When the sea sepulchres disgorge
Their new dead to the foaming surge,
That flings its prey unto the land,
And smoothes their biers in the trackless
sand;
When the dismal wreck floats to the shore
Whereon its crew shall tread no more,
And the mighty ocean heaves, as though
'Twere tired with the long, long work of woe;
When the low winds breathe the knell of the
drowned,
With a most bewailing sound,—
There let my gloomy pastime be,
As one that fears not storm or sea.
When new-made widows,—maids bereft
Of youth's fond dream,—and orphans left
Homeless on earth, and childless eld,
Have, on the dreary beach, beheld
The ghastly change that death has wrought
On each pale corse they tottering sought,
Or searched, through many an hour, in vain,
For the vanished that none shall see again,—
Shuddering at the sun, that seems
To mock them with returning beams,
And at the seas, now waveless grown,
When all the grievous scathe is done;—
Then let me roam beside the deep,
With watchful eyes that will not weep,—
Then let me human grief behold,
But not as one of mortal mould.

One of the miseries to which we have been subjected through the manufacture of Sir Walter Scott's slipshod verse, written at the rate of a race-horse's gallop without any of that animal's grace and beauty, is

the perusal of a narrative poem, "*The Wanderer of Scandinavia, or Sweden Delivered, in five Cantos, and other Poems*," by Elizabeth Sibella Hatfield. This said narrative poem embraces the adventures of Gustavus Vasa, and the struggles of that hero for the independence of his country, from the period of his escape from the Castle of Calo, where he had been imprisoned by Christiern II, surnamed the Cruel, to his acknowledgment as king in 1521. The principal historical events have been preserved, but "in the introduction of the actors in them, as well as in the omission or addition of some of their circumstances, the poetical license has been exercised." The poem contains some spirited passages; but from its great length, occupying nearly two volumes, the interest every now and then flags dismally. The verse, in some instances, approaches correctness—but, generally, it is harsh; and frequently, for the sake of rhythm, parts of sentences are so transposed, as to render their meaning obscure.

We are sorry to express ourselves in terms thus unfavourable respecting the production of a lady, who, judging from her numerous list of subscribers, appears to be held in much respect; and who, judging from the modesty and good sense displayed in her preface, is entitled to all the respect as an individual that she has been honoured with. Good sense and modesty, however, do not go far towards the composition of a good poem.

Had Miss Manwaring, of Birmingham, the author of a volume called "*The Slaves of Zanguebar, and other Poems*," possessed in the slightest degree the virtue, which she herself has so highly lauded—humility—she might probably have escaped all critical animadversion; but when, to want of talent is united the most offensive self-conceit and arrogance, it ought not to excite surprise if severity be called forth. Really, it is trying the patience of the public too much to have such trash placed before them, and to be told that it has pleased a few, and that "that poetry is not good which pleases all." "*The Slaves of Zanguebar*" is a poem of 238 lines. Two slaves are in love with Omale, a young Indian. Unable to conquer their affection, and too strictly united in the bands of

friendship to injure each other, they entice Omale to a sequestered spot, plunge their daggers into her bosom, and then into their own. The minor pieces are on various subjects, and in the most wretched style of poverty. We transcribe, at random, two stanzas from a piece entitled Metius and Manlius.

With equal fury each began, inly they cherished ire,

The chargers snorted for the fight, the warriors' eyes shot fire;

When Metius aimed a desperate blow at his opponent's head,

The other warded off the stroke, and laid his war-horse dead.

Metius dismounted—half reclined upon his shield he lies,

He gasps for breath and views his foe, then struggles hard to rise;

Young Manlius followed up his blows, and leaping from his horse,

Soon stretched the Latin general upon the field a corse.

In truth this is a sad specimen of "*Brummagem-ware*."

Upon the *old*—not *new*—plan of teaching three languages at once by means of parallel columns, "*The Gate of the French, Italian, and Spanish, unlocked by a New Method of acquiring the Accidence; with Biographical Notices of Persons eminent for their Knowledge of Languages, and the various Modes they adopted in attaining it*," will be found useful. The biographical notices given in this volume are at once amusing and instructive, and well calculated to excite emulation in youth.

We cannot do a greater service to those engaged in acquiring the French language, or in imparting it to others, than by recommending to their notice a little work, entitled "*The French Genders taught in Six Fables, being a Plain and Easy Art of Memory, by which the Genders of 15,548 French Nouns may be learned in a Few Hours*." In three short fables, all the regular masculine terminations are introduced: the actors are masculine, every noun is masculine, and none are admitted but such as give the rules. In a similar manner are assigned three fables to the feminine nouns. In the construction of these fables much ingenuity is displayed, and a copious list is given of nouns not

included in the rules, and of exceptions from them.

A "*Review of the Progress of Religious Opinions, during the Nineteenth Century; by J. C. L. De Sismondi, Author of 'L'Histoire des Republiques Italiennes,' &c. &c. &c.; translated from the French by T. B. R.*," is not a *brochure* to be recommended to general or indiscriminate perusal. It is affectedly, rather than really philosophical; and calculated rather to disseminate the principles of Deism, than to promote the cause of true religion. M. Sismondi will acquire as little fame as he is entitled to praise for this production.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp; a Fairy Opera, in Three Acts, by H. R. Bishop*.—Goulding, D'Almaine and Co.

Having already noticed the overture of this unsuccessful opera, and fearing that the curiosity of the public is little disposed for diffuse criticism on its particular merits, we shall here content ourselves with briefly noticing such pieces as may appear to possess a leading interest.

"*Here! Aladdin, here!*" an introductory *Scenasung* by Mr. Horne and Chorus of Boys, Mr. Horn's solo, "Hail to thee, Ispahan," is highly effective. The accompanied recitative is majestic and the air full of energy. The various imitations of rural sounds introduced by the wind instruments were beautiful in effect, but appear to us completely out of place. The chorus was flat, tame, and unprofitable. Towards the latter end, the favourite air "The Sun is on the Mountain," was introduced by the voices in unison, and with pleasing effect.

"*Doctor, Doctor*," a comic quartett, is a very ingenious composition in the German style, with elaborate accompaniments.

"*Genius of Flame*," *Scena* by Horn and Miss Stephens.—Horn's incantation song is highly powerful: the effect of the ascent of the voice by semitones bursting at the end on the major chord of D is appalling; but the idea is evidently borrowed from Weber. The unaccompanied chaunt in which the demons speak is a beautiful morsel of harmony. After a musical dialogue between Mourad and Aladdin, the scena terminates with a noisy dashing song, "The Hour is

come," by Horn. The whole composition is good, and the parts are well contrasted.

"*Here! Here! Here!*" Quartett by Miss Stephens and Fairies, a very beautiful swimming movement in $\frac{3}{4}$ time.

"*New Lamps for Old:*" Quintetto and Chorus.—This beautiful quintett commences with an elegant legato movement, to which a group of Bayaderes perform their graceful evolutions: this is afterwards worked up by the voices in a highly beautiful manner, and forms one of the most dramatic pieces in the opera, though not at all adapted for private performance.

"*Who first will strike the Deer?*" Quartett and Chorus.—In these $\frac{3}{4}$ hunting glees Mr. Bishop has always been eminently successful. "The Foresters," "With Hawk and Hound," and "What shall he have," are all popular favourites; and we conceive that this may very probably augment the number. The favourite air of the piece is again introduced towards the latter part of the glee, with very sweet effect.

"*Thou art gone,*" sung by Mr. Sinclair, a very ineffective song in B flat, alternately minor and major.

"*That Doom is Death:*" Finale to the second act.—The general character of this movement is too heavy for dramatic effect, but it is a chaste and beautiful composition of its class. The prayer which concludes it, and which is introduced as part of the slow movement of the overture, breathes the very soul of devotion: we hope to see it transplanted to a more appropriate situation.

"*It is night beneath the Sea,*" sung by Miss Povey; a light pleasing, but rather common-place melody. The finale is a short noisy movement with nothing but its brevity to recommend it.

"*Hours of Rapture,*" sung by Miss Forde in Freischütz, at the Dublin Theatre; composed by Alex. Lee.—Willis and Co.

This is certainly a song of no small pretensions, and we are inclined to give it more credit for taste and ingenuity than we can generally assign to these flowery productions. The andante is elegant, and the allegretto lively and pleasing without vulgarity. The introduction of two or three little passages of the volata class from Weber's compositions is judicious, and forms a sort of connecting

link between the original and introduced matter. The passages of execution are not hacknied, and the responses of the wind instruments are ingeniously managed. The principal fault of this song, we might almost say its only one, is a meagreness of the harmonies—a too constant use of the tonic common chord and dominant seventh. We do not like these B. trumps sort of basses, as a great composer (Haydn, we think) used to call them.

"*Vauxhall; or, 'tis this the best of all Delights,*" by J. A. Wade, Esq.—Willis.

We should little expect from the title to find any thing musically good in this piece; since the days of Arne and Battishall, the style of Vauxhall vocal music has been gradually becoming more and more depraved. Hook and Parry were their great men, and what could we expect? We were very agreeably surprised to find at last a pleasing song with so ominous a title, a symptom of the new management: we cannot say it is quite so racy as those *deliciæ* of our juvenile day, Saville's "Waits," and sweet Morley's "Fal lal la;" but if there is not the fine old quaint harmony, there is evidently the spirit.

PIANO-FORTE.

La Scatola, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by Chas. Neate. Op. 11.—Cramer and Co.

The introduction to this air, in *tempo di Marcia*, is short and simple. The rondo is in waltz time, light and simple in construction, and lies pleasantly under the finger. We cannot say it is the style of composition that pleases us; but it is, from its lightness and simplicity, more likely to give general satisfaction than a piece of a higher character.

Romance, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte, by C. M. Von Weber.—Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

This piece stands precisely at the opposite extreme of the scale of musical difficulty. The composer seems to have laboured, by crowding his harmonies and clustering his semiquavers, to render it impracticable to most hands except his own. The theme is an air of Mehul's, "*au sortir de l'enfance.*" The variations are seven in number, and certainly exhibit great science and judgment, and much

taste; but, as we observed before, they require playing.

Are you Angry, Mother? arranged by E. Knight.—Goulding.

This little air is so intrinsically beautiful that it pleases in any form. Mr. Knight has chosen that of variations; not perhaps the most interesting, nor are the specimens before us the best of their class. They are rather pretty and pleasing; but there is an utter want of every thing like originality or invention: the construction is completely mechanical.

A Military Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed by D. Lee.—Willis and Co.

Mr. Lee, we suppose, is tolerably acquainted with the overture and march in Lodoiska, for though great wits will sometimes jump on the same idea, we think the coincidence of the passages is too strong to be fortuitous. The lesson is notwithstanding pretty, and very easy, and we have no doubt will be a favourite with our very juvenile friends.

La Due Sorelle; Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, by Jane L. P. Essex.—Willis.

A brilliant easy duet, rather in the martial style. As the composer is a lady, though we believe a professional one, we must not find much fault with a paucity of harmonies, which, in a male composer, we should have visited with some reprobation, as evincing a deficiency of science.

Select Airs from Baileidieu's Opera of La Dame Blanche; arranged by A. C. Whitcomb.—Paine and Hopkins.

These airs do not strike us quite in so favourable a point of view as they seem to have done the musical world in France; the composer has been loaded with honours, and positively received an order of knighthood on the occasion: we consider them as pretty, but mediocre in point of talent. We cannot really compliment Mr. Whitcomb on any particular taste he has evinced in the arrangement; he has not attempted to set them off to advantage, but merely done them bare justice. The adaptation for both instruments is excessively easy, and on that account will meet with a ready sale.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET.

A pleasing farce, called *Thirteen to the Dozen*, from the French of *Les Manteaux*, has been produced with success. The adaptator, Mr. KENNEY, has in most respects improved upon the original, in others he has certainly failed. The outline of the English piece is as follows. Mr. Simon Knipper Clipper (Liston) a German tailor, has been for five long years offering his addresses to Miss Bridget, from whom pale-faced penury has divided him. At length, a mysterious customer furnishes the tailor with a piece of cloth, of which he is directed to make twelve cloaks of a like and peculiar fashion. The tailor, with an eye to business, contrives, by using his scissors "with a liberal hand," to make thirteen cloaks, of course keeping the odd one for his own shoulders. A dozen of gold Fredericks are the reward which Knipper Clipper receives for his work; hereupon he determines to marry, and venturing out in the evening to procure a clergyman, he is, as much to his surprise as pleasure, accosted by a man in a fellow cloak to his own, who thrusts into his hand a pocket-book containing 600 florins. The same peculiarity of dress subsequently makes him, very unintentionally on his part, a witness to the proceedings of some eight or nine conspirators all clad in cloaks, which he recognizes as his own manufacture, and who prove eventually to be a band of assassins hired to despatch a nobleman of high rank. From one who has escaped, the tailor learns next morning that eleven have been arrested, together with the very agreeable intelligence that he has himself been denounced as the twelfth by his informant; a guard arrives to take him, as he supposes, into custody, but, to his great joy, he finds that the lucky incident of his having put a list of the conspirators, with which during his colloquy with them he had been furnished, into the pocket of a coat made for the nobleman himself, and which he had put on before sending it home, to cut a figure in it at his own wedding, is considered as an ingenious method adopted by him to inform the Count of his danger, and he is therefore highly applauded, instead of being hanged, and straightway made tailor to the court. There is a kind of underplot made up of the loves of Maurice Holster (Reeve) and Lilla (Miss Glover), which, in fact, tends more to distract the unfortunate tailor, and to excite jealousy in the bosom of his newly-wedded Bridget. The quick succession of incidents, and the unforced manner in which they arise out of each other, render the farce one

continued feast of laughter. Liston is particularly quiet as the tailor, and bears all his conflicting troubles with irresistible gravity. Reeve, as the German dragoon, was quaint and humorous. Mrs. Humby played *Bridget* very simply, and looked most beautiful. *Lilla* is by far too weak a part for Miss Glover. The piece was well received, and has been played frequently.

Poor Relations; or, *Who's to Inherit?* adapted from one of the *Sayings and Doings* for dramatic representation, has met with tolerable success. As people are not compelled by a statute to read every tale or novel that issues from the second press, we trust, we shall not run the hazard of offending any of our readers by offering a simple statement of the plot.

Mr. Oliver Frumpton (Liston) has made an immense fortune in the East-Indies, but never having submitted to the bonds of marriage has no nearer kin than that of two nieces. To one of these, a *Mrs. Mount-Arlington* (Mrs. Glover) *Oliver* introduces himself, and despite of his studied determination to make himself excessively disagreeable, a point in which he succeeds beyond measure, he is still flattered and caressed by both *Mrs. Mount-Arlington* and her husband, who declare *Mr. Oliver* to be the very nonpareil of delicacy and good-breeding. A fatal change, however, now takes place. *Mr. Frumpton* receives a letter from his attorney, informing him that, by the failure of a bank, he is reduced to the lowest state of beggary. *Mr. and Mrs. Mount-Arlington*, who, before permitted *Mr. Frumpton* to transform their house into a very menagerie, who petted his rattle-snakes, his cockatoos, and other tropical productions, now hint to him, in a very unequivocal manner, that his presence can be dispensed with—*id est*, he is shewn to the door. *Oliver* now betakes himself to his poor niece, *Mr. Danvers* (Mrs. Faucit) whom he informs of his penury, but who, notwithstanding, offers the broken-down nabob an asylum in her cottage, until his affairs shall be arranged. Of course, the report of his ruin has been created by *Mr. Frumpton* himself to try the tempers of his relatives, and the consequence is, his adoption of *Mrs. Danvers* and her son *Edward*, who marries *Emma Mount-Arlington*, and the piece concludes.

Liston is not exactly at home as the nabob; he cannot deal in sentiment—he is nothing if not comical; whereas *Mr. Frumpton* is a gentleman continually ringing the changes on gratitude and benevolence. The part is certainly better adapted for Farren. *Mr. Mount-Arlington* is a mere cipher; he has no one redeeming quality, and consequently offered nothing for

the ability of Vining. *Andrew*, a kind-hearted rustic, is admirably played by Wilkinson, who, unfortunately, is not sufficiently estimated by the managers of this establishment, or they would surely bring him into more frequent employment. He is, in every sense of the word, an original actor. Mrs. Glover plays *Mrs. Mount-Arlington* in her finest style, and Mrs. Faucit, as *Mrs. Danvers*, is most respectable.

The piece met with moderate approbation, and will doubtless survive through the season. We would not answer for its very lengthened vitality. Mr. Walker is spoken of as having constructed the piece.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Lying made Easy. This is really a grave title for a little one-act piece, borrowed (as usual) from our volatile neighbours, the French, and produced at this theatre early in the past month. At first we imagined it might be the *Lying in all its Branches*, of Amelia Opie, duly cut out and pasted for theatrical representation. We had half-prepared ourselves for fulminations against the practical lie of wearing a wig, when that universal robber, that *Filch*—whose peculations are not to be arrested by immersion or tread-mill—purloins the natural covering of the pericranium, and leaves it in all the beautiful nakedness of bumps for the eye and hand of a Gaul or Spurzheim. We remembered another "lie" illustrated by the fair authoress: a most inhospitable falsehood, a liquid trap for the palate of a visitor—we mean the enormity of offering gooseberry-wine for Rhenish, and otherwise slandering the produce of the beautiful south with the spirit of the fruit of English currant and raspberry-trees. We certainly expected a great moral work in this same *Lying made Easy*—we gathered ourselves up to receive it as the apology of the manager for his late enormities disclosed in *The Death Fetch*, that most dull production, which will doubtless soon slumber in the prompter's room, never, we trust, to be wrested from the spiders. Let us, however, wave further observation, and proceed to discuss the merits of *Lying made Easy*, as it really appeared to us. In the first place, we must own the production had nothing to do with Mrs. Opie. Yet, although the incidents are rather ancient, and the characters wholly commonplace, the matter is a pleasing trifle, and, aided by some good acting, has made a very favourable impression. The chief events disclosed in the piece are as follow: *Mr. Swallow* (Bartley) a good, easy, credulous man, objects to the marriage of his nephew, who, however, is exceedingly fortunate in the possession

of *Flam*, a valet (Wrench) who, for a time, putting a regard of truth on one side, informs *Mrs. Swallow*, the young and pretty wife of *Mr. S.*, that her liege lord has a design upon his ward: this is nefarious, but in order to make the iniquity quite complete, he assures *Mr. Swallow* that his wife thinks his nephew a more agreeable gentleman than he whom she has vowed to honour and obey. The determination arising in both parties from this scandal is to facilitate the marriage of the young lovers: some laughable incidents of jealousy and *finesse* take place, when the piece concludes, of course, with the marriage of the wooers. *Flam* is more than half-brother to *Sharp*: he is, notwithstanding, played with great whim by Wrench, who proves that nothing is more easy than lying; whilst the credulity of *Bartley* would render him an admirable reader of *Munchausen's Travels*.

After much preparation, Winter's *Das Unterbrochene Opferfest*, translated for us by the managers, *The Oracle*, was first played at this theatre on the 7th ult. The plot is, of course, of a secondary consideration, and we shall therefore despatch it with all possible brevity. The period of the piece is during the struggle between the Peruvians and the Spaniards; and the opera commences with a celebration of the return of the victorious troops of the *Inca*, which, directed by the superior generalship of *Sidney*, an Englishman, have wholly subdued the Spanish enemy. The *Inca*, in his gratitude, promises to bless the loves of his daughter *Myra* and *Sidney*, by consenting to their marriage, if their union shall appear acceptable to the sun, their deity. It so happens that *Sidney* has, at a former period, been affianced to a Spanish lady, *Elvira*, who is now a captive in the *Inca's* court, and who, possessing all the haughtiness of her nation, demands of *Sidney* the performance of his contract. The Englishman, too high-minded to forfeit his word, informs *Myra* of the impossibility of their union; when the distressed girl asks counsel of *Mafferu*, her secret and designing lover, who advises her to impeach the Englishman of having blasphemed the sun, and thus, by involving him in seeming dangers, work upon his affection and gratitude, by being herself the instrument of her lover's ultimate safety. After much speciousness and adroit argument on the part of *Mafferu*, the girl consents. The villain then engages *Elvira*, whom jealousy has wholly unsexed, to second any charge he shall bring against the stranger; and in the mean time

in order to produce the desired judgment. *Sidney* is accused of impiety; the evidence of *Elvira* is admitted; *Myra*, unconscious of the villany of *Mafferu*, joins in the charge, and the Englishman is condemned. The *Inca* powerfully resists the demands of the *Priests* for their victim, but is at length obliged to yield to popular fury, and the flames are about to receive the unfortunate *Sidney*, when *Myra* exposes the deceit, the charlatan *Priest* corroborates her testimony, *Sidney* is preserved, and *Mafferu* banished. *Elvira* is about to stab herself, when the dagger is wrested from her by *Sidney*, and the vindictive Spaniard leaves the court. The music is of a fine inspiring character, and is in every point admirably executed: the chorusses are sung with much energy and good taste, a circumstance the more valuable from its rarity. *Sapio* (*Sidney*) acquits himself of the music in a manly and spirited style: there is no unnecessary flourish in his singing; the expression of every note is ordered by a correct, if not a severe taste. *Phillips* (*Mafferu*) brings his fine deep tones into most successful action; and *Thorne* (*Pedrillo*) a pusillanimous domestic, shows that his humour, although at most there be but little of it, is ripening slowly. A *Mr. Perkins* played *Rocca* with considerable animation: this gentleman will doubtless become a favourite. *Miss Paton* (*Myra*) if possible excelled herself: every charm, every excellence of melody and science comes from her lips throughout the very difficult music of the opera. Of *Miss Hamilton* (*Elvira*) we have long had but one opinion: as a singer she is respectable, as an actress, if not absolutely bad, she is very indifferent. The opera has been received with great commendation, and we doubt not the expense of its production will be paid with ample interest.

MISS MACAULEY'S RECITATIONS, &c.

MISS MACAULEY has been giving half-a-dozen pleasant evenings' entertainments, consisting of song and recitation, serious and comic, at Dr. Thornton's Room, Great Marlborough Street.—The season of the year is exceedingly unfavourable to an amusement of this sort; and, altogether, the room is unworthy of Miss Macauley's powers and talents. She should wait till the approach of winter, and then engage the Argyle Rooms, or the Concert Room, at the King's Theatre. Where she is, she is absolutely worse than lost. What can be the reason that this woman is not at one of the winter theatres?

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

WE have long promised ourselves and our readers that, when the annual exhibitions should allow us time and space, we would devote some attention to this fine collection, which is rapidly accumulating in number, increasing in value, and rising in popular estimation. At present, however, we can do little more than announce—and the announcement is made with sincere pleasure—the appearance of Part I. of *“A Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery, with Critical Remarks on their Merits; by W. Young Ottley, F.A.S., Member of the Society of Arts and Sciences at Utrecht, and Author of ‘The Italian School of Design,’ ‘An Inquiry into the Origin and Early History of Engravings, &c.’”*—From the preface to this cheap, useful, and respectably-executed publication, which may be obtained at the doors of the Institution, we learn that, shortly after the death of the late Mr. Angerstein, the executors of that gentleman having determined to dispose of his collection without separation, by private sale, requested Sir Thomas Lawrence to procure a descriptive catalogue of it, to be transmitted to foreign courts in furtherance of their object. Sir Thomas Lawrence in consequence applied to Mr. Ottley, who accordingly commenced the work. However, before the catalogue was quite finished, His Majesty's Government purchased the collection for the country; and it was not until lately that the publication was determined on.

Merely with the view of conveying to the reader—for at present our limits permit of nothing further—some idea of the manner in which Mr. Ottley has executed his task, we shall transcribe the chief portion of his remarks upon Rembrandt's celebrated picture, of *The Woman taken in Adultery*. At a future period, we hope to return to the subject.

“The figure of Christ in the principal group of this picture appears too tall;—St. Peter is still the poor fisherman;—the guilty female possesses no beauty by which to bespeak sympathy in her behalf. But the countenance of the Saviour beams with compassion; the apostle is a man without guile; and the eyes of the prostrate adulteress stream with tears of contrition. In the variety of character and expression which Rembrandt has given to the other figures of the group, he has evinced a sound judgment. The old man in black, who lifts up the veil of the woman, and is her immediate accuser, is strongly expressive of malevolence; and, it may be inferred, is nowise indisposed to execute upon her the dreadful sentence of the Jewish law: but the Rabbi

behind him, and others of the company, seem either intent only upon catching Jesus in his words, or moved by curiosity; or desirous, like conscientious men (which the event afterwards shewed they really were), to be rightly instructed how to act upon the occasion: whilst the soldier, accustomed to obey implicitly the orders of others, awaits with calm indifference the ultimate determination respecting her. The chief figures in this group very properly receive the principal light; especially that of the female, which, alone entirely illumined, appears the focus of the picture. After having sufficiently viewed these, the eye of the spectator roams to other parts of the performance; and he perceives, in the background, on the right, the high altar rising majestically, its gold and silver ornaments sparkling through the deep gloom of the edifice. By degrees, as if in ‘darkness visible,’ he descries numerous personages upon its steps, occupied in acts of devotion. Perhaps in imagination he further attempts to explore the recesses of the venerable structure, forgetful of the painted illusion!! Such were the powers of Rembrandt's genius, such is the resistless magic of his clair-obscure.

“The impression which was produced by this picture, when, some years ago, it was brought to England, and first exhibited in Mr. Christie's rooms in Pall-Mall, will not easily be forgotten by those artists, and other lovers of painting, who chanced to be in London at the time. On the day appointed for the sale, however, a sufficiently-large sum was not offered for it; and on the following morning its late possessor, with laudable promptitude, purchased it by private contract.”

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE are happy to observe that His Majesty's fine Carlton-House collection of paintings, exhibiting in the gallery of this institution, continues, notwithstanding the thin state of the town and the length of time that it has been upon view, daily to attract crowds of visitors. It will, we apprehend, very speedily close.

Report states, we know not how accurately, that it is His Majesty's gracious intention to present two of the principal pictures of this collection to the National Gallery.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Brighton Palace.—The publication of “Views and Illustrations of His Majesty's Palace at Brighton, by John Nash, Esq., Private Architect to the King, &c.”* is at length completed.

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLER*, vol. iii. page 89.

The work, as we have before stated, is altogether worthy of the illustrious patronage with which it is honoured.

Emperor of Russia.—From a painting by Lonsdale, engraved in mezzotinto by Say, we are presented with what is probably a faithful resemblance of the new autocrat, Nicholas. We say probably a faithful resemblance, because the portrait is very spirited, and because, in general, Mr. Lonsdale is happy in his likenesses.

The Enchanted Island.—As a landscape-painter, Danby possesses extraordinary genius and extraordinary power. Every lover of the arts must recollect that his painting of the Enchanted Island was the loveliest gem of the exhibition at the British Gallery in the season of 1825; and every reader of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE must recollect the exquisite lines which it then elicited from the pen of our most highly-gifted and valued poetic correspondent, L. S. S.* The picture is in the possession of John Gibbons, Esq.; but we are happy to announce that it has been engraved by G. J. Phillips in mezzotinto, in a style worthy of the original, and reflecting honour upon our school. It is at once a faithful and a beautiful transcript of one of the most imaginative and fascinating productions of the pencil that we have seen for many years.

Young Shrimp-Catchers.—Collins, the Academician, has long been celebrated for pieces of this description, and upon this very subject, which he has treated in many different modes. The print before us is effectively engraved by J. J. Phelps, from a picture in the possession of Edmund Lechmere, Esq. It represents, in the artist's happiest manner, two children shrimping on the beach, a fishing-boat in the distance, and other accessories.

Phrenological Illustrations.—George Cruikshank is the cleverest of the clever in his peculiar way; and we are not aware that he could, by either chance or study, have struck upon a happier thought than that of "Phrenological Illustrations, or an Artist's View of the Cranio-logical System of Doctors Galland Spurzheim." From the subject, as well as from the genius of the artist, it will readily be inferred that these illustrations are of a burlesque character. Not to be amused with them—not to laugh heartily at them—is impossible. Even phrenologists, themselves, unless they have the organs of sullenness and ill-nature developed in a manner more than usually formidable, must laugh, perforce, at Cruikshanks' jokes. Mr. C. intimates, that, should the present be favourably

received, he may be tempted to proceed. Of its favourable reception, we cannot have a doubt; and, that the artist should proceed with his labours, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, by all the votaries of the laughter-loving goddess. On second thoughts, however, it occurs to us that Mr. Cruikshanks might do something yet better—might produce something yet more original, more humorous, more striking, more generally effective. A series of designs might be made, illustrating, by caricature, in single heads, or in groups, at the pleasure of the artist, the various propensities, &c. which are said, by phrenologists, to be indicated by the different bumps and projections on the human skull.

Castellated, Monastic, and Domestic Architecture.—The first two numbers of a work in folio, under the title of "Practical and Ornamental Specimens of the Castellated, Monastic, and Domestic Architecture of Great Britain, by W. A. Brooks, Civil Engineer and Architect," have just appeared. The publication is to be completed in twelve numbers. The views, accompanied by well-written historical and biographical illustrations, are in lithography, and very respectably executed. Raglan Castle and Tintern Abbey, or rather the picturesque remains of these ancient structures, are the subjects which Mr. Brooks has first selected. We hope the work will meet with the encouragement it deserves, to many persons it will form a valuable acquisition.

Miss Love.—An agreeable portrait of a pretty woman, drawn upon stone by Haghe, from a painting by G. L. Saunders.

The Rivals.—A picture named "The Rivals, or a Military Position," painted by W. Watts, commanded more than usual attention not long since at one of our annual exhibitions. Watts was a young and very promising artist, who died early, almost at the commencement, as it may be said, of his professional course. The subject, of which we have before us an admirable scraping in mezzotinto by Mr. Barnard, the keeper of the British Institution, is a cottage interior. A country lover, on paying a visit to his sweetheart, finds her associated with a formidable and favoured rival in the person of a soldier. The story is excellently well told, and the accessories are all in good keeping. Mr. Barnard has executed his task with great spirit, fidelity, and general effect. This print will, we doubt not, become highly popular.

Scotch Maps.—A series of county maps of Scotland has recently been published under the title of "Lothian's County Atlas of Scotland." The maps, in size about ten inches by eight, are very respectably executed.

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. i, page 119 and 134.

Varieties.

Dancing.—The Abbé Hulot, one of the modern French fanatics, has just published a furious declamatory attack upon dancing—the favourite amusement of his countrymen—in the course of which, he says:—"To consider the exercise of dancing in itself, one would be inclined to look upon it as more ridiculous than dangerous. For what, in fact, can be more ridiculous than to move backwards and forwards, bend and raise up the body, and turn it about on all sides in a kind of measured cadence? If music were not to lend the charms of its harmony to cover its turpitude and folly with an appearance of decency and reason, and that the movements were seen without the sounds of the instruments being heard, one could not help exclaiming with one of the greatest orators of ancient Rome, that "to dance, one must be either drunk or mad;" *Nemo ferè saltat sobrius, nisi insanus*. And in truth, what can be more foreign to the state of a person of sound mind than the motions, gestures, and jumpings practised in dancing? Louis Vivez, the preceptor of Charles V., recounts that some Spaniards who went to France were so frightened at seeing the women dance, that they took to flight, "*thinking them to be under the influence of some extraordinary fury.*"

The Waltz.—In another part of his fulminatory tirade, the Abbé Hulot says:—"How can any one dance, and particularly waltz, with a person of a different sex, without indulging in the most culpable liberties? In this dance, impurity, divested of that shame which on other occasions compels it to seek obscurity, exhibits itself before a crowd of spectators, who are so corrupted as to applaud its excesses. May it not be said of the waltz, which in the opinion of men of the least captious judgment, is of a nature to disconcert the least rigid virtue, that it upholds and fortifies that corruption from which it sprung; that it kills all sense of modesty in the hearts of those who indulge in it, even the very first time; and that it is a violent poison that carries instantaneous death to the souls of those who join in it, and renders them *deserving of hell's flames?*"

Female Presence of Mind.—Count Segur, in his recently-published "Memoirs and Recollections," relates the following anecdote of the Princess Lubomirska:—"She was one day in her sledge, riding under the immense canopy of a sombre forest, when, at the turn of a narrow path, she came unexpectedly within a few steps of a bear, rendered furious by hunger.

At the approach of the wild animal, the horse made a leap and overturned the sledge. The bear advanced. The Princess's attendant rushed forward to save her, and placed himself between her and the terrible animal; he attacked it, but his sabre broke. An unequal contest took place, but the bear soon caught the Pole in his huge paws. Without becoming terrified, the Princess instantly took hold of two pistols that had fallen out of the sledge, came behind the terrible animal, discharged two shots into his ear, and stretched him dead at her feet."

Feminine Gallantry, &c.—The Princess Candé displayed great spirit in the defence of the city of Amadanagar. Unappalled by the formidable army of Akbar, she beheld with perfect composure the Mogul, returned conqueror of Mostafa, surround and lay siege to the capital of her dominions. Akbar was detained more than two months at the foot of her ramparts. Obligated at length to yield to the perseverance of the besiegers, she conceived a singular mode of taking revenge on her enemy. All the gold and silver of which she was possessed, the Princess caused to be melted and cast into bullets, on which were engraved, in the character of the country, words expressive of maledictions against the usurper. With these some culverins were loaded, capable of carrying ball to the distance of a league, and the bullets were fired into the copses and lesser woods, by which the place is on every side surrounded. The Princess at last capitulated, after having scattered all the riches of which she purposed to disappoint her conqueror. The Princess soon repented of her rage. At the sight of her vanquisher she ceased to be his enemy. Akbar placed her amongst the number of his wives, and she was treated as his queen, or rather, perhaps, she was considered, for a long time, as his favourite sultana. Some of these bullets of gold and silver are occasionally found, even at the present day, in the vicinity of Amadanagar. It is but a short time since, that a peasant discovered one of gold, weighing eight pounds. It was seen by Mr. Manouchy, who was much gratified with reading the inscription.—*Catrou's History of the Mogul Dynasty in India.*

Mr. Canning.—Some twenty years ago, he took a ride amongst the mountains of Westmorland, at a time when nature was displaying one of those singular effects which are only to be seen in such a country. The valley to its extremity was filled with a white mass of

thickened vapour, which seemed gradually expanding, to involve the nearest hills, and only a few distant peaks were clear and well defined. A broad glare of light fell upon some paltry objects in the foreground, which acquired additional deformity from their illumination, like the wrinkles in a face by Rembrandt. Mr. Canning stopped his horse at once, and said inwardly, "Here is a precise image of the present state of Europe—the noble features of the landscape, the rocks, and woods, and streams, and ancient buildings, wrapped in murky fog, which even these hills cannot resist, and a few sordid huts are alone decked with sunshine." While he communed thus with his own mind,

a blast came through an opening of the mountains, and the mist began to rise: a bright gleam fell upon some distant buildings, and the foreground became obscured with a black shadow. "Here," said he, with animation, "we behold the towers and battlements of ancient institutions emerging from the mist that has so long involved them;"—and thus, in dwelling with delight upon the anticipation of that result which the subsequent victory at Vittoria realized, he treasured up the image and the very words upon which he entranced the house, when he rose to give his vote of thanks to the hero who had conquered.—*Political Primer.*

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Major Laing was at Gusala, the Eusala of Rennel, where he had been detained for some time by native wars, on the first of January. Subsequently, on his way to Timbuctoo, he was attacked and wounded in the shoulder, and his servant was killed. However, he arrived at Timbuctoo, and recovered from his wound. Should he not meet Capt. Clapperton, it was his intention to return to Tripoli, instead of proceeding to the Bight of Benin.

M. Auger has been elected Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, in the room of M. Raynaud, resigned.

On the report of M. de la Rochefoucault, the King of France has granted a pension of 15,000 francs to M. Thierry, the author of a History of the Conquest of England by the Normans; a very valuable work, reviewed at considerable length, with copious extracts, in the Supplementary No. of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. i.

A cave, containing fossil bones of the tiger, hyena, &c. has lately been discovered on the banks of the Garonne, near Bordeaux.

The French have been for some time successfully endeavouring to revive the art of fresco-painting. The chapel of St. Vincent de Paule, and two other chapels in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, have been decorated with paintings in fresco, by a native artist, of the name of Guillemot.

To preserve potatoes in a dried state, wash them, steep them, first forty-eight hours in lime-water, then forty-eight hours in fresh water, and dry them in an oven. One hundred parts of fresh potatoes will give thirty so prepared and dried. In this state they may be kept for years, or ground at once into flour. This flour, mixed with a third part of that of rye, is said to make excellent bread.

To obtain ice at any season of the year, mix in a small cask, at the temperature of thirty-six degrees, five pounds of pulverised sulphate of soda, and four pounds of sulphuric acid. This composition is said to be capable of quickly freezing water.

Works in the Press, &c.

By W. C. Stafford, Esq., of York, a volume of Essays, Illustrative of Shakespeare's Female Characters. These interesting papers appeared in the concluding volumes of the late series of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE; but the author, we understand, has considerably enlarged them, and increased their number. We doubt not that, in the proposed compact and amplified form, they will prove acceptable to many of our readers.

Memoirs of the Court of Queen Anne, comprising Literary and Biographical Notices of the most distinguished Characters of her Reign, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe.

By subscription, a Volume of Poems, by Mr. John Taylor, author of the original story of Monsieur Tonson, numerous Prologues, Epilogues, &c.

The National Reader, or School Class Book of Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Information.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a Series of Letters, written by Himself.

In one volume, royal 18mo., with a Portrait, The Aphorisms, Opinions, and Reflexions of the late Dr. Parr, with a Sketch of his Life.

Embellished by a Series of Eighty-six Engravings, Mr. Britton's long-promised volume of Chronological History, and Illustrations of Christian Architecture.

With Plates, in 4to., Journal of a Third Voyage, for the Discovery of a North-West Passage, by Captain William Edward Parry, R. N., F. R. S.

A volume of essays, sketches of character, and imaginative speculations, called Facts and Fancies, will shortly issue from the press.

Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany, by the author of Recollections of the Peninsula, Sketches of India, Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy, and Story of a Life.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—Lady Alicia Peel.—Lady Charlotte Calthorpe.—The Hon. Mrs. Beaumont.—The lady of the Hon. E. G. Stanley, M.P.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Clements.—Lady Emily Hesketh.—The lady of the Hon. Baron Dimsdale.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Monckton.—The lady of Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, Bart.—The lady of R. Bernal, Esq. M.P.

OF DAUGHTERS.—Lady Amelia Sophia Boyce.—The Right Hon. Lady John Somerset.—The lady of Sir A. Agnew, Bart.—The lady of Sir Henry Hawley, Bart.—The Hon. Mrs. Alexander Leslie Melville.—The lady of Thomas Tyrwhitt Drake, Esq. M.P.—La Duchesse de Coigny.—Lady Catherine Boileau.

MARRIAGES.

At Jersey, Lieut. Colonel J. Vicq, to Mary, eldest daughter of Charles Fixott, Esq., of Jersey.

At St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, Captain Fanshawe Martin, R.N., eldest son of Vice Admiral Sir Byam Martin, K.C.B., to Ann, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice Best.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. C. Benson, Rector of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, to Bertha Maria, eldest daughter of J. Mitford, Esq., and grand niece of Lord Redesdale.

At Petersham, J. Collett, Esq., to Emma, youngest daughter of Sir T. Gage, Bart., of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk.

Sir E. Mostyn, Bart., to Constantia Slaughter, third daughter of the late H. Slaughter, Esq., and Dowager Viscountess Montague.

Lieut. Col. Horton, to Francis Esther, second daughter of the Rev. W. Garnier, of Rookesbury, Hampshire.

At Parham Park, Sussex, G. R. Pechell, Esq., to the Hon. Catherine Annabella Biss-hopp.

At Mortlake, J. B. Philips, Esq., to Johanna Freeman, daughter of the late Capel Cure, Esq., of Blake Hall, Essex.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, John, eldest son of Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache, to Miss Georgina Louisa Best.

The Rev. Horace R. Pechell, to Caroline Mary, third daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Mark Kerr.

At Croft, Yorkshire, E. T. Copley, Esq., of Nether Hall, to Emily Mary, daughter of Sir John Peniston Milbanke, of Halnaby Hall, Yorkshire.

The Rev. Edward Coleridge, rector of Monk-silver, Somersetshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Keate, head-master of Eton School.

Edward Dawson Leigh, Esq., to Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir Christopher Robinson.

In Edinburgh, Stair Stewart, Esq., to Helen, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, of Ulbster, Bart.

At Worthing, Lieut. General Sir Richard Church, K.G.C., to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart.

DEATHS.

At Berne, aged 53, Lieut. General Sir Man-vey Power, K.C.B. and K.T.S.

At Foxley, aged 72, Lady Caroline Price, wife of Uvedale Price, Esq.

In the Isle of Wight, the Hon. Sophia Georgina Flower, youngest daughter of Lord Viscount Ashbrook.

At Westbourne, Miss Anguish, sister to her Grace the Duchess of Leeds.

The infant son of the Hon. Henley Eden, M.P.

At Dublin, aged 20, the Hon. Lieut. Samuel French Henley Ongley.

At Plymouth, Captain the Hon. Robert Rodney, brother to Lord Rodney.

At Altona, the Hon. Miss Horneman.

At Weston, Bucks, aged 72, Sir George Throckmorton, Bart.

At Tueliehole House, Kinross-shire, the lady of the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff Well-wood, Bart.

At Dublin, aged 82, Miss M. Fortescue, sister of Captain Fortescue, and first cousin to the late Earl Clermont.

At Digla House, Worcestershire, aged 65, Major General Simons.

In Dublin, aged 56, Catherine relict of Sir Hugh Nugent, Bart.

In South Street, aged 73, the Right Hon. George Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, K.G. Viscount Maidstone, Baron Finch, of Daven-try, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Rutland.

Lady Sebright, daughter of R. Croftes, Esq., late of West Harling Hall, Norfolk.

At Belvedere, Kent, Countess of Gersdorf, daughter of Lord and Lady Saye and Sele.

At Bath, Isabella, wife of the Rev. James Kevill, and only child of the late S. Davies, Esq., of Croft Castle, Herefordshire.

Lieut. Colonel John Otto Beyer.

At Bere Court, Berks, aged 73, the Rev. John Symonds Breedon, D.D.

At Langton House, Berwickshire, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Gavin, sister to the Earl of Lauderdale.

Aged 83, the Rev. Richard Grant, Vicar of Stansted Mountfitchet, and of Bleach Bour-ton, Oxon, and rector of Wennington, Essex.

At Paris, the Hon. Mr. Basil Cochrane.

At the Episcopal Palace, Cloyne, Dr. War-burton, Bishop of Cloyne.

On the 4th of July, the fiftieth anniversary of the American declaration of independence, at Boston, in North America, in his 91st year, Mr. Adams, the second President of the United States; and, on the same day, at Vir-ginia, in his 84th year, Mr. Jefferson, third President of the United States.

Aged 23, Amelia Mary, daughter of Sir John and the Right Hon. Lady Amelia Haye.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXII., FOR OCTOBER, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable LADY AUDLEY, engraved by J. THOMSON, from an Original Miniature by Mr. STUMP.

A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Home Costume.

A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Sea-side Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Conversation*" is exceedingly entertaining—quite *piquant*. We venture to affirm that the "*Silent Woman*" will not be without either *hearers* or *admirers*.

Our excellent friend "C. H." misunderstood us: our "*doubts*" did *not* refer to the MS. The answer on that point was—"Certainly." All that *can* be done on the other point *shall*, as will be stated at length in a private letter.

New Translations from the Classics ought to be better than the *old* ones; or, why are they produced? We cannot perceive the superiority of either of the translations which have reached us of Horace's Vth Ode.

"*Woman's Heart*" is of so excellent a quality, that it will not be the worse for keeping—another month.

"*The Chamois Hunter*" in our next.

Agreeably to request, we have addressed a private communication to our fair correspondent at Cambletown, in Argyleshire.

"*The Foundling, or True Charity*," might have done very well for the Lady's Magazine, a century and a half ago, if such a publication were then in existence: it will not suit the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Agreeably to request, we have also addressed a private communication to another of our fair correspondents, at Edinburgh.

"*The Adventure of a HALF-pay*" is not worth *any* pay: no one would accept it, even as a gift. Why should time, pens, ink, and paper, be so mercilessly wasted?

As we are great admirers of *marriage*, we have seized upon the earliest moment to encourage the author of "*Marriages*;" No. I. of which we have already inserted. The author has our best thanks.

After Lord Byron's "*Hebrew Melodies*," the verses by the same title, with which we have been favoured, would be thought deficient in *melody*.

Best acknowledgments to "BRIDGET," for her private communication: she shall shortly be re-paid in kind. Her packet has also reached us; but into that we have not yet had time to look.

"*The Warrior's Grave*" is a tame and tasteless imitation.

"*Wanderings in the Land of Hafiz*," if possible, next month.

"*The Building of Habsburgh, from the old Swiss Chronicles*," is translated with great spirit and apparent fidelity. It contains fine materials for a little romance; but, in its present form, it is deficient in point, incident, and effect.

"*Lady Florinda Bellasque, a Tale of the Dead*," will shortly be seen to *live* in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

The lengthy and creeping, incorrect and unpolished "*Stanzas, to Luccia*," or *Lucretia*, or whatever the lady's name may be, will not do.

"*Sonnets to Eudora*" are accepted.

If it be practicable, "*A Sketch of the Olden Time*" shall appear in our next.

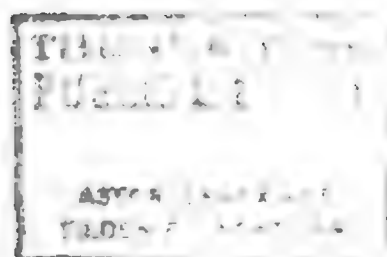
"*The Black Dog*" is too long-winded: the catastrophe should have trodden more quickly on the heels of the omen.

"*The Bridal Robe*" will, ere long, appear in all its freshness.

ERRATA:—In Dr. Carey's address to Lady S. Beresford, page 72, read the fifth line thus:—

"Enough, of beauty, will be said and sung;"—

and, in the sixth line from the end, for "*parent's*," read "*parents*."



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ANNE JANE, LADY AUDLEY.

THE family of Tuchet—whose noble representative, George John Thicknesse Tuchet, Lord Audley (also a Count of the Holy Roman Empire) is the husband of the lady whose portrait now adorns LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE—is of ancient standing and of great note in the country. From the appearance of the name in the Chronicles of Normandy, its origin is apparent; and that it came over with Duke William the Conqueror, is equally evident from the records of Battle Abbey. The late George, Baron Audley, of Heleigh Castle, county of Staffordshire, descended, in lineal succession, from Ormus Tuchet. William Tuchet was a distinguished character in Edward the First's wars with Scotland. From the 28th to the 34th of that king's reign (1298 to 1305) inclusive, he had summons to Parliament amongst the Barons of the realm. His successor, William, was also repeatedly in the wars with Scotland; but, about the year 1321, having engaged in the insurrection of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, he was taken prisoner with him, at his defeat at Borough-Brigg, and suffered death at Pomfret.

Sir Robert Tuchet, Knt., was, in the 13th of Edward II. (1319) one of those Barons who, with the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, assembled at Sherborne, in Elmedone, and swore to stand by each other, until they should have amended the state of the realm. Notwithstanding their oath, however, he and several of the others submitted to the King.

Sir John, grandson of this Robert, Lord Tuchet, was a principal commander in the wars with France in the reign of Edward III. He was killed in an engagement with the Spanish fleet off Rochelle, in 1370. His wife was Joan, eldest daughter of James, Lord Audley, of Heleigh, in the county of Stafford (created January 26, 1296) and sister and co-heir of Nicholas, Lord Audley. John Tuchet, their grandson, succeeded his great uncle, Nicholas, Lord Audley. He was employed by Henry IV. against the Welch. His son,

James, Lord Audley, accompanied Henry
No. 22.—Vol. IV.

V. in his wars with France. On the coronation of that King, with his Queen, he was Lord Almoner, in the room of the Earl of Cambridge; and, in 1422, on the death of the King, in France, he was one of the Lords that attended on the royal obsequies from Bois de Vincennes to Paris, and thence to Calais and Dover, to the interment at Westminster. By his successor, Henry VI., he was employed on many important occasions. Collins observes—

In 35 Hen. VI. the King fearing an insurrection, he was commissioned, on any emergency, to summon the sheriff and posse of the county of Hereford, to suppress any designs formed by his enemies. And continuing his loyalty to the said King, he was sent, in 37 Hen. VI. to encounter Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, who had assembled forces in behalf of the Duke of York, of whose proceedings, Hall and Hollinshed, in their Chronicles, give this account: The Lord Audley, according to his commission, having raised about 10,000 men, approached near to the Earl, in a plain called Blore Heath, within a mile of Drayton, in Shropshire, in order to prevent his march to London. Whereupon the Earl, finding it impossible to avoid an engagement, encouraged his men, and encamped on the side of a deep brook, the night before the day of St. Thecle, when the battle was fought. The Lord Audley, with the vanguard of his army, passed the water; but the Earl and his men, being desperate, behaved with such valour, that, after a sharp encounter, the Lord Audley with most of his men were slain, before the rest of his forces could come to his assistance.—In consideration, therefore, of the many and faithful services by him performed, whilst he lived (as is expressed in the patent) John, his son and heir, in 38 Hen. VI. had a special livery of all his castles, lordships, and lands, without proof of his age.*

This James, Lord Audley, had, by his first wife, Margaret, daughter of William, Lord Ross, of Hamlake,* a son and successor,

* Vide COLLINS's *Peerage of England*, vol. vi. page 550. Edition, 1812.

* His second wife was Eleanor, a natural

John, who, in 1459, went with the Duke of Somerset to take possession of Calais. On their landing, however, they were refused admittance: the Duke escaped, with difficulty, to the castle of Guisnes; but Lord Audley was taken, and carried into Calais, where the Duke of York, afterwards Edward IV. engaged him in his interests. He was in such esteem with that Sovereign, that, in the first year of his reign, his Majesty made him a grant of the stewardship of all the King's manors and lands in the county of Dorset—of the office of warden of his forests, chases, and parks of that county—and of the castle and parks of Wardour, in the county of Wilts. In the succeeding year (1462) he, with the Earl of Kent and others, landed in Brittany, with 10,000 men, and took the town of Conquest with the Isle of Rhé. In the 11th of Edward IV. (1471) he was one of the Lords who swore fealty to Prince Edward, the King's eldest son; and, in consideration of his attendance on the King's person, being of his council, he obtained a pension of £100 a year for life. For other important services, he was rewarded with additional grants. However, on the accession of Richard III. he attended among the Barons at his coronation; and, in the following year, he was constituted Lord High Treasurer of England. By his wife, Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Itchingham, his son and successor was,

James, Lord Audley, who had been Knight of the Bath, in the 15th of Edward IV., at the creation of Edward, Prince of Wales. In 1492, he attended Henry VIII. at the siege of Boulogne; but, in 1496, taking offence at a subsidy granted in Parliament, he joined with the Cornishmen in their insurrection. Having been taken prisoner in the battle of Blackheath, on the 24th of June, 1497, he was drawn from Newgate to Tower-Hill, in his own coat of

daughter of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, by Constance, daughter of Edmund de Langley, Duke of York, by whom he had issue:—Humphrey, killed at Tewkesbury, from whom the Audleys of Norfolk are descended;—Edmund, successively Bishop of Rochester, Hereford, and Salisbury;—Thomas, died unmarried;—Margaret, wife of Henry Gray, Lord Powis;—Elizabeth, wife of Edward Brooke, Lord Cobham;—and Constance, wife of Sir Robert Whitney, Knt.

arms, painted on paper, but reversed and torn, and there beheaded on the 28th of the same month. His son and successor, by Joan, daughter of Fulk Bouchier, Lord Fitz-Warren, was,

John, who, in the 4th of Henry VIII. (1512) was restored to the title of Lord Audley. In 1513, he attended the King at the taking of Therouenne; in 1530, he subscribed the memorable letter to Pope Clement VII.; and, in 1533, he had restitution of his father's lands.—His son and successor, by Mary, daughter of John Griffin, of Braybrooke, Esq., was

George, Lord Audley, who died in 1559. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Bryan Tuke, Knt., Treasurer of the Chamber to Henry VIII. His successor, by that lady, was

Henry, Lord Audley, who, in 1585, accompanied Robert, Earl of Leicester, into the Netherlands; and who, in 1586, commanded 150 men at the fight before Zutphen, in which he behaved so valiantly, that he was made a Knight Banneret. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Snede, of Bradwell, in the county of Stafford, Knt., by whom his successor was,

George, Lord Audley, who was some time governor of Utrecht, in the Netherlands. At the battle of Kinsale, in December, 1601, he was severely wounded. Residing in Ireland, he was, for his great services, created Earl of Castlehaven, and Baron Orier, in that kingdom, by letters patent, dated September 6, 1617. His wife was Lucy, daughter of Sir James Mervin, of Fontell, Knt., by whom he had issue—Mervin, his successor;—Ferdinando, made K.B. at the creation of Henry, Prince of Wales, in 1612; and five daughters; of whom Elizabeth, the third, married Sir Thomas Griffin, of Dingley, in Northamptonshire, Knt., from whom the late Lords Griffin descended. His successor,

Mervin, Lord Audley, and second Earl of Castlehaven, married, *first*, Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Benedict Barnham, Alderman of London; *secondly*, Anne, daughter of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, widow of Grey Brydges, Lord Chandos. He was, for certain high crimes and misdemeanors, beheaded on Tower-Hill, on the 14th of May, 1631. His eldest son, by his first lady, was

James, who, by letters patent, dated June 3, 1634, had a new creation to the title and dignity of Lord Audley and Earl of Castlehaven.—In the time of the civil wars, he commanded under the Duke of Ormond, in Ireland; and in 1649, having been chosen General of the Irish forces, he acted against Cromwell and the Parliament army, till the royal cause became hopeless, and then he went to the King, at Paris. “On the restoration of Charles II. he came over to England, and, to repair the same place and precedence which his ancestors, the Lords Audley, had anciently enjoyed, obtained a special act of Parliament, A.D. 1678, for restoring the said title and dignity of Lord Audley (forfeited by his father) to himself, and to the heirs of his body; and, for lack of such issue, to Mervin Touchet, his brother, third son to the said Mervin Touchet, Lord Audley, and to the heirs of his body (passing over George, a Benedictine monk, his next brother) and, for lack of issue of the said Mervin Touchet, to the daughters of the said Mervin, Lord Audley, and their heirs.” This nobleman married Elizabeth, daughter of Grey Brydges, Lord Chandos; but, dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother,

Mervin Tucket, Lord Audley, and third Earl of Castlehaven, who married Mary, third daughter of John, Earl of Shrewsbury, and widow of Charles Arundel, Esq. His eldest son and successor,

James, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of — Bard, Esq. (by Anne, daughter of Charles Villiers, Earl of Anglesey) and widow of Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex. His only son and successor was

James, fifth Earl of Castlehaven. He married Elizabeth, only daughter of Henry, Lord Arundel, of Wardour; by whom he had issue—1. James, his successor, who died unmarried in 1769;—2. John Talbot, his next successor;—3. Mary, who married, in 1749, Captain Philip Thicknesse, Lieutenant Governor of Landguard Fort.*

* Captain Thicknesse was a man of considerable talent and great eccentricity. He was descended from an ancient and respectable family—the Thicknesse—of Barterley Hall, in Staffordshire; and it is not a little remarkable that Ralph Thicknesse, one of his ancestors, served under Lord Audley in the battle of Blenheim.

His Lordship died at Paris, in 1740, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

James, sixth Earl of Castlehaven; who dying, as already stated, unmarried, was succeeded by his brother,

John Talbot, the seventh Earl. He married, in 1776, Mrs. Cracraft; but, dying without issue, in 1777, the Earldom became extinct, and the Barony of Audley descended to his nephew,

George Thicknesse, who, by royal sign manual, dated in December, 1783, assumed the name of Tucket, and the arms of Tucket and Audley. He was born in 1758, and he married, *first*, in 1781, Elizabeth, second daughter of John Hussey Delaval, first Lord Delaval, by whom (who died in 1785) he had issue:—

1. George John, the present Lord;—2. John, born in March 3, 1784, killed at the battle of Copenhagen, unmarried;—3. Elizabeth Susannah, born April 3, 1782, married November, 1805, John Cossins, Esq. His Lordship married, *secondly*, Augusta, relict of Colonel Moorhouse, by whom he had no issue. Dying on the 24th of August, 1818, he was succeeded by his son,

George John Thicknesse Tucket, Lord Audley, of Heleigh, in the county of Stafford. His Lordship was born January 23, 1783. In April, 1816, he married, at Brussels, Anne Jane, eldest daughter of Ross Donnelly, Esq., Vice Admiral of the White Squadron, by whom he has issue:—

1. George Edward, born January 26, 1817;—2. Jane Elizabeth, born March 31, 1818;—3. John, born November 8, 1819;—4. William Ross, born November 23, 1821;—5. James, born January 11, 1825;—6. Susan, born July 19, 1826.

Heath, in the reign of Henry VI. alluded to above. After the death of his second wife, Lady Mary Thicknesse, in 1762, Captain Thicknesse married Miss Ford, the daughter of an eminent solicitor, and a woman of extraordinary accomplishments: she died a few years ago, at the advanced age of 86. His first wife was a Miss Le Neve, a young lady also of superior mind, and of transcendent beauty. Captain Thicknesse set out for Italy in 1792, where he proposed to stay two or three years; but on the day after his leaving Boulogne he fell down in a fit while travelling in his carriage, and expired in the arms of his wife, in the 73d year of his age.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XII.—MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

AFTER our illustrative memoir, accompanying the portrait of Miss Porter, the fair author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, &c.* and after the strictures which we ventured to pass on those performances in the fourth No. of our "Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction,"† it seems hardly necessary to commence the present paper by announcing Miss Anna Maria Porter as the sister of that amiable, interesting, and highly-gifted woman. For the sake of distinctness, however, we will just mention, that she is the younger sister of that lady, and of Sir Robert Ker Porter; a gentleman distinguished equally by his pen and pencil—by his productions in literature and the fine arts—and at this time one of His Majesty's Consuls at the Caraccas.‡

Educated under the same happy auspices as her sister, like her's her earliest affections were given to the elegant pursuits of the mind. From the pure and richly-varied sources of information which opened around her, it may be easily conceived that her sedulous and emulative mind would extract ample stores of useful knowledge; a knowledge which has since most advantageously assisted her in varying the scenes of her novels, in laying her stories successively in different countries, and occasionally even in different quarters of the globe. Thus—to say nothing of two volumes of *Tales* which she wrote before the age of thirteen—of *Walsh Colville*—of *Octavia*, a novel in three volumes—the early efforts of aspiring genius—we find, in *The Hungarian Bro-*

thers, a lively sketch of the state and manners of Hungary and Germany during the latter part of the eighteenth century; in the deeply affecting romance of *Don Sebastian*, Miss Anna Maria Porter has shown us Portugal, Persia, and America, as they existed in the memorable times of that unfortunate prince; in *The Recluse of Norway*, she has pourtrayed that country, Denmark, and Spain, soon after the contention of the houses of Austria and Bourbon for the Spanish monarchy; in *The Knight of St. John*, she has commemorated the siege of Malta, an epoch of history which must ever be interesting to the brave and virtuous of all nations; in *The Fast of St. Magdalen*, an Italian tale, laid chiefly in Florence, she carries the reader through that deep romance of real life, the glories, the misfortunes, and the restoration of the illustrious family of Medicis; in *The Village of Mariendorpt*, we are, amidst pictures of northern scenery and manners, enlightened in the mode of warfare pursued in Sweden, Germany, and the Low Countries after the fall of the great Gustavus in the middle of the seventeenth century; and, in *Roche Blanche*, or *The Hunters of the Pyrenées* (her last work, excepting "Tales Round a Winter Hearth, by Jane and Anna Maria Porter")* we obtain an attractive view of many interesting points of English as well as of French history, during the momentous times of Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots.

Regarding Miss Anna Maria Porter as one of the founders of the modern historic romance, these works form so many successful illustrations of the happy mean which ought to be pursued by the labourer in this fertile field of literature. Their author appears to have made it a point of conscience never to pervert an historical fact. If her plot be purely historic, as in *Don Sebastian*, she takes history, as far as it is known, for her outline, and fills up the picture from fancy, but upon such principles as to harmonize with recorded truth. If, on the contrary, her plot be of a mixed,

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. i. page 185.

† *Ibid.* vol. ii. page 143.

‡ Deprecating the charge of plagiarism, the writer of this paper begs to state, that some of the remarks which it contains were offered to the public about seven years ago, through a channel not very likely to be familiar with the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. He would, however, have changed his phraseology, had he felt that he could change it with advantage to his subject: as it is, he has preferred accuracy of statement to mere novelty of form.

* *Vide* page 35.

or domestic nature, she interweaves historical facts with the native incidents of the scene; and thus, in neither instance, does she compromise historical truth, or distort historical delineation.

"The name of Don Sebastian," observes Miss A. M. Porter, in her preface to the romance so entitled, "recals to every historical reader a character which youth, faults, virtues, and misfortunes, have rendered highly interesting. I have selected," she adds, "such an one for my hero, from the wish of shewing how 'sweet are the uses of adversity.'" To be enabled to form an accurate judgment of the historical merit of this performance, it would be necessary to go through the author's course of reading—evidently a very extensive one—on the subject. In the story there appears to be only one fault—the necessity of a melancholy catastrophe. A catastrophe, so melancholy as that of Don Sebastian, induces—painfully induces—the reflection, that howsoever great, and toilsome, and laudable our exertions—howsoever distinguished by honours, or dignified by virtues—to one "complexion we must come at last." The impression left upon the mind of the reader would have been less mournful, could poor Sebastian have been accompanied, to the last, through his earthly pilgrimage, by his beloved Kara Aziek—could she have received his last sigh, and have moistened with her tears the forsaken tabernacle of that tried, that purified, that exalted spirit. The generous, the tender, the affectionate heart of the writer displays itself throughout. Her Barémel—the interesting Barémel—was evidently suggested by the dog of Ulysses; and were it not treason against the divine majesty of Homer to breathe such a sentiment, we would say, with heightened effect. Of this humble friend of man she makes most excellent use.

The Recluse of Norway was written five years after *Don Sebastian*, a circumstance to which Miss A. M. Porter alludes in its preface, and expresses a fear that experience of those years may have "visibly left its print upon the sentiments and the story."—"In my former productions," says she, "I was justly accused, by a public critic, of making my 'characters too good, and my events too happy.'" This remark

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may, perhaps, be applicable to *The Hungarian Brothers*, in which, with the solitary exception of the narrow-souled, envious, malignant Wurtzburgh, all the characters are amiable and virtuous, and their goodness is blessed with its due reward; but, certainly, not with correctness, to *Don Sebastian*, as in that work, although the loveliest affections of the heart predominate, those affections are frequently shaded and crossed; the brightest sunshine of happiness is never without its threatening and often-bursting cloud of misfortune; and the close of the book is so mournfully pathetic, so touchingly distressing, as to leave a very painful sensation on the mind.

"Perhaps in *The Recluse of Norway*," continues Miss A. M. Porter, "I may have fallen into an opposite extreme; and the reader may conclude that the illusions of early life have given place to too gloomy a perception of painful realities."

We confess that we have not felt it so. On the contrary, we perceive in *The Recluse of Norway* all, and more than all, the improvement that could have been expected in five years; and though it presents much deep and powerful painting, it abundantly shews that the author still cherishes the amiable feeling of loving to contemplate the bright, in preference to the dark side of our nature. It has even been objected, that Theodore is too good to be natural. That is not our opinion, and we should be sorry, for the credit of humanity, were it just. Theodore, though excellent, is not faultless: in admiring such a model of excellence, we cannot but consider it as eminently calculated to excite emulation, and to elicit correspondent virtues in the generous mind. *The Recluse of Norway* is, indeed, one of the few novels which may be repeatedly read, and never without fresh advantage; as, resembling, in its order of merit, the beautiful masterpiece of Fénelon, it is impossible to rise from its perusal without feeling ourselves both wiser and better.

In Miss A. M. Porter's spirited introduction of *The Knight of St. John*, in which the siege of Malta is portrayed in such vivid colours that we almost seem to contemplate a reality, several family likenesses, or resemblances of character, may be traced. Cesario is another, but less amiable Sebas-

tian : Amadea, though of infinitely inferior importance, is a delicate sketch from that interesting creature, Kara Aziek : Beatrice resembles Gonsalva ; but the sylph-like witchery of her charms is comparatively feeble. The first appearance of Gonsalva, with her " hair of light, and dazzling eyes of glory," is a delightful vision, to which the mind reverts, with a mingled sense of pleasure and pain, long after that compound of frailty and crime has become detestable in the eye of virtue.

In *The Knight of St. John*, as in *Don Sebastian*, Miss A. M. Porter has most accurately and forcibly displayed the difference between that fitful passion, by which we are frequently assailed in early youth, and that nobler feeling, which may be termed the heart's genuine affection. In *Don Sebastian*, too, she is philosophically correct in shewing, that a lofty and well-organized mind is incapable of long continuing to love an object that has proved itself unworthy.

The Fast of St. Magdalen breathes the essence of mind, the very soul of poetry, in every page. Its imagery is rich ; its characters are nobly drawn, and nobly supported ; and, in the general conduct of the story, it ranks, perhaps, the first of all the writer's works. Nor is it inferior in freshness, originality, or distinctiveness of character. Renati is a fine specimen of rough honour and honesty : Ippolita is the true *beau idéal* of all that is amiable, and lovely, and excellent in woman.

The Fast of St. Magdalen, as well as every other performance of Miss A. M. Porter's, is distinguished by excellent sense, by a truly refined delicacy of taste, by the utmost purity of sentiment, by a uniform correctness of moral feeling, and by that genuine Christian piety, which sees, and, seeing, worships the Supreme in all his works.

The Village of Mariendorpt, we are told, " was begun in the autumn of 1819 ; pursued during the short suspensions of a year's serious illness ; and concluded now [December 1820] under the immediate pressure of the same depressing malady." Under such circumstances, the wonder is, not that this romance should display less of the fire and splendour of genius than some of its predecessors, but that four full-sized volumes should, within so brief

a period, be produced at all. Certainly *The Village of Mariendorpt*, though presenting many sweet and affecting sketches, is comparatively — only comparatively — dull. Too much stress would seem to be laid upon the magnificent beauty of Rhinegravestein, were not that beauty rendered necessary to the conduct of the story, by the peculiar character of the Count's second wife, a woman whose sensuality led her to the adoration of physical perfection, though her mind was altogether incapable of honouring, or even of estimating moral worth. Admitting the objection, however, Miss A. M. Porter might plead in excuse the immemorial privilege of lady writers to manufacture Apollos, with rich clustering locks, and all the fabled attributes of heathen deity.

To indisposition alone we are disposed to ascribe the fact, that, in *The Village of Mariendorpt*, the characters, generally speaking, are less forcible, the incidents less striking, and the interest less intense than in *Don Sebastian*, and some of the author's other works. The nervous, the sensitive Torstenson, however — the creature all soul, and goodness, and honour — is finely contrasted with Wrangel, a heartless military machine, unknown to greatness, magnanimity, or any elevated, generous feeling of the soul.

We hate a feeble, tedious, complicated winding up, that perplexes us for three or four hours after every grand point has been developed : more to our taste is the rapid Germanic close, which, like an electric flash, astounds us by its quickness and force — presents to momentary view the grand outline of a vast imposing scene, and leaves to imagination all its lovely, all its brilliant details. The *denouement* of *The Village of Mariendorpt* is of the latter rather than of the former description ; somewhat, however, too much crowded in its multitude of main events.

Between the romance of which we have last been speaking and *Roche Blanche*, or *the Hunters of the Pyrennées*, there is, at least in the estimation of the author, some connexion. " If the reader of the following work," observes Miss A. M. Porter, " happen to have read its predecessor, ' *The Village of Mariendorpt*,' it may be necessary to apprise him that the resem-

blance he may possibly detect between some features of the two stories is not accidental. It once struck me, that it might be curious and entertaining, to mark the different effect producible by placing dissimilar characters in similar situations."—As far, however, as we can perceive, there is quite as much resemblance of character as of situation in the two works.

In her preface to *Roche Blanche*, Miss A. M. Porter has found it necessary, we know not why, to offer an apology. "I trust," says she, "every candid mind will believe, that I did not willingly prefer a foreign history of the sixteenth century, to that of our own country at the same period. *Who does not know that in the scenes of 'Kenilworth' some of our mightiest dead have re-appeared in actual existence? It must be a bolder spirit than I dare boast, that calls them again from 'the vastly deep:'* in these humble pages, they are required only to pass like the race of Banquo—as shadows!" Really we think this might have been spared: it is an undervaluing of the writer's own powers, an overvaluing of the powers of another. "An impudent, pickpocketing piece of foolery!" exclaimed a friend of our's in a pet, as he threw down the last volume of "*Kenilworth*," at the close of which he had arrived with his last hastily-swallowed cup of tea. "What the deuce," he resumed, as he arose, and moved in quick time towards the window—"what the deuce does the public mean, by suffering itself to be so gulled? Half a guinea a volume, too, for cutting out here and there a leaf from an old musty history book, here and there another from the *Groper's Magazine*, tacking 'em together, and serving 'em up with some of his own balderdash, by way of garnish! And this is the man who makes more good English pounds sterling by his crude compilations—by his sheer book-making trickery—than Fielding and Smollet ever received shillings for works which have immortalized them. I have no patience with such mummery."—*We say nothing!*

There is more freshness, more vitality, more originality, in *Roche Blanche*, than in *The Village of Mariendorpt*. The effect of mere physical beauty upon an ardent, noble mind—the gradual development of the passion of love in an idiot maid—and

the affecting death of the beautiful and innocent Lolotte, deserve the study of a philosopher. The accidental detection of that bold, bad woman, Catherine de Medicis, by Adhemar de Bourbon, by which Clarence Willoughby is happily exonerated from all suspicion of having proved false to his friend, is an unexpected, striking, and very effective incident. So also is the death of Adhemar de Bourbon, though perhaps rather too violent. Upon the whole, the characters here, as in *The Village of Mariendorpt*, are less forcible, the incidents are less impressive, and the interest is less intense, than in some of Miss Anna Maria Porter's more juvenile performances. Does her spirit really quail beneath that of the mock wizard of the north? Let it not be so.

Notwithstanding the award of poetical justice, the close of *Roche Blanche* is rather flat than otherwise—it carries with it nothing of the racy, champagne smack. It does more, however: it inculcates the almost divine principle of "resolving never to stifle one kind or generous impulse, at the suggestion of selfish prudence;" under the assurance, "that he who implants the benevolent feeling, will, 'with the temptation' to its indulgence, make—not 'a way to escape,' but a way to its blest and blessing exercise!"

Amongst the other excellencies of Miss A. M. Porter's productions, it would be a fraud upon her fame to pass over unnoticed that true and rare tact, the possession of which induces a belief, that, were she to direct her talents towards the drama—particularly in its lighter and more elegant walks—she could scarcely fail of success, should justice be rendered to her exertions. In none of her novels is this more apparent than in *The Fast of St. Magdalen*. The fable, the characters, the incidents, the situations, even the very scenery, are all dramatic.

We intimated upon a former occasion, that this lady's poetical talents are of an order far above mediocrity. Had she cultivated those talents to the extent they deserved, it is more than probable that she would have ranked with the first poets of the age. We shall offer one brief specimen of her skill—merely a song—written, if we mistake not, before any of the romances on which we have been enlarging.

Ring on ! ring on, ye merry bells,
And be to others, sounds of gladness—
Alas ! your silver sweetness swells
To wake my slumbering heart to madness.

Ring on ! ring on ! for since your chimes
Shall never now my wedding hallow,
O ! be the voice of other times,
And rouse their joys, like spectres sorrow

Ah ! ring such pensive peals as when
In these tall groves I wander'd sighing,
And listen'd to the best of men,
Who now in yonder grave is lying :

Ah ! ring such peals as may recal
Those happy hours, now gone for ever ;
And whilst the bitter tear-drops fall,
At once my soul and reason sever !

It may not be deemed altogether impertinent to add, that Miss Anna Maria's conversational powers are, in every respect, worthy of her literary superiority. With great sweetness and liveliness of manner, she blends the happiest wit—a wit as mild as it is brilliant, which, while it cheers and animates all, never emits a shaft that can inflict the slightest wound. Residing with her venerable mother and her sister, a more affectionate, more attached family than her's cannot be imagined to exist.

H.

THE HAUNTED ISLE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.*

My grandfather possessed an extensive hereditary estate, and rose to high command in the British army: my father served in his regiment, and never were parent and son more tenderly attached, or more happy in reciprocal confidence than they, before my father became wildly enamoured of a Roman Catholic lady. Aware that her religion must form an insuperable objection to their union, he persuaded her to marry him privately. However, in a very few days, she insisted upon her right to be publicly acknowledged; and having wrung from her husband a reluctant consent, she threw herself at the feet of her father-in-law, imploring forgiveness for herself and the partner of her offence. Major B. said, that though his only child had wounded him in the most tender point, by connecting himself with the professor of a religion he disapproved, he would pardon and bless the young couple, on condition of a solemn promise to rear their children in the Protestant faith. My mother accepted this stipulation, and during three years which she spent with the corps, or with my father and grandfather at their seat in the county of Durham, they were quite satisfied with the deference she shewed to the church of England. When they were ordered to the West-Indies, she readily agreed that I should be placed in charge of a dignified clergyman of that establish-

ment; and if the child whose approaching birth prevented her accompanying my father should prove a boy, she engaged to leave him under the same guardianship, and to follow my father to Barbadoes.

The expected infant died when a few months old; the clergyman, my guardian, was killed by lightning in his gig; the affrighted horses set off at full gallop, overturned the carriage, and their master's wife did not long survive the bruises she received. My mother believed these were providential interpositions to deliver me from being trained a heretic. She concealed the events from her husband, took me home, and maternal endearments easily won the heart of a child, not seven years old, to embrace the doctrines she anxiously inculcated. My grandfather and father were many years absent, across the Atlantic, and with the allied armies on the Continent of Europe. They knew nothing of domestic affairs beyond the information given by my mother. My grandfather managed pecuniary concerns in correspondence with his steward; my father, gay and free from care, enjoyed present moments without one thought of futurity. Prince Charles landed in Scotland: my mother raised a company of English Catholics, sent them in detachments to meet the royal adventurer at Edinburgh, and despatched me with the last division to command my recruits. I did not then know that my father's regiment had come

* Vide page 101.

from abroad, and was among the troops opposed to us. I was present in all the engagements during the campaign; and at Culloden suffered wounds—I think not of those that affected my person—but, blessed saints, the guilt of undesigned parricide blighted my soul. A general officer encountered me; eager for distinction, yet unwilling to take the life of my venerable adversary, I tried to disable and make him prisoner. A fierce struggle ensued after he had wounded me; and, forgetting all but the instinct of self-defence, I pierced him with a fatal aim: before he fell from his horse he retorted the stroke, but with less effect. I sank from the saddle, and did not regain distinct consciousness till the cool air of evening revived me, in a boat at the western extremity of Lochness. An aged gentleman stretched upon the same plaid, in the bottom of the boat, endured his numerous lacerations with quiet fortitude, which shamed the alternate throes of excruciating pain, or overwhelming faintness in the young warrior by his side. Both were carried upon rude litters of wattled work, covered with heaps of fresh grass, and at the sea-side again laid in a boat and conveyed to this islet, where the wretched solitary must drag on a life of self-condemnation, and die unpitied, unwept, unhonoured.

An aged lady, and another more young, but past the vernal bloom of beauty, took compassion upon a helpless stranger, while attended by a man of agreeable figure and polished manners in the habit of a priest. Father Norman officiated as ghostly director and surgeon—the ladies kindly performed the duties of sick nurse. The chief had been in the rebellion, or loyal enterprize, of 1715, and fled with his wife and daughter to France. They returned with Prince Charles—for a short time regained possession of the castle; but to escape ejection, fire and sword, he took refuge in an uninhabited isle, and to conceal the chief, whose wounds made it impossible to go further, the clansmen prepared a house; the lady removed thither before the battle of Culloden, a seer having warned them that defeat, like a dark thunder-cloud, hung over the royal head. The ill-fated B. was in a high fever when the chieftain's slow recovery met an interruption which termi-

nated in his death. Sailors from a ship in the service of the Elector of Hanover landed on the shores of the isle. The lady and her old female domestic were alarmed, dreading that the force had been sent to sieze the chief; they conveyed him to a cave—he caught cold, and died in a few days: he was laid in the cemetery of his ancestors before my delirium subsided; his widow had no consolation except that his dust would mingle with the mould that inhumed his forefathers; and she resolved to fix her abode in the islet, unless dire necessity should force her to leave a spot whence she could be taken to the burial-place hallowed by religion, and by feudal honours.

The chief and I could have but one apartment in the small cottage. When we were better we conversed together, our beds being necessarily very near. "You killed General B.," said the chief; "I saw you; but though I anxiously wished to help you in taking the veteran prisoner, rather than to cut short his few remaining days of life, I had more than enough upon my hands, and could not shift my station."

The chief had no idea that General B. was my grandfather; but I was horror-struck by the unwitting deed of parricide, and distracted by fears that in the *mêlée* I might have given a death-stroke to my father.

"Are you sure the noble-looking officer was General B., and had he a son near him?"

"I am certain of General B.'s identity," answered the chief; "I knew him well by sight when he and his son were opposed to us in Flanders, and I belonged to the French army. His son was at the battle of Culloden; yet, as he commanded a different brigade, he was at a distance from you."

I had gasped for breath in questioning the chief, and though relieved from the hideous apprehension of double parricide, the thought of shedding the blood of my grandfather harrowed every feeling, and weeks passed before I again spoke one coherent sentence. Reason returned; but my strength appeared to be exhausted, and I prepared for death. Before giving the last unction, father Norman admonished me that an act of justice and humanity should be first performed. The chief's

daughter mourning for her beloved father, and hourly in the anguishing fear of being entirely an orphan, as her mother's health and spirits were gone since she became a widow; this most afflicted young lady also suffered under the sting of cruel censure, because of her unremitting attentions to me. The injury could be repaired only by marriage, and bequeathing to her proper certificates of her legal rights as my relict. The lady was still handsome, and her manners had all the graces imparted by French education and court-breeding; but of what account were female attractions to a dying man? If he could avert scandal from the amiable soother of his long-protracted sufferings, it could be of no consequence to him, though his bride of a few days—perhaps only of a few hours—might have numbered more than double his years. The marriage ceremony was performed by father Norman, and I was supported, and my hand guided in appending my signature to the certificates. I still lingered many weeks; and latterly my convalescence surpassed all hope, in rapidity and completeness. Mental inquietude brought a dangerous relapse. I was not vehemently in love with my wife, yet I became very miserable on observing between her and the priest a familiarity, which to me seemed incompatible with matronly decorum, or with his sacred character. In some months the birth of a son confirmed my worst suspicions. His grandmother, his mother, and the priest, said his birth was premature; but though at first a delicate feeble infant, he became in a few months vigorous and lusty. I felt myself degraded and duped; but how could I seek redress, unless by continually watching the passing sail I should be extricated from the abode of infamy? I was almost tempted to cast myself into the sea, and to swim to a vessel, when a brig from Shields came to the harbour to take shelter from a storm. The master sent a boat to get fresh water from the same rivulet which drew thither a part of the crew of a sloop of war, when the chief had been unfortunately removed. The seamen filled their casks, and left the coast, without supposing so poor an island contained any thing worth searching for. I took care not to let the northern Englishers depart without apprizing them that

one human being existed on the insular domain. I told them my name, and gave them no hint that any other inhabitant belonged to my prison. The master of the brig knew me when I first appeared on the deck; and, sure of ample remuneration, took me to Shields. On our passage I learned from him that my father was at B. House, and my mother no more. She had been laid in her grave five weeks before my father came from Scotland. The report of the country was, that she had drooped ever since my departure; and never ceased blaming herself for sending me to expose my life in fields of war. The defeat at Culloden gave a terrible shock to her wasted frame; and, finding all her inquiries about me unavailing, grief cut short her slender thread of existence. My hand had slain my grandsire; solicitude on my account had destroyed my mother: I was most unhappy, and wished I had never been born. My voyage was very melancholy; but when I beheld the shores of England—when I expected in a few hours to embrace my father—my father to whom I was all unknown, a tide of joy rushed on my heart; and agitated in every fibre I trod the quay. The master of the brig was with me; he darted away, and immediately returned with a gentleman, announcing him as Colonel B., my only parent. The sudden introduction could not be supported by a conscious offender; I had forsaken the religion for which my ancestors fought, bled, and gained renown; I had embraced a line of political conduct the most repugnant to an officer in the service of King George; my accursed hand was stained with the blood of my grandfather; and I had disposed of that hand in marriage without consulting my parent. I disregarded the palliatives that might be urged to extenuate my guilt, and with all the horror of a self-condemned criminal, fell in convulsive agonies at the feet of my father. He took me home in his carriage; devoted to me every fond attention; made no inquiry regarding my past demeanour; but encouraged and caressed me as a beloved, an unblameable son. I said to myself, my father is happy—can it be duteous or wise to destroy his blissful delusion? I ought, and I will study his comfort above all other objects. He took for granted I

was a Protestant, and I had not fortitude to undeceive him. I accompanied him to church, and in visiting our neighbours. The matchless beauty, the accomplishments, and virtues of Lady Harriet R. inspired me with the most impassioned admiration. My father's fortune was much larger than the estates of Earl R., and he owed my father large sums of money; but the Countess, the daughter of a Duke, would not give the angelic Harriet to a commoner; and though Colonel B. had but to ask the revival of a title dormant in our family, he could not bear to solicit a mark of favour, which he considered as spontaneously due to his services. Military pride at length yielded to parental indulgence: my father was Viscount B., and his right honourable son became the enraptured spouse of his adored Harriet. My affectionate father saw our four boys as blossoms of hope to perpetuate his name. My felicity was exquisite and unbounded: a wife, the paragon of feminine beauty and excellence; a young race adorned with their mother's personal and mental perfections; a vast revenue, high station, and good health; but conscience, in a voice still and small, yet appalling, whispered oft, *the hour of retribution is delayed—not unremembered*; and my own folly perhaps hastened its arrival. I had never travelled abroad, and proposed to my Harriet that we should go *en famille* to France, and make excursions to Switzerland, Italy, and the most remarkable portions of southern Europe. She objected that French philosophy was undermining all the ties of social order, and wished me to postpone our travels a few years, to let the fermentation of ill-understood liberty discharge its feculence. Eager and impatient in every thing, I prevailed with my wife to leave our tranquil, secure residence, and to cross the Channel. Before the end of two years I would have sacrificed my own life to deliver my family from Paris, the vortex of anarchy and crime. With much hazard and difficulty I brought them to Abbeville. A French emigrant had a vessel in readiness for us, and several noble personages embarked a part of their property and escaped with us. The skies were lowering, but we preferred trusting ourselves to the sea, rather than risk an arrest from the

French Convention. We tried to get into the English Channel, and finding that impossible, we hoped to land at St. Ives or some of the western ports. Our efforts were vain; a tempest tossed our bark two dreadful days; the third she split upon rocks, and every soul on board perished, with the exception of one solitary wretch, to whom life is an intolerable burthen. My distracted mind cannot compute how long I lay stunned upon the beach; or how long the stupor of excessive sorrow held me motionless after my recollection returned. Lightning and thunder, followed by torrents of rain, drove me instinctively to seek a shelter. I ran, unknowing whither, till I struck my aching head against the cottage where I had formerly been sheltered in early youth, and where I had plighted disastrous vows. I shuddered with indefinable impressions of guilt. The hour of retribution had indeed arrived, in all that could agonize my feelings. I threw myself upon the grass—I saw the cottage desolate. Where were Jacobina and her child? And oh! where rested my Harriet and our sons? In the fathomless ocean. I wept, groaned, and shrieked in agonies of grief.—Nature could hold out no longer.—I slept, and when the sun-beams awoke me, I mourned again, and wished to sleep for ever. I went to the shore, hoping, yet dreading to find the cold remains of my beloved wife or children. I made a hasty circuit of the island day after day—I cannot tell how many: I slaked my thirst at the streams, and sometimes picked wild berries. No corse was returned by the engulfing waves; but trunks and packages of endless variety were cast ashore. I collected some, hardly conscious how I was employed. I forced open the door of the cottage, and nearly behind it found a small enamelled writing-case tied in a towel, as if intended to be taken away, but dropped accidentally. I broke it up, impatient to learn some tidings of Jacobina, foolishly imagining she designed it for my information. I soon, however, recollected that I had been waited upon by father Norman, soon after my marriage with Lady Harriet R.; that I reproached him with imposing upon my extreme youth and inexperience, in marrying me to a lady about the age of my mother. I avowed my union with Lady

Harriet, and reminded father Norman that a ceremony performed by a catholic priest could not bind a Protestant as I was. I gave him an order on my banker for a large sum, in compensation for any pain my disappearance might have inflicted upon Jacobina. He took the paper, he said, as some atonement for irreparable injury, not as a favour. I disdained to tell him my suspicions of himself and the lady: I now grieve that I was not explicit. The papers I found in the writing-box shewed that Norman was her brother—the illegitimate son of her father. His mother had died soon after his birth, and Jacobina's mother, only a few months married, took him to the castle, reared him as a gentleman, and he proved most grateful. A fragment of a letter from Jacobina to the Bishop of Kilmore gave me these facts:—

“Right Rev. Father—My last informed you our dear Norman is lost to us, and my mother has never since held up her head. She is now dying. I beseech you to come with all speed to give her extreme unction, and console her for my brother's cruel

sentence. Alas! many journeys he took to England on my unhappy concerns—the last was fatal; for no crime, but for the celebration of mass he is sent to the plantations. My mother's heart is broken—mine is rent; but I forgive him whom I ought to banish from my thoughts: most reverend father pray for him; his crime of heretical apostacy is great; but the intercession of the saints is mighty in power to save, and recal him to the bosom of the church.”

Jacobina's prayer was heard. I abjured protestantism, for the first package I opened contained the image of the Holy Virgin, and other symbols of our ancient and sacred religion. A rosary is wanting. I was unworthy to have all the precious emblems of the true faith.—I have tried to fashion beads, but cannot succeed: penance must do the rest * * * * *

A few illegible words followed.—Lord——fulfilled the behests of the solitary, and deemed the imperfect sketch of his life neither unedifying nor uninteresting.

B. G.

SKETCHES FROM MY DIARY.—No. III.

March 4th.—I have heard to-day that my father is going to be married. My father married! and it seems to me to be but yesterday since I wept over the body of my dead mother—that dear and gentle mother! How little did I think, when I looked upon her cold pale face, that I should so soon see my father smiling on another bride! But I will pray for that strength which faileth not, and I will put my trust in him who comforteth the afflicted.

5th.—I am going home to receive my father's wife. And can it be? Am I, who but three short months ago closed the dying eyes of my sweet, sweet parent, now to see another occupy her place?—to hear another called by her name? Is it possible that this can be?—I think I seem now to look upon that dear mother's fading cheek—I seem to see her mild eyes raised towards heaven in their calm, innocent beauty—I seem to hear her voice in its dying sweetness, breathing forth her humble but happy feelings. Even yet I

seem to be listening to the last, last accents I shall ever hear from her beloved lips, when, turning towards me her pale and placid countenance, she said—“I have no fears, my Margaret; for I am going to Him who died for sinners!”

10th.—It is over—this day of bitter agony is over—and I have seen my father's wife! My poor sister! What a task was her's—to be present at that most agonizing ceremony—And yet had I not also much to suffer?—had I not to dress up the chamber for the bride?—that chamber which, for three-and-twenty years, had been my mother's? Had I not to sit, lonely and sad, and watch the weary hours of this cheerless day?—And am I not, henceforth, to be as a stranger in my father's house?—that house in which I have grown up to womanhood? Alas! has not my father told me so? How restless I have been to-day! How I have wandered over every spot of this once-happy home! Again and again I went into every well-remembered

room, and wept till I almost could have fancied I was made of tears. And our garden — our beautiful garden—where I have so often sat in the summer twilight, and listened to the sweet singing of the birds! Of this, too, I felt as if taking my farewell; and the river, and the blue sea—to-morrow they will to others still wear their cheerful and smiling beauty—to me will any thing ever look smilingly again?

I sat this evening watching, with a throbbing heart, every sound that approached the gates. At last I heard carriage-wheels—yes! on they came—nearer and nearer—and now I heard others, and I could not be deceived. Suddenly the sounds ceased—the drawing-room door opened—and my father entered with his bride! How pleased he looked; and yet, is it possible he could enter that room, and not one remembrance of my mother rise upon his mind—that room in which but a few short weeks before I had seen her in all her gentleness? When I looked on the large showy figure of my father's wife, and on her splendid dress, my own sweet and pious mother seemed to flit before my eyes. I thought of her mild pale face—her small white hand and her little slender foot—those unobtrusive and lady-like beauties; and when the bride approached and kissed me, I thought of the last cold kiss which I had pressed in sadness and sorrow on my dead mother's lips! And has my father forgotten all this? Has he already forgotten the innocent creature that so dearly loved him? But I am now alone in my own room; and I have knelt down, and have poured out my heart in prayer, and I still possess the blessing of being able to weep upon my sister's bosom, and to-night we have mingled our tears together.

20th.—I have been ill—very ill—and it is long since I have written in my diary; and now I am again ordered to the Highlands. Once more I shall see Lucy's sweet smiling face: perhaps I may be able to enjoy the wild glee of the baby; and I shall again wander with Mr. Hamilton among those romantic glens in the calm brightness of the summer moonlight.

April 17th.—Again I am in the Highlands—the wild beautiful Highlands! How well do I remember my feelings, when, seventeen years ago, I came for the first

time to visit in this strange old dwelling. With what reverence I gazed upon the lofty towers, and how eagerly I scrambled upon chairs and tables, hoping I should then be tall enough to look from the high narrow casements. Yes! all this is as fresh in my remembrance as though it had happened only yesterday. And even now I cannot approach the mansion without experiencing something of the feelings of my childhood: the long straight avenues—the battlements—the even rows of venerable trees—the grass-grown walks—the wildness, the desolation of every surrounding object—all recal to my recollection the feelings of my childish days! This is in very truth a fit dwelling for one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines: it wants only some fifty or sixty whiskered bravos, veiled pictures, poisoned bowls, and bloody daggers, to be a very Castle of Udolpho. But how beautiful the situation of this old place is! It was originally built for a watch-tower, in the days of feudal warfare, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. Far below in the glen we look on the majestic Avon, in all its noble windings; while around, on every side, far as the eye can reach, hills rise above hills, till their snow-clad summits seem mixing with the skies. The setting sun is now shedding its departing glories on those distant hills, and tinging them with rays of living gold; while all the lower lands are darkening into shadow. Is not the scene around me like the history of a life? Is it not like the destiny of man? Is not that shadowy darkness the prevailing colour of our days? and are not those sunny spots like the few bright brief hours that flit, meteor-like, across our path, bringing back life and warmth to the blighted heart? Ah! I have hours of wild and melancholy musings, when my tears could fall like rain. How the wind sweeps over the battlements! It is like the voice of a friend, come to mourn with me over my mother's grave.

May 3d.—I have been looking over the last page of my diary; but this is not a morning to indulge in dreams of pathos. How the sun is shining! His beams are dancing and sparkling on the Avon like stars of gold. The birds too, what sweet, sweet music they are making! And there

is Chrissy, the baby, calling on lazy cousin Margaret to awake. Yes! yes! little one! I am coming, and we shall go and walk under the shade of those tall trees. Oh, there is a group of merry urchins already on the spot; and they are blowing soap-bubbles in the air. Look, Chrissy,

look; are they not like rainbows, with those beautiful colours, as they rise upwards, and upwards, in the sun? Yes! yes! we shall go and walk, my Chrissy; and you and Dido shall enjoy the sport with those happy-looking elves.

THE ASTROLOGER.

(Concluded from page 115.)

From this time forward, gentle reader, my tale, till towards its close, must necessarily be insipid, for I have little of moment to relate beyond the gradual growth of affection in two faithful and innocent hearts. Zephyrs and moonlight therefore, together with a due admixture of stars, groves, beautiful lakes, green meadows, and purling streams, must form the principal features of my eloquence; till I have reached, as I told you before, the close of my mournful story. If ever, indeed, two young hearts were devoted to each other with the full burning intensity of that passion, which in the sunny hours of youth is the food, the aliment, the one-ruling principle of life, those young hearts beat in the persons of Alice and De Lancaster. With her, especially, it was a first love, born among lakes and mountains, cradled in ruins, and invested with a high interest drawn from such sublime associations, which can never be experienced in a city.

To resume. Every evening, punctually as the mists descended into the valley, did Edward frame his road towards the town; and, after spending a few hasty minutes with the astrologer, accompany his pretty peasant girl on a ramble through the valley, watching where the first star of twilight came straining through the evening haze, or listening to the mellowed chaunt of some distant woodsman while summoning his flock home from the mountains; or the softened thrill of the hedge-thrush as it gushed forth from among the trees in a voice sweet and plaintive as their own. The neighbourhood of the lake, its winding little bays, green sunny uplands, and hard pebbly shore, had each its own pecu-

liar beauty; and here our young people wandered oftenest. The astrologer meantime, unable, like our honest abbot, to take any share in, or indeed to understand any one particle of sentiment (he was just eighty-four years old) unconsciously added fuel to the flame by permitting them to ramble uninterruptedly together, until both felt an attachment that neither time nor absence could ever afterwards obliterate.

I have already said that Edward de Lancaster was a youth of a romantic and enthusiastic temperament: the prediction of the astrologer therefore, although superseded at present by more interesting considerations, was never wholly forgotten; but often, when alone, it would intrude like a spectre on his solitude, and on such occasions his mind would be tinged with a deep dull gloom, which even the smiles of his devoted Alice could scarcely dispel, and which of all other feelings falls with the most deadening weight upon the elastic spirits of youth. But Alice, his own dear Alice, was she not altogether happy? No, indeed; moments she certainly felt of exquisite gratification, moments of such pure unalloyed felicity, as seemed by their intensity to have compressed ages of bliss into one short hour; but then again came the nervous apprehensions of a shy romantic girl, nursed in solitude—the sister of the wilderness—the companion of sullen age, the tenant of desolation and decay. These associations imparted no slight share of their own wild character to her mind; and when sometimes, in the course of her rambles with Edward, she marked (for what will not love discover) a certain pensiveness in his manner, voice, or even in his very carriage, she would shrinkingly ex-

claim, "What if he should desert me?" Of all agonizing sensations there is none so perfectly withering to a young heart as this. To feel, to anticipate that the moment must surely arrive when the only being whom on earth we prized, and whom gladly—oh! how gladly!—we would follow to the grave, and be annihilated with for ever, to feel that that hour must come when we shall be alone and lost to him. None but those who have experienced it can feel the damning, the excruciating agony of such an anticipation. This, however, occurred but seldom, for Edward and Alice loved each other devotedly, and lived for, and courted nothing on earth beyond themselves.

One evening, as our enamoured swain was pursuing his road towards the tower rather later than usual, he was struck by the appearance of the little window at which Alice used always to stand and watch his arrival—it was closed, and she was not there. Breathless with anxiety, he rushed up towards the tower. Not a soul was in it; but from the cave beneath rose her low, faint melancholy voice. It was a funeral dirge she was singing, and as Edward hastened towards the recess, he beheld her leaning over the astrologer, who was evidently dying. As he approached, the old man recognized him, and making a sign to him to draw near, put his hand with a smile into that of Alice's, and then fell back exhausted upon his pillow. It was now night-fall—the wind was rising, and as it moaned sullenly along the winding recesses of the cave, the astrologer, recovered apparently by the sound, requested to be carried into the open air. It was the last pure homage paid by genius and sensibility to the divine sublimity of nature! The fresh breeze seemed a little to revive him, and he looked up to heaven, now defaced by angry clouds, with something of kindred awe. "In tempests," he exclaimed, "this long disease of life has been spent; in tempests it will be for ever annihilated. I have but an hour to live; the star of my destiny set late last night, and the thunder will soon summon me home. At this instant a loud clap, which shook the tower to its foundations, came heavily rumbling above his head. "Hark!" he said, "I am called.—Alice, love, one

last kiss: one long adieu to the old man, and then"—Another crash was heard—the lightning flashed vividly around the ruin—and in that blaze of splendour—and that solemn, warning thunder—the soul of the astrologer departed.

The strange manner of the old man's decease, the apparent fulfilment of his prophecy (I am writing, the reader will please to recollect, of a time when superstition was universal) together with the circumstances alluding to himself, struck the mind of De Lancaster with a gloom which he could never afterwards shake off; so much so, indeed, that in a few days he quitted Tally, and after an absence of just one year returned to England, where, in the presence of his family and friends, he was betrothed to his own Alice. For the first few weeks he was happy: among his father's magnificent estates his time was whiled away with her—with her undivided and alone. But there is a principle of restlessness in man which the more sober heart of woman can never know. Edward was born to shine among men; and though comparatively happy in seclusion, and passionately attached to Alice, yet still he could not but feel that the world was his sphere of action. To think and to decide are, with some energetic characters, one and the same thing. Six months, therefore, had scarcely rolled away, before he proposed to Alice a visit to Italy, then, as at the present day, the fashionable resort of Englishmen. The night previous to their departure was spent among the woods of their father's mansion; and as the conversation turned principally upon the romantic happy moments spent among the ruins of Tally, their feelings took a more tender cast than usual. Suddenly, while talking of the astrologer, De Lancaster chanced to turn his eye up towards the moon; and there beside the planet—its full broad glare shining down in malignant splendour upon him, appeared the western star—the star that predicted murder. With a cry of horror which he could not repress he burst suddenly from his wife, and rushed into the deepest recesses of the wood, as if to shut out something hateful to his eyes. In a short time, however, he recovered; and before another moon had rose and set, was far advanced on his journey to Venice.

Here the amusements he nightly experienced diverted his gloomy thoughts: the society too of Alice—ever gentle and devoted—had almost weaned him from his sorrow; when one evening he was invited to accompany a serenading party on the Brenta, towards the north quarter of the city. It was a hushed summer twilight—the spirit of benevolence seemed visibly abroad on earth—the sky was cloudless, and a faint musical rippling whispered along the side of the gondolas, as they bounded, like happy children, across the water. Gradually the lights from the Rialto one by one disappeared; Saint Mark's Square and Palace seemed sinking into the waves, and all grew dark except in the direction of the quarter towards which the vessels were gliding. Seated by Alice at the prow, the witching spirit of the hour seemed to pass with all its beauty into the soul of De Lancaster, when the moon slowly rose, and with it the malignant star which twice before had cast such a withering cloud upon his spirits. Its effect was now increased: he remained sullen and abstracted during the rest of the night; and, though the voice of music sounded beside and around him, he was deaf to its enchantments, and even to the smiles of Alice—who, ever attentive, had watched the rise and progress of his malady. From this hour his gloom visibly increased. Agreeably to the superstitions of the day he dared not dispute the predictions of an old visionary enthusiast: the ravings of imagination were mistaken for reality; and he became hourly more convinced that he was destined to some deed of blood. About this time, too, news arrived of his father's death; which, connected as it was so nearly with the recent adventure, more than ever persuaded him of the truth of his fatal anticipations. If a man knows the human heart, he will know that there is no malady so difficult to cure as the workings of a distempered fancy. Let a woman but once be tortured with jealousy, and however unfounded may be her suspicions, the most innocent circumstances will feed them; let a man suffer from the effects of an excited brain, and he will tinge every incident with his own morbid impressions, as all appears yellow to one who has the jaundice. In like manner De Lancaster fed his fancy

with the most absurd notions of fatalism; and, finding in society opinions at variance with his own, quitted it with Alice, in disgust. In this manner he traversed the greatest part of the Continent; wandered for days among the Sierra Morena mountains; nourished his morbid thoughts in the solitude of the Appenines, and finally returned to England, heart-broken, and bankrupt in happiness.

Throughout these dreary wanderings Alice was his unwearied, his constant attendant. When his moody hour was on him, she would watch wistfully by his side, endeavouring to rouse him into smiles by her voice and her conversation, though at the very time her heart, poor girl, was breaking. At night she would lie awake for hours, listening to catch the faintest tones of his voice, and striving to glean from their cadence his state of repose or agitation. Oh! nothing can equal the sublime, disinterested attachment of a young devoted woman. Man is true to man; but even in the midst of his friendship, when his feelings are most alive, there is a sternness, a coldness, which woman never feels.

About a month subsequent to his return, De Lancaster, whose symptoms had now become really serious, announced his intention of returning to Tally, there, as he said in the true spirit of infatuation, to await and struggle with his destiny. Accordingly, notwithstanding the supplications of Alice, he set out, and in a few days reached the lake and town where he had first known happiness. It was just six long years since he had left it; and though the place itself was still unchanged, the inhabitants had all departed. The good old abbot was dead (another equally fat drank in his stead); and of his former acquaintances at the monastery, not one remained but a hoary-headed porter, as deaf as a post, and as blind as Love himself. After lingering with a melancholy feeling at the convent gates, Edward slowly retraced his steps, and accompanied by Alice, rambled on in the direction of the tower. It was here—in the heart of this grey old ruin—that he had been first awakened to love—here, in the summer of his life, he had rambled with his present companion—and now what was he?—a destined murderer, the victim of a romantic imagination. As he revolved these

circumstances in his mind, gazing with painful interest upon every shrub, tree, and rock, so loved in days gone by, the evening insensibly drew on—thickened—passed—and night itself approached. With night came a full cloudless moon, and again beside that moon rose, as if in mockery, the bright malignant star, glittering overhead above the tower, as revenge sinks on the hated foe that lies prostrate at his feet. Alice observed his emotion, but unconscious of the cause—for concealment is one characteristic companion of madness—attributed it to recollections bound up with the astrologer. In vain, however, she withdrew him from the spot; he insisted on her immediate return to the cottage which they tenanted at Tally; and under promise of soon following, continued absent till morning. Where and how he passed that dreadful night can never now be known; but early at day-break a knocking was heard at the gate of Alice's cottage, and in rushed De Lancaster. How deeply awful was his appearance! His mouth was clotted with foam, his lips blue and quivering, his figure contorted with convulsion, his hair matted, and hanging down in thick tresses on his thin yellow cheeks. "I have seen him," he cried, "and he has beckoned us to follow."

"Seen him, seen whom?" inquired Alice.

"The astrologer," resumed her husband: "he stood beside me last night in the moonlight, and pointed with a deadly grin towards the star. The hour of destiny," he said, "approaches, and to-night the sacrifice must be completed. You, Alice, are that sacrifice, and by my hand must you die."

"Die!" shrieked the poor devoted girl; "Oh! yes, if I must die let it be by your hand—but oh! so young, and once so happy; indeed Edward, indeed, my love, you—"

"Peace, fool," interrupted the maniac; "it was foretold, and cannot be otherwise;" with which words he rushed in haste from the cottage.

Towards evening he returned: less hurried, indeed, but more determined in his insanity. Once, however, as he looked upon the piteous yet still lovely face of Alice, of his own dear Alice, whom he had known in happier days—the very spirit of

elegance and love—his disorder was for a time subdued. But these were the feelings of the moment: at night-fall his phrenzy returned; and with a shriek, whose sound was like nothing earthly, he led, or rather dragged the destined girl towards the tower. Arrived there, he ascended the staircase; and stood beside the window looking out in fixed hopelessness upon the landscape. All lay lovely and tranquil beneath him: the waters of the lake broke in whispers at his feet: the wind sounded like a spirit from among the woods; and far away in distance rose the mellow pipe of the homeward-bound mountaineer, accompanied by the tinkling of the sheep-bells, and the brisk frequent bark of their guardian dog. But on the maniac, these scenes, however soothing, were lost; the chill of the grave lay at his heart—the fire of madness scorched his brain.

Gradually, as day-light faded off the sky, the moon arose, and with it came the one fatal star. At this instant a light cloud passed over the face of the planet: the maniac beheld its approach, and turning with an inexpressible smile towards Alice, while his whole frame, even to his hair, shook and shivered under some overwhelming emotion: "Look, Alice, love," he said, "yon ugly cloud is passing across the moon; watch it, and if you can stay its career, in pity do so: but if not, when it has once passed, you also will have passed away." It was an awful hour—the cloud came on; darkened the moon—passed—and then left it cloudless as before. The madman marked the hour, and rushing towards his victim, hurled her headlong from the tower. A loud shriek was heard as she descended—then a low faint cry of agony—a splash into the water—silence, and all was over. Nor did the murderer long survive the murdered: the deed of destiny once, as he thought accomplished, reason resumed her sway, and when he discovered himself a widower, even on the spot where he had been first awakened to happiness, his heart broke, and he with one despairing bound followed Alice to her grave beneath the lake of Tally. Of that grave nothing now remains: the blue waves have rolled for centuries above it; yet still, kept up by village tradition, the tragic tale survives.

WARFARE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

WAR, as practised in the fourteenth century, differed greatly from that of the nineteenth. At that time the numbers engaged were comparatively small; and frequently one party was intrenched within strong fortresses, or walled towns, which it was the business of the other to enter by force, by stratagem, or by inflicting the horrors of famine. Barons, knights, and men at arms were cased in steel, armed with swords and lances, and mounted on heavy war-horses; bowmen shot their bolts, and archers their arrows, on foot. The use of gunpowder, which has rendered steel coats and caps of no avail, has caused strong castles to disappear; and has collected a number of individuals into a grand mass, and assembled them in the open field, without any defence from the murderous weapons.

In the fourteenth century, the sovereign commanded his barons to bring their followers, and accompany him to the scene of warfare; the baron summoned his knights, and the knight his vassals. The coat of arms of each knight was displayed on his pennon, if he were a knight bachelor; or on his banner, if he were a knight banneret; the pennon or banner was borne on the point of a lance, and his followers were said to march under it. In an army not very numerous, and in which each knight was distinguished by his flag, there were many opportunities for a single individual to attract notice and applause; and this was the grand incitement to that bravery, generosity, and, perhaps, vanity, which is known by the name of chivalry. I shall select two instances of this heroism, from the *Chronicles of Froissart*.

The territories of the Counts of Foix and Armagnac bordered on each other, and no better reason could be given for frequent wars. It is true there were frequent truces, but they were ever of so friable a nature that a breath would break them. It happened once that a party of Armagnacs, on their march, rode up to the barriers, or outer fence, of a strong town in Bearn, and courteously invited the garrison to come out and fight them. The garrison, not being disposed to fight at

that moment, declined the invitation, and the Armagnacs retreated. A Scottish knight, who had joined the Armagnacs, indignant at this want of civility in their enemies, quitted his troop, and galloped up the hill on which the town was situated, followed only by his page. When he reached the barriers, or palisades, which formed the outer fence, he dismounted, and giving his courser to his page, he ordered him not to leave the spot: he then grasped his lance, and leaped over the barriers.

Ten or twelve knights, who were standing in the space between the barriers and the town, were astonished at the boldness of their visitor; but this did not prevent them from receiving him with great politeness. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am come to see you, as you do not vouchsafe to go beyond your barriers. I wish to try my knighthood against your's, and you will conquer me if you can."

The challenge was courteously accepted; the Scottish knight made many excellent strokes with his lance, which were handsomely returned by the knights of Foix and Bearn; and he continued fighting and skirmishing most gallantly, against them all, upwards of an hour. Two of them were wounded; for they were so delighted with the combat that they were frequently off their guard. The archers looked on with wonder from the top of the town walls, and might have made the Scottish knight pay dearly for his visit; but this would have been contrary to the usages of chivalry, and was forbidden by the knights of Foix and Bearn.

At length the page, having mounted the courser of his master to raise himself above the barriers, told him that it was time to leave, for the Armagnacs were on their march. The knight having made two or three thrusts with his sword to clear his way, again seized his lance, leaped over the barriers, and sprang upon his horse, behind the page. When he was mounted, he turned to the knights he had quitted, and said, "Adieu, gentlemen, many thanks to you;" then, spurring his horse, he rejoined the Armagnac forces.

Now, as it is the known property of swords and lances to divide veins and sinews, and as such divisions are acknowledged to contribute neither to health nor enjoyment, some other motive must incite a man to incur the hazard of them. It may be to revenge an injury; to acquire wealth; to defend what he already possesses; it may be the want of bread or of employment, or it may be irresistible command. It may, indeed, be the love of glory. And what is glory? what but vanity! Let the knights of Foix and Bearn have been dumb, the townsmen on the walls blind, the page out of sight and hearing; let the heroic Scotchman himself have had no opportunity of proclaiming his gallant deed; and it would scarcely have been performed. Alas! poor chivalry!

In the other instance, the Armagnacs had laid siege to a strong castle in the country of Bearn, which was defended by three knights, with the garrison under their command. The Armagnacs had provided four large machines, which threw stones into the fortress day and night without ceasing. They could not have committed their enterprize to better agents; for, in the course of six days, they had demolished the roofs of all the towers, and no person within the castle dared to venture out of the vaulted rooms on the ground floor. In this desperate situation, the three knights assembled their servants, and asked whether any one of them would undertake, for a reward, to deliver letters to Sir Peter de Bearn, who lay at some distance with an army. One of the servants stepped forward, and said, "I will undertake it, not for a reward, but from my desire to deliver my lords and the others from peril."

The letters were written, sealed with the seals of the three knights, and sewed within the clothes of the servant, and at night he set out on his dangerous expedition. He was let down from the top of the castle wall into the ditch which surrounded it, unperceived by the enemy, and he climbed the opposite bank in safety; but he was soon met by the advanced guard, who asked the usual question, "Who goes there?" The man answered, "A servant of such an Armagnac lord" (naming him) and he was suffered to pass. But dangers

still awaited him. He was stopped by another sentinel; who, not being so easily satisfied as the former, conducted him to the main guard; here he was closely interrogated, and his answers having given rise to suspicion, he was searched, and the letters were found.

In the morning, the brave, but unfortunate servant, was taken to the tent of the commanding officer, where all the principal knights were assembled, and where the letters were openly read: they were then fastened to a string, which was tied round the neck of the messenger; he was thrust into one of the machines, thrown into the castle, and fell, dead, among his fellow servants.

The knights of Armagnac added insult to this dire vengeance. Four of them, approaching as near as possible to the castle wall, cried aloud, "Gentlemen, ask your messenger, who was so desirous to leave your castle, and has returned so soon, where he found Sir Peter of Bearn, and whether he is ready to assist you."

One of the knights within replied to this taunt by saying, "By my faith, gentlemen, though we are now so closely confined, we shall sally forth whenever it please God and Sir Peter of Bearn. If that gallant knight were acquainted with our situation, the proudest of you all would be afraid to stand your ground; and, if you will let him know it, one of us will surrender himself to you, to be ransomed as becomes a knight."

"Nay, nay," answered the knights of Armagnac, "the matter must not end so. Sir Peter of Bearn shall know your situation in proper time; but not till our engines have laid your walls level with the ground, and you have surrendered your persons to save your lives."

"Then it will never happen," said the knight of Bearn, "for we will not surrender, though we should all die on the walls."

The situation of the besieged was, however, made known to Sir Peter of Bearn by means equally unexpected by them and their assailants, for he had a spy in the enemy's camp, who gave him the information. He advanced unobserved, rushed on the Armagnacs unawares, while they were engaged in preparing, or eating sup-

per, cut down tents and pavilions, knights and their followers. The commander was taken prisoner in his tent; and so many knights, 'squires, and men at arms were taken that there was not a Bearnois man at arms who had not two or three for his share. Sir Peter of Bearn entertained the most distinguished of the prisoners at supper in the town adjoining the castle; where he and his people gave thanks to God, as is the custom at the present day, for having enabled them to destroy so many of their fellow-creatures.

Interest was not wholly unregarded in battle; for the ransom of great prisoners formed a considerable part of the revenue of princes, and inferior prisoners were the property of the captors. Hotspur's indignation against Henry the Fourth, on his demanding the Scottish nobles he had taken, was not respecting an empty honour only; it included a solid advantage. As it was not always practicable for a prisoner to raise the sum demanded for his ransom during his detention, he was frequently liberated on his engaging to pay it afterwards. I do not recollect an instance of such an engagement having been broken; a man who could have been guilty of such a violation of good faith, would have been shunned by all true knights.

In the fourteenth century, France had been long ravaged by war, and war was become a trade. Our glorious Edward the Third had proceeded as if it were an amusement; for he had hunted and hawked from Calais to the vicinity of Paris, while his army had spread desolation to a considerable distance on each side of his line of march. And his son, the renowned Prince of Wales, emulous of his father's glory, had afterwards marked his path in France by blood and fire.

Knights, who had served under these glorious leaders, followed the trade of war on their own account, when their swords were no longer wanted by their masters; and men at arms, who had no alternative but to fight or starve, joined them and formed a troop: these associations assumed the appellation of the Free Companies. They took towns and castles, and pillaged them; they took prisoners, and set them to ransom; they hired themselves to such princes as would employ them; they served for plun-

der more than pay, and frequently changed sides. The heroic Edward Prince of Wales did not disdain the aid of these banditti, when he marched to Spain, to reinstate on the throne of Castile, the legitimate monster, Peter the Cruel, whom his subjects had driven from it on account of his crimes. The exploits of these free gentlemen are sufficiently descriptive of the military proceedings of the times, and some of them are curious.

One of the adventurers, named Espaignolet, took a castle by scalade, in the absence of the knight, its owner, and kept possession of it during a year. In this time he discovered a neglected subterraneous passage, which opened into a wood at some distance; and having repaired the passage, and concealed the outward entrance with earth and brushwood, he delivered up the castle to the owner for the sum of two thousand francs. The knight had not resided in his castle more than a fortnight, when Espaignolet, and his men at arms entered it by the subterraneous passage, and seized him, at midnight, in his bed. He obtained his liberty on paying other two thousand francs; but the castle remained in the hands of the Free Companions, who kept it as a strong hold, from which they issued forth "to seek adventures;" that is, to plunder and destroy.

Such was the situation of affairs, when Sir Walter de Passac, being on his march to Spain at the head of a French army, resolved to recover this castle. The ejected knight conducted Sir Walter to the opening of the passage; and when the earth and bushes were cleared away, it was entered by two hundred peasants, well armed, and carrying lighted torches. Their orders were to proceed to the extremity of the passage, to force the door, which opened into the hall, and to combat all they should find.

These orders were punctually executed, till the sound of axes and hammers, striking on the door, was heard by the watch, who carried the tidings to his captain. Espaignolet was stepping into bed, and did not think the affair of sufficient consequence to keep him awake; he only ordered benches, stones, and other heavy substances to be placed in the door-way, and these answered the purpose so effectually that

the peasants found it impossible to force an entrance.

Though defeated in his attempt, Sir Walter de Passac was not shaken in his resolution; he declared his intention to dine in the castle on the following day. He was provided with a wooden machine, called a passavant, four stories high, and each story capable of containing thirty bowmen; and so truly did the bowmen shoot their terrible square bolts against the castle from their cross-bows, that the boldest of the Companions were afraid.

The story ends with strict poetical justice. The fortress was taken; the Companions were either slain in the assault, or hanged immediately after it; Sir Walter de Passac dined as he had intended; and the castle was restored to its owner.

Continuing his way to Spain, Sir Walter found another castle garrisoned by freebooters, and he swore, by the soul of his father, that he would not leave it till he had it in his possession; and that he would hang all the marauders within it, in return for their misdeeds. Many attacks were made by the French, but they failed in all. Still they persevered; and the captains in the castle, finding that their enemies were determined not to quit it, thought it advisable to quit it themselves. This fortress had also its subterraneous passage, which opened in a wood at a considerable distance, and through this passage the Companions made their way in the night.

On the third day after the evacuation of the castle, the passavant was brought against it, and the bowmen shot their formidable bolts as before; till a suspicion arose that they were shooting against empty walls. Scaling ladders were then placed; the court was entered—the keys were found, and it was discovered that, on this occasion, the marauders had escaped hanging.

One of the Free Companies gave themselves the inexplicable title of "Friends to God, and Enemies of all Mankind;" as if a perfect and all-powerful Creator could need their friendship, or the creatures he had made could be the proper objects of their enmity. The leader of another company was known by the title of the "Arch-priest." This man, after having ruined the country of Provence, entered Avignon, where the Pope and Cardinals then resided, dined with his Holiness and their Eminences, and obtained forty thousand crowns, and absolution for his sins.

The success of the Arch-priest sent other adventurers to Avignon; but the Pope and Cardinals, grown wiser, gave their money to the Marquis of Montferrat, to lead their visitors into Lombardy; and present largess, and the promise of high pay prevailed on them to go. The banditti were, however, so conscientious, that they insisted on absolution for past crimes before they proceeded to commit others; and this part of the donation was willingly accorded them.

C. H.

MARRIAGES.—No. I.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Or brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

HOOD.

SWEET scenes of my childhood! how often do ye recur to my wearied heart! Memory dwells upon the theme with melancholy pleasure, and turns continually to the contemplation of those innocent delights—past, alas, and never to return! Every feature that characterized the home

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of my youth lives in my breast, decked with all the glowing colours of life's first spring. The long low cottage in which, a few sad weeks before my birth, my widowed mother sought a refuge from the world—bowered amid the shivered silver of the clematis, the pale passion-flower, and jes-

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samine's white stars, richly mingled with the crimson beauty of the rose, the flaunting honeysuckle, and laburnums dropping gold—the daisy-spangled grass plot, with its borders of highly-cultivated flowers, to be admired, not plucked by unwary hands—and the little wicket through which I used to rush delighted into the orchard field, where I might fill my hat with butter-cups, the gay primrose, and the violet, and "daffodils who come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty"—all these are ever present to my mind's eye. The pond, too, overshadowed with weeping willows, where in winter I used to slide and skate, and dig the brilliant materials for the structure of my palaces of ice; and where in summer I angled for minnows, and sent forth my nut-shell barks with their rose-leaf sails, watching with pleased anxiety the course of those fairy vessels, and the strange accidents which befel them on the flood, as they were not unfrequently upset by the broad wings of some large fly sweeping the surface in search of food, or wrecked in a whirlpool occasioned by the sudden plunge of a frog leaping from the bank above, or cast ashore upon some Calypso island, or stranded on the wide cup of a water-lily.

I was a solitary boy, the only child of a doating mother. Pensive and pale was that dear parent, yet on her meek countenance bearing ever a soft, sad smile, I did not see the tears she shed for my father's loss, and my home was a happy one. Had she lived I should not now be the wretch I am, for she would have conducted my erring steps to the paths of peace. Sweet saint! her gentle influence, felt and acknowledged in early childhood, must have preserved me from the world's contamination. How fondly, how entirely I loved her! My rude and riotous sports were reserved for the garden and the orchard; and when I sought the little parlour with its green baize carpet, its white muslin curtains, and trim furniture, I was careful not to litter or disturb its neatness; but would draw a low stool, and sit at my mother's feet, and read from the wonderful books which she drew from the hanging shelves above, or listen as she explained to me the history of my playmates, my four-footed companions—the poultry who came

at my call to be fed, and the bees, and the ants, and the butterflies. My happiness in these careless days of infancy received a check only when I was taken, after many long instructions respecting my behaviour, to visit my great uncle, a tall severe forbidding-looking, elderly gentleman, who lived in a large rambling old house in the neighbourhood. I used to be filled with wonder and admiration at the wide contrast which this rich relation's domain presented to our own tiny residence—the grand oak avenue which led up to the mansion, and which seemed to me of almost interminable length—the wide cold hall, with its marble pavement and carved ornaments—the extensive library, and spacious stair-case, too seldom seen to become familiar—were to me wonderful objects; and I stood mute and awe-struck, because I perceived that my dear mother was in evident trepidation whenever, leading me by the hand, she approached that terrific personage, whose harsh voice, and cold ungracious manner, saddened and depressed the spirits of his dependents. Like the child in that excellent picture of "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church," by one of our modern artists, I used to raise my eyes, without daring to move my head, whenever I was accosted, and told to look up, by my tall, upright, dignified kinsman; and most thankful was I, after having, although with trembling lips, duly answered the questions proposed to me, to be led out by an aged domestic to walk through the gardens. There I saw shrubs and flowers of rare and wondrous beauty—peeped into the hot-houses and green-houses, and admired the long canopies of glass raised over the stately orange trees—felt my mouth water as I gazed upon the ripe tempting peaches and nectarines, profusely showered upon the walls—and turned reluctantly away from the basins of gold and silver fish. There were also filbert walks, the fruit hanging in rich brown clusters; and mulberry trees, shedding their purple juice upon the grass; but these dainties were only to be looked at, not touched; and the early lessons of forbearance which I was taught in these visits ought to have had a more beneficial effect upon my future life.

My father's marriage with an unportioned girl had displeased his proud family, and

they cast him off in consequence of this one act of disobedience. His death, occasioned by severe and unwonted hardship, which happened five years after his union with the amiable creature, whose beauty and virtue formed her only inheritance, softened the heart of her sole surviving uncle in favour of the widow, then about to bring an infant into the world. He offered her the use of a small cottage attached to his estate, and added a trifling allowance to the pension which she claimed from Government. But, in return for these favours, he exacted the most entire and profound obedience to his will : she dared not associate with any one of her neighbours ; and though seldom inviting her to the hall, and still less frequently honouring her humble abode with his presence, he took care to be accurately informed of every action of her life, controlled her expenditure, and interfered upon the most minute occasions. My mother bore this iron tyranny with exemplary patience for my sake ; and, taught to consider the anger of my uncle as the most dreadful misfortune that could befall us, I, too, was all obedience, and if my spirit ever rebelled, its bold aspirations were checked by the alarmed glance of my too gentle mother, whose meek concessions I am certain were injurious both to herself and me, serving to excuse the proud man's love of rule, and to flatter him with the assurance of his infallibility. Nevertheless, these were to me happy days, and I have at least the gratification of feeling that my ready subordination secured the tranquillity of one so deservedly dear, unfitted by nature for contention. I am persuaded that opposition on my part to my uncle's wishes would have embittered, if not shortened her life.

As I grew older, though still loving with undivided affection the humble home where all was peace and harmony, I began to entertain a notion that, some time or other, the great hall and all its dependencies would be mine, and it assumed a more interesting aspect in my eyes. I took delight in exploring the green recesses of its neighbouring woods. The Liliputian pond, with its tadpoles and nut-shell navy, was deserted for a trout stream ; and I spent less time with the bantams and tame pigeons, than heretofore, in order to accompany the

keeper in his search for pheasants' eggs, and aid him in the warfare which he carried on against the vermin. I had the character of being docile, and not addicted to mischief, and my uncle allowed me full liberty of egress and regress, an enjoyment not alloyed by very frequent summonses to his presence. The care of my education was entrusted to a neighbouring clergyman, with whom I was a day-scholar. He had only one other pupil, a boy in delicate health ; and therefore, although I was robust and strong, wild with glee, and fond of athletic exercises, yet in my new companion I found only some one to encourage my taste for study, which had been nurtured by the books on the hanging-shelves before mentioned, and did not learn the rudeness and self-will which I could scarcely have failed to acquire at a large school. My uncle continued to live in unbending stiffness, as far as regarded his own deportment ; but he extended several indulgences to me. Under the auspices of the head groom and the keeper, I learned to ride and shoot : there was a pony which I obtained permission to call my own ; and the first of September saw me, gun in hand, following the pointers and spaniels in search of game.

Thus passed the time until I was seventeen ; and at that period I lost my mother—a heavy calamity, and deeply felt by one who loved her with the truest affection. I was immediately taken to live with my uncle ; and shortly after this change of residence he sent me to college. During the vacations the hall was still my home, and the house of the clergyman from whom I had received my early instruction, the refuge from its solitude and *ennui*. He had lately added to his family an orphan niece—a delicate timid girl, enthusiastically attached to the country, and fond of cultivating intellectual pleasures. She, like myself, derived gratification and enjoyment from the most trifling object in nature—an insect, a dew-drop, or a leaf—and loved to luxuriate over some legendary tale, or to seek for knowledge from the scientific page. What exquisite felicity I tasted in the society of this charming creature, the gentlest and the fairest of her sex ! It was a long time before I became aware of the nature of my feelings towards her ; but

when the consciousness stole over my heart, every thing around me assumed a new and delicious appearance; I saw her the mistress of the hall, dispensing happiness to a wide circle of admiring friends; interesting herself in all my projects and pursuits, and sharing in all my occupations and amusements. I consulted her upon the subject of a thousand intended improvements; she became associated with all my schemes for futurity; and though a declaration of love never passed my lips, we both felt that we were united to each other by indissoluble bonds. Indissoluble! Would to heaven they had been such! Sheltered from the fervid mid-day sun in some bower shedding roses, we talked the sultry hours away, and at evening's fall wandered forth to taste the dewy odorous air, drink in the starlight, and gather the flowers that opened their pale blossoms, and gave out their richest perfume to the night. This sweet dream of happiness was disturbed by some officious tattler, who, observing my more than brotherly attentions to Emily Lisle, thought fit to whisper the suspicion they excited to my uncle. I was immediately summoned to an audience, questioned closely respecting the nature of my feelings towards the parson's indigent niece; and, too honest and too proud to deny my affection, received an assurance, that, unless I returned without an hour's delay to college, and forbore to speak or to write to the person dearer to me than all the world beside, I should instantly be disinherited, every pecuniary resource cut off, and the property which might, if I acted wisely and discreetly, be ultimately mine, bequeathed to some public charity. I had no alternative except obedience: for I could not plunge Emily Lisle into hopeless poverty, and I submitted to the despot's will. A dreary year passed away—I became of age; and shortly afterwards my uncle died, rewarding the late sacrifice of my will to his wishes with the bequest of an ample inheritance. The moment I felt myself free from constraint, I wrote a long and impassioned letter to Emily Lisle; but this epistle most unfortunately never reached its destination: I hurried it by mistake with other papers into my desk, where I found it a week after my arrival in London,

and then intending to proceed immediately into the country, I neglected to send it away. Some evil demon presiding over my destiny, obtained a horrid influence at this most dangerous period of my life. It was the commencement of the London season. I was new to the world; the executors of my uncle's will contrived occasions to detain me in town. All around me was gaiety, splendour, and fascination; I delayed my departure from day to day; and, fancying that I should never have so good an opportunity of seeing something of life again, thought it best to enter society a free, unfettered man. Convinced that Emily Lisle's image was too deeply engraved upon my heart to be erased, I suffered myself, nothing loth, to be led into temptation. My acquaintance was assiduously courted by the acting executor; he lived in very good style, in a street leading out of a fashionable square at the west end of the town, and his wife and daughter made great pretensions to fashion. Silly, affected, and vain, there could not, I thought, be the slightest danger to me in an intimacy with Alicia Harrington, who, though rather pretty, and somewhat stylish, was not the kind of girl to make a favourable impression upon my fastidious mind. Yet I possessed one friend who warned me of the perils in my path. "Be wary," he cried; "you are in a fair way of being taken in." I laughed, and replied, "I see their drift, and am not the fool they think me." Parties of pleasure were continually proposed; I was the escort to every fashionable place of amusement; and I began insensibly to be flattered by Alicia's evident partiality; but, having reason now and then to suspect its sincerity, thought I might be justified in amusing myself with her manœuvres. Thus things went on; a grand flirtation commenced between us—but I was careful not to stand committed. The watchful mother saw this piece of prudence. Again my friend, who observed how the game was playing, interposed. "Unless you intend to marry that girl," he cried, "refrain from visiting at the house; you will go too far, and be entangled in some inextricable snare." I was piqued at the supposition that such shallow arts could be successful against a man of sense, and I persisted the more, as I learned that the family were

upon the eve of quitting town. I dined with them the day before that fixed for their departure, in opposition to my friend's advice, who urged me to send an excuse; and when adjourning to the drawing-room, found a good many people assembled: but they were all occupied except Mrs. Harrington and her daughter, the latter standing alone, beyond the folding-doors, and leaning in a melancholy attitude against the chimney-piece of the next apartment. If left to myself I should have probably joined her; but the common-place gallantries I might have uttered did not suit the family views; Mrs. Harrington therefore drew me aside, and said, "My dear young friend, will you oblige me so far as not to take any particular notice of Alice to night. Poor girl, she is ill and unhappy. I have judged it prudent to remove her from town—it is a delicate subject, and I am sure you will make some allowance for a mother's feelings. I acquit you of all blame; your conduct has been honourable in the extreme—but unfortunately Alicia has imbibed—however, absence and change of scene will work the cure; only I know that, if you were to speak to her, and take leave in your kind, affectionate manner, it would overcome her weak spirits, and distress you very much as well as myself." Then suddenly turning away, I was left to my own cogitations. There was Alicia standing a few yards from me, looking, when I caught a view of her averted head, in evident distress. Was it acting? I thought it was. Should I take my hat and leave the house, or stay and comfort the afflicted fair? To fly would be to acknowledge myself in danger, and I had a curiosity to ascertain whether the sorrow were feigned or real. I walked into the back drawing-room—said something, I know not what. Alicia burst into tears. I took her hand—she hid her face upon my bosom, wept bitterly, and I felt the pulsations of her heart throbbing against mine. What could I do? Every doubt of the sincerity of her affection vanished. I whispered soft sweet words; drew her gently

away, that the company might not observe the scene; dried her tears, and promised to follow her to Cheltenham. The deed was now done—'twas in vain to think of Emily Lisle—of my own folly: Alicia seemed to live for me alone, and we were married. At first I was myself anxious not to take my bride to the hall; but I soon found that she had determined never to visit its odious solitudes; a watering-place was sufficiently countrified for her; and I was condemned to an insipid round of wearisome amusements—obliged either to comply with every wish and whim of one of the most frivolous of her sex, or to endure reproaches, poutings, and tears. Driven from my home by ill temper, I have to sustain my wife's jealous upbraidings upon my return. To shew the slightest pleasure in the conversation of women of sense, is to be guilty of the most cruel and cutting neglect to one who has given up the whole world for me; and while thus reprov'd, I have the mortification of seeing all those little arts formerly played off to attract my attention, practised to excite the admiration of every fool and coxcomb who comes in the way of a vain coquette, existing only upon flattery. The ready money my uncle left me has vanished to bolster up the sinking credit of my wife's family; her father (standing when I first knew him upon the brink of ruin) has involved my property and his own character by speculating in disgraceful schemes; my fortune is impaired, while I see him struggling to maintain appearances, and forfeiting the world's esteem by chicanery and fraud. The old hall is let to strangers, who suffer it to fall into decay; and Emily Lisle, sweet Emily Lisle, the shadow of her former self, pines away in secret and in silence. My remorse and present wretchedness are aggravated by the knowledge of her sufferings; the expectations she cherished until they were hopeless, her deep and bitter disappointment, and the blight that preys upon her young life, destroying all its felicity, and threatening a premature grave,

Original Poetry.

THE STAR OF EVE.

"When at eve thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,
Oh then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh then remember me!"

Thou star of the Eve! I have seen thee arise,
Have seen thee reflected from beautiful eyes,
In the spring of existence—the sweet blushing
hour—

When the fair plant of hope first expanded its
flower.

Thou star of the Eve! I have seen thee shine
bright

Through the storm-driven clouds of affliction's
dark night:

On the grave—on the grave—I've beheld thy
soft ray

Shedding lustre—and life—on the lap of decay.

Thou star of the Eve! I have gazed on thy face,
When my loved nuptial sun had completed his
race—

When the rite of our pure faith had made us as
one—

When the first kiss was sealed—when the last
prayer was done.

Thou star of the Eve! O, thou pure lamp on
high!

Thou hast heard, too, the pledged vow—the
soul-breathing sigh—

That told me the friend of my heart would love
on,

Till the last throb of feeling—of friendship were
gone.

Thou star of the Eve! Thou wilt shine on the
sod

Where my mortal remains wait the summons of
God;

—Thou wilt hear the fond sigh, thou wilt wit-
ness the tear,

Bestowed on the buried—the lost—and the dear.

When the strange scene is finished of life's fitful
dream,

Still, still may I gaze on thy pure tranquil
beam—

O, visit—O, visit the couch where I lie,
Thou star of my heart—in the hour when I die!

L. S. S.

TO A FRIEND,

*Who had presented the Writer with a Funeral
Device, in Memory of his Deceased Wife.*

"I am ill at these numbers, Lady!"

Cold is the heart, so kind, so true,
So late by gen'rous feeling warm'd;
Cold as the grave—as peaceful too—
The heart to every virtue form'd!

BUT FRIENDSHIP, round her hallow'd urn,
The votive cypress plants, with care;—
In "thoughts that breathe," in "words that
burn,"

AFFECTION oft shall linger there;

Shall love, in retrospective thought,
To rest on joys for ever fled;
To muse on visions, fancy-wrought—
On charms departed with the dead.

Dear tribute of a kindred mind!
On thee my grief-worn heart shall dwell;
O'er thee recal each action kind,
Of her through life I loved so well.

Those golden letters, as they beam,
Just emblems of her matchless worth,
Shall cause the bitter tear to stream,
The sigh of anguish raise to birth.

Yet shall the aching eye repose,
In sacred sadness, 'midst the gloom;
The bursting heart suspend its woes,
To Heav'n resigned, o'er ANNA's tomb.

HOPE, too, depicting scenes more fair,
With mild RELIGION's holy aid,
Shall point to realms celestial, where
Now soars my ANNA's angel shade.

Yes, we shall meet!—shall meet again
Where bliss and rapture never cease!
Where, free from death, and free from pain,
Love dwells with everlasting peace.

"Rest, then, perturbed spirit, rest!"
Soon will life's shadowy dream be o'er;
A moment past!—supremely blest,
Thy sun of joy shall set no more!

H.

LOVE IN YOUTH.

Lovely and bright as the blue lamp's flame,*
 Burning undimm'd in the oyster's dome,
 Spreading its beam, glowing still the same,
 Though all around may be cheerless gloom—

Such, such is love in an ardent mind,
 When it burns awhile unchecked by care;
 Seldom it dreams how soon it may find
 Its hopes extinguished in wild despair.

Yon scented violet blooms unseen,
 And its fragrance spreads o'er all around;
 Brightly it shines in its bower of green,
 The sweetest flower on earth e'er found.

The scented tuft may freshly bloom,
 And freely perfume its sacred bower;
 But too soon comes on the winter's gloom,
 With its icy chill to crush the flower.

So love glows bright in a youthful heart,
 If the genial ray of truth be there;
 But should the light of that ray depart,
 Nought can relume the mind's despair.

W. H. L.

* An attentive observer recently remarked, on opening an oyster, a shining matter, a blueish light, resembling a star, about the centre of the shell, which appeared to proceed from a small quantity of *real phosphorus*. On being taken from the animal, it extended nearly to half an inch in length; and when immersed in water, seemed in every respect the same as the phosphorus obtained from bones, &c. The oyster itself was perfectly alive and fresh, consequently the light could not proceed from any decomposition of the shell or animal, but must have resulted from some other source. . . .

On submitting this apparent phosphorus to a high magnifier, it was found to consist of three different sorts of animalcules, one of which had no less than forty-eight legs attached to a slender body; a black spot on the head, which was evidently its only eye; and the back exactly resembling that of an eel when deprived of its outer coating. The second insect, *Polypheme*, had also a solitary eye, and numerous feet; a nose resembling that of a dog, and a body made up of several rings. The third was very different, having a speckled body, a head resembling a foal's, with a tuft of hair on both sides. Each of these extraordinary insects was beautifully luminous, and altogether resembled a blueish star.—*Conchologist's Companion*.

MY HARP.

My harp's sad voice for thee I waken,
 Once more to bid thee, love, farewell!
 It seems, when thus by love forsaken,
 No more its tones with joy can swell.

Its mournful strain shall tell of sadness
 Almost too deep for youth to know;
 So deep it is, the tone of gladness
 No more shall from its bright strings flow.

Its softest chord is hushed for ever,
 Its lay of love no longer known;
 Ah, who would think we e'er could sever
 Love from sorrow's gentle tone!

W. H. L.

SONG.

By the Author of "Field Flowers."

Let Fashion's gay votaries do as they please,
 On the couch or the ottoman lolling at ease;
 I love to recline in some lonely retreat,
 Where the roses are bright, and the woodbines
 are sweet.

Let youth, as around care's dark shadows descend,

Go seek, far and wide, for that phoenix, a friend,
 With whom through life's dull, dreary journey
 to jog:—

I've one true and faithful—that one is my dog.

And where then dwells pleasure? Oh! not in
 the dance,

The soft waltz of Germany, quadrille of
 France;

No—pleasure is found where the mount and
 the main

Bid health the pale cheek tinge with roses again.
 Then up and away to the waste and the wood,
 To the sports of the field, to the sports of the
 flood;—

To the temple of Fashion I care not who run,
 So haply they leave me my dog and my gun.

Then homeward returning, as e'entide draws
 near,

To the cot love and beauty must ever make
 dear,

Will Folly, will Fashion presume to deny
 They have any, e'en one, half so happy as I?
 'Then seek not for happiness, seek not for health,
 In the temple of Fashion or temple of Wealth;
 Contented I'll live—such frail foibles above—
 With my dog and my gun and my cottage of
 love!

Margate, Aug. 11, 1826.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—HOME COSTUME.

OVER an under garment of India muslin, of the most delicate texture, is worn an elegant *déshabille* robe of celestial blue, or of sea-green taffety, without sleeves. The body is made in the Circassian style, and discovers that of the muslin dress underneath plaited *en chemisette*, with a quilling of thread-*tulle* next the throat: the sleeves are of white muslin, and fastened at the wrists with broad bracelets, enriched with cameos and valuable gems: there are no other ornaments on the sleeves. A sash, the colour of the dress, is loosely tied on the left side with a small bow and long ends. At the border of the muslin petticoat, which is nearly a hand's-breadth longer than the coloured robe, is a full *rouleau* of muslin, wound round with a *cordon* of a novel kind, in shining cotton. A *rouleau* of silk finishes also the coloured dress next the hem. An Oriental turban of crape or sarcenet, the same tint as the outer robe, and discovering but little of the hair, arranged in curls on each side of the temples, constitutes the head-dress, with a narrow frill of plaited *tulle* under the chin.

No. 2.—SEA-SIDE DRESS.

THIS specimen of marine costume, as it is the newest that has appeared, will, most likely, be the last with which we shall present our readers this season. Though September commenced so drearily, some warmer days succeeded, and we look forward to what we denominate the *Indian summer* in October, for some of those genial days which may render such a style of dress appropriate.

Notwithstanding the seeming lightness of this costume for the declining season of the year, the gown is certainly of the *demi-saison* kind; and the muslin pelerine worn with it—an article too warm for summer wear—is found quite a sufficient out-door covering in the mild days of the autumnal season.

The dress is of *gros de Naples*, of a pale pink, with very narrow dark brown stripes, and is ornamented at the border with three flounces: the body is made close to the shape, with clear white muslin sleeves, *en gigot*, surmounted by *mancherons*, with a double trimming of lace at the edges; the sleeves confined at the wrists with bracelets ornamented with cameos. A pelerine tippet of muslin, with long ends, is trimmed all round with lace, with a double *colerette* ornamented in the same manner, and fastened in front with a bow of coloured ribbon. The hat is either of Leghorn or white *gros de Naples*, and is ornamented with pink sarcenet, and large double garden poppies, of a pale pink. A parasol, of the lightest shade of sea-green, is generally adopted with this dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

From the absence of all belonging to the higher order of society, and our public spectacles being chiefly of the minor kind, our splendid metropolis now wears the usual sombre tinge that hangs over it, from the month of September to the period when the dark days of winter, and the bleak north winds, will cause to be concentrated in the capital all that is fashionable and elegant. We must now visit Brighton, Hastings, Worthing, Harrowgate, and other places of fashionable resort, to enable us to inform our fair readers of the most prevalent fashions displayed in the attire of the great and gay.

The out-door costume varies with the weather: at one time we see the smart pelisse, elegantly made, and tastefully ornamented, of *gros de Naples*, cheering with its summer hue the coolness, amounting to a chill, that indicates approaching winter: then the bright rays of a fine autumnal sun make the fair dame unheeding of colds in our uncertain climate, find quite suffi-

cient covering in the light *barège* scarf over a high dress, or the muslin pelerine, more judiciously chosen, over a gown of *gros de Naples*. If the dress be high, it may be remarked, there is much warmth in muslin, especially in double pelerine capes and collars. We are happy to see, also, that on fine days, in open carriages, though a thin high dress may be all the envelope adopted by young persons, the warm opera cloak, well wadded, is in readiness for immediate use, should cold or damp be experienced. Many of these useful and elegant cloaks have made their appearance, in all the freshness of new fashion: their make differs but little since last autumn, except that the mantelet cape does not seem likely to be prevalent; and the useful hood seems more in request. Colour seems to go far in deciding the fashions of these mantles: the newest we have seen, on a very distinguished lady, was of *gros de Naples*, the colour, smoke-of-London, lined with rose-colour. We have observed that the quilted borders are much broader than formerly; an alteration as judicious as it is elegant, since it keeps the wadding more firmly in its place.

Leghorn hats are more prevalent than ever. A large, but truly becoming bonnet of this material, is much in favour for the promenade; the crown has only a simple band round it, the same as the strings, which tie the bonnet close under the chin: at the edge of the brim is a *rûche* of *gros de Naples*, pinked, formed alternately of blue and white. Crape bonnets are yet worn in the close carriage: they are generally of lemon-colour, and are trimmed with pink and purple shaded ribbon: their shape is peculiarly becoming, and they are of a very moderate size; the crown is ornamented with bows of the two colours above-mentioned, with very full and large pink flowers of the Turk's-cap kind. The ribbons, forming the strings, are left untied. Bonnets of *gros de Naples* are not now made separate from the lining, but are doubled over the shape, the lining and outside being of one piece; so that the brim appears slightly fluted. These bonnets are ornamented with trimmings formed in puffs, of the same material, which are divided by *bouquets* of single hollyhock-blossoms of various colours: the bonnet itself is of French white. Open

straw hats are round, and are trimmed with ribbons of two different colours: as they are confined to the promenade, there are no flowers worn with them. We must ever lament that this light and becoming article of our own manufacture, so well adapted for summer wear, should meet with so little encouragement, and the heavy cloth-like expensive Leghorn be preferred—perhaps, only because it is expensive. Yet the open straw hats were never common; we cannot say that of the Leghorn, much as they cost.

On white muslin gowns for half-dress, the embroidery is profuse; three full flounces are richly worked at the edges, and between the flounces, and surmounting the upper one is a row of splendid embroidery. The bodies of these dresses are only partially low, and the ornament round the bust is pointed slightly, *à l'antique*, as are the *mancherons*. The beautiful points at the wrists, which preserve all the classical feature of ancient English costume, and are not *outré* in length and fulness, as are many similar ornaments, are all edged round with rich embroidery, and the sleeves, though wide at the top, and fitting close to the arm, are not *en gigot*, but are beautifully cut, and do not destroy the symmetry of a well-turned and finely-rounded arm. It is reckoned most elegant with these chaste dresses, to have a sash of rich plain white ribbon tied behind. Coronet-bracelets, of pure gold, beautifully chased, generally incircle the wrists. Many gowns are made with the bodies very full; the fulness confined all round the waist by narrow straps laid across: these bodies look well only on ladies deficient in plumpness. White sleeves prevail much with coloured dresses; over these are pointed *mancherons* of the same colour and material as the gown: white sleeves are generally made *en gigot*, and have antique points at the wrists, with a bracelet of dark platted hair fastened by a cameo. At the birthday *fête* of a young married lady of title, among several handsome dresses, though none of them of a novel kind, we noticed one which was singularly elegant: it consisted of a low dress of *tulle* over white satin; the *tulle* was plain, except at the border, where the most superb embossed embroidery was displayed between *rûches*

of fine *blond tulle*, placed on in three rows of festoons: the *corsage* was of white satin, made plain, but ingeniously disposed to give every possible grace to the *contours*, which, in the illustrious wearer, were peculiarly fine: the sleeves were long, and lined throughout with satin: on the outside of the arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, was let in a very broad lace, of the most cobweb-like texture, and exquisite pattern; and under this was a pink satin ribbon, which gave diversity to the sleeve, and displayed the pattern and fineness of the lace, which it would have been a fault to conceal. On matronly ladies, especially on those advanced in life, but who yet mingle in the gaiety of fashionable parties, we have already seen the winter silks make their appearance: the colours, however, are not dark, but cheering, and finely adapted for candlelight; such as ruby or bright geranium, with rich stripes of a different colour. The real Irish tabinet will never be common, as it is rather an expensive material, for what it is only calculated for, half-dress: it is worn only by a certain set for that sort of costume, who admire its beauty, and are by their independent station in life entitled to wear what they please. The wretchedly-wearing imitations of this beautiful produce of the Irish looms are fast going out of date; and the real tabinet is not likely, at present, to be very general. Dresses of gauze for young persons are much worn at evening parties, and at rural balls: they are ornamented at the border with a broad puckering of gauze, on which is placed half bows of ribbon of the same colour.

We do not greatly admire the present fashionable head-dress for evening parties, particularly on females of a certain age, whom we have seen adopting it. The hair next the face is arranged in full, large curls; and on the summit of these curls is placed a wreath of full-blown roses, larger than nature: it is a true York and Lancaster union; for one rose is white, the other red, and so on, alternately, till they more than half incircle the head; at the back of which is a small *fichu* of some conspicuous colour, worked with gold. Such is the addition to these flowers, made by the matronly *belle*: the younger fair one places, near the back of her head, on one

side, a splendid coronet comb of diamond-cut polished steel. Turbans, composed of French white Japanese gauze and *blond*, are much in favour for friendly dinner parties; and small dress-caps of *blond* and *tulle*, ornamented with flowers and pink ribbon, with tasteful *cornettes* adorned in a similar manner, yet maintain their long-favoured station. We must prefer the undress turbans, as more distinctly marking the difference between mistress and maid: they partially appeared for a little time, and then sank again into insignificance. The dress-turbans are of coloured gauze, and are ornamented with white marabout feathers on each side. Bows of ribbon, of two different colours, are often seen on the hair of young ladies.

Macao is a favourite article in jewellery, for half-dress, for necklaces and bracelets; but the ear-pendants worn with them are generally of finely-wrought gold. It is the reign of bracelets: four are often seen one above the other on the wrists, and of the most conspicuous, not to say gaudy kind. Trinkets of all sorts are too prevalent and redundant in every style of dress; and the hand, be it ever so ill formed, is laden with rings on every finger.

The favourite colours are blue, straw-colour, fawn, smoke-of-London, forrester's-green, and Spanish-brown.

Cabinet of Taste,

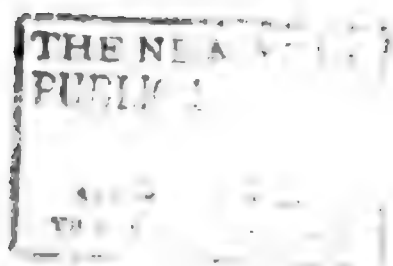
OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

WE are not yet weary of assisting the distressed Greeks: we have had a second exhibition for their benefit, of some beautiful paintings of the modern school; thus aiding, or affecting to aid, the cause of beneficence, and, at the same time giving *éclat* and encouragement to talent.

As the rooms were crowded, the outdoor covering was but light; the most prevailing was a handsome *fichu* over a white dress of the *barège* texture, trimmed round with points of a very striking colour, answering to, but not the same as the handkerchief, and shaded off from it by a









very light tint: a sash of very broad shaded ribbon, combining all these colours, confined the ends of the *fichu*, and hung in streamers very long. Several ladies had large square shawls of white *barège*, double trimmed all round with a quilling of ribbon: their appearance was very elegant. Two ladies were seen in green pelisses of levantine; but there is very little new in out-door costume: it is that unsettled season of the year when it is not worth while to have any thing novel in summer fashions, yet is too warm for giving orders to the *marchandes de modes* for winter clothing. Cachemires are worn when the weather is cool, either in scarfs or shawls; and though the *canezous* decline, they appear again in shoals, on a warm day.

Carriage hats are often of Leghorn, trimmed with white sarcenet, in bows, and ornamented with a bird-of-paradise plume: the strings are in a loop, of plain white sarcenet ribbon. Another elegant hat for the carriage, is of white chip, trimmed with broad pink brocaded ribbon: a plume of *marabouts* ornaments each side of the crown: the feathers are white, with a delicate tinge of pink. The hat is wide, and its extension seems increased by a bow of pink ribbon placed at the very extremity of the brim on the right side. What you justly call the unmeaning, and useless fashion of having the strings in a very long loop, is observed in this hat. The chip and Leghorn hats are most of them round: the fronts of the bonnets are square, and expose much of the face: they are very short at the ears, so that a part of the cheek is discovered: these bonnets are worn by ladies of high fashion. The newest close bonnets are of light-coloured silk, and they have bows and strings of Scotch tartan ribbon. White crape hats, with very large brims, are much in favour: they have three bias folds at the edge of the brim; two of crape, and one between of white satin: they are ornamented with flowers made of feathers. Hats of *gros de Naples* are often seen ornamented with yellow roses.

A favourite dress, for white has been as prevalent with us as with you, is of jaconot muslin, trimmed at the border with three rows of muslin bands, in horizontal puffs, edged with narrow lace: over the upper

row a straight band across, finished in the same manner. The *corsage* square, and low: transparent long sleeves, of clear muslin, with trimming at the wrists to correspond with that on the skirt. White sleeves are all the rage, even on coloured dresses. Robes of blue organdy are much admired; they have two flounces at the border, set on *en dents de loups*. They have a triple row of points at the wrists; for the sleeves of these dresses are of the same colour as the robe. Double *ruches* at the borders of evening dresses are the most prevalent trimming. The ball-dresses are simple, generally white, and the bodies are made *à la Vierge*, with a narrow plaited lace round the tucker part. Taffety gowns, in large chequered patterns, are seen on many ladies of fashion: they are trimmed with three bias folds, separated by three *ruches*. Transparent dresses are much in vogue, and are of bright colours over white: those of amber and bright jonquil are most in favour.

Beréts are still favourite head-dresses: they are composed of *tulle*, either plain or embroidered: puffings of *tulle* mingled with those of ribbon, are placed all round these *beréts*, and render them too large and unbecoming. They are, however, plain on the forehead, and that suits most faces: they are placed very much on one side; and a very large bow of broad ribbon is placed on that which is the most elevated. They are rendered somewhat novel by being tied under the chin with very broad strings: this head-dress is much worn in *demi-parure*. An elegant white *toque* of *blond* is worn in full dress: it is quartered like a melon, and next the face is a rich silver *bandeau*; above this is a quilling of *blond*: on the centre of the crown is a large star of white satin; and a most elegant plume of white feathers completes the beauty of this head-dress. Young persons ornament their hair at balls with roses, jessamine, or knots of ribbon. Small dress-caps, of *tulle* or crape, have long lappets, formed of broad ribbon, edged round with *blond*: the caps are ornamented with flowers of the same colour as the lappet-strings.

Dress-hats are of white chip; they are slightly turned up all round: two rows of *marabouts*, one stage above the other, are

placed in bias; the longer marabouts appearing on the right side, the shorter, on the opposite side. Two rosettes of gauze ribbon fasten up these rows of feathers; and two other rosettes are placed under the brim.

Necklaces of Egyptian pebbles, with a convent cross, are much in esteem.

The favourite colours are yellow, green, of various shades, blue, marshmallow-blossom, rose-colour, lilac, and all light shades of brown.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

THE comparative paucity of new publications, at the present moment—a paucity resulting partly from the recent depression of the book-trade, and partly from the expiration of the season for sending forth novelties in literature—affords us at least the advantage of paying a somewhat more extended attention to one or two works, a few extracts from which will, we conceive, prove acceptable to the reader.

Captain Parry's "*Journal of a Third Voyage for the discovery of a North-West Passage, &c.*," is only a thin 4to. of 250 pages. From the premature return of the expedition, in consequence of the wreck of the *Fury*, the literary and scientific interest of this volume is inferior to that of its predecessors; but the charts, meteorological tables, &c. which it contains are valuable; and, altogether, the book is indispensable to those who possess the former volumes. Captain Parry's opinion respecting the ultimate success of expeditions of this character is not of the most encouraging nature. He says—

I am much mistaken, indeed, if the North West Passage ever becomes the business of a single summer; nay, I believe that nothing but a concurrence of very favourable circumstances is likely even to make a single winter in the ice sufficient for its accomplishment. But this is no argument against the possibility of final success; for we now know that a winter in ice may be passed not only in safety, but in health and comfort.

Were it not for the Yankee spirit which pervades the work, an 8vo. volume, under the title of a "*History of the United States, from their first Settlement as Colonies to the*

Close of the War with Great Britain in 1815," might be read with considerable interest, and with considerable advantage. Indeed, making due allowance for the national vanity of America displayed in this reprint, it constitutes a tolerably fair sketch of the great conflict which occurred previously to the independence of the United States.

"*The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of King James the First; by John Nichols, F.S.A., &c.*" which we noticed at some length in the supplementary portion of our second volume, are advancing rapidly towards completion. Of the intended eighteen quarto parts, six of which form a volume, sixteen are now before the public. In amusement, as well as in antiquarian and historic value, the latter portions are in every respect equal to the former; and, as a whole, the compilation will reflect great credit on the research and judgment of the editor.

In an 8vo. volume of more than 900 pages, we are presented with "*Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, with copious Historical Illustrations and Original Anecdotes.*" To those who may be desirous of collecting all that is written or compiled respecting the late scourge of Europe, whose remains are now quietly reposing at St. Helena, this affair will be deemed acceptable. It is inveterately anti-British in spirit.

In remembrance of another great man in his way, a little 12mo. volume claims our passing notice, as "*Aphorisms, Opinions, and Reflections of the late Dr. Parr, with a Sketch of his Life.*" When we saw the

book announced, we indulged the expectation of perusing some of the original "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," which not unfrequently fell from the lips of a man who really, according to his own phrase—not a very modest one we confess—was "gifted with stupendous powers." Instead of original *dicta*, however, we meet with little, if any thing more than extracts from the Doctor's printed works. As we presume Dr. Parr knew something about his own character, we shall, without reference in the present instance to the opinion of others, allow him to blow the trumpet for himself:—

From my youth upward to the present moment, I never deserted a private friend, nor violated a public principle. I have been the slave of no patron, and the drudge of no party. I formed my political opinions without the smallest regard, and have acted upon them with an utter disregard to personal emoluments and professional honour: for many, and the best years of my existence, I endured very irksome toil, and suffered galling "need,"—measuring my resources by my wants; I now so "abound" as to unite a competent income with an independent spirit; and, above all, looking back to this life, and onward to another, I possess that inward peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away.

A volume, loose, sketchy, and irregular in its manner, but of considerable interest, has made its appearance under the title of "*Rough Notes taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas, and among the Andes; by Captain F. B. Head.*" Captain Head, it seems, was a Captain of Engineers; and, although he was confessedly unacquainted with the country of South America, with its inhabitants, with its mines, &c., his services were engaged by one of the joint-stock companies which, some time ago, in the mania of speculation, were formed with the view, or pretended view, of extracting the precious metals from the bowels of the earth. He was accompanied by some Cornish miners; and, by dint of an unusually robust constitution, habit, and the diet of the natives—beef and water—nothing else, he tells us, will answer the purpose—he became one of the most furious gallopers we ever heard or read of. To gallop over an extent of 100 miles a-day for many days in succession was nothing to

him. Shrewd and sensible, strong, active, and daring, he probably succeeded in obtaining a larger portion of information within a very brief period, than almost any other man could have effected. As far as the mines were concerned, he soon found that, on neither side of the Andes were any that could be worked with the least prospect of advantage. To do their author justice, these "rough notes" should be read in conjunction with Mr. Miers's "*Travels in Chile and La Plata,*" noticed in a preceding page (125). To attempt to follow Captain Head through his galloping career, or to pretend to offer a synopsis of his volume, which embraces many more subjects than it contains pages, would be a task far beyond the compass of our powers; but, for the satisfaction of the reader, we shall offer one or two extracts which have a freshness and spirit about them that are quite exhilarating. The huts of the Gauchos or Creole inhabitants of the plains, which extend their almost immeasurable lengths between the Andes and the Atlantic, are thus described:—

The situation of the Gaucho is naturally independent of the political troubles which engross the attention of the inhabitants of the towns. The population or number of these Gauchos is very small, and at great distances from each other: they are scattered here and there over the face of the country. Many of these people are descended from the best families in Spain; they possess good manners, and often very noble sentiments: the life they lead is very interesting—they generally inhabit the hut in which they were born, and in which their fathers and grandfathers lived before them, although it appears to a stranger to possess few of the allurements of *dulce domum*. The huts are built in the same simple form; for although luxury has ten thousand plans and elevations for the frail abode of its more frail tenant, yet the hut in all countries is the same, and therefore there is no difference between that of the South American Gaucho, and the Highlander of Scotland, excepting that the former is built of mud, and covered with long yellow grass, while the other is formed of stones, and thatched with heather. The materials of both are the immediate produce of the soil, and both are so blended in colour with the face of the country, that it is often difficult to distinguish them; and as the pace at which one gallops in South America is rapid, and the country flat, one scarcely discovers a dwelling before one is

at the door. The corral is about fifty or one hundred yards from the hut, and is a circle of about thirty yards in diameter, enclosed by a number of strong rough posts, the ends of which are struck into the ground. Upon these posts are generally a number of idle-looking vultures or hawks, and the ground around the hut and corral is covered with bones and carcasses of horses, bullocks' horns, wool, &c. which gave it the smell and appearance of an ill-kept dog-kennel in England.

The hut consists generally of one room, in which all the family live, boys, girls, men, women, and children, all huddled together. The kitchen is a detached shed, a few yards off: there are always holes, both in the walls and in the roof of the hut, which one at first considers as singular marks of the indolence of the people. In the summer this abode is so filled with fleas and binchucas (which are bugs as large as black-beetles) that the whole family sleep on the ground in front of their dwelling; and when the traveller arrives at night, and after unsaddling his horse walks among this sleeping community, he may place the saddle or recado on which he is to sleep close to the companion most suited to his fancy:—an admirer of innocence may lie down by the side of a sleeping infant; a melancholy man may slumber near an old black woman; and one who admires the fairer beauties of creation, may very demurely lay his head on his saddle within a few inches of the idol he adores. However, there is nothing to assist the judgment but the bare feet and ankles of all the slumbering group, for their heads and bodies are covered and disguised by the skin and poncho which covers them.

In winter the people sleep in the hut, and the scene is a very singular one. As soon as the traveller's supper is ready, the great iron spit on which the beef has been roasted is brought into the hut, and the point is struck into the ground: the Gaucho then offers his guest the skeleton of a horse's head, and he and several of the family, on similar seats, sit round the spit, from which with their long knives they cut very large mouthfuls. The hut is lighted by a feeble lamp, made of bullock's tallow; and is warmed by a fire of charcoal: on the walls of the hut are hung, upon bones, two or three bridles and spurs, and several lassos and balls: on the ground are several dark-looking heaps, which one can never clearly distinguish; on sitting down upon these when tired, I have often heard a child scream underneath me, and have occasionally been mildly asked by a young woman what I wanted; at other times up jumped an

immense dog! While I was once warming my hands at the fire of charcoal, seated on a horse's head, looking at the black roof in a reverie, and fancying I was quite by myself, I felt something touch me, and saw two naked black children leaning over the charcoal in the attitude of two toads; they had crept out from under some of the ponchos; and I afterwards found that many other persons, as well as some hens sitting upon eggs, were also in the hut. In sleeping in these huts, the cock has often hopped upon my back to crow in the morning; however, as soon as it is daylight, every body gets up.

The succeeding extract is somewhat long; but it will be found to excite intense interest. One of the most dangerous passes of the Andes is thus picturesquely described:—

As I was looking up at the region of snow, and as my mule was scrambling along the steep side of the rock, the capitaz overtook me, and asked me if I chose to come on, as he was going to look at the "Ladera de las Vacas," to see if it was passable, before the mules came to it. He accordingly trotted on, and in half an hour we arrived at the spot. It is the worst pass in the Cordillera. The mountain above appears almost perpendicular, and in one continued slope down to the rapid torrent which is raging underneath. The surface is covered with loose earth and stones which have been brought down by the water. The path goes across this slope, and is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad; but the point of danger is a spot where the water which comes down from the top of the mountain either washes the path away, or covers it over with loose stones. We rode over it, and it certainly was very narrow and bad. In some places the rock almost touches one's shoulder, while the precipice is immediately under the opposite foot, and high above the head are a number of large loose stones, which appear as if the slightest touch would send them rolling into the torrent beneath, which is foaming and rushing with great violence. However, the danger to the rider is only imaginary, for the mules are so careful, and seem so well aware of their situation, that there is no chance of their making a false step. As soon as we had crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capitaz told me that it was a very bad place for baggage mules, that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one; he said, that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait

there with his lasso to catch any mule that might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble, if there was to be one, so the capitaz took away my mule and his own, and while I stood on a projecting rock at the end of the pass, he scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water.

The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden, and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of colour in the animals, the different colours and shapes of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the sight of the dangerous path they had to cross,—formed altogether a very interesting scene.

As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also.

He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule, carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them: however, his fore-legs were still upon the narrow path; he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose on the path on his left, and appeared to hold on by his mouth: his perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came, and in walking along after him, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his

balance, and head over heels the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed; but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort; and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage, and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail, lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again; but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turned round and round by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassos in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me, I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking towards us!

We instantly perceived that he was the Phaeton whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades. He was of course dripping wet; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected: however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible.

With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading mule, which carries the bell, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, although certainly with great caution.

We consider "*The Complete Governess, by an Experienced Teacher*," to be "got up" for the express purpose of classing with such contemptible quack publications as "*The Art of Beauty*,"* "*The Duties of a Lady's Maid*,"† &c. These things are really disgraceful to the boasted enlightenment of the age.

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. ii. page 37. † *Ibid.* page 268.

Allowing for minor blemishes of style, a volume of superior merit lies before us—*“Tales in Verse, Illustrative of the Several Petitions of the Lord’s Prayer; by the Rev. H. F. Lyle.”* Some years ago, it appears, Mr. Charles Ollier, a literary friend of the author’s, “proposed to him to illustrate the several petitions of the Lord’s Prayer, by a series of short tales.” The idea was adopted, but ill-health and professional avocations prevented the appearance of the tales until the present time. They are six in number: Harford, The Missionary, The Widow, Edward Field, The Brothers, and The Preacher. Insulated extracts would convey a very imperfect idea of the literary merit, the piety, the warm devotional feeling of these pieces. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to The Missionary—the tale mostly to our taste—taking from it the more prominent passages, and connecting them so as to give a general view of the story, and of its mode of treatment. It will at once strike the reader that the style is an imitation of that of Crabbe, and, as we view it, a very successful one, though with less of intense feeling and soul-harrowing pathos. The poem opens with an invocation to the Deity by the Missionary, to make the empires of the earth his own, to bid his kingdom come, and to cause himself to be served on earth as in the skies:—

Such were the vows that on the lonely side
Of Mississippi rose at eventide,
And mingled with the juckall’s plaintive while,
And with the plash of rushing crocodile,
With the flamingo’s scream, and with the breeze
Whose wild wing strayed thro’ the magnolia
trees,

And with the river walking on his way
Through nations. There before a hut of clay
Kneelt an old man, and lifted up his prayer
To the Great Spirit, in whose service there
He long had laboured, zealous to proclaim
To Indian wastes, his Master’s saving name,
Assert the honours of the dread “I am,”
And meeken down the wolf into the lamb.

Nor were his toils in vain. Behold yon green
Savannah, reaching down the woods between
To the broad flood, and mid the wilderness,
Smiling as sweet as hope amid distress.
There neat inclosures rise, and cattle graze,
And vineyards bloom, and spots of rice and
maize

Dapple the slope, and from a hundred huts
The smoke in wreathy column upward juts;

And where the buskined hunter roved ere while,
Now harvests wave, and hanging gardens smile;
And where the wolf was howling in his den,
Ascends the social hum of busy men,
And Christian worship swells to God around
In language newly hallowed with the sound.

O’er that old man were forty summers flown
Since from far lands to this wild spot alone
He came, and built his hut, and lodged his store
Among the prowlers of this lonely shore.
Those white locks then were jet, and that meek
eye,

Which twinkles yet with immortality,
Looked living fire; and round his form and
face

Glowed high romance, and dignity, and grace.
No common man, and with no common aim,
To his bold task the missionary came;
And left whatever else was bright or dear,
To walk with God, and spread His Gospel
here.

And lurked there no regret in that bright eye?
Stole from his bosom no half stifled sigh?
So young, so warm, so feeling as he was,
Thus quitting all and taking up his cross,
’Mid savage lands and men to live and die,
No friend but God, no home but in the sky?
No! He had known the world, had proved the
worth

Of all that wears the stamp and hue of earth;
Had played deep with experience, and had
quaffed

From her stern cup a large and bitter draught:
And finding all was frail and false around,
He turned by times to build on stabler ground:
Steered his poor skiff from life’s tempestuous
sea,

And sought a haven in eternity.

In early youth the missionary had been
bereft of both his parents. With a quick
and ardent spirit, and with scarcely a friend
to advise him, he was left to all the snares
of rank and affluence. His mind ran riot;
he grew up without an aim or plan;
Till into life he stepped at last, as wild,
As simple, and confiding as a child.

His heart was warm and open as the spring,
A rich toned lyre that thrilled through every
string,

Alive to bliss, and prone to melt and move
At each appeal of friendship and of love.
He banquetted on music; and his taste
Was quick to all of beautiful and chaste.
He looked on nature with a painter’s eye,
And caught the soul of speaking poesy.
And though possessed of no outstanding trait,
Which burthened memory cannot put away,

No character energetic, bold, defined,
That haunts, and fills, and triumphs o'er the
mind;
Yet see him, hear him, and anon there stole
A spell around that rivetted the soul;
And a mysterious interest gradual grew,
Till all about him strange observance drew,
And round his influence breathed, and spread a
tone
O'er other minds congenial with his own.

Thus circumstanced, on the dull confines
of a country town, he became at once the
idol and the dupe of creatures whom he
scorned.

The cloud
Fled from all brows before him; and he moved
In every circle courted and beloved.
The ladies thought him sweetly sentimental:
Their mothers counted o'er his handsome
rental.
And though all thought him odd, nay some
said mad,
None could esteem his face or person bad;
And then how fine a property he had!
Sure a good spouse and jointure must await
The maid that might secure her such a mate.

Thus many a sigh was breathed, and not in
vain.
There was one blue-eyed girl among the train,
Retiring, gentle, graceful, fair and tall,
Who bore the prize away from midst them all.
Little she said; but oh that eye!—that eye!—
What did it not in its blue archery?
He shrunk before it;—yet returned to ask
Permission in its milder light to bask;
Was heard,—received,—and nothing now there
needs,
But fix the day, and draw the marriage deeds.

I say not how the hours from hence were
spent;
I pass each sigh, and look, and blandishment,
The air-built castle, the sequestered walk
With trembling arm-in-arm, and all the talk
'Bout poetry, and trees, and flowers, and skies,
And young love's thousand hopes and phan-
tasies;—
Nor can I tell how they had matched for life,
What husband he had made, and she what
wife:
For when all else was settled, and there now
Remained but just the priest, and ring, and
vow,
News came, that one, on whom, as on his soul,
He rested, and resigned to him the whole
Of his affairs, was fled, and with him bore
The bulk of all his patron owned before.

No. 22.—Vol. IV.

The villain escaped—the sympathies of
the sufferer were chilled—his parasite ac-
quaintance one by one fell off—

But there was yet one heart, where he might
hide

His outcast head, though all was false beside;
One faithful friend, one gentle comforter,
That would not shrink for him; and O, it were
An Eden still to gather up the wrecks
Of his past wealth, and fly from all the checks
And wrongs of a bad world, and be with her,
Beyond the reach of knave or flatterer,
Nestling in some sweet cottage, far removed
From man's intrusion, loving and beloved!
On with such thoughts his pathway he pursued
Up to the well-known door, his darker mood
Clearing and brightening as he went. At last
He reached the threshold, and would thence
have passed

On to her presence as he wont; but there
A servant stops him ere he mounts the stair;
And begs, with many a scrape and bow, to say
That his young mistress can't be seen to-day.

A letter followed cold and brief, expressing
Her thanks for past attentions, and professing
A high esteem; but she regretted much,
That circumstances were no longer such
As would admit their union; and in fine,
She begged all future visits to decline.

He now had known the worst—he
turned his back upon mankind—he became
an inmate of the woods and forests—he
worshipped in the mountains and the
clouds—in the flowers, in the streams, and
in the stars; the majesty of God then
burst upon his intellectual darkness—his
spirit made a friend of God—with the
flowers and birds he breathed a worship
which no earthly words could adequately
utter—

And heavenly longings swelled within his
breast,
And his heart thirsted for eternal rest.

* * * * *

There are fond hearts that cannot do without
Some object upon which they may pour out
Their overflowing love, and his was one;
And now that earthly objects all were gone,
He turned for such to heaven; and there he
gazed

Till every feeling was refined and raised
From earth, and he appeared to stand the last
Lone being of some generation past,
Longing and reaching to a better place,
With little wish to linger on his race;

2 D

For he had other aims and views than they
Through whose strange land his transient journey lay.

His eye was fixed on God; and there had dwelt

So long and earnestly, he almost felt
Identified with Him. God was his bliss;
God's glory was his glory; God's cause his;

He had no being but in God; no rest
Nor happiness apart from Him. He blest
The very flower that breathed its balm on high,

And would not trample on it. In his eye
The poorest leaf grew precious, for it bore
The impress of Almighty hands: nay more,
The very scorn and hatred he had felt
To faithless men before, began to melt
Down into love and pity; for they were
Children of God's, and objects of his care.

* * * * *

Musing on themes like these, his soul took fire,
And sprung up in him an intense desire
To bear the cross to foreign lands, and dare
A Missionary's toils and dangers there.
A momentary pause, a passing swell
Of heart—a line to her he loved so well:
Then rose his sail before the vagrant wind,
And calm he left his native land behind.

"Beloved and lovely" (thus his letter ran),
"Hear the last words of a devoted man.
I write not to implore, reproach, or grieve;
I simply send to say that I forgive:
Blest if that word from any pang may free
A heart I would not have distressed through me,

A heart round which I wish more joys to twine
Than thy repulse once seemed to snatch from mine.

But this is over now. My soul, though late,
Has found a nobler aim, a higher mate;
God is the object of my love; and I
Go forth to distant lands to lift on high
His glorious ensign. We no more shall meet,
Till thou shalt see me to their Judge's feet
Leading my little flock. O may this be
A joyful meeting to both thee and me!
May we be joined in better bonds than e'er
Our fondest thoughts anticipated here!
Farewell! my prayer shall rise when far away
For thy dear sake to Him I there obey;
And ah! do thou at times a thought bestow
On him who scarce knows how to let thee go—
So loved, so lost;—I feel I must not dwell
On themes like these—once more, farewell!
farewell!"

He crossed the Atlantic—found him-

self a stranger amongst giant lakes, and streams, and woods, and plains—encountered many a toilsome day and sleepless night—but, ultimately his pious labours were successful, and he saw "the kingdom of his Father come." This is the close of the poem:—

Here undisturbed he mused on things above,
And praised amid His works the God of love;
To Him his voice arose with morning's light,
And when above his lonely hut at night
The wind made solemn music in the trees,
God came down to him walking on the breeze,
And brought him awful joy. And thus afar
From earthly heed or hindrance, care or jar,
His life ran smoothly onward. God from high
Looked on his labours with approving eye;
The spirit loved within his breast to dwell,
And angels often whispered all is well.
With late and gentle call he was removed
Hence to the home he sought, the God he loved.

He closed his eyes to rest one happy night,
To ope them wondering in eternal light.
Still may be seen on Mississippi's side
The little hut the good man occupied;
The old oak spreading o'er the grassy mound,
From which he taught his people standing round.

And still the pious traveller loves to stay,
And kneel down by his lonely grave to pray,
And hear his converts tell with honest pride
How holily he lived, how calmly died.

The tale of *The Preacher*, illustrating the petition—"lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"—presents a picture almost too horrible and appalling for the mind to dwell upon. The author, indeed, says that, had time permitted, it should have been expunged and re-written. Its moral, however, is most forcible.

There are, as we have intimated, minor blemishes of style in this volume. The rhymes are occasionally defective, and the measure is occasionally lame. Here and there, too, we detect expressions which sound very like twaddle, and cant, and fanaticism. Yet the religious tendency of the work is good, and it is entitled to great praise.

"*Caswallon, King of Britain, a Tragedy*, by Edward Gandy, author of '*Lorenzo, the Outcast Son*,' &c. &c. &c.," is a dramatic effort of some spirit and respectability, founded on the model of Shakspeare.

"*The Song of the Patriot, Sonnets, and*

Songs, by Robert Millhouse, is the production, it appears, of a self-educated weaver at Nottingham. The effusions are modest, simple, and pathetic; and, in some instances, possess qualities of even a higher order. In the subjoined sonnet are lines which would reflect credit on many writers of lofty pretension:—

Oh! she was passing fair—the wilding's bloom
 Played gambols on her cheek—her downcast
 eye

Had stolen its colour from the noon-day sky—
 The fresh-blown cowslip lent her breath per-
 fume—

Her hair the spacious earth can find no room
 For semblance—'twas the peerless golden
 dye

Of evening clouds, when sweetest sunbeams
 lie

On their bright fleeces, mingling into gloom.
 Her heart was gentle, yet her soul had fire

Of that pure essence, rarely found below;
 But soon she left this vale of low desire,

This scene of want, of tyranny, and woe,
 For happier worlds, where heaven-born minds
 aspire,

And through eternal mansions wandering go!

After this, what can we say to "*The West of the Wye, a Poem descriptive of the Scenery of that River, by Arthur St. John, Esq.*?" From the strange jumble we shall transcribe a few lines, just to shew what stuff can be written, printed, and published—read it cannot be, unless by unfortunate reviewers—in this age of poetical inspiration:—

He looked, though earthly, as the air were his,
 And he could dart and cleave the liquid sky
 With mighty wing; as though he knew that
 this

Clay coop, whereon he stood, held not to tie
 His soul to the path, where, ambitiously
 He bemean'd him to none, nor they to him,
 All shunn'd the crimson glance of that broad eye
 Which on the clouds of fate and mists that dim
 The breasts of men, gazed unbrook'd thro' its
 fiery rim.

We could quote some almost equally-splendid passages from "*Specimens of Romanic Lyric Poetry; with a Translation into English, &c., by Paul Maria Leopold Joss;*" but, as we happen not to be affected with the Greek mania, we shall take leave to pass the volume by untouched.

It was with some expectation that we commenced the perusal of "*The Pro-*

phetess: a Tale of the last Century, in Italy."

From the Preface, in which the author informs us that he has "endeavoured to strike out a path for" himself—that his aim has been originality—that he has ventured, in the first volume, to conduct some of his personages over portions of the classic ground of Italy—and that, in the second and third volumes, the interest peculiar to works of fiction has been rendered unusually intense—we were led to anticipate something quite out of the common style of novel writing; and certainly, as far as dissimilitude to any thing that we had ever before seen may be termed originality, we have not been disappointed. Apparently taking the works of Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield for his model, though he disclaims all imitation, the author introduces us to a lady and her two nephews, and occupies the whole of the first volume in leading them over all the buildings, ruins, &c. of Rome, and other parts of Italy. We despair of giving the reader any idea of the story, as, after a careful perusal, we confess that we do not very clearly comprehend it ourselves. Miss Leonard, with her brother, leaves her father's house in consequence of the ill-treatment which she receives from her step-mother the Countess Malvezzi. Her brother and father die, and she is reduced to the necessity of supporting herself by copying the paintings of the old masters. She also superintends the education of two nephews, Charles and Henry, the former the son of her brother, the latter of her sister. On the death of their grandfather, they obtain appointments in a banking-house, where their prospects, however, are unexpectedly blighted. After the death of her husband, the Countess is connected with a man named Opimi Neroni, and she resolves, with his assistance, to secure to herself possession of the whole of her late husband's estates. This can be effected only by the removal of his grandsons, Charles and Henry; the former of whom is carried off to Tripoli and sold as a slave, the latter is accused by Neroni of having robbed his employers, and Miss Leonard dies with affright at the moment of Charles's arrest. Henry's innocence is made apparent, the plans of the Countess are detected, and Charles returns, and is discovered to be the son instead of the

nephew of Miss Leonard, that lady having been privately married. He finds his father, a man of large property, and Henry succeeds to the estates of his grandfather.

The "Prophetess," from whom the book takes its name, is a personage of so little importance as not to have been mentioned in the above sketch. She is an old woman, formerly in the service of the Countess Malvezzi, and her son has been hanged for robbing that lady. After his death she becomes a maniac, prophesies, and, throughout these volumes, is employed in giving occasional warnings to Charles and Henry of the machinations of the Countess.—Deficient in plot, incident, and character, and without the graces of style to recommend it, we doubt whether "The Prophetess" will obtain even that ephemeral notice of which the author affects in his preface to speak so lightly.

"The Odd Volume" is certainly a very odd title for a book; yet, what is more remarkable, we have been unable to discover in what its oddity is to be found. The book is composed of a number of tales—whether the number be even or odd, we have not noticed—some good, some bad, some indifferent; some of them have been published before in different periodical works; others appear now for the first time. As a whole, the collection is sufficiently pleasant and amusing.

Another bundle of oddities sues for the favour of the public in "*More Odd Moments, by the author of 'Odd Moments.'*" This is also a volume of tales, or stories, light, graceful, and amusing, yet moral and religious.

After a month or two more of dulness, we trust we shall have novelty as well as oddity to notice.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Draw the Sword, Scotland;*" sung by Mr. Braham, altered and arranged by G. H. Rodwell.—Goulding and Co.

A very animated slogan; perhaps the most effective Brahamization of a Scotch ballad that has yet appeared.

"*The Daughter of Love,*" a Serenade with an Obligato Piano-forte Accompaniment, by C. E. Horn.—Willis.

Mr. Horn has made a desperate effort to

do something very fine, and the consequence has been what might be expected, flowery accompaniments, abundance of double sharps, and no melody. The song is on the same model as Beethoven's *Adelaide*, but alack, how many degrees below it. The time $\frac{3}{4}$, key four sharps. The accompaniment would have been very pleasing as part of a piano-forte lesson, but is quite out of place here.

"*When the Birds are sleeping;*" a Cavatina sung by Mr. T. Cooke, composed by Augustus Meves.—Willis and Co.

Mr. Meves has entered thoroughly into the soul of his poetry; the little strain of about four bars with which he commences his song is one of the most elegant passages we recollect, and the manner in which he digresses from this subject and returns to it are worthy of the rest of his composition. It must be popular as soon as known.

"*Lilies of the Valley;*" a Song sung with the most rapturous applause by Miss Stephens, composed by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.—Willis and Co.

A pleasing simple little ballad, very much in Sir John Stevenson's general style. Though from its *naïveté* of style we have designated it a ballad, it does not answer to the general acceptance of the word, as each stanza of the poetry is adapted to different music. There is an awkwardness in the lines—"But to me white lilies are," "In the valley sweeter far"—which a skilful musician should have softened down; but Sir John has made the most of it. Generally, however, it is a very sweet ballad.

"*Sing on, such Tears are Bliss;*" sung by Miss Stephens, composed by J. C. Clifton.—Willis.

The opening bars of this melody are pleasing and elegant, but it sinks into common-place as it proceeds. There is a passage or two from our very old friend "Julia, to the Wood-Robin."

PIANO-FORTE.

"*The Death of Weber,*" the Poetry by Planché, the Music composed and selected by J. Braham.—Willis and Co.

Monody on Weber, the Words by W. Macgregor Logan, the Music by John Barnett.—Cocks.

The poesy of both these elegiac pieces is

so beautiful, that it might have inspired composers of less merit than Messrs. Braham and Barnett. The first of these songs is compounded of a few of the popular airs from Weber's most popular opera, arranged and adapted with great judgment, and in some instances deprived of part of their lightness of character by simplifying the melodies; but we are still of opinion that the concatenation of ideas produced by some of the movements must be very unfavourable to the solemnity of the subject. We will, however, instance the several extracts, and leave our readers to form their own conclusion. "Weep, for the word is spoken"—an original introduction, in adagio time, simple and impressive. "Romance hath lost her minstrel"—the quick movement in the overture and finale of *Der Frieschütz*. "His fame had fled before him"—the Jäger chorus, the vocal melody simplified. "And turned his march of triumph into a dirge of death"—an abrupt transition from the key of C to a short original adagio in A flat: this modulation is not novel, but produces here an original effect. "All who knew him loved him well"—the Bride's-maids' chorus. "Tho' years of endless suffering"—the andante in Rodolph's scena. A repetition of the original adagio closes the song in an effective manner.

Mr. Barnett in his adaptation of these words has relied solely on his own resources, and therefore ought probably to have taken precedence of the former song. Mr. Barnett's composition is avowedly on the same model as "Not a Drum," the song on which his reputation principally rests; and we shall afford it no mean praise when we say, that it equals, as far as the difference of subject would allow, its original prototype. The general style, though not similar, is rather more antiquated, the plan of arrangement the same. We cannot avoid pointing out a lovely piece of harmony on the words—"Every hope from my mind had fled:" in the fifth bar of the symphony a ninth is formed by one of the inner parts, and resolved by another at the same moment, a species of harmonization which we cannot understand: but as the same passage occurs again without the obnoxious notes we will hope they are an error of the engraver.

HARP.

A Selection of Airs from Medea in Corinto, arranged for the Harp by N. C. Bochsa, in Three Books. Book I.—Goulding and Co.

This first book contains *Se mio si serba*, *Coro*, *Duetto*, *Tosti Grande*, and *Di Gloria*, arranged with Mr. Bochsa's accustomed brilliancy. The last march and chorus (*Di Gloria*) would form a very pleasing and brilliant piece to commit to memory.

The very popular air, "Cherry Ripe," arranged for the Harp, with an Introduction, by T. P. Chipp.—Willis and Co.

Mr. Chipp has done thorough justice to his subject; the air is well adapted to the peculiarities of the instrument. The introduction, though short and simple, is effective, and the coda in rapid arpeggio very brilliant and effective.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET.

Pong Wong, an extravaganza produced at this theatre, eminently displayed either the omnipotent power of interest, or the total absence of managerial judgment: a more melancholy affair never tried the patience of an audience. The plot turned on the old trick of a friendly astrologer assuring a king about to condemn a culprit to death, that his royal life and the existence of the offender are equally under the influence of a certain star, and must consequently end together; whereupon the king, in his anxiety for personal safety, pardons the criminal. Liston played on the occasion a Chinese Mandarin, and looked as monstrous as a long tail and mustachios could render him; but all the whim began and ended with the barber and the tailor, and long before the conclusion *Pong Wong* received irrevocable condemnation. It was not even ventured a second night.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Before Breakfast, a remarkably pleasant, albeit broad farce, by Peake, has been produced, in which Mathews has bought more "golden opinions." The plot is ingeniously managed, although the *denouement* is comparatively spiritless.

Trefoil (Mathews), a knavish, quick-tongued varlet, is, in the opening of the farce, just discharged from York gaol for a misdemeanor

not specified. Whilst ruminating on his situation, and having taken, as the punning author certifies, "the first vacant post," he is encountered by *Lieut. Havannah* (Bland), his former master, and by him re-engaged to aid him in the carrying on an amour with the ward of *Sir William Buffer* (Bartley). *Trefoil* is despatched by the *Lieutenant* to his father, *Major Havannah* (W. Bennett), for a pecuniary reinforcement. Now the *Major* has, unknown to his son, entered into an agreement with *Sir William* to marry his ward, and also engages *Trefoil*, who, for the whim's sake, represents himself as a Scotchman, to be his letter-carrier to his mistress. *Sir William* has just discharged his servant, a sleek-haired clown, for the enormity of dropping his boot into a water-butt, and meeting with *Trefoil*, who, for pure sport, assumes the character of a Frenchman, hires him for his valet. The *Major*, according to promise, brings his son to breakfast with *Sir William*, and here has *Trefoil* to support the three characters of Englishman, Scotchman, and Gaul, which he does with perfect success, giving an opportunity to the lovers to slip from the breakfast-table to the church, and to return again as man and wife. As we said before, the *eclaircissement* is not well effected; however, the whim and the humour in the course of the piece are of the most agreeable order, and cannot fail to extract a laugh from ill-nature itself.

Mathews, as *Trefoil*, displays his inimitable versatility to the greatest advantage: his changes from one character to another are managed with admirable humour and adroitness. We must, however, enter our protest against the latitude indulged by Mr. Mathews in his song, descriptive of *Rustic Sports*: it is a coarse delineation of the most vulgar and vicious of mankind, without one single saving clause; all the humour consists in the mimicry of men grinning through a horse-collar, and all the wit in the language of the drinking-booth and the cockpit. Mr. Mathews is deservedly a high favourite of the public: he is, notwithstanding, to have some regard for the feelings of his auditors, and not claim the dissemination of indecency as the peculiar privilege of first-rate abilities. Mr. Bennett most agreeably surprised us as *Major Havannah*; although we always held him to be a useful and industrious actor, we never hoped for the quiet humour and eccentric whim displayed in the *Major*, who is, indeed, in language and manner, what one of Cruikshanks' happiest hits is on paper. He is a man of half-a-dozen sentences, which, dealt forth from a prim, precise, and bilious soldier of the old school, are full of the richest comicality or

rather the broadest farce. The *Major* is well contrasted by *Sir William Buffer*, who is a very tornado—a wild-fire of what he himself calls "impulse,"—but which may be construed, sheer brutality. Bartley was quite at home; his boisterousness was never more amusing. Miss Boden played the young lady rather sillily; he has a most inelegant walk, together with an awkward working of the shoulders, both of which we seriously advise her to get rid of. As a singer she certainly improves. The farce has been very frequently played; and, were there fewer senseless puns in it, we should think it would for a long time keep the stage, despite of its similitude to Foote's *Rogues of Scapin*.

With the exception of the appearance of Miss Clara Fisher as the *Actress of All-Work*, and T. P. Cooke as the *Monster*, in *Frankenstein*, there has been no other novelty worthy of report.

The patent theatres have commenced their season: many new candidates are announced, which we shall in due time notice.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

It was our intention, this month, again to take up Mr. Ottley's descriptive catalogue of the pictures in the National Gallery, accompanying our notice by some remarks of our own upon the pictures; but, as we find the gallery has been closed until the first week in November, and as we believe the second part of the catalogue is not yet published, we shall not, just now, proceed with the subject.

The British Institution, with His Majesty's Carlton House pictures, still remains open; and, considering that there is "nobody in town," it is really astonishing to observe the number of highly respectable individuals who daily congregate at this most attractive and delightful exhibition.

With a view to further improvements now in contemplation in the neighbourhood of Pall-Mall and Charing Cross, we remarked the other day that the great rooms at Spring Gardens, which for so many years past have been engaged for popular exhibitions, have been pulled down. Marshall's Peristrepheic Panorama was, we believe, one of the latest raree-shows to be seen at that long-accustomed haunt.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Portrait of the King.—Bad painting by passing through the hands of a skilful engraver is frequently improved in effect—its worst points are subdued, its best ones heightened. Such

is the case in Turner's mezzotinto of the staring, sign-post portrait of his Majesty, by Thompson, the Irish artist, which occupied so vast a portion of the chief room at Somerset House, during the late Exhibition. Instead of a whole-length, however, we have here only the bust; and, really, its present appearance is very respectable.

Portrait of the Duke of York.—A beautiful miniature engraving, by Thomson, from Jackson's fine portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, forms the centre of a beautifully ornamented head-piece to His Royal Highness's celebrated speech respecting the Roman Catholic claims, delivered in the House of Lords on the 25th of April 1825. The writing, and also the engraving of this elegantly executed plate, are, with the exception of the portrait, by Mr. Walter Paton; and, without flattery, we can affirm that they reflect very high credit upon his talents. We know not how the leisure hours of an eminent writing master could be more advantageously employed.

Portrait of Mr. Canning.—The painting, by T. Stewardson, to whose pencil *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* was recently indebted for a fine portrait of the Marchioness of Winchester, has, we apprehend, been executed some years. Perhaps, in point of resemblance, it is not one of the artist's happiest efforts: in a subsequently painted portrait of the same illustrious statesman, he was infinitely more successful. In the engraving before us (by W. Ward, A. R. A.) justice is not rendered to that fascinating expression of genius which ever illumines the features of Mr. Canning. — Poor Stewardson, in the very zenith of his fame and popularity, was, at the commencement of the present year, under the necessity of relinquishing, for a time at least, his professional pursuits, in consequence of frequent and violent internal hæmorrhage. Within the last three months, however, he has greatly recovered, and has sought the milder climate of Italy in which to pass the winter.

Views in Greece.—Still, as we have before had occasion to notice, this work proceeds very slowly. In beauty of design, however, as well as in engraving, the last published No. is superior to its predecessors. Another advantage is, that a somewhat larger size has been adopted for the plates. In the No. to which this notice refers, the subjects are:—1. The Town of Patras; 2. River Scenery, approaching Pillene from the Corinthian Shore; 3. The Rocks of Strophæles; 4. The Schiste on Mount Parnassus; 5. The Temple of Pandrossus.

Mexico.—The junior Ackermann has presented the public with a bird's-eye-view of the City of Mexico, and with a view of the Great Square, &c. engraved by R. G. Reeve, and coloured. The idea which they convey is very fresh and vivid: they have all the appearance of accuracy.

Portrait of Reynolds.—A portrait of that lively and amusing dramatist, Reynolds, will not prove the less acceptable to his admirers for being more than twenty years younger than its original now is. The mezzotint before us is by Doo, from a drawing by Raphael Smith. The likeness is excellent, and the engraving is, as a work of art, of very high order.

The Devil's Bridge, &c.—M. Engelmann, of Paris, is said to be in possession of a process, by means of which an artist can retouch his drawing upon stone, even after any number of impressions may have been taken off. Certain it is, that the specimens of the lithographic art for which the public are indebted to M. Engelmann are superior, in point of clearness and delicacy, to any that we have seen from other artists. This, we apprehend, will be the general feeling of those who may inspect his two magnificent views of *Le Pont du Diable, sur la Reuss, St. Gothard, and La Première Gallerie près de Crévola sur le Simplon*. The landscape portion of the designs is by Villeneuve, and the figures are by V. Adam. Such productions as these impress us with a more favourable idea of this branch of art than we before possessed.

Views in Scotland.—A work has been commenced in Paris, to be completed in twelve Nos. folio, four of which have appeared, under the title of *Vues Pittoresques de l'Ecosse*; or, Picturesque Views in Scotland, from drawings on the spot, by A. F. Pernot, with an explanatory text, extracted principally from the works of Sir Walter Scott. How far these views may be locally accurate we cannot pretend to determine; but the truth as well as the force of the descriptions of scenery introduced in the Scotch novels has always been admitted; and it will be deemed no slight recommendation to the landscapes before us that they are in excellent keeping with the descriptions.

London from Greenwich.—M. Engelmann, whose name has been mentioned in a preceding notice, has recently opened a lithographic establishment in London, under the management of M. Coindet, one of his partners. One of the earliest specimens, we believe, that has issued from Engelmann's London press, is a view of London from Greenwich Park, drawn by W. Westall, A. R. A. The execution is altogether beautiful.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

M. LOCATELLI, mechanist, at Venice, has contrived a new apparatus for lighting theatres. By the aid of parabolic mirrors, the light of many lamps is concentrated over an opening in the middle of the ceiling of the theatre, and reflected down on a system of plano-concave lenses, of a foot in diameter, which occupy the aperture, and convey into the theatre the rays of light, which arrive at them parallel and depart from them divergent. From the pit alone are the lenses perceived; and although the luminous focus is sufficient to light the whole of the theatre, it does not dazzle. Besides the advantage of being more equal, and mild as that of a single luminous body, the light is more intense than that of the ancient lustre; and there is no part of the theatre in which a person cannot read with the greatest facility.

Owing to the difference of climate, the Congreve Rockets have entirely failed in India.

The King of Bavaria has granted a patent for the invention of machinery by which flax may be spun like cotton.

Cotton cord lines have been made at Rhode Island in America, which outlast hempen lines employed for similar purposes. The inventor considers that cotton cables would be cheaper, stronger, and more durable than those of hemp.

Chinese or white silk-worms have been introduced in the province of Murcia, in Spain, the produce of which, both in quantity and quality, is superior to that of the common worms.

The manufacture of straw bonnets, resembling the Leghorns, proceeds with great spirit in Orkney, and gives employment to upwards of 1,000 people. They are made of straw raised in the island, and have been declared by competent judges not inferior to those from Italy.

A Company to encourage the culture of the sugar-cane in the Floridas and Louisiana, has been formed in America. It holds out the prospect of supplying the entire consumption of the United States.

Cold countries have fewer species of plants than warm ones. This difference follows pretty constantly the progression of the temperature: there are in Spitzbergen only 30 species of plants; in Lapland, 534; in Iceland, 553; in Sweden, 1,500; in Brandenburg, 2,000; in Piedmont, 3,800; in Jamaica, 4,000; and in Madagascar, 5,000.

A polytechnic and scientific college is about to be established at Philadelphia, for the cultivation of literature, and the arts and sciences.

Under the immediate auspices of government, the Lancasterian system of education is making extraordinary progress throughout Denmark.

On a well-constructed level rail-road, an ordinary horse will draw, with ease, 7 or 8 tons, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour; or 11 tons, 2 miles per hour. On a canal, the same horse will draw 30 tons 2 miles per hour. But the resistance to any body in the water increases as the

square of velocity; besides which, a horse, when put to the speed of 4 miles an hour, exerts a diminished force. It would therefore require 6 horses to draw along a canal, at 4 miles an hour, the same load that one horse could draw 2 miles an hour. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, the rail-road and canal, with the same moving power, are near equal; but at 3 miles per hour the rail-road has the advantage as 11 to 10, and at 9 miles an hour as 8 to 1.

M. De Succi, of Imola, has invented a process by which fresco painting may be transferred to canvas without stripping the walls of them.

Two new pictures are now exhibiting at the Diorama, in Paris: one, a view of the Village of Unterschén, in Switzerland; the other, an Interior of the Abbey of St. Vaudrille, in Normandy. In the latter, by means of mechanical combination, an April storm arises; and the folding-doors, at the lower end of the chapel, blown backwards and forwards by the wind, alternately display and conceal a landscape scene, extending over a large tract of country. The clouds are seen in rapid motion, through the roof of the building; sometimes obscuring the sun partially; then concealing it entirely; then again suffering it to appear. The most curious feature is the management of the light upon some trees which cling round the windows, and in some places overhang the ruined walls of the building. When the sun shines, the shadow of these trees is thrown upon the floor of the chapel; the shadow from time to time waving, as the trees themselves wave with the wind; and becoming more or less vivid, as the sun shines out more strongly or is concealed.

The Dresden gallery of pictures has been subjected to the process of cleaning, under the direction of an eminent professor of that art from Rome.

M. P. Laurent, formerly a pupil at the polytechnic school, at Paris, has invented a new, and, it is said, very valuable mode of drawing upon stone.

A Mr. Moore has received an honorary medal from the Society of Arts, for the communication of a process by which alabaster may be etched so as to resemble sculpture.

The following constitutes a newly-discovered and superior sympathetic ink: Dissolve a small quantity of starch in a saucer with soft water, and use the liquid like common ink; when dry, no trace of the writing will appear upon the paper, and the letters can be developed only by a weak solution of iodine in alcohol, when they will appear of a deep purple colour, which will not be effaced until after long exposure to the atmosphere.

Professor Blumenbach estimates that the heart expels 2 ounces of blood at each contraction, taking the number of pulsations at 75 per minute. The whole mass of blood he reckoned at 33 lbs. Proceeding on these data we shall find that the blood completes its circulation in

about $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and that a mass of fluid equal to the blood would be carried through the heart 24 times in an hour.

A Parisian physician, devoted to the study of the disorders to which ladies are subject, has just published a work, in which he professes to teach husbands the means of ascertaining whether their wives' nervous attacks are real or feigned.

Colonel Rothier, of Antwerp, has caused drawings to be taken of all the monuments belonging to the Knights of Malta, at Rhodes, which he proposes to publish, as a sort of sequel to Vertot's History of that Order.

An important discovery and invention have been made respecting the teeth. There is in the middle of each tooth a little cavity, in which the fine branches of nerves passing through the roots of the teeth are expanded. This expansion of nervous matter is the seat of sensation in the teeth; and when, by *caries* or decay of the enamel, it is exposed to the influence of external agencies, the patient is generally obliged to have the whole tooth pulled out. It has been ascertained, however, that the diseased part of the tooth, including the cavity, may be cut off with ease and celerity, and that the sound root or roots may be allowed to remain in their sockets. The instruments used for this purpose are only a few plain forceps, right angled and straight, with cutting edges, like the common surgical bone forceps, but made accurately to fit the necks of the teeth. Having been carefully applied on the neck of a tooth, the edges of the forceps should be parallel to the edge of the gum, and made to press it down a little, to get at the neck about a line below the usual height of the gum; the handles of the forceps are then pressed gradually but firmly together, and in a moment the upper part of the tooth snaps off, including the cavity containing the expansion of the nerve, and thus in an instant permanently relieves all pain. The advantages of this operation are—1st. It is painless and instantaneously performed.—2d. The surface of the sound stump remaining in the jaw, presents a firm base for mastication, or for the fixing of an artificial tooth.—3d. The stump or stumps left in the jaw afford a firm support to the adjoining teeth, and without which support the alveolar process, corresponding to the part before occupied by the diseased tooth and a part of the interstice structure of the jaw, become absorbed, the adjoining teeth in a few years become loose, and ultimately prematurely fall out.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on Captain Kotzebue, the navigator, the Cross of the order of St. Anne of the second class.

Works in the Press, &c.

Mr. Dagley's new work entitled *Death's Doings*, is nearly ready. About twenty popular writers of the day have contributed the literary illustrations of the plates, (24 in number). Most of the designs have, we believe, two illustrations each, one in verse and the other in prose.

Report speaks highly of Ackermann's *For-*
No. 22.—Vol. IV.

get-Me-Not for the approaching year. In addition to superiority of embellishment, the volume has experienced a considerable accession of literary talent.

Alaric Watts's *Literary Souvenir* for 1827 is also in a state of considerable forwardness. Amongst its embellishments will be the last and most authentic portrait of Lord Byron, by the American painter, West. It will contain also, we believe, a portrait of the Countess Guiccioli.

Hervey's *Friendship's Offering* is in progress, and is expected to appear with the other annuals.

Hall's *Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer*, has likewise been announced.

Letters, Memoirs, &c. of General Wolfe.

A work of English History, in 2 vols. 4to., by Mr. Hallam.

By Mrs. Markham, author of the *Catechetical History of England*, a *History of France*, upon the same plan.

Modern Arithmetic, by Mr. Russell, author of *The Philosophy of Arithmetic*.

A Translation from the German of Clauren's Swiss tale entitled *Liesli*.

By the Rev. John Mitford, a volume of devotional poetry entitled *Sacred Specimens*, selected from the Early English Poets, with Prefatory Verses.

History of the Reign of Henry VIII., by Mr. Sharon Turner; forming the first vol. of that gentleman's *Modern History of England*.

Narrative of an Excursion from Corfu to Smyrna, with some Account of the Ancient and Present State of Athens, by T. R. Jolliffe, Esq.

Protestant Union; or a Treatise on True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best Means may be used against the growth of Popery; by John Milton: with a Preface on Milton's Religious Principles, and *Unimpeachable Sincerity*, by the Bishop of Salisbury.

In quarterly parts, royal 4to., *Illustrations of Ornithology*, by Sir Wm. Jardine, Bart., F.R.S. E., F.L.S., M.W.S., &c., and Pridaux John Selby, Esq., F.L.S., M.W.S., &c., with the co-operation of J. E. Bichen, Esq., Sec. L.S., &c.; J. G. Children, Esq., F.R.S. L. and E., F.L.S., &c., Zoologist to the British Museum; Major-General T. Hardwicke, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.; T. Horsfield, M.D., F.L.S., &c.; Zoologist to the Hon. East-India Company; R. Jameson, Esq., F.R.S. E., F.L.S., Pres. W.S., Reg. Prof., Nat. Hist. Ed., Director of Ed. Museum, &c.; Sir T. Stamford Raffles, LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., Pres. of Zool. Society, &c.; N. A. Vigors, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., Sec. of Zool. Society, &c. In this work it is intended to give coloured plates of birds accompanied by descriptions, including their generic and specific characters, references to the best figures of those already published, and occasional remarks on the nature, habits, and comparative anatomy of the species.

Sketches of Ireland, descriptive of unnoticed Districts; *Ten Weeks in Munster*, *Three Weeks in Donegal*, &c.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Or Sons.—The Hon. Lady Heathcote.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Archibald Ross.—The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Thelluson.—The lady of H. Stafford Northcote, Esq., M.P.—The lady of Captain Hay, R.N.

Or Daughters.—The lady of Sir F. Shuckburgh, Bart.—The Baroness de Robeck.—The lady of G. Morgan, Esq., M.P.—The Vicountess Duncannon.—The lady of the Hon. Captain Bridgman, R.N.—Lady Elizabeth Thackeray.

MARRIAGES.

J. A. Sullivan, Esq., to Jane, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Tyler, K.C.B., of Cotterel, Glamorganshire.

At Dublin, Capt. W. Childers, grandson of the late Lord Eardley, to Mary Elizabeth, relict of R. Hume, Esq., 41st regiment.

The Rev. Eardley Childers, to Maria Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Culling Smith, Bart., of Bednell Park, Herts.

At Bath, Henry, eldest son of Sir R. Beddingfield, and nephew to the Right Hon. Lord Stafford, to Margaret, only daughter of Edward Paston, Esq.

At Edmonton, G. S. Curtis, Esq., of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, to Emma, second daughter of Wm. Curtis, Esq., of Portland Place.

At Antwerp, John L. de Hochpied Larpent, Esq., His Britannic Majesty's Consul, to Georgiana Frances, daughter of F. Reeves, Esq., of East Sheen, Surrey.

Lieut. General R. Phillips, of the Hon. East-India Company's Bengal army, to Elizabeth, daughter of — Poole, Esq., of Shrewsbury.

The Hon. Henry Benedict Arundel, brother of Lord Arundel, to Lucy, only child of H. Smythe, Esq., of Bath.

Capt. Byrne, of the Rifle Brigade, to Anne Matilda, second daughter of Colonel Norcott, C.B., &c.

The Rev. Henry Wynch, Rector of Pett, and Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, to Charlotte, second daughter of the late E. Golding, Esq., of Morden Erleigh, Berkshire.

Patrick Bannerman, Esq., to Anna Maria, daughter of Sir William Johnston, Bart.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lord Suffolk, to Emily Harriet, youngest daughter of Evelyn Shirley, Esq., of Easington Park, Warwickshire.

In Barbados, the Rev. E. Elliot, Archdeacon of Barbados, to Elizabeth K., daughter of the Hon. M. Skeete, President of that island.

At St. Mary-le-bone, Lieut. Col. Lautour, C.B., to Una Cameron Barclay, eldest daughter of J. Innes, Esq., of Cowie, N.B.

At St. Pancras New Church, Baldwin Francis Duppa, Esq., eldest son of Duppa Duppa,

Esq., of Hollingbourne House, Kent, to Catherine, second daughter of P. Darell, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. J. H. Barker, M.A., Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, &c., to the Right Hon. Lady Millicent Acheson, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Gosford.

Capt. C. Hope, R.N., to Ann, daughter of Captain Parry, R.N. C.B. and G.C.S.

DEATHS.

Aged 82, the Right Hon. Lady Sarah Napier, relict of the Hon. Col. George Napier, and daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond and Lennox.

Aged 81, Mrs. Chambre, only sister of the late Sir Alan Chambre.

At Shooter's Hill, aged 81, Elizabeth, relict of General Sir Thomas Blomefield, Bart.

At Westmeon, Hants, the Rev. J. Dampier, Prebendary of Ely, aged 76.

At Southwell, Anna Maria, daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Eyre.

The Rev. Frederick Manners Sutton.

At Fletching, aged 22, Spencer Maryon Wilson, Esq., brother of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, Bart., of Charlton House, Kent.

At Drayton, General Sir Harry Calvert, Bart., Lieut. Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and Colonel of the 14th Regiment of Foot.

At Lichfield, aged 76, Sir Charles Oakley, Bart., D.C.L., formerly Governor of Madras.

At Broadstairs, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Catherine Caroline Beresford, youngest daughter of the late Marquess of Waterford.

Lieut. Col. Archibald Ross.

At Dover, aged 47, the Right Hon. Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls, &c.

The Hon. Christopher Hely Hutchinson, M.P.

At Naples, aged 80, Piazzi, the celebrated astronomer.

R. C. R. Montagu, Esq., son of Admiral Robert Montagu.

Aged 84, the Rev. T. Nash, D.D.

Lady Culling Smith, second daughter of the late Lord Eardley.

At Brighton, Lord Leicester Fitzgerald, youngest son of the Duke of Leinster.

Aged 23, Elizabeth Catherine, second daughter of Sir J. P. Milbanke, Bart.

At Dublin, Anne, wife of Lieut. Col. Grove.

At Tanjore, the Rev. Dr. Heber, Bishop of Calcutta.

Near Florence, the Dowager Countess Cowper.

The Dowager Lady Riggs Miller, relict of Sir John Riggs Miller, and formerly Lady Davenport, relict of Sir Thomas Davenport, Bart.

At Glenhow, near Leeds, aged 83, Sir John Beckett, Bart.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXIII., FOR NOVEMBER, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable SARAH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK, engraved by I. COCHRAN, from a Miniature by G. HAYTER, M.A.S.L.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Costume.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with great reluctance that we have found ourselves under the necessity of again postponing "*Wanderings in the Land of Hafiz*;"—" *A Sketch of the Olden Time*, by MRS. H.;"—" *Cruel Friendship*;"—" *The Miser*;" and many other favours from much-esteemed correspondents.

" *A Visit to the Monastery of Kreugberg, in Bavaria, in the Autumn of 1825*," is not without merit; but, on various accounts, it is unsuitable to the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

The same remark applies to the Essay "*On the Effects of the Olympic Games*."

All "BRIDGET's" favours, we are happy to say, prove acceptable.

We shall experience a melancholy pleasure in complying with the wishes of our valued correspondent, "MRS. C. B. WILSON," next month, if her communication do not, in the interim, find its way into some other periodical work.

We are fearful that, were it to be inserted, "*An Epistle from the Italian*," would, by the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, be taken for *Greek*.

"I. D. R." may be a good writing-master; of which, however, we have our doubts: at all events, Nature never meant him for a conjurer.

"*Sketches from my Diary*," No. III., as early as possible.

Also "*Lady Isabel of Glenallan*."

"*The Lover and the Bride*" shall speedily be introduced to our fair readers.

In some early moment of happiness, "*The Island of Bliss*" shall be depicted.

"*A Tale of the Convent, or the Legend of the Seven Chapters*," is under consideration.

By some accident, we presume, only a portion of "*A Daughter's Apostrophe to a Departed Mother*" has reached us.

"*The Death of Herod*" is of too "lengthy" and lingering a character.

The stanzas "*On the Death of an Infant*," and "*On Pity*," by DAVEY, might possibly be deemed rather curious as the productions of an uneducated person; but they are without genuine interest.

"*Star of the Morn*," and another poetical *morçeau*, from our amiable young friend, "E. M. P.," shall very speedily appear.

"*Irish Sketches, No. I.*," do not suit us.

Neither do "*England's Eccentricities, No. I.*"

"*Eden Castle, a Ballad*," is reserved for early insertion.

Thanks to our kind friend "W. C. S." of York. Part I. of his "*Rosalie Somers*," promises well: we hope, therefore, very shortly to receive Part II., that our opinion upon the whole may be formed.

"*Love in Paradise*" has reached us safely, and, we have the pleasure of adding, is accepted.

"*Present and Future*" stands high upon our list.

"*Lines on the Death of —*" shall be inserted at our earliest convenience.

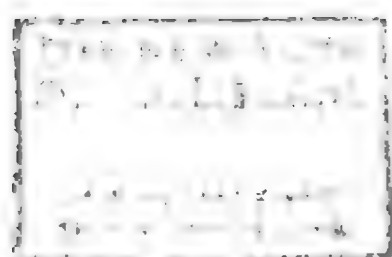
So, also, shall the lines "*On the Spey*."

"*The Skylark's Song*" is not without sweetness; but its length would render it tedious.

We do not feel disposed to trouble "L. F."

The fair author of accepted stanzas "*On the Death of Mary Queen of Scots*," will probably have received a private communication from us before this can meet her eye.

We feel ourselves particularly obliged by the polite and flattering attention of the author of "*Lines to the Memory of Brother Thomas*," &c.; but we cannot at present avail ourselves of her offer. Such favours, unless of a very high order, are always gratuitous.





Thus her Ladyship is the mother of one peer, and of the heir-apparent to another.

The family of Savile, said to be descended from the Dukes de Savilli, or Savelli, of Italy, is unquestionably of great antiquity. Dr. Littleton, in some remarks introduced in his dictionary, on the usage of changing the letter *b* into *v*, instances the Sabelli of Rome—the Savelli of Italy—the Saviles of England. The Sabelli or Savelli, are one of the most ancient families in the world: some of them were consuls before and also after the time of our Saviour; and Mr. Richardson, in his preface to *Reports of Law Cases, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth*, by Sir John Savile, states, that the Duke de Savilli had owned, as his near relation, John Savile, the second son of that Sir John.

The Saviles, long distinguished in this country, came last from the province of Anjou, in France. Previously to the year 1300, they were settled in the county of York, where we find Sir John Savile, of Savile Hall, who married the daughter of Sir Simon de Rockley. From Sir John's great great grandson, Henry, second son

Sir John Monson, sixth Baronet and first Lord Monson. He was elected a K. B. in 1725; and, on the 28th of May, 1728, he was advanced to the dignity of a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Monson, of Burton, in the county of Lincoln. He was of the Privy Council, Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, First Lord Commissioner of Trade and the Plantations, &c. His Lordship married the Lady Margaret Watson, youngest daughter of Lewis, first Earl of Rockingham. His eldest son and successor,

John, second Lord Monson, married Theodosia, daughter of John Maddison, of Harpswell, in the county of Lincoln, Esq. Of a numerous family by that lady,

John, third Lord Monson, his eldest son, succeeded to the title in 1774. His Lordship married, in 1777, Elizabeth Capel, daughter of William, fourth Earl of Essex, by whom he had issue a son and two daughters. Dying on the 20th of May, 1806, he was succeeded by his son,

John George, fourth Lord Monson. His Lordship was born on the 1st of September, 1785; he married, as already stated, October 30, 1807, the Lady Sarah Savile, only daughter of Earl Mexborough; and, dying on the 14th of February, 1809, he was succeeded in title and estates by his only son, Frederick John, present and fifth Lord Monson.

of Thomas Savile, by the daughter and heir of Sir Richard Tankersley, Knt. Earl Mexborough descends.* This Henry married, about the year 1300, Ellen, daughter and heir of Thomas Copley, of Copley, in the county of York, Esq., by whom he had issue—1. John (ancestor to the family of Copley) from whom, in a lineal descent, was John Savile, Esq., created a Baronet in 1662;—2. Thomas, ancestor to Earl Mexborough;—3. Nicholas.

Sir John Savile, descendant of the above-mentioned Thomas, was one of the Barons of the Exchequer in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Henry, his successor, seated at Methley, in the county of York, received the honour of knighthood at the coronation of James I., and was created a Baronet in 1611. Dying without issue, the title became extinct, and his estates descended to John Savile, Esq., his half brother.

Charles Savile, Esq., great grandson of John Savile, Esq., had issue by his wife, Aletheia, one son, John, his successor, and first Earl Mexborough. At Methley Park, upon an elegant marble monument, erected by Mr. Savile's widow, is the following inscription:—

TO the memory of CHARLES SAVILE, Esq., and ALETHEIA, his wife.

He was descended from an illustrious family in this county, whose antiquity cannot be traced, distinguished in its several branches by persons of great abilities and eminence. He was the fifth in a lineal descent from that worthy man, and great honour of the law, Sir John Savile, of this place, Knight, one of the Barons of the Exchequer in the time of Q. Elizabeth and K. James I., whose eldest son, Henry, was advanced to the dignity of a Baronet in 1611, but died without issue; and whose brother, Sir Henry Savile, Knt., provost of Eton, will ever be remembered as an ornament to learning, to his family, and to his country.

* From Sir John Savile, elder brother of Henry, descended Sir George Savile, created a Baronet in 1611. He was ancestor of Sir William Savile, who converted his mansion, at Thornhill, into a garrison for Charles I. It was taken by Cromwell, and demolished. His son, Sir George, in consideration of Sir William's loyalty, and his own merit, was created Baron Savile, of Eland, and Viscount Halifax; and, in 1682, he was further advanced to the dignities of Earl and Marquess of Halifax. These titles, however, became extinct on the death of the second Marquess, in 1700; and the Baronetcy, also, became extinct in 1784, on the death of Sir George Savile, the eighth Baronet, and twentieth lineal descent from Sir John Savile, of Savile Hall.

Aletheia was daughter and co-heiress to Gilbert Milington, of Felley Abbey, in the county of Nottingham, Esq.; she enjoyed all the true comforts of the conjugal state with the best of husbands, till 5 June, 1741, when he departed this life, aged 65, leaving his only son, John, to inherit the possessions, and imitate the virtues of his ancestors.

She caused this monument to be erected, that no instance might be omitted of her regard and gratitude to him, purposing and desiring, that when she departs this life, her remains may be deposited with his in a vault near this place, prepared by her for that purpose, in hopes that they shall rise together to glory and honour, through the mercies of God, and the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord.

The above-mentioned Aletheia died 24th June, 1759, in the 77th year of her age, and was here interred.

John, first Earl Mexborough, was installed K. B. in 1749. On the 8th of November, 1753, he was created Baron Pollington, of Longford, in the kingdom of Ireland; and, on the 11th of February, 1766, he was further advanced to the dignities of Viscount Pollington, and Earl Mexborough, of Lifford, in the county of Donegal, in Ireland.

His Lordship married, in 1760, Sarah, youngest daughter of Francis Blake Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in the county of Northumberland, Esq. (whose son was created Baron Delaval), by whom (who remarried in 1780, with the Rev. Sandford Hardcastle) he had issue—1. John, the present Earl;—2. Henry, born in 1763;—3. Charles, born in 1774, died without issue in 1807.—His Lordship died on the 12th of February, 1778, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

John, second and present Earl Mexborough. His Lordship was born on the 8th of April, 1761; and he married, on the 25th of September, 1782, Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of John Stephenson, of East Burnham, in the county of Bucks., by whom he has issue:—

1. John, Viscount Pollington, born in 1783, married, in 1807, Anne, eldest daughter of Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, K. G., and has issue;—2. Sarah, born in 1786, and married, as already stated, *first*, to the late Lord Monson, *secondly*, to the present Earl of Warwick;—3. Eliza, born in 1789, died in 1794.

The ancient family of Greville is generally believed to have come in with the Conquest. The learned Leland, in his *Itinerary of England*, written in the reign of Henry VIII., says:—

“The veri ancient house of the Gravilles is at Draiton, by Banburi, in Oxfordshire. But there is an nother manor place of the chief

Stok of the Gravilles, caullid Milcot, yn Warwickshire, where a late, as at a newer, fairer, and more commodious house thei used to ly at. And court rolls remayne yet at Draiton, that the Grevilles [had] lands ons by yere 3300 marks.

“And Gravilles had Knap Castel, and Bewbusch Parke, and other lands in Southaux, by descents of their name.

“Grevill, an ancient Gent. dwelleth at Milcote, scant a mile lower than Stratford, towards *Avon ripa dextra.*”

The first of the family whose name is met with on record is in 1294, when William Greville died seised of the manors of Inglethwait and Awldtoftes, in the county of York, and of the office of Chief Forester of Galteres, with the jurisdiction there. After him was John Greville, who died previously to the year 1359, and with whom Camden commences his curious and accurate pedigree of the family, the original roll of which, is, we believe, in the possession of the present Earl of Warwick.

Sir Edward Grevill, who received the honour of knighthood for his valiant behaviour at the Battle of Spurs, in the reign of Henry VIII, stood high in favour with his sovereign, whom he had the honour of attending to France, in his memorable interview with Francis I. In 1521, he obtained the wardship of Elizabeth, one of the daughters, and at last the sole heir, of Edward Willoughby, the only son of Robert, Lord Brooke; a grant which, in its consequences, greatly contributed to aggrandize his family. By his wife, Anne, daughter of John Denton, of Amersden, in the county of Bucks., he had four sons; of whom the eldest, John Grevill, of Milcote and Drayton, was knighted at the coronation of Edward VI. Fulke, his second son, married Elizabeth Willoughby, the ward of his father, one of the greatest heiresses then in England. She was not only sole heir of the family of Willoughby, of Brooke, by her father, but her grandmother was descended from the old Earls of Warwick, a family which gave a succession of Earls for 400 years, and heir to one of the most considerable branches of that illustrious family. By this marriage, the manor of Alcester, and many other lordships and lands, came to Sir Fulke in right of his wife. Seating himself at Beauchamp's Court, and augmenting this large

estate by the purchase of sundry lands in the neighbourhood, he raised his family to high distinction in the county of Warwick. His eldest son,

Fulke Greville, who married the Lady Anne, daughter to Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland, succeeded to the great family inheritance. His only daughter, Margaret, was married to Sir Richard Verney, of Compton Murdack, in the county of Warwick, Knt., ancestor to the present Lord Willoughby, of Brooke, his son and heir.

Fulke, afterwards Sir Fulke, and first Lord Brooke, was distinguished as a courtier, as a statesman, as a poet, and more especially as the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, whose life he wrote. At the coronation of James I. he was made K.B., and in the second year of that king's reign he obtained a grant of Warwick Castle, with all its dependencies. On the 30th of September, 1628, he died at Brooke House, in Holborn, from a sword-wound, given by Haywood, one of his servants, who considered the provision made for him in his Lordship's will to be insufficient. The man immediately afterwards destroyed himself with the same weapon. His cousin and heir-male,

Robert Greville, second Lord Brooke, was a parliamentary General in the Civil Wars. He was killed at Lichfield, in 1642; leaving issue, by his wife, Catherine, daughter of Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, Francis, Robert, and Fulke, successively Lords Brooke; the last of whom, dying in 1710, was succeeded by his grandson,

Fulke, son of Francis Greville, by his wife the Lady Anne Wilmot, eldest daughter of John, and sister and coheir of Charles, Earl of Rochester. Dying unmarried, he was succeeded by his only brother,

William, seventh Lord Brooke, who, by Mary, his wife, daughter and coheir of Henry Thynne, Esq., only son of Thomas, Viscount Weymouth, left an only son,

Francis; who, on the 7th of July, 1746, was created Earl Brooke, and on the 13th of November, 1759, Earl of Warwick. Subsequently, he obtained a grant to him and his descendants, Earls of Warwick, to bear the crest anciently used by the Earls of that county; viz. *on a Wreath a Bear*

erect Argent, muzzled Gules, supporting a Ragged Staff of the first. His Lordship married, in 1742, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton, son of William, Duke of Hamilton, by whom he had issue:—

1. Louisa Augusta, born 1743, married 1770, Wm. Churchill, of Henbury, in Dorsetshire, Esq.;—2. Frances Elizabeth, born 1744, married 1764, the late Sir Harry Harpur, Bart.;—3. Charlotte Mary, born 1745, married 1762, John Stuart, 8th Earl of Galloway, died 1763;—4. George, his successor; 5. Isabella, died an infant;—6. Charles Francis, born 1749, died 1809;—7. Robert Fulke, F.R.S., A.S., and L.S., groom of the bed-chamber to the King, born 1751, married 1797, Louisa, Countess of Mansfield, mother of the present Earl, and died 1824, leaving issue;—8. Anne, born 1760, died 1783.

His Lordship died in 1773, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

George, who was born at Warwick Castle, in 1746; and on whom his Majesty, George II, conferred the honour of standing godfather, by Lord Conway, his proxy. His Lordship married, *first*, in 1771, Georgiana, only daughter of James, first Lord Selsey, by whom (who died in 1772) he had one son, George, Lord Brooke, who died at the age of 14; *secondly*, in 1776, Henrietta, daughter of Richard Vernon, Esq. (by Evelyn, Countess of Upper Ossory, daughter of John, 1st Earl Gower) by whom he had issue:—

1. Henry Richard, the present Earl;—2. the Hon. Sir Charles John Greville, K.C.B., Major General and Lieutenant Colonel of the 38th Foot, M.P. for the City of Warwick in the last and present Parliaments;—3. Robert;—4. Elizabeth, died 1806;—5. Henrietta, married, 1805, Thomas Scott, Earl of Clonmell;—and four other daughters, Caroline, Augusta, Louisa, and Charlotte.

Henry Richard Greville, third and present Earl of Warwick, who succeeded his father on the 2d of May, 1816, was born in 1779; and, as already stated, his Lordship married, in 1816, Sarah, Baroness Monson, relict of Lord Monson, and only daughter of Earl Mexborough, by whom he has issue a son, George Guy, Lord Brooke, born on the 28th of March, 1818, to whom his present Majesty, George IV. (then Prince Regent) did the honour of standing godfather.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XIII.—JAMES BIRD.

DR. DRAKE, in his *Winter Nights*, after an extended critical analysis of Mr. Bird's first poem, *The Vale of Slaughden*, thus expresses himself:—"That the effort will secure him an honourable and a permanent station among the poets of his country, I have not the smallest doubt in asserting. So striking, indeed, have been the passages which I have adduced; so abundantly do they carry on their surface the very form and pressure of superior powers; so much of taste and feeling, of life and character, pervades their whole texture and composition; and so sustained is the impression of the incidents throughout, by the beauty and spirited harmony of the versification, that no person, I am persuaded, can withdraw from the perusal of *The Vale of Slaughden*, without a wish to see such encouragement bestowed, as may lead to further productions from the same source." We have had further and superior productions from the same source. *The Vale of Slaughden* was published in 1819; *Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira*, in 1821; *Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany, a Tragedy*, in 1822; and *Poetical Memoirs, with The Exile*, in 1823; all of which, we believe, excepting the tragedy, have passed into second editions.

The title of *The Vale of Slaughden* might lead to the expectation of its being a descriptive poem, merely: this, however, is not the case; Mr. Bird's pieces are not descriptive poems, merely—they are not "modern epics"—they are of an order superior to tales—they may without impropriety be termed historical novels, or historical pictures in verse; embracing plot, character, and incident, and combining the advantages of fact with the beauties of fiction.

The vale from which Mr. Bird's first poem takes its title—and with all the localities of which the author appears to be intimately conversant—extends along a part of the Suffolk or East Anglian coast, between the sea and the river Ald. The historical incidents arise out of the Danish invasions with which England was harassed

in the reign of Alfred; but the leading interest is found in a domestic tale of the loves of Edwin and Gonilda, interwoven with those incidents. Many passages claim our notice; but, fearful of indulging in quotation, we must, though reluctantly, confine ourselves to a single excerpt from the latter part of the poem:—

No zephyr softly o'er the valley swept:
'Twas eve, and ocean's mighty spirit slept.
Why stands Gonilda on the craggy steep,
All wildly gazing on the silent deep?
Why bends her lovely form, as though 'twould dare
To meet the image deep reflected there?
Her long dishevelled tresses loosely flow,
Above the breast that heaves with hopeless woe:
Her shadowy form beneath the crystal water
Attracts her smile! oh! Conrade's hapless daughter!
Oh! lost for ever!—reason's meteor light
Has fled, and left distraction's cheerless night!

What prow divides the flood? a homeward skiff
Gildes o'er the wave, and nears the rugged cliff.
Tall, on the deck, the chief impatient stood,
Seeming to chide the distance of the flood;
With eager eye surveyed the lengthening shore,
And fondly deemed his earthly cares were o'er.
He gazed intent upon the valley near,
As though it held some object doubly dear.
The sail is furled—the craggy steep is nigh—
What on the summit meets his glancing eye?
He looked, and saw, upon the rock's vast height,
A form stand there, that mocked his aching sight;
It was so pale, so shadowy, that it seemed
A robe of mist, through which the pale moon beamed;
Its eye was resting on the glassy deep,
As though it there could find fresh cause to weep!
He climbs the lofty cliff—and lonely, there,
The lost Gonilda stood, in wild despair.
Alas! how changed, since that yet happier hour,
When erst she bloomed, the sweetest, fairest flower
That graced her native land—but ah! how soon
Her sunny hours of fleeting life are gone!
Sharp misery's blast the lovely flower invaded,
Its bloom destroyed, its tender blossoms faded!

The young chief trembled, and, with sudden start,
He sprang, and pressed her to his bleeding heart.
"Speak! speak! Gonilda! raise thy changeless brow;
My life! my love! thy Edwin clasps thee now!"

Oh! there was rapture in the cherished name,
That fanned the dying spark of life to flame.
"Now welcome death!—my Edwin!—oh! the bliss
That smiles upon me!—has the dread abyss
Of waters spared thee? Aye! I saw the deep
Roll fearful o'er thee!—Weep not, Edwin! weep
No more—one last embrace—there—ah! thou fearest!
Nay, start not! start not! thou wilt leave me, dearest,
In lonely madness!—oh!—I die!—I die!
And I will come with heaven's own minstrelsy,
And waft thy soul, where no rude sorrows dwell,
To bowers of life—and love—farewell!—farewell!

The verse, it has occurred to many readers, bears a strong resemblance to that of Campbell; but we happen to know that

Mr. Bird, strange as it may seem, had never read Campbell's principal work, *The Pleasures of Hope*, when he wrote his *Vale of Slaughterden*. Goldsmith appears to have been one of his models—and, as far as model is concerned, he could not easily have chosen a better. Latterly, however, he has, with the originality ever accompanying real genius, formed a style and manner of his own. The entire poem of *The Vale of Slaughterden* is conceived in the true poetic spirit: the fifth canto, especially, abounds with deep and lively interest: it is all spirit, and bustle, and animation; all fire, and tenderness, and love. The battle scenery is fine, grand, imposing, and terrific.

Mr. Bird's next effort, *Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira*, is distinguished by an accuracy, an ease, and an elegance of versification—a few faulty rhymes excepted—by much beauty of description, by exquisite tenderness of sentiment, and, by a most praise-worthy correctness of moral. It has more of ornament, more of grace, more of freshness and freedom, more even of pathos than *The Vale of Slaughterden*. The story, it scarcely need be remarked, is founded upon the affecting incident of Machin's unfortunate love, and the consequent discovery of Madeira, in the reign of Edward the Third, as recorded in some of our old authors. Machin, a youth of gentle, but not of noble birth, becomes enamoured of Anna D'Arfet, or D'Aufet, the beautiful and accomplished heiress of a baronial family: the lady returns his love, but is given to another; Machin, by royal order, is imprisoned; he escapes, obtains a vessel, carries off the young bride, embarks for France, is driven by adverse winds into the main ocean, and, at length, reaches Madeira. For a time, the lovers are as happy as their guilt will allow; but at length Anna dies of a broken heart; and Machin, borne down with grief, misery, and remorse, becomes her partner in the grave. To these, and other historical facts, Mr. Bird has, in their general outline, faithfully adhered: his poem displays, also, an accurate knowledge of the geographical and natural history of the island of Madeira; and the story is, in all its details, very highly and effectively wrought.—A prison-interview between Machin and Anna, previously to the marriage of the latter, ter-

minates with the lady's farewell, of which the succeeding lines form the close:—

——— Oh! could I die, e'en now,
With none to close my beamless eyes but thou!
And that would bless me!—but, my sire hath sworn
To see me Montfort's bride, when rosy morn
Again smiles o'er the east, with glancing ray!—
Hope's flowers will wither on that fatal day!
But, if thou love me, Machin, come not nigh
The spot—the witness of my misery!
For, though thou art my life's unchanging sun,
Thy dazzling light I must not gaze upon.
Yet—not an eve shall close, or morning rise,
But thou shalt share my heart's warm sacrifice!
So, fare thee well!—on earth—we may not meet;
Yet, yet, in heaven, my faithful soul may greet
Thy gentle spirit!—Oh!—once more—farewell!

A portion of the scenery of Madeira is thus described in the third canto:—

Wild, wandered near them a pellucid spring:
There cedars waved, and vines were clustering;
There bloomed the fairest flowers that earth discloses,
Sweet lupine, jessamine, and blushing roses;
The golden citron and the peach were seen,
With fragrant myrtle, on whose leaf of green
The zephyr loves to breathe its latest breath,
And dies, exulting in so sweet a death!
Around the plain encircling laurels grew,
Soothing the vision with their verdant hue;
While, in the midst, upon a hill's tall brow,
A spreading tree, with many a pendant bough,
And glossy leaf of brightest verdure, made
A wreathy bower, beneath its grateful shade.

Thou matchless hie!—thou art a lovely one,
Clad all in beauty, dazzling as the sun;
Thy mountains, mingling with the lofty sky,
Tower o'er the sea, in proud sublimity!
As though they scorned their native dust, they dare
To lift their heads to heaven, while, thy fair,
Thy smiling valleys, are so gay, so bright,
With streams, and flowers, and scenes of soft delight!
And, as the foot falls on those happy vales,
Rich fragrance rises, while the jocund gales
Bear on their wings the mingled perfume o'er
The deep, blue sea, to glad that desert shore,
Where not a flower, or verdant leaf is seen
To deck the soil, or smooth its rugged mien!

This, also, is beautiful:—

The tall pines waving on the mountain's brow;
The soothing sound of rolling waves below!
The goldfinch, sailing on its painted wing;
The gentle gush of rivers murmuring;
The golden, everlasting flower, which bloomed
In changeless, peerless beauty, and perfumed
The light ethereal air with balmy breath,
So sweet, that nature had forbidden death
To rob it of its fragrance!—these endued
Their hearts with gladness;—and the solitude,
To Machin's eye, was more than Eden bright,
For Anna shone, like Eve, in beauty's light!

Combined with an important event in the hapless destiny of the heroine, the following constitutes a vivid, glowing, and impressive picture of a land storm: a sea storm is portrayed with almost equal effect in *The Vale of Slaughterden*.

A solemn gloom pervades the fretting deep;
Wild o'er its bosom rustling breezes sweep:
There comes a dread sound from the wave, that rolls
Like the last, deep groan of departing souls:

The vollied thunder, bursting through the sky,
Rolls deadly on :—the hills—the rocks reply ;
While forked lightning through the gloom is flashing,
And foaming billows on the shore are dashing,
And 'frighted echoes leap from rock to rock,
While heaven and earth are trembling with the shock !
The fiery bolt from heaven's high arch is rent !
Flames break from porch, and tower, and battlement !
Torn arches crash :—the burning columns fall ;
Loud shrieks are heard from ballium, and from hall ;
And there is one despairing, dreadful cry,
Heard wildly echoing in the blazing sky ;
Lo !—where the tower is rearing !—there !—with hands
Stretched out in flames, the trembling Anna stands !
The livid fire uprears its forky crest,
Sears her loose robe, and fixes on her breast ;
Flames rage above,—hot fragments lie beneath !
To fall, is ruin, and to stay, is—death !

Who swiftly bounds o'er broken arch and tower ?—
He springs aloft, with more than mortal power,
Through flames, which hearts less brave would fear
or fly.

See !—he hath gained the turret, blazing high,
Where Anna leans upon a tottering peak,
That shakes, as though 'twould in a moment break
To distant earth—with e'en the gentle weight
Of one so pale—so faint—so desolate !
A giddy frenzy seized her brain,—her form
Shook, like a reed, when ruffled by the storm—
And, as her nerveless fingers lost the power
To grasp the fragments of the shattered tower,
Her trembling feet forsook the slippery stone,
On which she stood—despairing—and alone !
Dark yawned the chasm—the rearing base gave way—
And Anna sank—no time to weep—to pray—
For death was near her—when the brave one came,
And snatched her, wildly, from devouring flame !
Then, as he marked her pallid cheek, his sight
Was fixed in sweet, ineffable delight ;
Though cold that cheek—enraptured by the gaze,
He heeded not the desolating blaze
Of circling fire, that burned beneath his tread,
And blazed in spiry columns o'er his head !

The terrific scene, as beheld at a distance
by Anna's father, is sketched with equal
spirit ; and so also is a tremendous storm
of an entirely different character in the
fourth canto. We never more regretted
our want of space for quotation. Anna's
fall is sweetly—tenderly—beautifully—al-
most voluptuously described. Deeply,
however, does she answer for her crime.
Her subsequent remorse, her terrific dream,
the final close of her sufferings, &c., all
rich in imagery and affecting in pathos, are
sketched by the hand of a master. Allow-
ing for some slight inaccuracies of expres-
sion—some slight defects of rhythm—the
succeeding lines, though far from constitut-
ing one of the best passages of the poem,
are of a truly affecting character :—

Her last sad tears are shed :—her eye no more
Weeps for her fate :—her earthly sorrows o'er,
She wears a brightening smile of hope, and love,
As though the golden harps of saints above
Had soothed her soul, with such a heavenly strain,
That nought could charm it back to earth again !
Her only treasure which the earth possess
Held her, in anguish, to his tortured breast,

While his eye met her last—her dying look.—
“ Farewell, dear love !—farewell ! when I forsook
The world for thee, my young—my fond—heart danced
To notes of gladness, and I breathed entranced.
Nor shall I wake from that sweet dream of bliss ;
No !—no !—that kiss of love—and this—and this—
Will tell my heart's warm homage, constant yet—
How brightly hope beamed, love ! when first we met !
Dark days have followed that dear hour ;—but thou
Hast ruled my better destiny, and now
I could not—would not—break the cherished tie
Which long hath bound our hearts ;—yet—I shall die,
And death will break it !—thou—forsorn—alone—
Wilt seek my cold, cold grave, when I am gone !
Remember—lay me, where the wild waves roar,
Near yonder worn, and rugged rock—and o'er
My grave, raise high the holy cross ! farewell !
Death calls me—hark !—no more—I can but tell
That I have loved—in hope—in joy—in woe—
Forgive me, Machin !—God !—forgive me too !”

In *The Exile*, a story of love and war,
arising out of the conquest of Norway by
Harold Harfagre, King of Denmark, in the
ninth century, Mr. Bird's style is, in happy
accordance with his subject, much less
florid than in *Machin*. It has more of truth,
and harmony, and vigour, and firmness in
its tone. Considered with reference to its
versification, and to its boldness and energy
of expression, *The Exile* is decidedly the
best of Mr. Bird's productions.

The *Poetical Memoirs*, written in the
Don Juan stanza, and incidentally form-
ing an introduction to *The Exile*, are
extremely amusing ; but the work is not
of a character upon which the author must
be allowed to rest any portion of his fame.
From the *Poetical Memoirs*, however, we
would here quote the admirable stanzas
upon “ Woman ;” but we recollect that we
introduced them in our notice of the work
at the time of its publication, in the for-
mer series of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* ;* and
they have, from their intrinsic merit, been
copied and re-copied into so many different
works, that to every poetical reader they
must be perfectly familiar.

Mr. Bird, we apprehend, is as much in
love with love as Tommy Moore, or any
other of our most favourite amatory poets :
he effects none of his objects without a
large portion of that all-attractive, all-ab-
sorbing passion ; in each of his pieces
love constitutes a powerful, if not the over-
whelming interest. In his tragedy, avail-
ing himself of one of the numerous con-
spiracies which were formed against Cos-
mo, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, he in-
spires the youthful Giovanni—though edu-

* Vide Vol. xxviii, page 175.

cated for the church, and with the prospect of a cardinal's hat—not only with a love of arms, but with the love of a fair lady. In a conflict with the rebels, Garcia, the brother of Giovanni, finds amongst his prisoners Julia, the daughter of the chief conspirator, Gaspard. His lovely prize is confined in the convent of St. Mark, in which Giovanni is passing his noviciate. The overtures of Garcia are received with scorn and contempt; the generous affection of Giovanni is tenderly returned. Within three or four days of the publication of Mr. Bird's tragedy, another tragedy, under the title of *The Court of Tuscany*, was published. It is remarkable, as we had occasion to observe at the time, "that, although Schiller, the German, and Alfieri, the Italian, have dramatized the story of Cosmo and his sons, an incident so striking in its nature should never before have attracted the notice of an English poet; it is remarkable that it should have been seized upon, at the same moment as it were, by two writers wholly unknown to each other; it is remarkable, that the publication of their respective productions should have been almost simultaneous; and it is yet more remarkable, that, in the present day, when closet plays are the fashion and the rage, both of the pieces should have been written, expressly and avowedly, with a view to stage representation! The coincidence, taken in its different bearings, is more extraordinary than that which recently occurred between Lord Byron and Mr. Lyndsey; each of whom, it will be recollected, embraced, for dramatic composition, the subjects of Cain and Sardanapalus." It is still further deserving of notice, amongst the minor coincidences of the two dramas, that in each of them the brothers, Garcia and Giovanni, are in love with the same lady; that, in each of them, the passion of Garcia is of a dishonourable, and that of Giovanni of an honourable cast; that in each of them jealousy, and the heart-burnings of unreturned affection, are the primary causes of the hatred which springs up in the bosom of Garcia; and that in both instances all this is purely invention.

In the composition of his tragedy, Mr. Bird has shewn himself in full possession of poetical power, combined with full pos-

session of dramatic tact. Had the play been accepted, and had it received justice at the hands of the actors and the scene-painters, it would unquestionably have succeeded, to a certain extent. To the closing scene, however—much as we love bustle and incident and stage effect—much as we even love a good melo-drame—we decidedly object: it is melo-drame and nothing but melo-drame; it is deficient in harmony and keeping with the earlier parts of the drama; and even the poetical justice of the catastrophe is impaired in effect by its abruptness. In conformity with modern taste, and also with historical propriety, one or two magnificent processions might have been very successfully introduced: they would have contributed to the beauty of the representation, and might have been rendered materially subservient to the interest, business, and development of the plot.

Amongst Mr. Bird's faults of style, redundancy of epithet—the fault of all young poets—is the chief. Fond of ornament—and we love to see young writers florid rather than bald—prodigal rather than penurious—they do not in general seem sufficiently to feel that, where an epithet does not *strengthen* it must *weaken*;—that epithets should never be used unless to distinguish persons, things, or qualities—to heighten picture—to invigorate sentiment. In the poem of *Machin* we find these lines:—

Yet—had'st thou seen him stand in terror there,
So like a marble statue of despair,
Thou wouldst have deemed heaven's bolt came flaming
forth,
To fix him there a monument of wrath!

Now, who, in such a case as this, would stop to inquire whether the *statue* were of marble, or wood, or lead, or bronze? We object also to the truth of description in this passage: a man *standing in terror*, is not like a *statue of despair*.

Further, it must be admitted, that Mr. Bird does not in every instance pay sufficient attention to the correctness of his rhymes. His first poem contains many alexandrines—his second very few—his third none at all. It is due also to his improving taste to say, that, in each successive poem, his defects have been fewer and less important—his style more pure—his merits of a higher order.

In picture, and in the sentiment of picture, if we may so express ourselves, Mr. Bird excels. Thus, in *The Vale of Slaughden* :—

That hour is cheerless to the youthful heart,
When doomed from all it loves on earth to part;
The fears—the clouded hopes—the last farewell
That dies upon the lip :—'twere hard to tell
Of that tumultuous pang :—that hopeless pain,
That doubt which asks—“ Oh ! shall we meet again ?”

In *Machin* :—

Oh ! there is bliss beneath the moon's pale beam,
When youthful hearts, in love's elysian dream,
Are lulled to rapture ; when the cloudless sky
Seems softly smiling o'er their destiny !
When the warm vow of lasting truth is heard,
And joy is breathed in every whispered word—“ &c.

Again :—

There dwells a strange, mysterious, magic power,
In offered gem, or leaf, or trivial flower,
Called by love's hand, whose glowing touch bestows
A nameless charm on gem—or leaf—or rose !

In *The Exile* :—

The moon is up, and o'er the deep blue sky
Sails many a cloud, as sweeps the night-wind by,
That shakes the pines upon their craggy steep,
While starts the rein-deer from her careless sleep,
Roused by the foaming mountain-torrent's shock,
That thundering, leaps from echoing rock to rock,
Loud o'er the deep and hollow caverns dashing,
Wild o'er the broken trunks of dark pines crashing ;
Fierce in their wrath, the tyrant waters break
Opposing crags ; peak thunders after peak :—
While rocks, and pines, and earth, and frozen snow
Roll, in wild uproar, to the gulf below !

In many of his similes, too, Mr. Bird is, we think, eminently happy. Thus, in *The Vale of Slaughden* :—

He caught the panting sufferer by the hand,
And raised him gently from the sea-beat sand,
Cold as the billow which he lately pressed,
Pale as the foam upon that billow's crest.

And this :—

Gonilda heard the grateful stranger speak,
While blushes mantled o'er her changing cheek,
From which hope's beam had dried the gentle tears.
So softly fair the lovely rose appears,
When, smiling o'er it, morn's refulgent light
Drinks from its face the dew drops of the night,
And, with reflected beam of radiant power,
Improves the native beauty of her flower !

In *Machin* :—

————— Her white arm fell
So cold upon his neck, that, all aghast,
He marked the paleness on her features cast ;
And, o'er her slender form, in speechless woe,
Bent, like a cypress, o'er a wreath of snow !

Again :—

Oh ! when the eye that weeps for error, fears
To gaze on heaven above, through burning tears,
It turns for hope, to something loved below—
To that, which caused those burning tears to flow !

So the fair flower, that loves the god of day,
If scathed, and blighted, by his dazzling ray,
Still, constant, turns to that attractive sun,
Whom yet alone it worships—though undone !

Once more :—

The lightning shines around the fallen tower,
Rent, crushed, and shattered, by its fatal power ;
The torrent wanders 'mid the rocks o'erthrown
By breaking floods, and billows of its own ;
So Anna's love, the spoiler of her rest,
Broke her lorn heart, yet lingered in her breast !

Mr. Bird is one of the few writers of the present day, who have the honour of sustaining the credit of the old English heroic verse—the verse of Dryden and of Pope—the verse which will live and triumph again in renovated vigour and beauty, when much of the modern measureless measure shall have been consigned to deserved oblivion.

The poems we have been noticing are interspersed with some beautiful lyric efforts—especially a song of Anna's, in *Machin*—which we quote :—

I loved thee, when my jocund morn
Of life was bright, with hope and gladness,
And when my fate from thine was torn,
And I was left, the child of sadness,
To pledge the joyless, nuptial vow,
I loved thee then—I love thee now !

When towers were flaming high in air,
And arch was torn, and turret rent,
When thou, unmoved by peril there,
Didst snatch me from the battlement !
The idol of my soul wast thou !
I loved thee then—I love thee now !

When drifted o'er the foaming wave,
While lightnings flashed around us, dearest !
And dark beneath us yawned the grave,
E'en while we deemed our bliss the nearest !
When rocked upon the billow's brow,
I loved thee then—I love thee now !

I loved thee, when my heart first knew
That passion, which has deeply lent
A charm to life,—and thou wast true,
And I was blest, and innocent !
Oh !—though I err—though Machin—thou
Art guilty too !—I love thee now !

Mr. Bird told us at the close of his *Exile*, that he intended to “ give a long tale,” in his “ next long canto ” of *Poetical Memoirs*, “ romantic, like the *Castle of Otranto*.” Why has he not fulfilled his promise ? We learn, however, that he is engaged upon another local poem, founded upon, and illustrative of, the ancient city of Dunwich, on the Suffolk coast, in the neighbourhood of which the poet resides.

H.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

(From the German.)

It was in the month of June that I revisited Switzerland, after a residence of several years in Italy. The first time of my travelling through it, I had gained but an imperfect knowledge of the country, as my impatience to behold Italy, and its works of art, had induced me to hurry on my journey, with as few delays as possible. Yet the scenes thus carelessly passed over, left on my mind an impression of stupendous grandeur, which time could not efface; and the longer I remained in Italy, the less satisfactory I found my endeavours at attaining that boldness and sublimity of style, in landscape-painting, the principles of which I felt within me, but never was able distinctly to express. Notwithstanding my efforts to the contrary, my pictures, involuntarily, assumed a sort of southern character; and I had always the mortification of discovering, when they were finished, that they were completely at variance with those elementary ideas of composition which dwelt within my mind. This conviction being, at length, fully established, I determined, on my journey homewards, to devote a whole summer to visiting the wildest parts of Switzerland, and to give myself up, entirely, to the study of my favourite branch of the graphic art.

Journeying from Milan, across the Simplon, I entered the Upper Valais, and directed my course to a remote valley, which some hunters had described to me as one of the most savage and inaccessible in the whole country. This account I found to be perfectly correct; the farther I penetrated into its mountain recesses, the more wild and terrible became the character of its scenery; the rocks approached one another more closely; the path grew more rugged and narrow, leading, sometimes over slippery crags, and sometimes through tracts of pine-wood, shattered by the storms. Here the traveller had to leap from rock to rock, over a roaring torrent, swelled by the melted snow; and there, he was transported, from one side of the valley to the other, across a tottering bridge of crazy

planks, thrown together, as if by mere accident. A few scattered huts, almost in ruins, added to the desolate appearance of the scene. Their inhabitants presented a picture of the most wretched poverty; and a large proportion of them belonged to that unfortunate class of beings who, deprived of speech and hearing, vegetate in a state of helpless imbecility, and gaze on the stranger with an air of stupid amazement. The grotesque, gigantic forms of the rocks and mountains, the rushing of the wild torrents, the squalid appearance of the scarcely human creatures around me, and the deep stillness of the whole scene, occasionally broken only by the piercing cry of some bird of prey, all united to plunge me into a mood of pensive musing, from which I was at length aroused, by almost unconsciously arriving at the dwelling of the pastor. He received me with cordial hospitality and kindness, but seemed not a little astonished that my love of rambling and sketching should have led me into so wild and dreary a region, where nothing like tolerable accommodation could be found to refresh the traveller after the fatigues he must encounter. "This," I replied, "was, to me, quite a secondary consideration; and I assured him that the simplest fare was what I best liked."—"If this be really the case," answered he, "I hope we shall keep you for a few days amongst us. What we have, we give willingly; but, truly, our portion is scanty, and of superfluities we have none." I soon found that this representation was sufficiently well-founded. Our supper consisted of a piece of dried mutton, a broiled marmotte, black bread of the coarsest description, and cheese as hard as a stone. At first, my appetite revolted from these unwonted viands; but a draught of sparkling, rosy Italian wine soon reconciled me to the rancid flavour of the five-year-old mutton, and the nauseous fat of the marmotte. When we had drunk a few glasses together, our conversation became more animated. I asked my host whether the valley con-

tained many more of the unhappy kind of beings I had seen in the morning. "Alas! yes," replied he; "for almost all the healthy ones go out into the world, enlist in foreign service, and seldom return to their native place, even to die. Yet we have a few brave fellows left amongst us, distinguished for hardihood and activity; and the most remarkable of these are the chamois hunters. These are, in many respects, but too much the reverse of the helpless creatures you have been speaking of. An insurmountable passion for the dangers of the chase, a desperate temerity in the pursuit of this occupation, and an innate aversion to any less exciting employment—these combined propensities expose them to accidents of the most frightful description. These men seldom attain a mature age, or breathe their last in the bosom of their families." The Pastor pursued his discourse for some time, and I could very willingly have conversed much longer, had not my pious host, folding his hands in silent prayer, and taking up a light immediately after, notified to me, that it was now time to retire to rest. The Italian wine, light and weak as I had thought it, possessed, in reality, more strength than I was aware of, and made me feel restless, and but little inclined to sleep. When left alone in my little chamber, the walls of which were stuck over with gaily-coloured pictures of saints and miracles, without number, I threw open the window, to seek relief from the stifling heat, and the buzzing flies which swarmed about the room. The moon had just risen from behind the heights, and sat enthroned in full splendour amidst the deep blue of a cloudless sky. The snow mountains in the distance, shone in her light, like masses of silver, contrasted strongly with the dark shadow of the pine-woods in the foreground. The whole scene lay in solemn stillness, except that, ever and anon, a gush of wind wafted to the ear the rushing of the distant torrent.

About midnight, a sudden storm arose, and set in motion the whole mass of vapour, which had hitherto hung immoveably about half way up the heights. Driven about before the wind, it now vanished entirely, and, a moment after, re-appeared, assuming a thousand fantastic shapes, like giant spectres rising from the dark forest. While

I gazed on this sublime night-piece, the moonlight fell on a small building which crowned the summit of a hill at a little distance, and I saw, or fancied I saw, a female figure emerge from its walls, and disappear in the forest, on the declivity of the hill. Impressed with feelings of singular solemnity, I closed the window, threw myself upon the bed, and nature soon asserted her rights over my wearied frame.

On awaking in the morning, I hastened to the window; but so completely was the whole scene metamorphosed, that I could scarcely persuade myself I had ever looked upon it before. A veil of clouds which hung over the forest, completely hid the snow mountains from the view—all was now full of life and sound—a bright sunshine enlivened the prospect, and the mysterious building on the hill was plainly distinguishable as a little chapel. "And now," thought I to myself, "this is a day to be made the most of;" and I equipped myself, accordingly, for a ramble in the neighbouring wilds. Having received from my friendly host a supply of provisions for the day's consumption, and some directions as to the best mode of proceeding on my expedition, I sallied forth with a joyous step, and directed my course towards the chapel hill. Behind this, a narrow pathway led up the mountains, through thick woods of pine. This path ceased with the forest, and I afterwards continued to climb at random, turning sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, till at length I reached a spot whence the view was so magnificent, that I determined to exercise my pencil upon it without further delay. Here I found employment till near three o'clock, in delineating the singular forms of the sharp towering summits, and the rich foreground of wild rocks and shrubs. Having completed my sketch, and while occupied in finally comparing it with the original prospect, I was startled by a piercing shriek. The sound was several times repeated, and seemed to come nearer and nearer. I rose up quickly, hastened towards the spot whence the cries proceeded,—and had not made much progress down the mountain, when a young, slight-looking girl rushed screaming out of the forest, pursued by one of the most hideous monsters I ever beheld—a creature scarcely

four feet high, enveloped in rags and tatters, and with a fury depicted in his whole demeanour, which, for a moment, almost terrified me. The poor breathless girl darted forward, and seized hold of me with convulsive eagerness, without being able to articulate a word. At the same moment I was beset by the horrible dwarf, whose grim visage presented a countenance the most disgusting it is possible to imagine. With a violent blow I rid myself from his grasp, but involuntarily pushed away the poor girl by the same movement. Scarcely had I disengaged myself, before the monster got up, folded his hands together, and stammered out, in a hideous tone, the words "Be good, be good." I turned away with horror from this hateful object, who, in a few moments, darted off again like a wild beast flying before the huntsman, ran forward about twenty paces, then stopped short, setting up a yell of fiendish laughter, and, leaping high into the air, soon after disappeared in the forest, which still resounded with his infernal cries. The poor girl, meanwhile, had sat down upon a fragment of rock.—I turned to interrogate her as to this singular adventure. She hastily rose, seized and kissed my hand, and exclaimed in a feeble voice, "Oh! Sir, how much I have to thank you for!—a great deal more than I ever can express." "Who are you? who is the monster that was pursuing you?" I eagerly asked.—"Oh! my good Sir," replied she, in a supplicating tone, "do not hurt him, for he does not know what he is doing. Most likely, some wicked people have been giving him strong drink, and amusing themselves with seeing his mad frolics. When this is the case he is like a wild beast, and runs after every body he meets with; he would certainly have bitten me, if you had not come to my assistance. Oh! Sir, I can never thank you enough; but Bernard shall know it all—Bernard shall know that it is you who have saved me."

These words were spoken in a quick, cheerful tone, expressive only of joy; but, all at once, she stopped, hung down her head, held her clasped hands before her face, and began to weep bitterly. I was much affected, and felt indescribably interested for this artless being, from whom I again gently inquired her name, and that

of her hideous pursuer. "I will tell you the whole story," answered she in a low tone, "if you will not think I talk too much about myself."

In the state of confusion into which this curious affair had thrown me, I scarcely knew whether to consider the poor girl as deranged in her intellects—her pale and exhausted appearance, the mournful expression of her fine large eyes, and the negligent air of her dress, altogether tending to excite suspicions that this must be the case. She, however, began her history in the following words:

"I know very little about the wretched creature from whom you have rescued me. Down in the valley here, he goes by the name of the Grey Man, because his eyes and his bristly hair have a remarkable tinge of greenish grey; but no one knows his real name, nor where he comes from. He is often lost sight of, for whole months together, and then appears again on a sudden, exactly the same as when he went away. Sometimes the hunters have seen him leaping about, on the very highest summits of the rocks and mountains; and they have frequently found him, at broad daylight, asleep in some hollow tree. In general, he is perfectly harmless; but, occasionally, he runs after people, and frightens them. At these times, he is often caught, and soundly beaten; and, at first, will only laugh; but afterwards, when he meets any body, will put his hands together directly, and cry out, 'Be good, be good,' as though he were frightened. In winter, he sleeps now here, and now there, in any barn or stable where he can get a shelter, and charitable people give him food and clothing; but, in summer, nobody takes any concern about him. There are some old people here in the valley, who once wanted to take him, and have him taught some employment; but they say it was all in vain, and that he could never be brought to learn any thing."

Here my new acquaintance discontinued her narration; and my curiosity was satisfied as far as related to the monstrous vision I had beheld. But I now felt doubly anxious to hear something of her own history, and earnestly intreated her to gratify me in this particular; assuring her, that if my assistance or advice could in any way be useful, she might consider both

as at her service. "Oh, Sir," cried she with an interrogating look, while a slight blush tinged her pale cheeks, "who or what can you be to speak to me thus? Nobody has ever said this to me before. When Bernard hears of it, how grateful will he be for your goodness!"—At these words, she looked up towards the rocks, which rose in giant masses behind us, and an expression of the deepest melancholy was once more visible on her countenance. "And, who is this Bernard that you speak so much of?" said I, "and who are you yourself, my good girl, and what is your name?"—"My name is Maria, and I am a poor orphan," answered she, in a scarcely audible voice, standing up, and casting an anxious look towards the heights. "Bernard is the best and bravest man in the whole country, and he—he is engaged to be my husband." Here her distress once more interrupted her; and she advanced a few paces up the mountain, and asked me if I would walk with her a little way, and she would tell me more, and perhaps I might see Bernard before the day was over. Upon this we began to ascend, and soon reached a considerable height, whence we could command a view of the greatest part of the wild romantic valley beneath us. The sun had nearly sunk, and its parting rays were visible only on the highest summits of the rocks, whose towering peaks rose around us in awful majesty, glowing like burning gold. The inferior heights were, for the most part, enveloped in deep shadow: the valley, and its humble dwellings, lay stretched in solemn stillness beneath us, overspread by a veil of bluish vapour; while the vesper bell of a distant church or chapel was all that reminded us of existence in the world below. Exhausted and breathless, Maria seated herself on a stone, and gazed around her with an anxious and eager eye. "How much further do you intend to go, my good girl?" said I. "It is getting late, and this would be a dangerous road to retrace in the dark."—"Alas, Sir," answered she, "I scarcely know where to go or what to do. Since yesterday, I have been a prey to the most frightful uneasiness. It is now four days since Bernard left me;—he went up these rocks to hunt the chamois, and took with him provisions

for only two days, promising me faithfully to return at the end of that time. And now—oh! if I should have lost all that is dearest to me in the world! For two evenings I have come to this spot to wait for Bernard and bring him some refreshments, as I always used to do; and many a time has he forgotten all his fatigues, when we met so happily and took our supper together; but, alas! it is all in vain that I have brought it to-night—I shall only have to carry it back again by myself." At these words, she again turned a mournful gaze towards the rocks and chasms, and big tears rolled down her pallid cheeks. "Poor girl," thought I, "how happy should I be if I could assist or relieve you!"—Yet all words of comfort appeared so vague and unmeaning, that I did not attempt to sooth her, but allowed her grief to take its course. We slowly ascended to another little height; and the artless creature related to me how she had come there the evening before, waiting for her lover in sorrow and alarm, and had called him loudly and often, but was answered only by a sullen echo from the gloomy ravines; that, filled with dread and anguish, she had gone down again into the valley, at the risk of her life, in the dark, and had bent her course towards the chapel of the Holy Virgin. "There," said she, "I threw myself on my knees before the altar, and prayed fervently that the life of my Bernard might be spared; and the longer I prayed the more tranquil I became. When I came out of the chapel, a sharp, cold wind was blowing—the moon shone brightly—all was peaceful and silent, and it seemed as though I was the only living thing that could not rest. I saw a light at the pastor's house, and thought of going thither, in spite of the lateness of the hour, to seek for counsel and comfort; but a sudden languor overcame me, and I was unable to proceed. With difficulty I reached my own little chamber, and passed the night in weeping and praying, for I dared not venture to go to sleep for fear Bernard should appear to me.* At sun-

* It is a prevailing belief in many of the Alpine valleys, particularly in the Roman Catholic Cantons, that the hunter, who perishes amidst the glaciers and precipices, appears in

rise, I again set out on my wanderings; I asked from all I met, whether they had seen any thing of Bernard; but not the slightest tidings, not the smallest hope could I receive. Some of those ill-natured persons who do not like Bernard, because they do not understand his open honest ways, were cruel enough to laugh and taunt me, and would say, 'Ay, ay, this comes of being so fool-hardy, and thinking one's-self so much cleverer than other people. He held up his head high enough before; but now, perhaps, his pride may be humbled.'—Others looked as though they were sorry for me, but said nothing; and thus the whole day has passed, and I

a dream to the person he has loved the best.
—See SAUSSURE'S "*Voyages dans les Alpes*."

have been more and more miserable every moment."

The shades of night were now rapidly overtaking us; a greyish mist obscured the wooded hills; distinct masses of vapour rolled slowly over the dark forests; but the highest tips of the rocks still exhibited their golden crowns, the only traces the sun had left. On my promising, should Bernard not appear, to set out in search of him the next morning, in company with some other hunters, Maria seemed in some degree relieved; and while we rested for a few minutes to prepare ourselves for the descent, I begged of her to tell me a little more of her story; for I knew, from experience, that there is nothing more soothing in sorrow or uneasiness, than the talking of what one loves the best.

CONVERSATION.

I AM the silent woman, whose travels in a stage-coach found a place in a former number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*.* From that communication it appeared that I could talk on particular subjects; but I now confess that I labour under a deplorable deficiency of *available talk*. If I meet a friend, I am capable of saying, "How do you do?" "How does Mr. Such-a-one (the husband) do?" "How are all you children?" (naming them severally, if I can recollect their names); but, having said this, I am at a loss how to proceed; and, if I get as far as "I am happy to see you looking so well," there is a positive end of my elocution, and I pronounce a hasty "Good morning," to conceal my defect.

Sensible of this my colloquial disability, I determined to neglect no opportunity of improving myself in the art of speech. I have lately been paying a visit to a relation in the country, who has a very clever daughter; and as this young lady has a friend fully as clever as herself, and as young ladies are supposed to be endowed with a volubility of tongue, I resolved to attend to their conversation, and, if possible, to profit by it.

"My dear Victorine," said my cousin Louisa, taking the offered hand of her friend, as she entered the drawing-room, "how delighted I am to see you! What an age it is since we met!"

"Dear Louisa," said Victorine, "it is indeed an age. I have thought it the age of one of the patriarchs, and so I am come to you the first moment of my arrival in the country."

"Dear, good creature, how kind you are! And where have you been? and what have you been doing? and what have you seen? I am dying to know all about it."

"That I have been on the Continent you know; and you know that the Continent means Paris. I know a hundred and fifty people who have been on the Continent, and not a soul of them has been farther than Paris: indeed several of them have been only to Boulogne or Calais. But I think very little of going to Paris, where every dress-maker goes every year; I have been quite at the end of the world."

"I declare that is wonderful! And what did you see at the end of the world?"

"Mountains! mountains on mountains!"

"Then you were at the upper end of the world," I ventured to say. Victorine looked as much surprised as if a statue

* Former Series, Vol. xxx, page 236, December 1824.

had spoken; for, in the ardour of friendship, one young lady had forgotten, and the other had overlooked me. Victorine now asked with her eyes who I was.

"Only our cousin Margaret from Yorkshire—the best creature in the world," replied Louisa.

For a moment I was at a loss to imagine how I could have merited so flattering an appellation; but I concluded it was because I interrupted nobody, contradicted nobody, and was in nobody's way. Excellent qualities these, though of the negative kind. "O," continued Louisa, "if that is all, I have seen mountains, and without going so far from home. I have walked to the top of Snowdon, and ridden to the top of Skiddaw, and immense mountains they are, I assure you."

"Mole-hills," said Victorine, "mere shovei-fulls of earth and patches of stone. My dear, you have never been in Switzerland. One of the mountains there would make a hundred Snowdons and Skiddaws—indeed, if I spoke correctly, I believe I should say a thousand. And the precipices are beyond all imagination. I rode up one of the mountains of Switzerland on a mule, and the path was so narrow that the guide could not walk by the neck of the animal, but was obliged to follow at his tail. Can you conceive any thing so tremendous?"

"Oh horrible! You must have been most amazingly frightened!"

"Frightened out of my senses. I screamed to the guide to take me off the mule—which was quite impossible, you know, for there was not an inch of ground for him to stand on. So what do you think he did? Just told me that the mule and the road were perfectly safe, and that all I had to do was to sit quietly where I was."

"And you did so?"

"Exactly. What else could I do?"

"I should have rolled down the precipice at once."

"I don't think that would have been a better plan. But when we came to a wider spot, off I jumped, without waiting for the counsel of the guide; and I trusted my safety, for the rest of the way, to my own feet, rather than those of his mule."

"And what did you see from the moun-

tain, to recompense you for so much terror and fatigue?"

"Every thing in the world, I suppose. I saw all that was to be seen—all that any body ever did see—But, for heaven's sake, don't expect me to give you particulars. I recollect that, while I was riding on the mule, I looked up a perpendicular wall of rock, and, high above my head, I saw papa, who was mounted on a mule also, ascending the mountain in a contrary direction, though by the same road. But I never can describe my sensations. The mountain seemed to swell on every side of me, and I fancied I should be enclosed in it. Did Snowdon and Skiddaw seem to swell out when you mounted them?"

"Quite the reverse. They seemed to shrink from me, and I fancied I should have been left hanging in the air."

"Ah! that was because they were such poor insignificant morsels of hillocks."

"If you look down with such contempt on the mountains of England and Wales, I should imagine you had not much respect for the lakes and waterfalls."

"To say the truth, not much. But, as I candidly own that I have never taken the trouble to go and see them, my ideas may not be quite correct. I should suppose, now, that Derwentwater might resemble a fine, large, capacious—punch-bowl; that Winandermere and Ullswater might pass for the odds and ends of two tolerably respectable rivers; and that the cascade at Rydale might be made to issue from the spout of a tea-pot. Am I right?"

"Not exactly so. But you are a dear, clever, saucy creature."

"One may be allowed to be a little saucy on the subject of lakes, after having seen the Lake of Geneva, with all its superb accompaniments. It is indisputably the finest thing in the world."

"Well, I am most happy to see you, after having accomplished such an immense tour. And how delighted your mamma must have been to receive you, after all your perilous adventures."

"I assure you our meeting was quite a scene. If I were to tell how we kissed and how we cried, I should talk till tomorrow. Mamma was wild about my going to Switzerland, for the good lady has never travelled; and I do believe that she ex-

pected every shower, beyond Paris, would be a shower of hot ashes, and every stream would be a stream of burning lava."

"I observe," said I, taking advantage of a moment's pause, "that you call your parents, papa and mamma."

"To be sure I do," replied Victorine. "Why not call them so?"

"I was taught to call mine father and mother, even in the nursery."

"That must have been an abominably hard thing to learn," said Louisa, "and I don't see the use of it. I declare I think 'papa' and 'mamma' come by nature, as 'puss' does to a cat; and why I should contradict nature by making my papa an old father grey-beard, and my mamma a wrinkled, motherly old woman, I can't imagine."

"Nor I neither," said Victorine. "I should think myself a most unnatural daughter, if I were to degrade dear mamma by calling her, mother; and I should think myself more than a thousand years old, if I were to call papa, father."

I shrank like a snail within its shell, and, as I could make no reply to what was unanswerable, I sheltered myself under my accustomed silence.

"I suppose you have brought a multitude of beautiful things from Paris," said Louisa to her friend.

"Cargoes of silk and lace," said Victorine, "and a profusion of exquisite ornaments; but, do you know, I could not find a cap for mamma in Paris."

"Where did you go?"

"Every where; but no such thing was to be seen. All the caps were as wide as my two arms extended, and dressed out like May-day garlands; but it was to match the bonnets, which were as large as parasols, and looked like a bed of flowers in a garden."

"Then I flatter myself that I can shew you something more beautiful than any thing you saw in Paris."

"By what name is it known?"

"It is a bonnet, just arrived from London, as large as an umbrella, and it has as many flowers as our conservatory."

"Delightful! I beg to have the honour of seeing it."

Louisa rang the bell, and ordered the servant to tell her maid to bring the bon-

net. "You will be quite enchanted with it," she said to her friend; "it is the most magnificent thing that ever was invented." The bonnet was brought and presented to Victorine, who examined it in silence. Louisa was disappointed, for she expected raptures. At length she said, "*don't* you admire it?"

"Certainly," was the cold reply.

"Don't you think the flowers beautiful?"

"Excessively beautiful."

"And elegantly placed?"

"Perfectly so."

"And the riband is so rich and tasteful!"

"Very rich and tasteful indeed."

"And the form of the bonnet is lovely!"

"Quite lovely."

By this time Louisa's patience was exhausted, and she said, "I see you don't like my bonnet."

"I like it amazingly," replied Victorine, returning it to the maid; "but I must confess I am no judge of bonnets."

"I beg your pardon," said Louisa, "but I should certainly think so, if I were to judge by your own."

"I know nothing of my own," said Victorine, carelessly: "I only know that I desired the first milliner in Paris to give me the prettiest and the best, and I took it just as you see it."

"Dear Margaret," said Louisa to me, "what do you think of my bonnet?"

"I think, replied I, that if bonnets, like mountains, are to be estimated by their magnitude, it must be the prettiest bonnet in Europe."

Louisa was going to enter on the defence of her bonnet, when her friend rose hastily from her seat, saying, "I declare, my dear, your conversation is so fascinating that I never know how to leave you. You will have to answer to my Lady Castlerover for having made me forget that I promised to call upon her this morning. I declare it is past three o'clock, and I have not a moment to lose. Good bye, dear Louisa. Good bye, cousin Margaret."

"Now did you ever know any thing to equal this?" said Louisa, when her friend had quitted the room. "Victorine has left all ideas of taste and propriety on the Swiss mountains, and is come here to insult me. Don't you think so?"

"I do think that, as you were satisfied with her mountains, she ought to have admired your bonnet."

"Yes, and such a bonnet too! And after I had let Snowdon pass for a shovel-full of mould, and Derwentwater for a punch-bowl! Now will she go and shew off her Swiss mountains to Lady Castlerover, who cares no more for mountains than I do for the Lake of Geneva, and whose delight is in towers, and turrets, and battlements, and arches, which Victorine knows no more

about than she does of bonnets." Louisa then left the room.

Here ended my first lesson, and with it my hope of improvement. I find I cannot learn to talk like clever young ladies, and I own I should feel some scruples in making the attempt. The principal figure of their speech seems to be the hyperbole; and I, who was brought up at the foot of Roseberry Topping, was taught to pay some regard to truth.

C. H.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

"PRETTY goings on indeed," cried Mrs. Bruggemann, addressing her daughter; "I'll warrant me old Hans Kettler's coffers will soon be emptied by that reprobate prodigal son of his! There's to be a grand feast of the tip-top burgesses, forsooth, and the serving men have all got new liveries, that would be fit for the retinue of the Duke of Burgundy himself. They are rolling in the hampers and barrels of wine as if it was so much water; nothing but the best vintage will go down, it seems, with this dainty gentleman. The viands are all of the finest and most costly description, and there have been two extra cooks hired to dress the dinner: while here am I, who little thought, when I married Mr. Bruggemann, the senior partner in the firm, of coming to distress, obliged to fag hard all day long for little more than a dry crust, and to see you working your fingers to the bone to keep life and soul together. I have no patience when I look at that ungrateful Maurice Kettler, and think of all that my husband did for his family, raising them out of the dirt as one may say."—"Nay, but dear mother," returned Lena, "Maurice is in all probability ignorant of the benefit which his father received from mine, and you know that it was not the elder Kettler's fault that the partnership was dissolved. We must strive to forget the errors of one so deservedly dear to us; yet, justice compels me to remind you, that my poor father's tenacious adherence to a ruinous system, was the sole cause of our misfortunes: had he taken Kettler's advice, our

circumstances would have been as flourishing as those of his son."

Lena's mild remonstrance was lost upon her mother. She continued to gaze from the narrow window of the mean apartment which she occupied over an out-house, looking upon Maurice Kettler's new mansion and gardens in the suburb of the city, to comment upon the luxury, profligacy, and extravagance of their neighbour, and to lament over her own fallen fortunes. The theme was particularly distressing to Lena: she felt the hardships of her lot very severely, but, resigned to the will of heaven, and depending upon a gracious Providence, she earnestly endeavoured to banish discontent from her mind. Bending over the embroidering frame, to which she devoted herself with indefatigable industry, she strove to fix all her attention upon the flowers which sprang up beneath her creative fingers. This state of quietude, however, was not permitted; Mrs. Bruggemann's continual exclamations disturbed her meditative thoughts. Not a fowl, or a ham, or a quarter of venison could pass through Kettler's gate without exciting animadversion. "Oh!" cried the old lady, vexed at Lena's unruffled composure, "if people were honourable and kept their contracts, you would have been the mistress of all this magnificence; but there is no chance of that now; yon fine gentleman must needs match himself with nobility, and his marriage with Miss Cunegonde, Baron Hodenburg's daughter, is all the talk, go where one will."

Poor Lena suppressed the sigh which swelled her gentle breast at this speech. She remembered the time when Maurice Kettler delighted to call her his little wife; indeed, so strongly had the solemnity of the engagement, entered into in more prosperous times between the two families, been impressed upon her young mind, that it was with difficulty she could fancy the possibility of its being dissolved. She tried to exonerate Maurice from all blame: he probably had not heard the subject mentioned so often; and, sent away very young to attend to his father's mercantile concerns at Antwerp, he might have forgotten those idle words which she had cherished in her heart of hearts. It was during the absence of Maurice in Holland that old Bruggemann withdrew from the firm, and, pursuing some very hazardous speculations, lost all his property, and died of a broken heart. In the interim Hans Kettler amassed great wealth, which he bequeathed to his only son, who returned from Antwerp, after a residence of eight years, to take possession of his inheritance. Lena heard of the expected arrival of her beloved playmate with delight: he had been the partner of all her infant sports, her tutor, and her guide; she loved him with undivided affection, for his place had never been supplied by any new connexion, either male or female: as Mrs. Bruggemann maintained a decent pride in her adversity, and though abandoned by her old acquaintance, refused to associate with the mean people who composed the circle around her. Upon the decease of her husband, the distressed widow retired with her daughter to a cheap lodging in the outskirts of the city, where, by spinning and embroidery, they earned a scanty subsistence. The tenement which afforded them shelter was built, as before described, against the wall of a spacious garden; and when they first took possession, the demesne having been long uninhabited, was exceedingly quiet and secluded. Lena liked the spot: after she had finished her day's work, when she found leisure to inhale the fresh air from her window, the whole place in its solitude seemed to belong to her; and she the less regretted the loss of her own flowers, since she could gaze upon the luxuriant though untrimmed blossoms of the parterres be-

low. Both mother and daughter, from the first moment of their misfortunes, cherished a secret hope that Maurice Kettler would fulfil his early engagement, and restore them to their former situation in life. Mrs. Bruggemann had, however, the prudence to make some attempts to conceal this expectation; and Lena was too modest to confess how fully she relied upon the promises, made by a boy of fourteen to a girl of ten years old. When sustaining a bitter disappointment in the neglect of the young merchant, who returned to his native place without making any inquiry concerning his old friends, she still remained silent, and would gladly have avoided the subject altogether. But she was not suffered to grieve over her blighted hopes in secret: the vexation of her injudicious parent was ungovernable; she scolded and fretted herself into a fever; and the agitation of her spirits, when beginning to subside, was revived again by an unfortunate circumstance. Maurice Kettler, unaware of the place of Mrs. Bruggemann's retreat, had become the purchaser of the adjoining house and land. Lena now felt much difficulty in tranquillizing the emotions which disturbed her bosom's peace. She could not approach the lattice without catching a glimpse of Maurice. Tall, graceful, and finely proportioned, he still retained the beautiful lineaments which she had so well remembered. His thoughtless good humour, and unbounded liberality, were likewise unaltered; and he seemed changed only in his forgetfulness of her. She was also much distressed by the incessant complaints of her mother. Seldom lifting her thoughts above this world, Mrs. Bruggemann never ceased to bewail the change in her circumstances; and, totally unconscious of her own unworthiness, presumed to charge heaven with injustice in permitting the visitation of so many heavy afflictions. Lena's pious feelings were continually shocked by the utterance of the revolting sentiments of an unregenerate mind, and she vainly tried to inculcate the holy precepts of the gospel, and to bring her nearest and dearest relative to a sense of the divine goodness. Sometimes, in order to sooth her mother's irritability, she would throw up her fine eyes to heaven, pronounce her conviction that better days

would ensue; and though she, in common with all true Christians, looked only to a future state for the enjoyment of pure felicity, yet, depending upon an omnipotent power, she did not despair of attaining happiness on earth.

In addition to her other disquietudes, poor Lena's ideas of propriety were cruelly outraged by the vulgar pleasure which Mrs. Bruggemann derived in watching and commenting upon every thing that passed at her neighbour's; but, too dutiful to reprove the mere follies and mistakes of a parent, she endured the annoyance in silence, striving to subdue her own vexation at the incorrigible disposition which forbade all hope of domestic peace.

The wassail and banqueting at the great house were without end; every night a brilliant illumination shone from the windows, and the sound of revelry and merriment penetrated Lena's distant apartment. Often, too, when the bright moon tipped the trees with silver, a joyous party feasted in the stately garden. Lovers might be seen stealing away through the pleached alleys, chequered only by the rays which came dancing through the waving branches of flowering shrubs; and Maurice Kettler, the life and soul of the entertainment, doing the honours to all his guests, while he lavished the most flattering attentions upon one. Lena, tired of contention, sometimes suffered herself to be dragged to the window on these occasions; and she struggled hard with her feelings when surveying the haughty airs and disdainful manners of the beautiful Cunegonde. Might she not feel glad, to see how small a chance of happiness there was for Maurice in his ambitious choice?—No, no; she was too gentle, too kind, too forgiving, to indulge a sentiment so inimical to her angelic disposition; and she grieved at the indications of an imperious temper which the intended bride continually displayed. Mrs. Bruggemann, vexed that she could find very few faults in the personal appearance of the lady, and somewhat awed by her proud looks and scornful gestures, openly rejoiced at the prospect of wedded infelicity which awaited the merchant. The gossiping dame's attention was, however, soon called off from the affairs of others, by the pressure of poverty at home. She could not find any

sale for her yarn; and there was far less demand than heretofore for her daughter's embroidery. Lena bore the privations which their lessened profits entailed upon them with her usual patient sweetness. She toiled from morning until night, devising new patterns, which she trusted would please the eyes of the rich maidens of the city, and bring fresh customers for her needle-work; but the trade grew duller and duller, and want absolutely stared her in the face.—“What are become of all your fine predictions now, Lena?” cried Mrs. Bruggemann. “We are likely to starve, I think, before this mighty good fortune, which is to come from nobody knows where, arrives. Ah, you may talk as you will, but it is all destiny; some folks are born to be lucky, while others, far more deserving, are doomed to eat the bread of bitterness all the days of their lives. If there was any thing except a blind chance in the affairs of this world, how comes it that Maurice Kettler rolls in money, while you want common necessities?”

Lena's confidence in heaven was not slackened by these and similar speeches: she prayed more fervently than ever, and replied with mildness, yet with firmness, to the coarse sarcasms levelled at her religious faith. A new trial soon called for all her fortitude. Her mother, in rummaging an old chest, found a memorandum in the hand-writing of her deceased husband, stating the loan of twenty rix-dollars to Hans Kettler. The date was subsequent to the dissolution of partnership, and she knew that if it had ever been repaid, Bruggemann, who was proverbially exact in his accounts, would have carefully acknowledged the receipt in the same document. Delighted with the chance of recovering a sum which would place her in comparative ease, the old woman determined to present the paper to Maurice Kettler, and trust to his honour to liquidate the debt. This resolution was very grating to Lena: she shrank from the idea of being under an obligation to a man who had so decidedly neglected her, and could not endure the thought of making her poverty an excuse for advancing a claim which the law probably would not allow. The most abject destitution would have seemed less revolting to her than such a mode of relief; but she

felt that she had no right to make her mother participate in the endurance of evils, which might be avoided by the sacrifice of feelings, perchance too lofty for her station; and, finding a faint opposition unavailable, she gave up the point.

Mrs. Bruggemann, pleased that her errand would afford her an excuse for the gratification of her curiosity, in the survey of the interior of her rich neighbour's house, bustled away, though not without a grumbling prophecy that she should get her labour for her pains. Only that Lena would have grieved to hear that Maurice could behave ungenerously, she almost wished that he would refuse to listen to the application. Her mother was absent a tedious time, but she came home at last in high good-humour. "Well, Lena," said she, placing a well-filled purse upon the table, "after all, the young man is better disposed towards us than we imagined. What a house he has got! what tapestry hangings! You shall not see finer in all Arras. And then the gold and silver plate, and the china! you would bless your stars to reckon up the costly things that he has collected together. However, as I was saying, he received me as it were with open arms; though, what with time, and fretting, and poor living, and the alteration in my dress, he did not recollect me until I mentioned my name. 'Tis no wonder; for instead of this mean grogram stuff, I used to wear rich taffeta silk at three crowns the ell, the finest of cambrics, and a long scarlet cardinal of English wool inlaid with a lace of gold a finger's depth. But where did I leave off? Oh, Maurice was quite aghast when he heard of our distress, for somebody had told him that we lived with a rich relation at Namur, and were well to do in the world. I could not dissuade him from opening a bottle of wine solely and expressly for me; none of the common sort, but real Hungarian, such as I never tasted even in Mr. Bruggemann's time; and he inquired for you, Lena, and asked if you were married. No, no, says I, these are not the days for poor maidens to get husbands; she might, to be sure, have been the spouse of a thriving tanner, but she could not stoop so low, so she is single, and likely to be, for people in her own rank in life look higher."—"Oh, mother," cried Lena. "Well,

well, child!" returned Mrs. Bruggemann, "there was no harm done. I thought he blushed, as well he might; but he is like to prove a good friend to us, and I see no use in refusing the cash which fortune may throw in our way, out of a silly pride. We may have done with pride, I think, when we have scarcely bread to eat. I suppose not less than six families are fed with the broken meat from Kettler's table—but he was too polite, remembering what we had been, to offer me any thing like an alms, and so he asked me to accept a pig and some poultry, and stuff from his garden and stables to fat them with, which will be exceedingly helpful, you know, to keep the wolf from the door. Let me see, the eggs will fetch a pretty good price, and neighbour Schlutter will give me the full value for the pig, at Christmas. But, bless me! I had like to have forgot—Maurice says he is to be married very shortly, and that he will ask Miss Hodenburg to employ you in the embroidery of her bridal robe."

This was the climax. Poor Lena with difficulty restrained her tears: every word that her mother had spoken was a dagger in her heart; but she carefully concealed her distress; she could not bear that her weakness should be known even to a parent, and trembled lest any accident should reveal the tender, the impassioned feelings which, in despite of the hopelessness of her attachment, she cherished for Maurice Kettler. She had loved him from her earliest childhood, and now that she had continual opportunities of observing him unseen, the apparent excellence of his disposition, his fine person and frank demeanour, increased the prepossession in his favour, and rendered him the sole object of all her earthly wishes.

The pig and the fowls were duly delivered, together with sundry other presents, and Maurice sent word that he would call the next morning and see his old playfellow, and bring Miss Hodenburg with him, to choose the adornments of her nuptial attire. Lena arose early, and put her apartment in trim order with a heavy heart. Almost unconsciously she took more than ordinary pains with her own attire, which, always neat and simple, was very becoming to her fair face and slender form. She bound her bright tresses with knots of blue

riband, and laced her bodice with the same. At the appointed hour the haughty Cunegonde came sweeping in, attended by her lover. Lena, though extremely agitated, could not help observing the look of admiration and surprise which Maurice cast upon her. It did not escape the quick eyes of his affianced bride, and she shewed her displeasure by an instantaneous alteration in her temper; the smiles disappeared from her scornful lips, she scanned the mean dwelling with a haughty glance, found fault with the poor girl's most exquisitely wrought embroidery, and gave her a strict charge to take more pains with the workmanship of the robe, which, after changing her mind a thousand times, she at last selected; and then, as if glad that the irksome duty of patronizing the unfortunate was at an end, flounced out of the room. Maurice lingered behind to say a kind word, but Cunegonde called to him to open the lower door, and he took a hasty leave. Thus ended the dreaded interview; and Lena, having despatched her mother to purchase the materials for the bridal garment, wept long and bitterly; even when seated at her wearisome occupation she could scarcely repress the starting tears, or prevent the drops which would fall, in despite of all her efforts, from soiling the delicate web, and tarnishing the rich foliage of silver which she spread over its glossy surface. She devoted herself day and night to the task, in her anxiety to finish it by the appointed time, and therefore knew nothing of what was passing at Maurice Kettler's house, excepting through the medium of her mother, whose whole amusement consisted in watching the premises, and calculating the expense of the various articles which were continually brought by porters to the gate.

Lena learned with grief from Mrs. Bruggemann's report, that, constantly surrounded by dissipated companions, Maurice pursued his thoughtless career, wasting his time and his money in riotous living. Cunegonde seemed to exist only in a crowd, and there was little chance that marriage would effect a reformation in his household. Suddenly the sorrowing girl's attention was aroused by the intelligence of a striking alteration which had taken place in the neighbouring edifice. Deserted by

its late jovial guests, half the windows closely shut up, the porch unswept, and the garden neglected, it looked quite forlorn. The servants, instead of bustling about in their flaming liveries, now seldom shewed themselves, or appeared in *deshabille*, and answered the sulky creditors, who supplied the place of gayer company, with a crest-fallen and dejected air. Losses by land and by sea poured in upon Maurice Kettler: he had wasted his capital in luxurious feasting, and, after a fruitless effort to retrieve his affairs, he was proclaimed a bankrupt.

"Well! to see the changes and chances of this world," said Mrs. Bruggemann, as fatigued by walking to the farthest part of the city, she returned the identical parcel containing the bridal robe, which Lena had packed with infinite care, into her daughter's hands. "I have been all the way up to the Baron's," continued the loquacious matron, "and met with a smart rebuff from Madam Cunegonde. It is all off, it seems, between her and Maurice; and she has refused to take the *manteau* and *kyrtle*, which you have almost lost your eye-sight in making worthy of a queen. Nor will she pay for the materials, or allow you the slightest compensation for your labour. I think she must have a spite towards you, Lena; for by what I could see she need not despair of requiring a wedding robe. There was one of the Emperor's knights in the chamber; and they jeered finely together about the downfall of upstart Burghers. It is plain that she never cared a single *doit* for Maurice, and now he has lost his wealth, he may starve in a prison without giving her the slightest concern."

There seemed too great reason to apprehend that this would be the thoughtless merchant's fate. His property, diminished by unforeseen disasters, was insufficient to meet half his engagements; the extravagance of his conduct had left him few friends; and the whole city was filled with the clamorous outcry of malignant tongues. Lena wept for the misfortunes of her early friend, and felt an anxious wish to console him in his afflictions; but he kept aloof from the widow's apartments, ashamed perhaps to visit in adversity those whom he had neglected in more felicitous circumstances; for Cunegonde's jealousy would not permit him to renew his intimacy with

his lovely playmate. The mansion, lately one blaze of light, now frowned darkly upon the surrounding scene when evening drew its shadows over the sky. One solitary taper shed a faint ray from the chamber of Maurice Kettler, and shewed the anxious haggard countenance which bent over a heap of papers: the servants were all discharged; and the house, dismantled, only afforded a shelter from the weather to a man accustomed to recline upon silken carpets, and to be canopied by the manufacture of the most celebrated looms of the Netherlands. He still, however, remained upon sufferance in the mansion which had been the scene of his revels, there being some difficulty in procuring a purchaser. In the interim things were not going on very prosperously with Lena. Mrs. Bruggemann had suffered herself to be persuaded to lend out the rix dollars which Maurice had paid her, upon interest, to a smooth-spoken neighbour, who cheated his creditors and made off with the money: the fowls and the pig were now to be fed at their own expense; and, disappointed of obtaining a customer for the bridal robe, Lena received no compensation for the cost of the splendid materials, or for the loss of her time in the workmanship. While sitting one morning in a pensive mood at her needle, she was surprised by the visit of an elderly stranger, a wayfaring looking man, apparently just returned from the East, who introduced himself as Caspar Kettler, the uncle of Maurice, and a person whom she recollected having heard her father say had applied to him, when refused by his sordid kinsman, for money to make a voyage to India. The old man had returned laden with wealth; and, hearing an exaggerated account of his nephew's misdoings, he repaired to the mean dwelling of the Bruggemanns, where, doubly enraged to find the widow and the daughter of his benefactor in so friendless and destitute a situation, he vowed that he would make Lena his heir, and leave the ungrateful spendthrift to the consequences of his own extravagant folly. Mrs. Bruggemann was fortunately from home, and could not interfere to check the work of mercy. Maurice found an eloquent advocate in the gentle Lena: she palliated the fault, which she

could not deny; justified him from every false accusation; excused his neglect of herself, by pleading his ignorance of her forlorn condition, until the state of his own affairs demanded his whole attention; and finally so wrought upon the feelings of her admiring guest, that he promised to forget all past grievances, and to assist his nephew to emerge from his present difficulties. The old man was somewhat of a humorist: he returned to the inn where he had taken up his abode without making his arrival and intentions known to Maurice, telling Lena that she should be the channel of this agreeable intelligence to the man who would owe all his unmerited good-fortune to her generous exertions.

Maurice Kettler, she knew, was not within; and never did the gentle girl watch more anxiously for his appearance; he came at last, but his step was hurried, and every feature convulsed with agony. Almost afraid to approach him in this dismal mood, she stole softly into the garden, whither she had never ventured before, and saw him pour the contents of a paper which he drew from his breast into a goblet, and then rush towards a fountain which threw its limpid waters in bright columns into a basin below. Apprehensive that he meditated self-destruction, she ran swiftly along the turf, and catching his arm just as he had raised the deadly draught to his lips, dashed the poisoned chalice on the ground: then, like a guardian angel, bent over him, pointed out the fearful nature of the crime he meditated, and having tranquillized his mind with religious consolation, told the joyful news of his amended prospects. Kneeling together on the grass, the maiden and the repentant prodigal returned their fervent thanks to heaven for the mercies they had received.

The rumour of old Kettler's riches, and his kind intentions towards his nephew, turned the tide in favour of Maurice: the most inexorable creditor now offered to give him time for the settlement of his affairs, and he was soon able to hold up his head amongst his fellow merchants.

Lena, endowed with a rich portion, bestowed her hand upon her early love, and appeared at church all radiant in the bridal robe, which had cost her so many tears.

LADY MARGARET LEVISTON.

THE castle in which dwelt the father of Lady Margaret Leviston stood on the brow of a dark hill, and looked proudly down on the glen in which the parents of William Graham resided; and though that cottage was an humble spot, it was sweet in its simple beauty. William Graham had a countenance that was pleasant to look upon, it was so serene and gentle in its serious and almost melancholy expression, and his young brow had a cast of thought beyond his years. On many a summer morning did he and Margaret Leviston meet together in their childish pastimes, and seek no other amusement than to wander along the banks of the Carron, or in the green fields, or in the birken glens. It may have been partly owing to the mountain scenery around them that the boy and girl imbibed a taste for pleasures which seldom contribute to the happiness of childhood. Of this I know not; but often did they seat themselves on some green hill, and spend the whole summer day in watching the rainbows formed by the spray of the mountain linn, as the waters danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, or in listening to the cushat dove pouring forth her melancholy wailings. They afforded a singular and striking contrast, those happy children, as they wandered along the dim and shadowy footpaths of Glencarron. It was indeed a most pleasing sight to look upon the boy's dark and fearless countenance, and his muscular and somewhat ungraceful limbs, and then to mark the tenderness with which he guided the steps of that gentle and blooming girl. But year after year wore on, and the heart of the boy began to throb with wild and troubled thoughts when he looked on the fair face of Margaret Leviston; and the bearing of that innocent maiden was losing its wild frankness, and was unconsciously assuming somewhat of womanly reserve. Summer, however, came, and with summer William Graham was to become a sailor; and often in those balmy evenings did Margaret Leviston wander along the sea-shore, and weep, when her young heart scarcely knew the cause of its own sadness; but when William Graham, on the eve of his

departure, exclaimed, "I love thee, Margaret Leviston, even from our childhood I have loved thee; and many a time, from the door of my father's cottage, I have stood and watched the lights as they gleamed along the casements of Glencarron, that I might but once more behold thy shadow ere I slept. When I tell you this, Margaret, will you let me leave you without once saying you are grieved for the misery you have made?" It was then that Margaret Leviston threw herself on the bosom of the impassioned boy, and vowed, in the sight of heaven, that she would become his wife; and when William looked upon her pale sweet face, and felt the pressure of her slender arm, he swore to his own soul that he would protect and cherish the loving creature as long as his days were spared to him upon the earth. And when he returned from a stormy and unprosperous voyage, Lady Margaret Leviston became his wife: from that hour Lord Glencarron never looked upon his disobedient child.

It was one evening in the summer twilight that I first met with Lady Margaret. So soft and shadowy were the lingering remains of light, that I could but just trace the fine outline of her figure, without being able to distinguish one feature in her countenance; but when she spoke—when I but once listened to that voice of music, I knew that she must be beautiful;—and she was indeed beautiful—most beautiful! Can I ever forget those cloudless eyes, so sweet in their calm serenity—that long golden hair, and that full rich voice issuing from those cherub lips! Never but once have I seen a face of such innocent and childlike beauty. And yet there was an air of majesty in the bearing of Margaret Leviston, and a something of matron-like dignity. But every look was that of purity; and many a time, when I have heard her sing, I could almost have fancied she was not a creature of this world. Her four fair children, too, had all the soft and feminine loveliness of their mother—the same calm and majestic brow—the blue eyes—the yellow hair. And her husband—how he idolized her! Yet, when I have seen her

hanging on his arm, in all her womanly and confiding love, I have thought that he scarcely deserved his noble and high-born wife. But he was the choice of her young heart, and she worshipped him with all the tenderness of woman. We met in summer, and we parted while the woods were yet clothed in their most luxuriant foliage. It was a sweet picture as I stood that evening at the cottage door, and saw the fair mother seated under the shade of the embowering rose-trees, with her four sweet babies climbing on her lap, and striving for the parting kiss : and then they knelt down, and raised their little hands in prayer. I saw that Lady Margaret's eyes were full : neither were my own quite tearless. At a little distance stood the happy father, and his dark eyes were turned upon his wife with such looks of tenderness and love, that I no longer wondered that he had been the choice even of the high-born Margaret Leviston.

Such was the sweet picture on which my eyes rested when I left the cottage of Dellnyliate in the spring of 17—. I was at that time on the eve of visiting Germany, where I remained for little more than a year. On returning to my native country, the first place to which I went was the dwelling of my friends. Alas ! what a change I found ! In that brief period how many sad events had taken place ! Lady Margaret had left the sweet cottage in the glen, and with a rich paramour had fled to France—her four fair babies lay in the church-yard of Dellnyliate—and her husband, that kind and loving husband, when he had seen his children laid in their young beauty in the grave, fled, in loneliness and misery, from his native land. None ever knew his fate ; but he never was again seen by any inhabitant of the glen.

It matters not how, some little time after I had heard this melancholy tale I met with Margaret Leviston. I found her a penitent and dying woman ; and miserable, very miserable is the death-bed of the guilty. When I have seen that misguided one raising to heaven her still sweet eyes, with looks of fervent yet almost hopeless intreaty—when I have seen the Bible blistered with her tears, and have heard her voice of melancholy music uttering those earnest,

yet scarcely trusting prayers—for fully sensible was she of the weight of her own iniquity—how have I then implored that my death might be that of the righteous ! Without pain, and very, very gradual was her decay ; but I resolved to remain with her while she yet lived, and to do my utmost to sooth her in her departing hour. It was towards the middle of spring that a visible and rapid change took place in her. All her little strength was gone ; and it was painful to look on the feverish beauty of her face, and to witness her oppressed and laboured breathing. I had left her one evening in even an unusual state of hopelessness and languor ; and early on the following morning I went to visit her. Bright and balmy was every thing around me at that sweet hour, and the birds were singing their gayest songs among the young green leaves ; and I often paused to adore that gracious One who had given to his creatures so fair a world. What a contrast to all this breathing beauty awaited me in Lady Margaret's dwelling ! As I opened the door of her chamber she was singing—but what a song—what wild unearthly melody ! She was sitting up in bed, and, by the ceaseless movement of her thin white fingers, she seemed to fancy she was weaving flowers. The comb had fallen from her long hair, which was scattered over the pillows like a golden veil ; and very terribly did her blue eyes flash on me in the fearful brightness of insanity. For one moment she looked on me, and then, with a shriek, which yet rings in my ears, so wild, so little earthly was that sound of agony, she screamed—"it is him, it is my husband !" and, springing from the couch, she lay at my feet in the terrifying writhings of convulsion. Very sad it was to see those fair arms twined around my knees, and that sweet face changed into a sight of horror ; and I hastily unclasped her hands, and raised her from the ground ; but the form that lay upon my bosom was stiff and cold, and when I looked upon her face the damps of death were on her brow. And I saw her laid under the green sod, and mine were the only tears that fell upon her grave.

MONOMANIA; A CONTEMPORARY ANECDOTE.

(From the French.)

THE extraordinary trials which have lately taken place, have rendered the domestic hearth the seat of terror. Suspicion attaches itself to the companions of our childhood—our lives are no longer in security even in the bosoms of our families. Monomania, a new term, applied to a hitherto unknown crime, has, like our evil genius—like those angry shades which appeared to the ancients in the midst of their feasts—established itself amongst us.

A little town in Germany has recently been the scene of a dreadful crime. Blood has been shed, not by the hand of a mercenary, but by the hand of a man whom the bonds of friendship, whom the influence of a long and intimate acquaintance with his victim, should have secured from the commission of such a deed.—Frederic and Carlos had long been united by the strictest friendship, a friendship which had risen in their school-boy days, and rendered them inseparable. They lived beneath the same roof, they sat at the same table; their souls, formed in the same mould, seemed made but for each other.

In compliance, however, with the wishes of their friends, they pursued different courses of life. Carlos devoted himself to the study of the fine arts: master of the pencil, he could transfer to the canvas, with equal facility, the common incidents of private life and the most impressive scenes of history. Enthusiastic in his admiration of the beauties of the ancients, he could not speak without emotion of those towering spirits who have rendered Greece and Rome illustrious, whose vigorous pencil or whose plastic chisel could immortalize their memory, could perpetuate their glory.

Frederic applied himself to philosophical studies. Every system which the imagination of man has invented became the subject of his inquiries. In the course of his studies he endeavoured to investigate the nature of man, his destination upon our planet, and all the weighty questions which have agitated and divided philosophers since the human mind, soaring above the

earth, has endeavoured to snatch from heaven the secret of the creation.

Their customary pursuits were the subjects of their conversation. With what eloquent warmth would they discourse upon objects to which their souls were devoted! How they delighted to expatiate on the glories of those men in whose steps they one day hoped to tread! To eulogies upon Zeuxis and Apelles, great upon the faith of history—upon Raphael, of whom posterity can judge for herself—succeeded expressions of admiration for Plato, Socrates, Proclus, and all the sages who have exercised over nations the dominion of genius, and the protection of virtue. How often, in these interesting conversations, did they forget all the cares and anxieties, all the disgusts which assail man on his entrance into life.

For a time, however, Frederic appeared absorbed by some secret uneasiness. He abandoned his books, formerly so dear to him, and passed whole days in wandering through the country. He avoided the conversation of his friend, who unceasingly, but ineffectually, endeavoured to ascertain the cause of his dejection. Having listened to him in gloomy silence, Frederic would press his hand, and instantly disappear.

One evening, Carlos had waited many hours for his friend, who had been absent since the morning. Exhausted with fatigue, and overcome with sleep, he threw himself upon his bed, resigned to the overpowering claims of nature.

He had fallen asleep, his mind occupied with a large picture to which he had been giving the finishing touches, and in which an historical trait displayed all the charms of friendship. He had endeavoured to give to his characters the expression of a sentiment with which his soul was filled; and sleep had stolen upon him at the moment in which, quitting the shadow for the reality, his thoughts had reverted to his unfortunate friend. Suddenly his arm is seized—a poignard is raised to strike him! An assassin, profiting by the sleep of Fre-

derick, whose bed is in the adjoining room, must have gained access to his apartment. The thought that Frederic would save him flashed across his mind. "Come to me," cries Carlos, "come to me, my friend, I am murdered!" No one answers—the strokes are repeated with violence—Carlos half opens his dying eyes—his friend, he whom he had invoked to his succour, was his assassin!

The cries of the victim had been heard from without; a crowd collected, and entered. Frederic, far from flying, exposed to view the yet reeking steel. His countenance is unmoved—his eyes are fixed—he stands unconscious of the crime he has committed—a vacant smile plays upon

his lips. He is seized by the magistrates; he is questioned, but can offer no explanation of his conduct. They endeavour, but in vain, to discover a motive; he himself, when his reason is at intervals restored, utters loud lamentations for the death of his friend, the beloved friend of his childhood.

Under the reign of this dreadful mania, human justice stands appalled at the duties which she has to perform. The people, horror-struck at the perpetration of crime, hesitate between indignation and pity; the presiding magistrates at the trial have been seen to throw themselves at the feet of the altars, to implore from the Supreme Judge that light of which they are in need.

Original Poetry.

THE WRECK OF THE COMET.

FAIR Clyde, upon thy waves, how late,
I saw a vessel riding
Across thy tide, away—away—
In pride and beauty gliding!
And from the deck there gently came
The sound of music stealing;
Breathing, amidst the gloom of night,
A mirth-inspiring feeling:
And children's merry voices, too,
In all their sweet, sweet shrillness,
Mixing with woman's gentler tones,
Broke on the midnight stillness:
And many brave and gallant ones
Upon the deck were standing;
Thinking, perhaps, with joyous hearts,
Of those they'd meet when landing.
But, ah! what meant that fearful cry,
In all its mournful sadness?
Despair and death were in the sound,
And misery and madness!
One moment more, and all was still!—
Again the waves were glancing,
And the sea-bird upon their breast
Again was wildly dancing!
But still I hear that fear-fraught yell,
Wide o'er the waters ringing;
Still see those wild, distracted forms
Around each other clinging!
Still, still, I see that reeling ship,
Beneath the waters sinking;—
And memory dwells upon the scene,
Till torture comes with thinking! B.B.B.

TO C. M. C.

FAREWELL, ye scenes of past delight,
When pleasure decked, with hues so
bright,
Each object dear that met the eye,
And cloudless shone the azure sky.
Yes! those were happy hours, so gay,
They came like visions o'er my way,
A lustre o'er my path was thrown—
But tempests low'r where sunbeams shone.
Farewell, ye much-loved scenes, farewell!
How oft shall pensive mem'ry tell
Of hope, of pleasure, ever new,
When, winged with bliss, the moments
flew;
Shall oft recall, with soothing power,
How books and music cheered the hour.
A chilling blight came o'er the scene,
And misery frowned where joy had been:
Yet, vain for mortal to repine
At changes wrought by power divine!
How sweet, amid the hours of gloom,
To muse on worlds beyond the tomb,
In solemn trust on Him above
Who watches all with boundless love!
Maria! then, should heaven ordain
On earth we ne'er shall meet again,
There is a land, when life is o'er,
Where friends shall meet to part no more.
Farewell! may every bliss attend,
Each pleasure wait my valued friend;
Yet think, when joy asserts his pow'r,
Of her who loves in sorrow's hour.

LUCY W——.

SONNETS TO EUDORA.

I.

O, lovelier than the fairest star of eve!
 Far sweeter than the scented breath of morn,
 Or fragrant gales on May's fresh bosom
 borne!
 O, why, angelic maiden! must I grieve
 Why mourn the cruel silence of my fair?
 Say, didst thou feel the pangs of absent woe,
 Or the warm wishes from the heart that flow,
 Or the deep sighs that find a birth-place there,
 Would not thine eye, all radiant, shed the tear
 Of sympathetic love? Would not thy heart,
 Kindly relenting, sooth my anxious fear,
 And to my throbbing bosom ease impart?
 O, yes! the seraph smile that 'lumes thy face
 Would shed its influence round, beaming be-
 nignant grace! H.

II.

Beloved EUDORA! why withhold the boon?
 Why, as in scorn, neglect my fervent prayer?
 Believe me, thou unkind one, all my care,
 My heart's best wish, my soul's intense desire,
 Belong to thee. And canst thou, then, so soon
 Forget those hours, when, by the moon's
 mild beam,
 We took our evening walk; when the pure fire
 Of love enkindled joys, beyond the dream,
 Or magic spell, of poesy's sweet lore?
 O, then I thought—and tender was the
 theme—
 I thought that years of absence could not part,
 Or check, the converse of a kindred heart.—
 But thou hast robbed fair Hope of all her
 store;
 Each blissful charm is fled—joy, joy is mine
 no more! H.

III.

My heart's dear love! O what a heaven of
 bliss!
 What joys extatic seize my trembling frame,
 While on the longed-for page I view thy
 name;
 While my pale quiv'ring lips that dear name
 kiss!
 And as I trace the hand that far, far hence,
 Pens the fond wish, my soul is rapture all;
 I feel wild transports thrill each love-fraught
 sense.
 Yes! yes! this potent charm can well recall
 Gay Hope's emblazoned tints, can well renew
 The faded scenes that died within my view;
 Can peace, and joy, and life itself restore.
 Long shall the precious token press my breast,
 For ever be my bosom's welcome guest;
 EUDORA's kind—on earth I ask no more!

H.

TIME.

TIME, TIME, wing on thy ruthless flight!
 It little reeks how swift, how slow,
 Thou canst not bring a darker night,
 Than that which hovers o'er me now.
 Who would have dreamed that such an eve
 Had followed such a sunny morn?
 But hopes, when brightest, most deceive—
 TIME, TIME, thy ruthless flight wing on!
 One star shall yet my path illumine;
 And, e'en though faint its gentle ray,
 'Twill half dispel the deep'ning gloom,
 That closes round my dreary way.
 It is a beacon lent by fate
 To guide me with its steady light;
 'Twill shine alike through love and hate,
 While TIME wings on his ruthless flight.

* E. M. P.

WOMAN'S HEART.

THY soul was never formed for love,
 If doubts like these can reach thy mind;
 Thou dost not know fond woman's heart,
 If false that heart thou fear to find.

The bud may droop beneath the storm,
 The stem may break beneath the gale,
 A wintry blast may crush the flow'r—
 So woman's dearest hopes may fail;

But her fond heart will still love on,
 Through ev'ry change of time and tide:
 'Tis only in the heart of man
 The flow'r of love has ever died.

Then never doubt the maiden's truth
 Who yields her gentle soul to thee;
 For, blighted once, love's opening flower
 Blooming again thou ne'er wilt see.

W. H. L.

SERENADE.

Oh, lady, if thy bright blue eyes
 Be not yet veil'd in sleep,
 Rise—hasten ere the pale moon flies
 To hide her in the deep;
 For oh, such hours, so calm, so sweet,
 Can seldom beam—and when, how fleet.

But should the charm that slumber flings
 Have bound thy every sense,
 The tones that murmur o'er my strings
 Shall charm each sorrow hence;
 That nought may hover o'er thy brow,
 But scenes as bright as this is now.

E. M. P.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of *gros de Naples* of a pomegranate-red. A full wadded *rouleau* finishes the skirt next the feet; over this *rouleau*, at a suitable distance, and down each side of the front, is a trimming, *en volan*, pinked at the edge, and set on in a serpentine wave; the trimming headed by a narrow *rouleau*. The pelisse fastens close down the front with full rosettes of *gros de Naples*. The body is made plain, with a narrow pelerine-cape, partially scalloped, and trimmed at the edge in a correspondent manner to the sides in front of the skirt. The sleeves are *en gigot*, but not very full. A falling collar of fine India muslin, trimmed with Urling's lace, encircles the throat, and is fastened in front with a rosette of broad pink ribbon. With any other red this would be incongruous, but one great quality in the beautiful and becoming pomegranate-red is, that it is suited to every colour. The bonnet worn with this pelisse is correspondent to it, and is finished by a narrow *rûche* at the edge of the brim: the trimming on the crown is of the same material, and is put on in arcades, which are edged with a narrow *rûche*, of a shade lighter. The strings are in a loop of ribbon, variegated with pomegranate-red and green chequers on a white ground.

No. 2.—MORNING COSTUME.

A *ROUND* dress of white cambric, with three broad rows of embroidery at the border, at equal distances. The sleeves fit almost close to the arm, and are surmounted by *mancherons* of the Persian fashion: they are confined at the wrist with a gold bracelet, clasped with a red cornelian. A *fichu-pelerine* of muslin, with long ends, is worn with this dress; the ends are confined by a belt of rich, white, watered ribbon, fastened in front with a square silver buckle: the pelerine is elegantly finished by lace and embroidery, and it buttons

down the front with a row of small buttons of fine cotton, beautifully wrought. A narrow collar turns over from the throat, and is trimmed round with lace; this is fastened in front with a bow of variegated ribbon. The hair is simply and neatly arranged under a *cornette à la Marie Stuart*, formed of thread *tulle* and fine Mechlin lace. The crown is surmounted by puffings of broad, coloured ribbon, and a full-blown rose lies on the hair, over the left temple.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE fashions for winter are now in preparation, and we have been indulged in the inspection of some which are expected shortly to make their appearance. These we shall notice in the course of our observations. A succession of fine days cannot now be looked for; indeed, we may pronounce them past, for we have commenced a dreary month. Colds are prevalent, and warn the British fair, in this uncertain climate, to shield their forms in clothing more adapted to the chill wintry air which often pervades our atmosphere, accompanied with partial fogs and damps.

Thus we see the cachemire shawl often worn over the silk pelisse; and even the warm, well-wadded mantle has been seen wrapped round the high dress of sarcenet or *gros de Naples*. These comfortable envelopes are expected to be as much in favour this winter as they were the two preceding ones. Furs, even in tippets, have not yet made their appearance, but it is expected they will be general; and those of a dark and very valuable kind are spoken of as likely to be most in favour, particularly in muffs. Two pelisses of fine cloth, elegantly and lightly braided, are making for two sisters of distinction; the colour is hermit-brown: they button close to the throat, but the collar, which is

rather narrow, does not stand up; the bust is finished *en plumage*, as are the cuffs.

The bonnets for walking are of coloured sarcenet, of some light, unobtruding tint, and are lined with pink; they are trimmed with variegated ribbon, generally pink and black, the strings in a very loose loop. Carriage hats of white *gros de Naples* are ornamented with bows of white ribbon, and a profusion of full-blown roses, with their foliage: a puffing of white ribbon is worn on the right side of the hair, under the hat, which is wide in front, and only apparently fastened by a loop-string. On some bonnets of white *gros de Naples* for the promenade are seen a few blue corn-flowers and ears of corn. In the best *magazins de modes* may be seen a few bonnets of black satin, and one or two velvet hats, as specimens of winter fashion: one of the latter struck us by the novelty of its shape and the beauty of its plumage; but there is nothing, as yet, very new in this style. The form of the hat alluded to was not quite round, and it required to be placed on one side; the plumage, consisting of several feathers, was taught to play gracefully over the hat, and we think it likely to be a favourite. It will look well, however, only on a tall figure. All the hats are rather smaller in their dimensions than formerly. Crape bonnets are now laid aside, and are succeeded by those of *gros de Naples*, or straw, with dark ribbon and winter flowers.

Home dresses are chiefly of *gros de Naples*, made plain and high, with very wide sleeves; the skirt simply bordered with two narrow *rouleaux* laid close together. A favourite dinner-party dress is a skirt of corn-flower-blue *gros de Naples*, with two broad flounces pointed, and bound at the edges with satin, in bias. The body is of white satin, made *en gerbe*, with full long sleeves of *tulle*, finished at the wrists with very long antique points of blue *gros de Naples*, edged with narrow blond, and confined at the wrists with very broad bracelets of gold, fastened each with a cameo-head. At the shoulders are cleft *mancherons* of blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed at the edges with quillings of blond; the tucker is also formed of a full quilling of blond. Another dinner-party dress is of Chinese gauze, richly striped with satin, in

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various colours; it is trimmed at the border with two rows of folded gauze and coloured satin ribbon put on like flounces: the ribbon is of the colour most predominant in the stripes, and this ornament has a very rich and beautiful effect. The body is *à la Vierge*, and the sleeves are short and full. A half dress of Irish tabinet is much in favour; the colour, Egyptian sand: it has one very broad flounce, over which is an ornament, put on in a sort of zig-zag, of the same material, very full. The body is made high, with a slight fullness in front, and at the back; with a collar turning down, and fastened in front with a bow of variegated ribbon, the same as the sash, which ties before, in two long ends. The sleeves are *en gigot*, without any ornament, and are confined at the wrists with broad gold bracelets, clasped with a large topaz set round with pearls. Another half dress is of primrose-coloured sarcenet, with long white sleeves of crape, *en gigot*, with antique points at the wrists: bracers and sash of celestial-blue ribbon. This dress is terminated at the border with three broad pointed flounces. Morning dresses at present continue white; they button close down the front, and are in the *pelisse* style: they are trimmed like the last new *pelisses*, with fluted plaits down each side of the front, and of the bust; but on these costly morning robes the ornaments are of fine lace. They have a *pelerine* cape, and over that a *colerette-pelerine*, all trimmed in the same manner, with lace. At the wrists are very long antique points, and a plain, simple gold bracelet is placed next the hand. Striped silks are likely to become fashionable for afternoon dresses: we have seen one trimmed at the skirt in a novel manner; the trimming consisted of one very broad bias fold, so that the stripes formed a singular and contrary effect to those downwards on the rest of the petticoat: this ornament was put on without the least fullness, and, where it was affixed to the gown, was concealed by a corkscrew trimming of the same material. The body is *à la Circassienne*, with white sleeves of muslin or crape, not very full: this dress is made partially low.

Dress hats are often worn at evening parties: they are of white crape, placed backward, with floating strings of white

2 K

ribbon, and elegant short plumage, composed of several marabouts, which nearly encircle the crown. Turbans are of the *berêt* kind: they are white and coloured, according to fancy: an ornament of pearls is generally worn in front, when for a full-dress party, with a bird-of-paradise plume floating over the left side. Sometimes the feathers at dress parties are tipped with either pink or blue. Wreaths of roses and jessamine, or knots of ribbon, are favourite ornaments on the hair of young persons. *Toques*, formed of narrow *rouleaux* of white satin, are an elegant novelty, covering little more than one side of the hair; a few flat short feathers constitute the ornaments. The new dress-caps have no cawls, but instead are cross bars of wired ribbon, covered with gauze ribbons. Small caps of *blond* are much worn in half-dress, ornamented with flowers: the morning *cornettes* are quite of a French pattern, rather large, of fine lace, and profusely ornamented with coloured gauze ribbons. The caps for home costume have long strings or lappets, floating, of broad ribbon edged round with narrow *blond*: the ribbon is always of the same colour as the flowers that adorn the front of the cap. Turbans of coloured gauze, without ornaments, are much in favour for half-dress.

The favourite colours are pomegranate-red, pink, willow-green, Egyptian-sand, celestial-blue, and cinnamon-brown.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

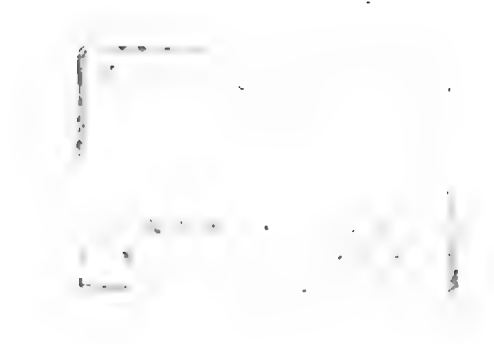
COSTUME OF PARIS.

WITH us Parisians the benefit of a distinguished actor, or the first representation of a new piece, is sure to collect together all that is distinguished in the gay world by rank, beauty, and fashion. There was a brilliant assemblage lately at the Feydeau on a benefit: of the attire there displayed I shall hereafter have occasion to speak; but let me commence, according to routine, with out-door costume.

The weather having been tolerably mild

for the declining season, we witness many high dresses of *gros de Naples*, with only the addition of a pelerine. These appendages are, however, of a novel form, being square, and of the *fichu* kind, and are trimmed all round with fluted quilling, of which trimming there is a double row. A few mantles have appeared, but there is nothing novel in their make, though they appear quite fresh and new from the *magazines de modes*. As yet, however, scarcely any thing is decided respecting the winter out-door fashions.

In hats and bonnets, without being in anywise national, I think you ought to yield the palm to us; for the invention of the Parisian milliners is never at a loss in giving some new feature to these essential head-coverings. The most admired for the public promenade is a bonnet of Leghorn, of a shape peculiarly becoming, and much resembling what was worn several years ago, when I was in England, called the woodman bonnet; only that this new Parisian bonnet is shorter at the ears. It is trimmed with a ribbon of an immense breadth, yellow spotted with mahogany brown, in very long puffs, which stand upright against the crown, in front: long strings, which would look awkward in a loop, and are too broad to tie, float loose, and have a very rich and beautiful effect. White chip bonnets, though certainly most appropriate to the summer, are yet worn: they are trimmed round the crown with a coronet-ornament, in points, of purple satin; and are trimmed with ends of ribbon, formed into large tulips of jonquil and violet-colour. Others are ornamented in the same manner, with bright crimson and royal blue; the coronet-band, which divides the crown from the brim, of both colours, but the same kind of ornament, with the points reversed, at the top of the crown, is only of royal blue. Our present morning-bonnets have nothing to boast of as to improvements in their form, or their becomingness: some of these are of a dull pea-green *gros de Naples*, with bows of murrey-coloured sarcenet, ill disposed. The hats that are worn at the public promenades are placed so forward as to discover the nape of the neck. On hats of figured *gros de Naples*, a branch of musk-roses is placed in bias across the front of the crown; or







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sometimes they are ornamented with fancy flowers, which are all spotted. We often now see black and pink ribbons mingled together in the trimmings of some hats, which seem to warn us of the approach of winter, when these two colours blended are generally in requisition. The white feathers which ornament these hats are always black at the base. A blond, headed by a black binding, is placed at the edge, and at the top of the crown. Bonnets of blue watered *gros de Naples*, with chequers in diamonds, are trimmed with blue ribbons with broad black stripes. One black bonnet has appeared, lined with cherry-coloured satin, and a half wreath, formed of puffs of cherry-coloured ribbon, was placed diagonally across the crown. These ribbons were in satin. Black blond at the edges of bonnets now begins to be in high favour; especially on straw-coloured bonnets, and sometimes this ornament is seen at the borders of those of Leghorn.

Dresses of coloured lawn, finely embroidered in silk, are much in favour; they have three flounces, finished at the edges by embroidery; these dresses are most admired when of the very palest shade of olive green. The sleeves are *engigot*; and over these dresses is worn a *fichu* of Organdy, trimmed round with frills; a ruff, of lace, encircles the throat. The dress-gowns are made low, discovering the shoulders, and are square across the bust, but do not conceal it so much as was the fashion last autumn and the succeeding winter. Muslin dresses are yet seen in *demi parure* when the weather is mild and dry: they are trimmed at the border of the skirt with three rows of triple flounces, very full and narrow; between each row is a light and beautiful pattern in embroidery: the body, though it encircles the neck, *à la Vierge*, is made almost high, and is finished at the bust *en gerbe*. Round the tucker part, which approaches the throat, is a falling ornament of broad Vandyke-lace, surmounted by a full quilling of narrow *tulle*. The sleeves are moderately wide, and are finished at the wrists by a broad double frill, divided in the middle by a bracelet of turquoise stones. Cachemire gauze, of cherry-colour, is a favourite material for candle-light dresses;

they are trimmed with narrow white blond, and have sleeves of white gauze over short sleeves of cherry-colour, which descend nearly to the elbow. Dark brown muslin printed dresses are much worn in home-costume; the patterns, generally in yellow and *ponçeau*, forming stripes entwined with flowers: the flounces are always cut in bias, and are headed by *rouleaux*. After rose colour for dress-gowns, Munster-green is most in vogue. Spotted and sprigged poplins are expected to be very fashionable this winter. Young persons at private dances wear dresses of *cot-pati*; the ground white, with very broad stripes of rose-colour, yellow and blue.

The dress-hats worn at the theatres are placed very much on one side. Small dress-caps have bows and strings of what we call *Greek ribbon*: this ribbon is of gauze, with a Greek cross stamped upon it: to this are added branches of myrtle. Ribbons, either in puffings or bows, form a very favourite ornament on the hair when it is well arranged for the evening party. *Berêts*, Bolivar hats, and *toques*, are still in favour: one of the *toques*, in white crape, has been greatly admired; an ornament lies on the hair, which gives to it the appearance of a little hat, and this serves as a support to marabouts and flat white feathers. It is truly elegant, but fit only for full dress: on dark hair this head-dress looks particularly well. I mention this, because I know, that as well as an *arbitrer elegantiarum*, you are a censor, too, against all unbecoming and *outré* fashions. Morning caps are trimmed with a profusion of Valenciennes lace; with this I find fault; for though valuable, that lace has a thickness which renders it requisite to be used sparingly near the face; and it is heavy, and unfit for the trimming of caps; it should, certainly, be confined to the borders of dresses, *bonnets-de-Nuits*, and other night-clothes. Many ladies ornament their hair with small *bouquets* of the cotton blossom, or everlasting; and the dress-hats worn by our matrons are of *gros de Naples*, satin, or gauze, and have long white feathers.

The favourite colours are Munster-green, pink, blue, marshmallow-blossom, cherry-colour, and jonquil.

DRESS OF THE MOGUL LADIES.

THE heat of the climate in the Mogul dominions compels the ladies belonging to the harem of the Great Mogul to clothe themselves in the lightest and thinnest garments possible. There are in that country, manufactures where silks of so fine a texture are fabricated, that a most complete dress will weigh only one ounce. The women sleep in their clothes, and change them every morning, never making use again of those they have once worn; every day they chuse a different colour. They adorn themselves with an immense quantity of jewels; the collar of their robe is edged with two rows of diamonds, placed between two rows of pearls, and crosses over the breast. Their ear-rings and their

bracelets are of surprising beauty; their fingers, and even their toes, which their sandals discover, are loaded with rings of immense value. The wives of the Great Mogul, and the Princesses, his daughters, wear on the thumb of the right hand a small looking-glass set round with pearls, enchased in a ring, on which their eyes are fixed incessantly. This, indeed, seems their chief occupation. The ornament that is most becoming to them is a belt of gold, about two fingers in breadth, enriched with precious stones; to this girdle hangs a sort of scarf of the same metal, powdered over with small diamonds, the points terminated by knots of pearls. What is more surprising, almost every female has, at least, six or eight sets of pearls.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

THE publishing season appears to commence with *Death's Doings*—we hope the title is not ominous—“*Death's Doings, in Twenty-Four Plates, Designed and Etched by R. Dagley, Author of ‘Select Gems from the Antique,’ &c., with Illustrations in Prose and Verse; the friendly Contributions of Various Writers.*” This is altogether an extraordinary volume. The designs, executed in a slight yet graceful style—if aught connected with death can be termed graceful—display much point, ingenuity, and moral. The idea was doubtlessly suggested by Holbein's “Dance of Death,” and other works of a similar character. To us, however, the chief curiosity of the volume presents itself in the literary illustrations. Each of the plates has two, and occasionally, three illustrations, some in verse, some in prose, by different writers; and, as the designs are illustrated by the writing, not the writing by the designs, it is exceedingly amusing—interesting even—to observe the various points of view in which the same pictorial subject may be understood, imagined, or wrought into descrip-

tion and narrative, by persons of different genius and powers.

Citing various instances, *pro* and *con*, Mr. Dagley remarks, in his Introduction, that few of the designs of skeleton forms have been so managed as not to border on the ludicrous. He continues—

Of their capability of, and tendency to the caricature, a very recent instance appeared in some examples of death-like figures engaged in a variety of occupations, as gambling, dancing, boxing, &c. &c. These designs were chalked upon a wall bordering the road from Turnham Green towards Kew Bridge; they were drawn of the natural size, and displayed, on the part of the unknown artist, no small skill in composition and character. Of the artist's intentions there can be no question: it was to exhibit forms the most strikingly grotesque. But they are now swept away, like many other efforts of art, to give place to the names and nostrums of the charlatans of the day.

We have quoted this passage, chiefly for the purpose of mentioning what has been stated, that the sketches alluded to were made by a nephew of Mr. Baron Garrow,

a young man, who at that time had out-run both his own means and the patience of his relations, and was living in unenviable retirement nearly opposite the scene of his early morning operations. The gentleman, it has been added, has lately obtained a situation in India.

The literary illustrations of Mr. Dagley's twenty-four plates are about sixty in number. Amongst the writers, whose names are tolerably familiar to the reading world, we find Driver (the author of the *Arabs*) the Rev. H. Stebbing, L. E. L. (Miss Landon) J. F. Pennie, Pyne (Ephraim Hardcastle) Maunder, the Author of the *Lollards*, Mrs. Hoffland, J. and C. Ollier, Harral, W. H. Watts, Jerdan, Carrington, Barry Cornwall, Forbes, &c. Many of the pieces are anonymous. It would be impossible to render justice to the book, or to its contributors, unless we could transcribe the plates as well as their illustrations. By a word or two of description, however, we will endeavour to convey some idea of the nature of the work.

The first plate, entitled *The Poet*, exhibits a bard in the act of writing an Ode to Immortality; a scroll, inscribed, Greece, 1824, lies upon the floor; Death, from behind, his head entwined with laurel, is on the point of placing an extinguisher on the poet's taper. One of the accompanying illustrations, bearing the signature of ALFRED, and probably by the Rev. G. Croly, is as follows:—

Thou art vanished! Like the blast
Bursting from the midnight cloud;
Like the lightning, thou art past,—
Earth has seen no nobler shroud!

Now is quenched the flashing eye,
Now is chilled the burning brow,
All the poet that can die;
Homer's self is but as thou.

Thou hast drunk life's richest draught,
Glory, tempter of the soul!
Wild and deep thy spirit quaff'd,
There was poison in the bowl.

Then the haunting visions rose,
Spectres round thy bosom's throne.
Poet! what shall paint thy woes,
But a pencil like thine own?

Thou art vanish'd! Earthly fame,
See of what thy pomps are made!
Genius, stoop thine eye of flame!
Byron's self is but a shade.

Two plates, respectively entitled *The Pilgrim* and *The Scroll*, are very happily illustrated by L. E. L., to whose genius the subjects are well adapted. A third plate, *The Serenade*, is equally well treated by the same lady.

With *Death and the Captive*, as illustrated by the Rev. H. Stebbing, we are much pleased. "The author, in order, as it would appear, to avoid the almost inevitable monotony of the subject, has represented the Captive as at first mistaking the vision of the King of Terrors for that of Liberty—the burning passionate hope of the heart, cherished through years of gloom, may well, indeed, be imagined to have this effect in the feverish excitement of struggling nature." We give the first stanza, and the two last; remarking that, in the design as well as in the poem, there is a deep and affecting interest.

LIBERTY! Liberty! thou last heard
My weary prayer at length,
But the plumeless wing of the captive bird
Is shorn of its buoyant strength;
I am too weary now to roam
Through sun-light and the air,
To bear me to my mountain home,
Or joy if I were there.

* * * * *

And thou art she—the holy one!
Whose banner o'er the world,
Before their destined race was run,
Chiefs, prophets, saints, unfurled;
Art thou the starry form that bowed
Beside the patriot's shield,
When, with clos'd lips and bosom proud,
They bore him from the field?

Thou art not she,—I know thee now!
The glorious dream is past,—
There is a fever on my brow,
And life is ebbing fast.
Unmoved I bow me to thy power,
Stern friend of human kind!
Thou canst not make the spirit cower,
A dungeon could not bind.

One of the most ingenious illustrations in the volume, conceived and expressed in a happy vein of serious humour, is *Death at the Toilet*, by the author of *The Lollards*, *Witchfinder*, &c. A beautiful girl appears decorating herself for a ball, attended by Death, under the guise of a waiting-maid. The piece is long; but the three concluding stanzas bear the moral.

"But saw'st thou," Death inquired, "altho' so fair

And almost more than mortal to behold,
How Chloe, dressing, to her aid called there
Wreaths, toys, and gewgaws, more than can
be told?"

"I did, and marvelled at the fruitless care,
Thus whitening snow, or gilding purest gold,
And still, when all as I thought had been tried,
Her milliner new finery supplied."

"And while you leisurely could this descry,"
Said Death, "who waited on her did you
ask?"

Know the attendant you beheld—was I!

'Twas I who wore the officious servant's
mask!

The fair was destined in life's bloom to die;
To hand the fatal trappings was my task:
Wholly superfluous I deemed often force,
And let the thoughtless beauty take her
course.

"'Tis thus that Death accomplishes his aim:
Most human beings sigh for what destroys;
Mirth, Vanity, and Pleasure, play my game,
And crush life's hopes beneath deluding joys.
More perish from caprice, and Fashion's whim,
Than by the cannon, battle's rage employs—
But I must hence,—another glass is out,
And I am going to my lady's rout."

The plate entitled *Life's Assurance* presents the interior of a Life Assurance Office. At a desk inscribed "*Mors and Co.*," stands Death, as actuary or clerk. An aged man with his staff, and attended by his faithful dog, is receiving from the skeleton a policy of insurance. An old woman, leaving the office, is intently perusing one of the policies. Mr. Harral, the illustrator, treats the subject as a portion of a wild dream. The narrator had grown old: though solitary in the world, he retained an insatiate desire for life. His dream has many changes. He wanders from his home at night.

Ha! 'twas a sudden flash! that spire,
Seen through the lightning's lurid fire,
Had met my gaze before! Deep, deep,
In Memory's page, awake, asleep,
It dwelt in sacred vividness,
Through weal through woe, my soul to bless.
MARY!—My vows!—the bright, bright ray
That shone upon our favoured day—
The joyous peal that on our ear
Rang its glad changes, full and clear—
The words that, 'neath that sacred shrine,
Proclaimed thee mine—for ever mine!—

Yet sweetly haunted me—when, lo!
A change came o'er my dream of woe!
It was a rapid, sudden change,
To darkness—mist—moonlight—a range
Of mountains in the distance; then,
A desert heath, from press of men
Removed; and then, a fitful sky
Of battling clouds—of anarchy—
From which the moon, with sullen ray,
Looked down on mortal man's decay.
The place of tombs was frowning there:
Beneath that beam, so coldly fair,
The bones of beauty, youth, and age,
Were bleaching. Winter's fiercest rage,
And summer's gale—the breeze—the blast—
O'er that lone scene unheeded passed,
Nor waked the sleepers.

He discovers the grave of his wife:—

I read:—"MARY, the honoured wife"—
MARY! my worshipped love! the life
Of life! *My Mary*—art thou gone?

* * * * *

Another change.—Lo, now there shone
A glorious sun in Heaven;—and yet
The yew-tree's sable pall was wet
With tears of night;—and yet the mound—
Not grassless now, but ozier-bound—
Was there;—and still the moaning gale
Sighed o'er that stone—that tribute frail.
But time had dimmed its freshness—moss
Crept o'er the words that spoke the loss
My widowed soul had known.—Beneath
A rank and deadly nightshade wreath
These broken lines I read:—"Here sleeps
Her husband"—"*LIFE'S ASSURANCE*"—
"weeps"—

"In anguish weeps."

The vision fled—

I was no more amongst the dead—
The world's swift stream—the rushing
throng—

Carried me with its tide along,
Like a seared leaf that yet lives on,
When all its kindred leaves are gone.
Strange, that amidst the ceaseless strife,
Though joy was dead, I longed for life!
Those words—those words—that vision still
Haunted my heart and brain. The will,
Without the power to live, was mine.
O, for some voice—some voice divine—
To whisper to my secret ear,
"*Life — Life's ASSURANCE — waits thee
HERE!*"

He descries the figure of Hope—receives
from her a magic cap—becomes invigorated
and inspired—gazes around—and, on the
portal of a stately mansion, beholds an

inscription, the object of his long and anxious research.

Ha! "LIFE'S ASSURANCE!"—Breathe I yet!
I rushed within the gate—I met
The fleshless form—the orbless eye—
The breast without a heart—a sigh—
That man's worst foe declared! Around—
Huge folios—bags of gold—embrowned
With dust of time:—Was gold the price
Of earth's *still* longed-for Paradise?
"Ah! give me years of vigour—health—
And take, O, take my sordid wealth!"

The spectre grimly smiled, and said:—
"Thou fool—go, rest thee with the dead!
Behold yon feeble withered crone—
Like *thee*, she'd breathe, a thriftless drone—
Like *thee*, she'd live o'er life again,
Through years of feverish grief and pain.
To-morrow, she must meet her doom—
To-morrow, rest within the tomb!"

"Thy days are numbered, too. Away!
Thy mother earth now chides thy stay!
Go—and, within her silent home,
Await the life—the *life to come*!"
With gaunt and outstretched arm he gave
A scroll—my passport to the grave.
I shrank, and read with gasping breath—
"Thy LIFE'S ASSURANCE is alone through
DEATH!"

The Martyr Student, by Mr. Carrington, author of *Dartmoor*, is a beautiful poem. Several clever, humorous pieces, from the pens of Mr. Maunder and others, appear, but we have no room for further extract. Amongst the prose efforts, we were particularly struck by *The Hypochondriac*, a tale by an anonymous writer; and by *The Foreboding*, a Sketch, by Mr. C. Ollier. *The Hypochondriac*, after encountering a host of imaginary ills, is assured that, to swallow a living spider, will afford him effectual relief. His resolution is not equal to the effort: he sees a spider in every article of food he swallows; and he dreams of a spider with a body the size and exact resemblance of a human skull, and legs like those of a skeleton, which crawls up to his mouth and is about to enter! The poor wretch actually dies in a paroxysm of terror.

After the extent to which we have carried this notice, it will be unnecessary to offer any further recommendation of the book.

The "*Forget-Me-Not*, a Christmas and New-Year's present for 1827," the eldest of our elegant annuals, and "*The Amulet*,"

the youngest, have this year gained the start of all their competitors. Of the "*Forget-Me-Not*," we shall first speak. The embellishments, we have much pleasure in observing, are, upon the whole, of a higher order of merit, than were those for the preceding year; a circumstance which abundantly testifies the spirit and liberality of the respectable publisher from whose establishment the work proceeds. The *Mother's Grave*, and *Love's Motto*, are engraved by E. Finden, from designs by R. Westall; *First Love*, is by A. W. Warren, after J. Porter; *Dover*, is by E. Finden, after S. Owen; *Maria de Torquemada*, taking the Veil, is by W. Finden, after R. Westall; and *The Stag*, is by E. Finden, after R. Hills. Prout has three admirable subjects, all beautifully executed: *Sepulchral Monument at Verona*, by E. Finden; *Interior of the Castle of Chillon*, by H. Le Keux; and, *The Place and Church of St. Mark, Venice*, by A. Freebairn. *Sir Roger De Coverley in Love*, and *Love and Duty*, are engraved by C. Heath, the former after J. Porter, the latter after H. Corbould. *Princess Elizabeth at Woodstock*, is by R. W. Smart, from a design by H. Fradelle; and the *Escape of Mary Queen of Scots from Lochleven Castle*, is by W. Finden, from a design by R. Westall.

As the character of the embellishments is heightened this year, so also is, we think, the list of literary contributors, many of the names in which we have the pleasure of recognizing as appropriate to the most valued auxiliaries of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. Besides many others, we find L. E. L., the Rev. G. Croly, Delta, D. L. Richardson, Mrs. Bowdich, Bowring, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hemans, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, the Rev. Dr. Booker, D. Lyndsay, Kenney, Bird, the Rev. G. Woodley, the Rev. R. Polwhele, Mrs. Grant, Brandreth, Luscombe, Hood, the author of the *Duke of Mantua*, A. Balfour, Miss Roberts, Barton, the author of the *Chronicles of London Bridge*, H. Neele, Miss Benger, &c.—Of the numerous and varied contributions of these writers it is impossible for us to speak at length. Though both may be deemed excellent, the prose pieces are, in our estimation, superior to those in verse. Amongst the best of the former are—*Amba*, the *Witch's Daughter*, by Mrs. Bowdich;

Hans in Kelder, a Legend of the Great Frost, by the author of *Chronicles of London Bridge*; Maximilian and his Daughter, by Miss Roberts; the Comet, by Henry Neele; Visit to Chillon, illustrating one of Prout's designs, by the Rev. W. B. Clarke; the Attacked Escort, a Spanish Scene; and The Bridal Ornaments, a Legend of Thuringia, by D. Lyndsay.

Of the poetry, we must take leave to remark, that *The Bridal Eve*, a Dramatic Scene, by Miss Mitford, is not an original: it appeared in a weekly publication, three or four years ago; as did another dramatic scene of Miss Mitford's which was re-published in the *Forget-Me-Not* for 1826.

Unfortunately for us, the prose contributions are, all of them, much too long for our purpose of extract: we must, therefore, though reluctantly, confine ourselves to a single brief specimen of the poetical effusions by which the volume is enriched, from the pen of the Rev. G. Croly. It is entitled *The Monument*; and, in description, it is charmingly picturesque.

The place was thick with many a stately tree,
 In dim, autumnal beauty, arching o'er,
 Shedding its painted leaves, as you might see
 The marbles on some rich cathedral floor;
 The sunbeams feebly pierced the branches hour,
 Touching with trembling gold the leafy gloom:
 All silent there, as if the world were o'er;
 Not even the redbreast waved his little plume;—
 It was a place of calm—a palace of the tomb!

And in the deeper covert was a shrine,
 On which seem'd sleeping laid a beauty rare;
 Oh, why for this world's grandeur shall we pine,
 When fadeth thus all that it hath most fair!
 And with pale, marble hands uplift in prayer,
 Beside her knelt, in lovely sorrow drown'd,
 A sister-form, with deep-dishevelled hair,
 Gazing, as if she heard the solemn sound
 Of watching angel's hymns above that holy ground.

"*The Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer, for the Year 1827*," as will be recollected from our notice of the first volume,* is intended chiefly for what is

denominated, by way of distinction, the religious world. The appearance of the work—its typography and embellishments—are, this year, greatly improved. The plates, ten in number, exclusively of two plates of autographs, are from original drawings and paintings, by Westall, Corbould, Howard, Stephanoff, Wright, Farrier, Stothard, &c., engraved by Rolls, Robinson, Finden, Ensom, Heath, Engelheart, Romney, Shenton, and Wallis. Some of them are beautiful, but we could wish the paper to have been of a less glaring white. The autographs, accompanied by brief chronological notices, are of the Archbishops Laud, Juxon, Tillotson, Cranmer, and Usher—the Bishops Foxe and Boner—the Lord Chancellor Gardiner, Cardinal Wolsey, Oliver Cromwell, Lord William Russell, Lady Rachael Russell, William Penn, General Monk, the Earl of Strafford, Anne Boleyn, and John Milton.

In the list of literary contributors we miss some of the names which appeared last year; and, on the other hand, several new ones of great respectability occur. Amongst the principal we notice, the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., the Rev. G. Croly, the Author of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, Josiah Conder, Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Opie, the Author of *May You Like It*, Bowring, Miss Mitford, Bernard Barton, Mrs. Hoffman, the Rev. T. Dale, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, Miss Landon, the Rev. H. Stebbing, Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, Henry Neele, Miss Roberts, the Author of the *Duke of Mantua*, the Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D., Crofton Croker, Edward Atherstone, Eugenius Roche, the Rev. W. S. Gilly, &c. From these names it will readily be inferred, that the literary merit of the volume is not likely to prove inferior to that of last year; though we cannot help thinking, that, it contains too much "twaddle," for the gratification of the more liberal and enlightened portion of the "religious world." The *Old Maid's Prayer to Diana*, by the late Mrs. Henry Tighe, has unquestionably appeared before in many publications; and we have some doubt, whether the *Stanzas on the Night-blowing Cereus*, by the same lady, are original. Amongst the prose productions, we particularly distinguish *The Children of Ravendale*, by the author

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. ii. page 66.

of the Duke of Mantua ; the structure of which is admirably dramatic. Dr. Walsh's account of the Armenian Christians at Constantinople, is an interesting narrative. Miss Roberts presents us with a neat and well-pointed little dramatic sketch, entitled *The Witch's Ordeal*. The idea strikes us as altogether new, and very happy. The following lines "On Meeting some Friends of Youth at Cheltenham, for the first Time since we parted at Oxford," by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, are in the venerable author's best style.

HERE the companions of our careless prime,
Whom fortune's various ways had sever'd long
Since that fair dawn, when Hope her vernal song
Sung blythe,—with features marked by stealing time,
At these restoring springs are met again !
We, young adventurers, on life's opening road,
Set out together :—to their last abode
Some have sunk silent—some awhile remain—
Some are dispersed :—of many, growing old
In life's obscurer bourne, no tale is told.
Here, ere the shades of the long night descend,
And all our wanderings in oblivion end,
The parted meet once more—and pensive trace
(Marked by that hand unseen, whose iron pen
Writes, "Mortal change," upon the fronts of men)
The creeping furrows in each other's face.
"Where shall we meet again?" reflection sighs.
"Where?—In the dust!" TIME, rushing on, replies.
Then hail the hope that lights the pilgrim's way,
Where there is neither change, nor darkness, nor decay !

The richest poetical gem of the volume, however, is *The Cross in the Wilderness*, by Mrs. Hemans. Notwithstanding its length, we must venture to transcribe it, at length, for the pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*.

Silent and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb ;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

No. 23.—Vol. IV.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,

And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour shone
With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he too paused in reverence by that grave,
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright wave ;

Till, as a wind might stir a wither'd oak,
On the deep dream of age his accents broke :

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said,—
"I listened for the words, which years ago
Passed o'er these waters : though the voice is fled

Which made them as a singing fountain's flow ;
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

"Ask'st thou of Him, whose house is lone beneath ?

I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,

To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.
Many the times of flowers have been since then,—

Many, but bringing nought like *Him* again !

"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came

O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe ;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,

Laying their cedars like the corn-stalks low ;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls as with the morning's wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone !

He told of One, the grave's dark bands who broke,

And our hearts burned within us as he spoke !

"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell.
Bright must they be ! for *there* are none that die,

And none that weep, and none that say,
'Farewell !'

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He came to guide us thither,—but away
The happy called him, and he might not stay.

“ We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time:
Therefore we hoped—but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes—and finds not Him.

“ We gathered round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree;
From his clear voice at first the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea;
But swelled, and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

“ And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
And his white eye-lids fluttered, and his head
Fell back, and mists upon his forehead hung—
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the dead?
It is enough!—he sank upon my breast,—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest!

“ We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide;
We reared this cross in token where he lay,
For on the cross, he said, his Lord had died!
Now hath he surely reached, o'er mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave!

“ But I am sad—I mourn the clear light taken
Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone;
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast.”

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling eye:—

“ Son of the wilderness, despair thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot:
Heaven darkly works,—yet where the seed hath been,
There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen.

“ Hope on, hope ever!—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;

And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold, silent months, the woods among;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains;

“ Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,
But as a lovely song, to leave no trace!
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken,
And the full day-spring rise upon thy race!
And fading mists the better paths disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose.”

So by the cross they parted, in the wild,
Each fraught with musings for life's after day,

Memories to visit *one*, the Forest's Child,
By many a blue stream on its lonely way;
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs to press
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

The first volume of a most useful work of reference has appeared, under the title of “ *A General Biographical Dictionary, containing a Summary Account of the Lives of Eminent Persons of all Nations, previous to the present Generation.*” It is promised that the work shall be completed in two volumes; but as the present volume, consisting of 902 closely, but very neatly-printed 8vo. pages, in double columns, extends no farther than the letter G, three, we presume, will be required, to render it justice. Nor is this to be at all regretted: the few shillings' additional cost, in consequence, will be more than compensated, by the increased intrinsic value of the dictionary, whether regarded as a reading book, or only as a work of reference. With the execution of this first volume we are much pleased: it is not only upon a larger scale than Watkins's well-known Biographical Dictionary, but, as far as we have been able to examine, it has the additional merit of all the articles having been re-written—of being well digested—of its statements and opinions being at once liberal and impartial. With the plan, however, we are not altogether so well satisfied: in fact, it appears to us to be very objectionable. One chief distinction of the undertaking, the editor informs us in his preface, “ has been formed by an attempt to do more justice to names of undeniable pretension, partly by an increase of space, but still more by an infusion of spirit into the condensation. In order to effect this

double purpose the more completely, a great number of such names as are obscure and unimportant, have been taken away from the body of the work, and given, in a smaller letter, as an Alphabetical Appendix at its termination. This arrangement has not only allowed the compilers a greater scope for new names of importance (the number of which has added not a little to their labour), but to be more full and accurate in affording lists, dates, and various other points of information, from recently published works of research and imagination." The advantages expressed in the last sentence we admit to be great; but, the throwing of a number of less important names into an alphabetical appendix at the close of the work, is an arrangement of great inconvenience to the person who reads or consults the dictionary, as it must, in many instances, without any compensating benefit, compel him to refer to two alphabets instead of one.

Then we are told that, "as to lives that are essentially *historical*," "the compilers have selected those only, in which the character of the individual distinguishes him from and amidst the transactions in which he was engaged. It is evident, for instance, that to sketch the majority of the lives of sovereigns, rulers, warriors, and statesmen, would be only to supply a vague summary of public events; for which, after all, the limits would be as insufficient as the detail would be unsatisfactory." This appears to be injudicious: certainly "the lives of sovereigns, rulers, warriors, and statesmen," with the requisite dates, should be inserted, howsoever briefly. The more numerous the names are in a biographical dictionary, the greater must be its general utility. It frequently happens, that a mere date is the sole object of reference; and it is not for the editor of a work of this class to expressly decide for others as to what names ought or ought not to be admitted. In regard, however, to the sovereigns and certain other characters of our own country, this general rule is not adhered to.

On the same principle, scriptural lives ought not to be omitted: the shorter the account the better, but they should have been inserted. Respecting the fabulous personages of the mythology and poetry of Greece and Rome, we, on the other hand,

agree with the editor in the propriety of their omission, on the principle "that they are sufficient of themselves to fill, and really do occupy a work as large as that purposed."

We have urged these objections, chiefly because, should they be seen by the editor in the light that we view them, they may be in part obviated in the progress of the work, and altogether upon the publication of another edition. The work will be found a valuable acquisition to every library.

"*The History of Scotland, from the Roman Invasion till the Suppression of the Rebellion in 1745; with Exercises for the Use of Schools, or of Private Students; by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, Minister of Douglas*, in one closely-printed volume, is a very useful and ably-executed book. In his Preface the author observes, that it "is offered to the public neither as an abridgment nor as a compilation;" and that "for the accuracy of the facts related, and the style of the narrative," "he is alone and wholly responsible." It is written with great conciseness, simplicity, and perspicuity; the exercises at the close of each chapter are well adapted to fix the principal events in the mind of the student; the reflections and observations scattered throughout are sensible and judicious; and the work cannot fail of being regarded as a valuable addition to our elementary literature.

An 8vo. volume, of somewhat less than 300 pages, under the title of "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a Series of Letters, written by Himself, with a Preface, &c., by Elizabeth Frank*," will be read with much and general satisfaction. Mr. Murray was a truly amiable and benevolent man; and by his efforts in support of religion, and in the extension of education, he has proved himself a great and permanent benefactor of the human race.

"*The Nun, by William Elliott, of the 58th Regt. B.N.I.*," is an effusion very unequal in point of poetical merit, and decidedly objectionable in its structure and moral tendency. Mr. Elliott possesses genius; but his genius requires cultivation, training, and restraint.

"*The Minstrel's Tale, and other Poems*,
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by George Moore," are not without merit, but their merit is of rather an humble class. With much occasional prettiness of phraseology, they are sadly deficient in life, spirit, and feeling.

The Fourth and Fifth Nos. of "*The Stanley Tales*," now before us, contain two-and-twenty pieces, many of which are old favourites with the public. Among these are "*La Roche*," by Mackenzie; "*The Elopement*," from the Italian; "*Jenny Kelly*," &c. The work fully sustains the favourable impression which its earlier numbers produced.

A new and improved edition has just been published of "*The Beauties of Eminent Writers, selected and arranged for the Instruction of Youth, in the proper reading and reciting of the English Language*," in two volumes, by William Scott, late teacher of elocution and geography in Edinburgh. To the second volume has been added a selection of passages, principally from living poets, and biographical notices of all the writers from whose works the extracts in these volumes are made. The extracts are judiciously selected, but the outline of the elements of elocution is somewhat deficient in perspicuity.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Mary, think of me*:" *Ballad*. Words by T. Bayley, Esq. Music by A. Lee.—Willis.

Mr. Lee has made one of those hits in this little melody which occurs but once or twice in the course of man's life; it is simple, natural, and original. Mr. L. has not done justice to it by his arrangement of the first two verses: those vile twiddle-diddle old-fashioned arpeggio accompaniments are an absolute antidote to any thing like good feeling. The last verse is in better style, but even that might be improved upon.

"*The Summer Rose*;" *Ballad*, by T. W. Crouch.—Cramer, Addison and Beale.

We confess that this ballad is too simple to suit our taste: we require a little *sauce piquante*, and have an aversion to $\frac{6}{8}$ allegretto pastorals, unless they fall into marvellously good hands. It is, however, of its class, a very pleasing specimen; and as it happens to lie in our *portefeuille*, next to

Batchelor Cutler's *Rose*, we view it with more complacency than we otherwise should.

"*I will Listen*:" a *Ballad*, composed by Thos. Millar.—Willis and Co.

This song bears evident marks of a tyro in composition. More practice and study will, we think, render Mr. M. a pleasing composer; but we should recommend his next composition to be even still more simple in construction, and to appear *post longo intervallo*. There is a very conspicuous *non sequitur* in the third line, last bar of the symphony.

"*La Speranza*:" a *Canzonett*, by G. Rovedino.—Willis and Co.

A very elegant trifle, worthy of Sig. Rovedino's taste.

PIANO-FORTE.

Fantasia on the much-admired Duett, Non palpitar mia vita, in the Opera of Medea, by P. Cianchettini. Op. 15.—Willis and Co.

The theme on which Mr. Cianchettini has grounded his composition is not only elegant in itself, but particularly well adapted to an arrangement of the kind; and though this fantasia is certainly a pleasing and tasteful lesson, yet we should have wished the subject treated in a more scientific manner. There appears to us a want of design, which not even the name the composer has bestowed on it can excuse. There are two or three chords on the pedal bass, page 11, which rather puzzle our comprehension to account for; but, barring these defects, the piece is brilliant and taking.

Sonatina for the Piano-forte, with Violin or Flute ad lib.; No. 2, by J. B. Cramer.—Do.

This is one of a class of compositions very useful and rarely met with; namely, lessons of sufficient facility for beginners, combined with some taste and expression. Composers of science and ability will seldom condescend to bagatelles of this nature; therefore the musical world should duly appreciate Mr. Cramer's condescension, in lowering his gigantic conceptions to the calibre of juvenile intellect. The Sonatina consists of three movements: an alleg. mod., an andante and rondo. Of the merits we need say nothing. The flute accompaniment is trifling, but pleasing, and very easy.

Fantasic for the Piano-forte, and Flute ad lib. on Airs in the Sacrifice Interrompu, by J. B. Cramer.—Cramer and Co.

Amongst the many arrangements of the Operfest which the production of this opera in an English form has given birth to, we doubt if any is altogether so tangible and so pleasing as Mr. Cramer's. This piece consists of an introduction, an andante sostenuto, connected by a short original allegro con biro, with a movement alla Marcia, and concluding with a rondo allegretto in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. The whole arrangement is easy, natural, and elegant; and the subjects are kept in constant play in a most delightful manner.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

DRURY-LANE.

WE regret to say we cannot, as yet, very highly praise the government of this theatre. Whether any important change will take place in consequence of the presence of the principal, remains to be proved. We have had several new appearances; but all, with one or two exceptions, barely respectable. Miss E. Tree, on whose talents the metropolitan press has, for some time previously to her appearance, been extremely voluble, opened in *Donna Violante*, in Mrs. Centlivre's well-constructed, but indelicate comedy of *The Wonder*. There are, both in the voice and manner of Miss E. Tree, kindred qualities to the attractions of her sister, the present Mrs. Bradshaw: there is the same deep silveriness in her voice; the same ardour and excess of feeling in her slightest movement. Her *Violante* is an interesting and well-ordered, rather than a perfect performance. There is a manifest want of finish in both the subtleties and anger of the perplexing *Donna*; she has not, as Tobin expresses it, "a lurking devil in her eye;" her natural softness and amiability were too apparent in the spirit of the Spanish maiden. This leads us to believe that Miss E. Tree will ultimately be more successful in the personification of the retiring and the delicate, than the teasing and coquetish. She appears rather fitted for the heroine of a pastoral tale, than the empress of the drawing-room. The young lady is doubtless an acquisition to the theatre, and has evidently every indulgence from the public. There cannot possibly be imagined a more spirited sketch than that of the *Flora* of Mrs. Davidson. Her scene with *Inez* (which, by-the-bye, was played with a well-contrasting meekness by Mrs. Orger) was the finest touch throughout the comedy. Mr.

Wallack entirely fails in *Don Felix*; it is crude, disjointed, and, what is horrible in a Spanish lover, almost insensible. Mr. Wallack should never step out of melo-drama; when he gets either into Shakspeare or true comedy, the exhibition is generally most melancholy. Harley's *Lisardo* is a merry, smirking villain, that cheats one of applause despite of ourselves. A Mr. Hooper made his appearance as *Colonel Britton*. This gentleman is a general remembrancer of nearly every light comedian on the stage, Elliston and Jones being the most prominent. He may be serviceable, but never great.

Miss A. Tree (another sister) has made her appearance as *Susannah*, in *The Marriage of Figaro*. Her voice is good, and she is by no means deficient in science; but there is a shrillness in her upper notes which we fear must prove fatal to her as a popular singer. The lady, however, is yet extremely young, and the effects of perseverance are almost magical.

A Mr. Southwell, from the Dublin theatre, has bowed to a London audience as *Romeo*. The attempt was respectable; but, alas! the market is drugged with respectability. Are we to have nothing absolutely great?

The most successful of the new candidates we take to be a Mr. Edwin, from the Nottingham theatre, who has appeared in *Zekiel Home-spun*. (It has been falsely reported that this gentleman is descended from the great actor whose name he bears.) We rarely witnessed a more happy attempt: it was at once quiet, natural, and affecting. We must particularize the scene with *Dick Dowlas*, when the newly-made honourable proposes terms of infamy to *Zekiel's* sister: Mr. Edwin in an animated and touching style gave the indignation of the brother, tempered by love for his false friend, and was repaid with the bursts of applause which the excellence of the effort demanded. The character was admirably played throughout. We think Mr. Edwin bids fair to take the place rendered vacant by the demise of Mr. Knight. Hr. Hooper's *Dick Dowlas* was a shade better than his *Colonel Britton*.

The White Lady may be dismissed in a few words. The plot is, of course, unintelligible; the music, arranged from Boiledieu, remarkably pleasing; but, altogether, the character of the piece is not such as to render *The White Lady* an established favourite.

Miss E. Tree has played *Rosalie Somers*, in *Town and Country*. The attempt has convinced us that on the amiable heroines of comedy this young lady must ultimately rest her fame. The *Reuben Glenroy* of Wallack was excessively dull and spiritless. Mr. Edwin played *Jacky*

Harebuck with admirable effect. Miss E. Tree has also attempted *Lady Teazle* and *Jane Shore*. In the former of these characters she was remarkably elegant and graceful in her manner; but there was an evident deficiency in the vivacity of the young and teasing wife. Her *Jane Shore* was coldly respectable. We are afraid the attempt is, as yet, too ambitious for Miss Tree.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE *Provoked Husband* has been well represented. *Lord Townly* is one of Kemble's happiest efforts. It has a fine blending of the dignity of the husband and the affections of the man. Blanchard's *John Moody*, like all this actor's portraits, is valuable for the strong touches of originality discernible in it. Every time we witness the acting of Mr. Blanchard, we are the more astonished at the impolicy which keeps him in comparative obscurity, to the advancement of performers in every way his inferiors. Fawcett's *Sir Francis Wronghead* seems to improve with time. The cub of a *Squire*, by Meadows, was just tolerable. Miss Chester played *Lady Townly* with infinite feeling and elegance.

The *Green Room*, a translation from the French, and denominated a comedy, has met with very partial success. The materials are extremely meagre. Charles Kemble personates a young dramatic poet; Chapman, a country manager; Jones, a favourite comic actor; Power, a star tragedian, understood to be an imitation of Macready; Farren, a sentimental baronet; Bartley, a pretended critic, beating up for recruits for the London theatres; Mrs. Gibbs, a strolling actress, endeavouring to entrap the Baronet; Miss M. Glover, a young lady in love with the poet. All the actors played with great spirit. In short, nothing but first-rate acting could have gained for the piece a second hearing. There were at intervals ridiculous compliments paid to each other by the performers, with sundry flings at criticism, which might as well have been avoided. Surely Mr. Kenney (who is the translator of the *Green Room*) has nothing to complain of on the part of the press: he is no dramatic John Keats. The piece will never become popular.

Peveril of the Peak, adapted by Mr. Pocock, with music by Mr. Horn, is among the novelties at this house. The opera commences with the rencontre of *Major Bridgenorth* and *Lady Tremonville* in Derbyshire. As however in most of the pieces cut from the Scotch novels, *Peveril of the Peak* is wholly unintelligible: throughout, the compiler appears to have acted

with the consciousness that all his auditors were pretty well acquainted with the novel, and therefore rendered any very nice distinctions of either place or person wholly unnecessary on his part. We therefore turn from Mr. Pocock to Mr. Horn, whose music is generally very delightful. It has the great charm of this composer—simplicity. There are no elaborate flourishes, leading, like Cowper's "passages" to "nothing;" but delicacy and good taste are, where absolute genius is wanting, always present. Miss Paton and Mr. Sapio sang with great spirit and effect. The acting, generally, was bad. Mr. Serle is a young performer of much good sense; but it was really absurd to place him as the representative of *Charles the Second*. We should as soon select Keeley to play *John of Gaunt*. There is scarcely any importance, and no vivacity in Mr. Serle: he can rarely be any thing but sober and correct; and a sober and correct *Charles the Second* is, we apprehend, to be found neither in Clarendon nor Hume. The next monstrosity was the *Duke of Buckingham*, by Mr. Power; an actor not possessed of one single requisite for the arch-libertine—but stiff, formal, and monotonous. Miss M. Glover played *Fenella* with a degree of intelligence and pathos which affords us great hopes of ultimate excellence. The opera was, on the whole, received with applause; to which circumstance the scenery contributed not a little.

HAYMARKET.

Peter Smink, falsely denominated a "new" interlude, was played a few years ago at one of the minor theatres, whence, indeed, it should never have been transplanted. Reeve, as *Peter Smink*, bustles very creditably. Mr. Gallott looks as much like Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, as a no very prepossessing exterior will permit him; and Madame Vestris, in a most unbecoming dress, introduces two rather pleasing songs. All, however, was not sufficient to impart any attraction to *Peter Smink*, which was, on its first representation, received with considerable indifference, and can never become a favourite.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

THIS theatre closed, after, as we are informed, a most successful season, on the 5th ult.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Burmese War.—At former periods,* we noticed in terms of deserved praise a series of

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. ii. p. 273; and vol. iii. page 230.

eighteen historical and local views, illustrative of the positions of the forces in the Birman territories—of the magnificent edifices, pagodas, &c. in Rangoon, and the adjacent country—and of part of the operations of the army and navy against the enemy's stockades, from drawings made on the spot, under the sanction of the Commander-in-chief, by Lieutenant Moore, of his Majesty's 89th regt. Uniform with these, a second series of six coloured prints, illustrative of the combined operations of the British forces in the Birman empire, in 1824 and 1825, has just been published, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the possessors of the former series. Five of the views in the new series are from the pencil of Capt. Marryat, R.N., and one by Capt. Thornton, R.N.; from which paintings have been executed by Messrs. Stothard, R.A.; D. Cox, and G. Webster, and engraved by Mr. Pyall. The subjects are:—1. Attack of the Old Fort of Syriam, by a Detachment under the command of Brigadier Smelt, on the 5th of August, 1824;—2. Attack of the Stockade up the Dalla Creek, by a Detachment of Native Troops, under the command of Major Evans, N.I., the Sailors of H.M.S. Larne, and H.C. Gun-Boats, commanded by Mr. Linguist;—3. Attack of the Birmans at Night upon the Force left to protect the Dalla Stockade, after it had been taken a second time;—4. One of the Gilt War Boats, captured by Capt. Chads, R.N., in his success-

ful expedition against Tanthabeen Stockade;—5. Attack of the Negrals Stockades at the entrance of Bassein River, by H.M.S. Larne, Capt. Marryat, and H.C. Cruizer Mercury, Capt. Anderson, 26th February, 1825;—6. Combined Forces under Brigadier Cotton, C.B., and Captains Alexander, C.B., and Chads, R.N., passing the Strong Fortress of Donabue, to effect a junction with Sir A. Campbell, on the 27th of March, 1825.—These plates, as well as the former, are executed with much spirit, freedom, and distinctness; and they convey very lucid ideas of the scenery of the country, the costume of the inhabitants, their mode of warfare, &c.

Voyage Pittoresque.—A very pleasing and interesting work, entitled *Voyage Pittoresque et Militaire en Espagne* is in the course of publication, from Engelmann's lithographic press. Part I. contains four Views in Catalonia, the scene of many important proceedings in the Peninsular war; and Part II., which is in a superior style to its predecessor, contains—1. The Valley of La Ségre, near Oliana, with groups of Spanish peasantry;—2. View near Orgagna, with a Dead Guerilla;—3. Battle of Ripoll;—4. Taking of Rosas by the French. These views are heightened in interest by the circumstance of the accompanying illustrative notes having been furnished by Maréchal Gouvion St. Cyr, and other distinguished French officers.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

THE British Institution has presented to the National Gallery three valuable pictures:—The Vision of St. Jerome, by Parmegiano, bought at Mr. W. Taylor's sale, for 3,100 guineas; The Communion of St. Nicholas, by Paul Veronese, purchased by the Directors, at 1,500 guineas; and West's picture of Christ healing the Sick, for which they paid him 3,000 guineas.

The Queen of Spain is said to have written, in the Castilian language, a number of poems on sacred subjects, which are about to be published.

The best wash for fixing chalk and pencil drawings, is a weak solution of gum mastic in alcohol, ten grains of mastic to one ounce of rectified spirits of wine. The gum is to be pulverized, put into the spirit, and left for four or five days, at the expiration of which a clear solution will be obtained. Place the drawing in an inclined position, over a plate; pour the solution over its surface; allow it to drain, and let it be dried spontaneously in the air.

Fifteen of the lost books of Livy are said to have been discovered at Pisa by a Mr. Roesch.

Two volumes of inedited correspondence of Bernardin St. Pierre have appeared at Paris, and two more are announced.

The King of France has sent a gold medal to Mr. Williams, in token of his admiration of that artist's admirable Views in Greece, which have been from time to time noticed in the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Eight volumes of MS. Sermons of Calvin are said to have been recently found in Germany.

A patent has been taken out for a new tea and coffee apparatus, the chief distinguishing principle of which is, that of lining the inside of a tea or coffee pot with a grating or screen, extending over and lying almost in contact with the bottom and sides of the pot; and in placing within the grating a bag or strainer of silk, linen, &c. The object of this arrangement is to allow the tea or coffee to remain in the pot in a state of infusion during pleasure.

Dr. Meyrick is engaged in arranging, in chronological order, the horse armoury at the Tower of London, in a new building allotted for that purpose.

A Mr. Hinton has produced a new system of short-hand; according to which, it is stated, ten days' practice will be found sufficient for the attainment of a proficiency in the art.

A Signor Rubbi is about to open a singing school in London, on the model of the schools in Italy.

A Frenchman at Paris advertises a depilatory soap, for the removal of ladies' beards, in the course of ten minutes, without hurting the skin!

Grains of whole pepper placed in a vessel in which cheese is kept, have the property of keeping away worms.

Works in the Press, &c.

On the meeting of Parliament, weekly, The Parliamentary Reporter, or Debates in Parliament.

In crown 8vo., the Poetical Souvenir, by Kennett and Geo. Read Dixon, Esqrs., containing Gonzalo and Alcæa and other Poems, embellished with numerous wood-cuts, designed by artists of talent.

A Sequel to the Diversions of Purley: containing an Essay on English Verbs, with Remarks on Mr. Tooke's work, and on some terms employed to denote soul or spirit; by John Barclay.

Nearly ready, Mr. Wellbeloved's new illustrated work, entitled London Lions for Country Cousins and Friends about Town, with twenty-three Views, a coloured Frontispiece, &c. It is a display of the metropolitan new buildings, streets, bridges, &c. &c.; also of the amusements and exhibitions.

Paul Jones, a Romance, by Allan Cunningham, author of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," "Traditional Tales," &c., is on the eve of publication.

In one handsome pocket volume, with engravings on steel by James Mitchell, from drawings by J. M. Wright, Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the present day; including the Sabbath, &c. of Graham, and Blair's Grave. Illustrated by Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks, by John Johnstone.

By Mr. Tennant, author of "Anster Fair," a work entitled "Papisty Storm'd; or the Dingin Down o' the Cathedral."

In one volume 12mo., Discourses on the Duties and Consolations of the Old. By the Rev. Dr. Belfrage, Falkirk, author of "A Monitor to Families," &c.

In 8vo., Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, for the Use of Students in Mathematics, Astronomers, Engineers, &c., with an Introduction, containing the Explanation and Use of the Tables, illustrated by numerous Problems and Examples; by William Galbraith, M.A., Teacher of Mathematics in Edinburgh.

The Tor Hill, a Novel, by Mr. Horace Smith.

In two vols. 8vo., with a Portrait, Memoirs of O'Keefe, the Dramatist.

Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins

of Babylon, Curdistan, Persia, and Russia, in the year 1824; by the Hon. George Keppel, son of the Earl of Albemarle.

Truckleborough Hall, a satirical novel, in three volumes.

A Second Series of Tales by the O'Hara Family.

The Young Rifleman's Comrade, in Military Adventure, Imprisonment, and Shipwreck; edited by Goëthe.

With a Portrait engraved by Turner, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Boaden's Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, in two volumes.

Tales of a Voyager, three volumes, post 8vo.

First and Last Years of Wedded Life, a Novel, by R. St. Clair, author of "The Highland Castle," &c.

Another volume of Mr. Craddock's Miscellaneous and Literary Memoirs.

The Lives of the Bishops of Winchester; by the Rev. Mr. Cassen.

A Parochial History of London and its Liberties; by the Rev. Dr. Wilson.

Memoir of Matthew Henry, the Expositor of the Bible, by Mr. Williams, of Shrewsbury.

Edward VI. and his Times, an historical work for the study of youth.

Remarks on the principal Features of the Foreign and Domestic Policy of Great Britain, since the year 1753; by the Rev. L. Moyes, of Forglen.

A Treatise on Cancer, by Dr. Graham.

A Tour from Smyrna, through Albania, &c. to Corfu; by Mr. Jolliffe, author of "Letters from Palestine."

Time's Telescope, for 1827.

Thoughts on Domestic Education; the Result of Experience; by a Mother, author of "Always Happy," &c.

The Story of a Wanderer; founded upon his Recollections of Incidents in Russian and Cossack Scenes.

Early in November, with a Plate and many additional Poems, Hours at Home, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson. This work is particularly calculated for Christmas presents to the female world.

A Novel, by a Lady of Rank, entitled "Almack's."

The author of The English in Italy, who still resides abroad, has transmitted to the press a new work, entitled Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life. It may be expected in about a fortnight.

Travels in the Hedjaz, and Description of the Manners and Customs of the Bedouin Arabs. By the late John Lewis Burckhardt.

A Winter's Journey through Lapland and Sweden, with Observations on Finmark and its Inhabitants, made during a Residence at Hammerfest near the North Cape. By Arthur de Capell Brooke, M.A. F.R.S., &c. With Thirty-one Engravings.

Recollections of Ceylon, including Descriptions of the Pearl Fisheries and Elephant Hunt, and a Journal of a Tour by Land round the Island. By an Officer.

Napoleon in the other World, in French and English.

THE LATE MRS. GEORGE LYON.

JUST TRIBUTE TO A MOST EXEMPLARY MEMORY.

On the night of Monday, September 23, died Lucy Louisa, the wife of Captain George Lyon, R. N., in the twenty-seventh year of her age, and only a few days after the first anniversary of her marriage. That gallant officer, her now sad survivor (though yet unacquainted with his loss, being on a distant service in Mexico) is too well known, both on account of his high professional character, and the important information given in the published narratives of his Polar expeditions and African travels, not to be an interesting person to the best feelings of the public, even to the shade of his domestic scenes. Yet, it is probable, that had the lady whom he might have chosen "to give them light," been only the gentle and the lovely, such as, we are proud to say of our young countrywomen, may be found embellishing the homes of most of our married contemporaries, we should not have done more than merely register the melancholy event. The wife of Captain Lyon, however, was a marked individual in herself, before she bore the distinction of belonging to him. By her own maiden name alone—*Miss Lucy Fitz Gerald*—she was known, far beyond the limit of a private circle; "the grace of courts!" and one who, indeed, "walked the shade, with innocence and noblest virtues joined!" Though in the brightest summer of her days, she went not where only its roses might be gathered; she was most often found where none grew but those she brought; and her name there was the *Friend of the Poor*!—the attendant, the comforter of their sick beds and their old age; the instructress of their children; and the loved example of all, for every humble, every exalted duty.—But truth will not have performed its duty to her memory, by paying it in these generals. *Miss Lucy Fitz Gerald* was the younger of two daughters, left by the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitz Gerald, and was bequeathed to the care of his most tenderly attached sister, Lady Sophia Fitz Gerald, since many years resident at Thames Ditton, in Surrey. There the infant Lucy was reared by her meek and exemplary aunt into all the simplicity of her own unassuming goodness; but there was a peculiar ardour, also, in the disposition of her young charge, which (and it may be said, almost without a figure), in spite of her modest unconsciousness of any merit beyond her fellows, threw a kind of glory round her benevolence: for she did not wait to bestow till it was sought; "she went about doing good!" and she began the task with the hilarity of its being a feast to her soul from her earliest girlhood, till within the very week of her leaving life. While *Miss Fitz Gerald*, her pecuniary means were slender: for the daughters of a younger son, even of a duke, have seldom much patrimony; yet out of her's, she always found the requisite succour for those who needed. Her resources were her personal, unwhispered, unheeded sacrifices. But those who saw her in her plainer dress, either at the Almack balls, or in the gay promenades of Kensington Gardens, when the season of town carried her with other young women of her rank to those scenes, did not discover her smiling face, and agile step, to be less lovely, because she had given, what would have purchased more embellishing raiment, to the warmth of a poor couple's pillow, or to the clothing of two or three families of motherless children.

In the village of Thames Ditton, where she had lived from infancy, and while she was little more than a girl herself, she observed many of the poor children, and mostly boys, running about utterly neglected, with the careless stigma of reprobation affixed to them, when remarked on, of "incorrigible little vagabonds!" But they had no school to go to, which they had means to enter; nobody, indeed, to care for them, while their

parents were out at labour. She, however, opened a door for the refuge of these forlorn young creatures, apparently foredoomed to ignorance, and all its consequent crimes and fatal punishments. She brought them daily together; she taught them herself; (oh! how like a ministering angel! for she inherited all the beauty of her House's famous Geraldine!)—And at the expiration of a year, in which she had been their sole instructress, they were found a little flock worthy their sweet shepherdess. Docile, regular in their going to her school, well-behaved out of it; and, above all, every one could give a real, not a *parrot* account of "the faith" that was taught him.—"Bring little children unto me!" was the injunction of our Saviour; and in this did, indeed, his meek and faithful handmaiden obey!

Dr. Bell, the institutor of the National Schools, visited that of *Miss Lucy Fitz Gerald*; and he pronounced it without a superior any where. It was adjudged a master and mistress from his central establishment; and its young foundress received the public thanks of the leading persons of the neighbourhood, collected for the purpose, for her "good work."—But such was not the reward she wished; nor pride, nor vanity, had place in her unselfish nature; the benefit, the happiness of others, were the principles of her life—a life, now, indeed, so shortened in years; but how long in its catalogue of merits, when measured by its works! "Inasmuch as ye have done them unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done them unto me! Come, then, ye blessed of my father, and inherit the kingdom prepared for ye, from the foundation of the world!"

And she has obeyed the call, after an illness of only a few days, and under circumstances the fullest of regret to the survivors; for on Monday morning, the 18th of September, she became a mother, giving birth to a female child; and all seemed going on prosperously with both, till the third day, when a fever shewed itself in the perhaps too animatedly happy parent. And on the ensuing Monday night, the 23th of the month, surrounded by many of the hearts she best loved, to soothe her dying hour, she resigned her pure soul to Him that gave it—to the Redeemer that called her to His peace!

Here we must drop the curtain over the earthly scene of that family bereavement. On the succeeding Monday, October 2, she was carried to the grave; an humble grave, by her own choice, in the church-yard of Thames Ditton, and near the house that was her school; and borne by the poor, whom her life had cherished; and followed, on foot, by the great and the lowly, who equally loved and mourned her. Many, indeed, stood at a distance, mingling their tears, without the added bitterness of beholding the contrast in that place, where, only a year before, they had seen her pass through from the altar, a happy bride; while the then assembled crowd, now weeping for their benefactress as her pall passed along, hailed her beauty with exultation, and poured blessings on her head; praying for her length of days, and that her children might be like herself. They asked for the continuance of her earthly life! And "God has granted her life; even for ever and ever!" But could the principles and the acts of her life here be written on the door-posts of every house of the great, throughout this realm, and on the lintels of every porch of its more general inhabitants, how persuasive would be the lesson to all within, "To go and do likewise!"

♦♦ A most striking discourse was delivered the next Sunday evening after the day of this solemn scene, in the chapel of Weston-Green, near Thames Ditton; and we have a melancholy pleasure in pointing out to our readers, where this impressive appeal to the young and the lovely may be procured. It is inscribed *To the Most Noble House of Leicester*, of which she was so bright a gem; and published by John Churchill, bookseller, Leicester Square.

(From a Correspondent; Thames Ditton, Oct. 6, 1836.)

2 M

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—Lady Sarah Murray.—Viscountess Milton.—The lady of Sir T. Whelan.—The lady of J. Hume, Esq., M.P.—The lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. Curzon.—The lady of Col. Hugh Baillie.—The lady of Lieut. Colonel Howard Vyse.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Percival.—The Countess of Longford.—The lady of Sir David Erskine, Bart.—The Hon. Mrs. Eden.—The lady of the Hon. William Rodney.—The lady of John J. Buxton, Esq., M.P.—The Hon. Mrs. Harris.—The Countess of Bradford.

MARRIAGES.

At St. James's Church, George W. Tapps, Esq., M.P., to Clara, eldest daughter of Augustus Elliot Fuller, Esq., of Ashdown House, Sussex.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Count Demetrius de Palitiano, to Catherine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Jas. Marrie, Esq.

At Dawlish, E. W. Meade, Esq., to Harriet, daughter of Lieut. Colonel Gustavus Rochford, M.P.

At Swanbourne, Buckinghamshire, Sir James Fitzgerald, Bart., to Augusta Henrietta, second daughter of Sir Thomas T. Fremantle, G.C.B., &c.

Frederick Arnold, Esq., to Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. S. Piggott, Rector of Dunstable.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, John Dean Paul, Esq., to Georgiana G. Beauchamp, granddaughter of the late Duchess of Leinster.

Richard Kirwan, Esq., to Eleanor, daughter of the late G. Bond, Esq., and niece to Lieut. Gen. Sir George, and Colonel Sir Henry Cooke.

At Wemyss Castle, N.B., the Right Hon. Lord Loughborough, to Miss Wemyss, of Wemyss.

Francis John, youngest son of the late Sir Henry Lambert, Bart., to Catherine, only daughter of the late Major General Wheatley.

At Richmond, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, to Miss Baillie, eldest daughter of the late Peter Baillie, Esq., of Dochfour.

At Richmond, the Rev. S. Paynter, M.A., Rector of Hatford, Berks, to Eliza, only daughter of S. Paynter, Esq., of Richmond.

At Walthamstow, J. Farquhar Fraser, Esq., nephew of the late J. Farquhar, of Fonthill Abbey, Esq., to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Bagot, of Blithfield.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Captain Murray, youngest son of the late Lord George Murray, to Catherine Otway Cave, third daughter of the late Henry Otway, Esq., of Stanford Hall, Leicestershire.

At Hanover, G. F. Turville, Esq., of Husbands Bosworth Hall, Leicestershire, to Juliet Henrietta, second daughter of Adolphus Von der Lanshen.

DEATHS.

Lieut. Gen. John Baillie, late of the Hon. East-India Company's Bombay Establishment.

Martha, relict of the Rev. John Pellatt, Vicar of Stonehouse, and eldest daughter of the late Sir Howe Hicks, Bart.

Jane, wife of the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and eldest daughter of the late General Adeane.

At Bourton, Wiltshire, Matilda Otley, wife of Capt. Rich. Hoare, R.N., and youngest daughter of Rear Admiral Sir William Charles Fabie, K.C.B.

The lady of Lieut. General Durham.

At Bath, Mrs. Barnard, relict of C. Barnard, Esq., and sister of the late Sir Thos. Clarges, Bart.

At Cheltenham, the Rev. Chas. Jervis, A.M., Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and Rector of Luddenham, Kent.

At Southampton, aged 76, Major General William Fawcett, Governor of Limerick.

At Bhoog, in the East-Indies, aged 27, the Rev. Thos. Lavie, Chaplain to the troops in Cutch, eldest son of the late Sir Thos. Lavie, K.C.B.; and, on her passage home, aged 28, Octavia Constance Lavie, his afflicted widow, fourth daughter of T. R. Salwey, Esq.

Aged 66, Brownlow Bertie Mathew, Esq., son of the late General Mathew, and nephew of Brownlow, fifth and last Duke of Ancaster.

At Edinburgh, Ann Louisa, fourth daughter of Lieut. General Sir J. Hope.

At Burgate House, Hants, Mrs. Pocock, daughter of the late Hon. T. W. Coventry.

At Hammersmith, Colonel James Maitland.

At Hampstead, aged 77, Lady Mordaunt, widow of Sir John Mordaunt, Bart.

At Banteln, aged 81, the Russian General Count B. L. A. T. Benningesen.

At Margate, aged 64, Michael Kelly, Esq., late Manager of the King's Theatre, Haymarket.

At Lausanne, the Ex-Queen of Sweden.

At Canterbury, Lieut. General Bentham, aged 65.

At Camden Town, aged five years and four months, Richard Baron, eldest child of Cornwall Baron Wilson, Esq., of Woburn Place.

At Southampton, Charles Mills, Esq., author of "The History of Muhammedanism," "The History of the Crusades," "The Travels of Theodore Ducas," "The History of Chivalry," &c.

Aged 21, Emma, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Wm. and Lady Anne Beresford.

Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Colston Carr, Vicar of Ealing, and mother of the Bishop of Chichester.

At Paris, the lady of James Tudor Nelthorpe, Esq., of Nuthurst Lodge, Sussex.

Aged 69, J. Petyt, Esq., of Ackworth Park, Yorkshire.

Julia, youngest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Hugh Robinson.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXIV., FOR DECEMBER, 1826.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable CHARLOTTE GEORGIANA LADY RODNEY, engraved by J. THOMSON, from a Painting by PICKERSGILL, R. A.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Evening Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER to the *Fourth Volume* of the present NEW SERIES of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE will be published on Monday, the 1st of January next. It will contain an *Address to Subscribers and the Public*;—*An Historical Retrospect of Polite Literature for the last Six Months*;—*A Summary of Fashions for the last Half-Year*;—*A Title-Page and Index to the Volume, &c.*

WE have the pleasure of announcing the receipt of "*Marriages, No. III.*"

The author of "*The Third-Night-Awn-Hinde*" shall receive from us a private communication.

"*Leila*," a Sketch, by "B. B. B.," has safely reached us, and is reserved for early insertion.

Thanks to our friend "W. C. S." His favour, however, we have not yet had time to peruse. He shall hear from us shortly on various points.

Thanks, also, to "Mrs. H——" for her "*Stanzas*," and for her "*Lines on Viewing some Ruins of Great Antiquity*."

We are always glad to hear from "H. B." His "*Spirit of the Lyre*," will most probably appear on the 1st of the ensuing month.

We hope that "J. B." of Yoxford, has not forgotten his promise.

"S. A." of Bungay, is less regular in his correspondence than we could wish.

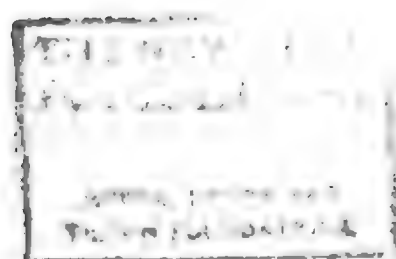
We hope that the lady from whom we received for perusal "*A Tale of the Convent, or the Legend of the Seven Chapters*," has duly received a note from us on the subject.

Has our valued friend and correspondent "C. H.," the author of "*Conversation*," &c., received her packets from Southampton Row, Bloomsbury?

Our best thanks are tendered to "L. N." for his obliging offer, of which we shall be most happy to avail ourselves.

PRINTED BY J. L. COX, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

DECEMBER, 1826.





LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1826.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLOTTE GEORGIANA LADY RODNEY.

THE portrait of Lady Rodney, which we have here the honour of introducing in our Picture Gallery of the Female Nobility of Britain, is from Pickersgill's admirable painting of her Ladyship, somewhat altered and improved in the head-dress since it appeared in the exhibition of the past season, at Somerset House.*

Charlotte Georgiana, second daughter of Sir Charles Gould Morgan, Bart., was married, on the 27th of February, 1819, to Lord Rodney, the grandson and present representative of the celebrated Admiral Lord Rodney, one of Britain's most distinguished naval heroes. This lady is maternally descended from the Morgans, of Tredegar, in the county of Monmouth; a family which, for many generations, has been renowned for its wealth, high character, and extended influence, in Wales and in Monmouthshire. For more than a century, the county of Monmouth has been almost constantly represented in Parliament, by a member of the name of Morgan.

King Gould, Esq. married a lady of the name of Shaw. The issue of this marriage was the Right Hon. Charles Gould, LL.D., &c., who was created a Baronet in the year 1792. This gentleman was bred to the law, and called to the bar when young. In June, 1762, he was appointed Judge Advocate General, and Judge Marshal of the Forces; in April, 1779, he received the honour of knighthood, and was appointed one of His Majesty's Privy Council; and, on the 30th

of October, 1792, he was elevated to the rank of Baronet of the United Kingdom. He served in four parliaments as representative of the county of Brecon; and on his retirement, in 1805, he received the unanimous thanks of his constituents. In February, 1806, he resigned his high legal appointments, and was succeeded by the Right Hon. Nicholas Bond.—Having married Jane, the eldest daughter of Thomas Morgan, of Raperra, in the county of Glamorgan, he had issue by that lady, who died in February, 1796—

1. Sir Charles, the present Bart., father of Lady Rodney;—2. John, a midshipman in the Royal Navy, killed in Admiral Rodney's memorable engagement with *Le Compte de Grasse*, in 1782;—3. Jane, married Samuel Humphrey, of Merthyr, in the county of Glamorgan, Esq.;—4. Elizabeth, married Rowley Lascelles, Esq., second son of Lieut. General Lascelles.

Sir Charles, in pursuance of the will of his brother-in-law, John Morgan, Esq., from whose family he derived considerable property, obtained the royal license to assume the name and arms of Morgan. He died in December, 1806.

His son, Sir Charles Gould Morgan, the present Baronet, was a soldier in early life. He served seventeen years in the Coldstream regiment of Guards. During the two last parliaments he sat as M.P. for the county of Monmouth; and, at the late general election, he was again returned as one of the representatives of the same county.

Sir Charles married, in April, 1791,
2 N

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. iii. p. 272. No. 24.—*Vol. IV.*

Mary Magdalen, daughter of Captain George Storey, of the Royal Navy; and by her, who died on the 24th of March, 1807, he had four sons and four daughters. Maria Margaret, the eldest daughter, was married, on the 8th of March, 1817, to Lieutenant Colonel Francis Miles, second son of Sir Francis Milman, Bart. The second daughter, Charlotte Georgiana, to whom the present memoir relates, is married, as before stated, to the Right Honourable George, Lord Rodney.

The naval services of this nobleman's grandfather are so entirely matter of history—are so familiar to every son and daughter of “the sea-girt land”—that an attempt even to sketch them, in this place, would be superfluous. There are, however, some family particulars, and some characteristic anecdotes connected with the name of Rodney, which, as they are less generally known, will, we apprehend, prove acceptable to the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*.

Whether the Rodneys are of Saxon or of Norman origin, cannot be ascertained; but that they have been English for not less than seven centuries is unquestionable. The Empress Maud, daughter of Henry I., granted the manors of Brockwell, Lamet, and Hurleston, with several other lands in the counties of Somerset, Cornwall, and Devon, to Walter Rodney; whose son, Sir Henry Rodney, Knt., was steward to Prince Henry, son of Henry II. Sir Richard Rodney, son and heir of Sir Henry, was slain at Acres, in the 4th of Richard I. (1192). William, his son, sent by King John ambassador to the Pope, died on his way to Rome, and was buried at Viterborne. Sir Richard Rodney, Knt., son of William, was slain at Hereford, by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, in 1234: his elder son, Richard, fell with him; his younger, Thomas, had a son, Richard, a man in high estimation, and who, in 1316, received the honour of knighthood under circumstances of peculiar respect from the attendant peers. Sir Richard, who married Maud, daughter of Sir Osbert Gifford, of Stoke Gifford, in the county of Somerset, Knt., died about the year 1338. His son, Sir Walter Rodney, Knt., was sheriff of the counties of Somerset and Dorset, in 1337, 1338, and 1339.

The great estate of Sir Richard Rodney, who married the daughter of Sir Osbert Gifford, remained, without increase or diminution, in the heir male of the family, till the time of Sir John, who succeeded in 1470. He was seated at Stoke Gifford, then called Rodney Stoke, *alias* Stoke Rodney, in the county of Somerset. He built a great part of the mansion there, of which the ruins still appear. He had three sons: the eldest and one of the younger, when shooting at butts, happened to differ about a shot; the third brother was referred to, and he decided in favour of the younger. The eldest, in consequence, threatened them both that they should repent it when he came to his land. The father, overhearing this threat, told him that he would enable his brothers to live without him; and he accordingly settled upon them and their heirs his manors of Over-Badgworth and Congresbury.

Maurice Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, Esq., great-grandson of Sir John Rodney, was one of those hospitable gentry, who benefited their neighbourhood by residence at their country-houses, killing at certain seasons of the year an ox every day, &c. He was the first person who gave liveries to his men, in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

George, the son of Maurice, is believed to have been the Sir George Rodney who fell upon his own sword, in consequence of a disappointment in his addresses to Frances Howard, daughter of Thomas Viscount Howard, of Bindon.* Dying without issue, the family estates devolved upon the descendants of George, the second son of Sir John Rodney, before-mentioned.

Sir John, son and heir of George Rod-

* This lady was the widow of Henry Prannell, citizen of London. She deserted Sir George in favour of the Earl of Hertford; after whose death she married a third time, in 1621, Ludovick Stuart, Duke of Richmond. See the story told by Arthur Wilson, in his *History of James I.* p. 258, 259; and in *Memoirs of King James's Peers*, 296. The Poetical Epistle written with his blood, supposed to have been addressed by Sir George Rodney to the Countess of Hertford, with the Countess's answer, and Sir George's verses to her before he killed himself, are printed in *The Topographer*, I. 398, 405, from a MS. in the British Museum.

ney, left three sons; of whom the eldest, Sir Edward, was seated at Stoke Rodney in the early part of the 17th century. He left three daughters, coheirs: Frances, the second, married Sir Thomas Brydges, Knt., of the noble family of Chandos.

The immediate descent of Lord Rodney, from one of the younger branches of his family, is not apparent.

Henry Rodney, of Walton-upon-Thames, Esq., was, according to COLLINS's *Peerage*,* a Cornet of horse at fourteen years of age, and afterwards a Captain of marines. It is stated, however, in the continuation of CAMPBELL's *Lives of the Admirals*,† that he was "a naval officer, who commanded the yacht in which the King, attended by the Duke of Chandos, used to embark in going to or coming from Hanover, and who, in consequence, asked leave that his son might be called George Brydges." It is certain that the boy was brought up by, and that he spent a portion of his youth under the patronage of, George Brydges, Esq., of Avington and Keinsham—manors acquired by the marriage of Sir Edward Rodney's daughter with Sir Thomas Brydges; and it is quite as probable that he should have derived his christian name and early patronage through affinity of kindred, as from the contingency mentioned by the naval biographer.

George Brydges, second son of Henry Rodney, by Mary, eldest daughter and coheir of Sir Henry Newton, Knt., Envoy Extraordinary to Genoa, Tuscany, &c., LL.D., Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and Chancellor of the Diocese of London, was born on the 13th of February, 1718. He entered into the navy at an early period; but, as already intimated, it is not our intention to trace the splendid career of his professional service. He obtained post rank in 1742. In Lord Hawke's victory over the French fleet, off Cape Finisterre, in 1747, he commanded the *Eagle*, a ship of the line, and greatly distinguished himself. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-chief of the island of Newfoundland, in 1749; and, in 1751, he was chosen M.P. for the borough of

Saltash. In 1759, he received a flag; on the 21st of January, 1764, he was created a Baronet; and, in the same year, he was made Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Sir George Rodney was one of the Vice Admirals who supported the canopy at the funeral of the late Duke of York. In 1768, he carried his election for the borough of Northampton, in opposition to Mr. Howe, by 611 against 538 votes.* By the expense of this contest, his fortune was much impaired. In 1772, he was, in a manner unusually complimentary, appointed Commander-in-chief on the Jamaica station. After his return, pecuniary embarrassments compelled him to retire to the Continent. The state of the Admiral's finances was no secret to the French Government; and, with true Gallic honour, an attempt was made to seduce him from his allegiance—to render him a traitor to his country and his king. The Duc de Biron was employed on this occasion. His distant inuendos were not comprehended: Sir George thought he must be deranged. At length, the Duke, unaccustomed to integrity of principle, came to the point and declared—

"That as the King, his royal master, intended the West-Indies should become the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make the most unbounded offers to Sir George, if he would quit the English service, and accept the command of a French squadron."

Sir George, astonished and indignant beyond expression, was for an instant silent, and then, with great temper, though with considerable emotion, he replied—

"My distresses, Sir, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country, but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I should have deemed it an insult; but I am glad to learn it proceeds from a source that *can do no wrong!*"

Struck with the patriotic virtue of the Briton, the Duke, from that time, became his sincere friend.

In the winter of 1779, Sir George Rod-

* At the next general election after his return for Saltash, the Admiral was chosen for Oakhampton; in the first parliament after the accession of his late Majesty, he represented Penrhyn; and, at the general election in 1780, he was returned for Westminster.

* Vol. vii. p. 561, edition, 1812.

† Stockdale's edition, 1813; vol. vi. p. 310.

ney sailed from Spithead, as Commander-in-chief on the Leeward Island station, with a convoy of store-ships for Gibraltar. The capture of a convoy of Spanish ships ensued—as did the defeat and capture of the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara, and the relief of Gibraltar. For these splendid services the Admiral was nominated Knight of the Bath, and presented with the unanimous thanks of both Houses of Parliament. In 1784, he captured the valuable island of St. Eustatia, routing, at the same time, a nest of rebels and pirates, and obtaining possession of a large quantity of naval stores. These advantages were followed by the surrender of the two Dutch colonies of Demerara and Issequibo, and the French island of St. Bartholomew. In the month of May following, his Majesty was pleased to settle £2,000 *per annum* on Sir George Rodney; £1,000 on Captain Rodney, his son; £500 on Lady Rodney; and £100 on each of the other children, as a reward of the Admiral's services to his country.

His most important achievement, however, was his victory, on the 12th of April, 1782, over the *Compte de Grasse*, in which the French Admiral himself was taken, and eight of his ships were captured or destroyed. Almost immediately afterwards—June 19, 1782—Sir George was advanced to the dignity of a peer of Great Britain, by the style and title of Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, in the county of Somerset, to him, and the heirs male of his body; and, on the 1st of July, 1783, the House of Commons granted £2,000 a year to his Lordship and his successors, for his gallant conduct during the war.

Lord Rodney was a man of a bold, original genius, which always carried him directly to the object he had in view. He also possessed great and active talent: he has been known to write private letters, and to dictate to three secretaries, at the same time. As a man, he was benevolent, generous, and friendly; in private life, his manners were those of an accomplished gentleman—the ornament of domestic society—the pattern of elegant and polished behaviour.

Lord Rodney married, *first*, January 11, 1753, Jane, daughter of Charles Compton, Esq., sister of Spencer Compton, eighth

Earl of Northampton, ancestor of the present Marquess of Northampton; by whom, who died in 1757, he had issue—

1. George, his successor;—2. James, Captain R.N., lost at sea, 1776, unmarried;—3. Jane, died an infant.

His Lordship married, *secondly*, Henrietta, daughter of John Clies, Esq., of Lisbon; by whom he had issue—

1. John, Chief Secretary to Government in Ceylon, born 1765, married, 1784, Catherine Nugent, daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl of Westmeath;—2. Jane, born 1766, married, 1784, — Chambers, Esq., son of Sir William Chambers, Knt.;—3. Henrietta, born 1769;—4. Margaret Anne, born 1776;—5. Sarah Brydges, born 1780, married, 1801, General Godfrey Basil Mundy;—6. Edward, born 1783, Captain R.N.

His Lordship died on the 21st of May, 1792, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

George, second Lord Rodney, born December 25, 1753. His Lordship married, April 10, 1781, Anne, daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Harley, Alderman of London, son of Edward, third Earl of Oxford; by whom he had issue—

1. George, the present Lord;—2. Thomas James, who assumed the name of Harley, in 1805, born 1784;—3. Spencer, born 1785, in holy orders;—4. Robert, Post-Captain, R.N., born 1786, died August, 1826; having married, 1819, Anne, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Dennett, of Lock Ashurst, in the county of Sussex, Esq., by whom, who died in 1824, he had issue;—5. Charles, born 1787, died an infant;—6. James Berkeley, born 1789, Lieut.-Colonel of the 3d regiment of Guards;—7. Henry, born 1790, in holy orders;—8. Mortimer, born 1791, married, 1815, Sarah, daughter of R. Withy, Esq.;—9. Anne, born 1793, died 1807;—10. William, born 1794, married 1824, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Browne, Esq.;—11. Anne Jane, born 1795, married, 1824, E. Pollexfen Bastard, Esq., M.P.;—12. Frederick, born 1798, died 1802;—13. John, born, 1798, died 1822;—14. Frances, born 1799, died an infant.

His Lordship died on the 2d of January, 1802, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

George, present and third Lord Rodney, who was born on the 17th of June, 1782. His Lordship married, as already stated, February 27, 1819, Charlotte Georgiana, second daughter of Sir Charles Gould Morgan, of Tredegar, in the county of Monmouth, Bart.

MARRIAGES.—No. II.

Had you ever a cousin, Tom?—

Did your cousin happen to sing?—

Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing.

* * * * *

I once had a cousin who sang, Tom,

But her name shall be nameless now :

And the sound of her voice is still young, Tom,
Though we are no longer so.

It is folly to dream of a bower of green,
When there is not a leaf on the tree ;

But, 'twixt walking and singing, that cousin has been,
God forgive her ! the ruin of me.

WERE not the piquant and graceful verses which have furnished the motto of these recollections of days long past, too much extended for me to quote in the narrow limits which I have prescribed for myself, I would not deny the stranger who may while away a few minutes in the perusal of a sad and simple tale, the whole of a poem, which would aptly illustrate the narrative. I am falling into the yellow sere of life, but my feelings are nearly as vivid as they were six-and-twenty years ago.

Early smitten with a soldier's life, some time previous to the remote date which I have mentioned, I wrung an unwilling consent from my father ; and, instead of studying divinity at Oxford, procured a pair of colours and followed Abercrombie to Egypt. Mine is a tale of love, and therefore I pass over the events of war. I was wounded severely, though not dangerously, in several engagements : my ardour in the service rendered me regardless of prudence, and I scarcely allowed these gaping memorials of recent action time to close, before I rushed into the field again. Over-exertion, weakness from loss of blood, and the unhealthiness of the climate, reduced me to the brink of the grave ; and I was carried on board ship with little probability of reaching England alive. I did reach it, and the sight of its green shores seemed to revivify my fainting breath : a single day's rest performed wonders ; and I was able to proceed on my journey home without appearing an absolute spectre. I had not been absent long enough for time to have wrought any

change in that beloved home : every thing, within many miles of the place appeared as I had left it on my last departure ; the hedges were decked in the bloom of spring ; the sun, with tempered ray, was shining on the old accustomed oaks ; and the birds were singing merrily, as if to welcome the wanderer back.

One of my oldest friends hobbled out from his neat dwelling at the turnpike, to take the toll ; and as, placing a dollar in his hand, I told him not to trouble himself about the change, my voice revealed the secret which my altered features had failed to discover. A bright smile lighted up the old man's weather-beaten countenance, when he recognized the plague and playsfellow, so often his torment and his delight. " Ah, Master Frank ! " he cried, " this will be a joyful day at the rectory ! " It was indeed a joyful day. A tufted grove hid the picturesque mansion from my view : a few yards forward, an angle of the road was passed ; and there it lay, sequestered in a romantic nook, in all its beauty, the lofty woods of Abbeyville rising behind it, the front opening upon a rich tract of low lands, clustered with villages, and luxuriantly clothed with trees ; and to the right a fissure, sloping down to deeper solitudes, shady dells, wherein a babbling stream rushed on its bright and rapid course, and, shooting far off into the distant plains, reflecting the sun-beams in its wide mirror, was now liquid diamond, and now crimsoned with the ruby glow of evening. The dream which had often visited me while

sleeping on the burning sands of the desert was realized: instead of opening my eyes to wide and trackless wastes—a fierce sky above—and rocks below—the wild figures of Arabs flitting around—the strange unwieldy shapes of the baggage camels, and their dissonant cries, not unfrequently mingled with the jackall's melancholy howl—savage sights, and savage sounds,—all was fresh and smiling, quietude and repose.

The letter apprizing my family of my arrival in England had reached them only two hours before my chaise drove through the gate, opened wide to admit it. My straining eyes, as I came down the hill, had caught faces at the windows. Assembled in the porch I found all whom I had expected to see—nay more than all; for, retiring behind my five sisters, stood a strange fair girl, with a countenance beaming with animation and pleasure, as though she fully shared in the happiness of those affectionate relatives. My mother drew her forward, as she observed her shrinking back, while we entered the hall; introduced her as my cousin, and, sanctioned by the closeness of the connexion, and the warm overflowing feelings of the moment, I clasped her in my arms and held her to my heart. Never did a more delighted groupe meet in the large antique, yet most comfortable and well-appointed parlour of the rectory before. The day was balmy, and the odorous breath of the spring flowers came wafted by a soft breeze through the open windows. Seated on a sofa, a sister on each side, two others leaning over the back, with each a fond arm twined around my neck, and the fifth crouched upon a low stool at my feet; my venerable parents, their eyes turned up to heaven in pious gratitude, seated in two arm-chairs opposite, with my fair cousin between them, as if to supply the place of their daughters—a lovely familiar prospect of the adjacent country before me, no wish remained unsatisfied.

The hero of the day, I was called upon to relate my adventures by flood and field, and Othello himself never poured out his imminent perils in the deadly breach to more greedy and approving ears. I, in return, had a tale to ask, and it was of that fair, sweet kinswoman, of whom I had scarcely heard before, and whom I now

beheld for the first time. The brief story of her short but interesting life was told by my eldest sister in a few words. She was the only child of a deceased uncle; and her mother having with indecent haste married a second time, ere those shoes were old with which she followed her first husband to the grave, the sorrowing daughter, disgusted with the new relative, thus suddenly introduced to her, sought and found a home amid her father's family.

In the course of a few days the joy at the rectory became sobered into less tumultuous happiness. In a month I had received and paid a round of congratulatory visits, had examined every nook and corner which had been the scene of my boyish sports, and rushed with impatient desire to all my favourite haunts. At the end of this period we resumed our old quiet habits; I felt myself more truly at home, a free agent, no longer obliged to quit the *sanctum sanctorum* of my own apartment in order to shew myself to some, perchance to an indifferent acquaintance, who, urged by curiosity and the love of gadding, had travelled eight or ten miles on purpose to welcome Captain (military men were all captains in these days) Frank home again. I felt at liberty to be social, or solitary, as inclination directed. My sisters were active girls, and all had some particular department, either in or out of the house, which took up a considerable portion of their time and attention: my father divided the chief part of the day between the duties of his sacred office, and the enjoyment of a studious mind, feeding upon books; my mother, a second Lady Bountiful, was always busy, and the cousin and myself were the only two idle persons. She, poor girl, depressed and out of spirits, was too nervous and restless to fix herself to any pursuit; and while indulging her in her love of sauntering, my mother was wont to regret that she had not been trained to a better method of employing that fleeting and valuable gift of time. Much might have been urged in excuse for her listlessness. She still mourned deeply, both in her outward garb and in the recesses of her heart, for the parent she had lost. We became, at first undesignedly, afterwards from preference, constant companions, and each seemed to take peculiar

pleasure in the other's society. My sisters were all excellent florists; but her taste inclined to botany, and the love of wild flowers, herbs, and grasses, led her beyond the garden to meadows, banks, and hedges, and tangled copses, places which I loved to visit. There was sufficient danger from vicious cattle, fierce dogs, and gypsy vagrants, to render an escort serviceable: I could do no less than offer the protection of a soldier's arm against the possibility of encountering perils, of which the apprehension had more than once rendered her a prisoner in the narrow bounds of the rectory. We were neither of us very strong; and soon, conscious of considerable fatigue, a stile shaded with alders, or the trunk of a tree felled conveniently under some blooming hawthorn, presented so many temptations to repose our wearied frames, that we frequently availed ourselves of these resting-places, and, once seated, hours flew away like minutes. She talked to me of her father, of the fond hopes of her childhood, and of the kindness which she had experienced at the rectory. The most delightful spots on which to recline at ease and view earth's fair creations springing around, occurred amid the towering heights and swelling woods of Abbeyville. Its superb park and splendid mansion had been long untenanted: the heir, left a minor in his infancy, and brought up at a distance from his largest estate, had rarely if ever seen it, and had now taken advantage of the peace to visit the Continent. One of the most elevated points commanded a view both of the house attached to this magnificent domain, and of the rectory below. The ancient building, which had been in older times the domicile of a sleek brotherhood of monks, who ruled the country round with not ungentle sway during the period of papal supremacy in England, having sustained serious injury from fire, was re-erected by some tasteless possessor, in the Italian style of architecture—an extensive and superb edifice, but far less suited to the surrounding scenery than the old abbey had been. Its splendid corinthian portico and wide-spreading wings, its balustraded roof adorned with statues, seemed more fitted for the palace of some bright city, than for a retreat in sylvan solitudes. The parson-

age, formerly an appendage to the abbey, which had preserved its original character, built of dark grey stone with jutting windows, flanked with corresponding buttresses, and fretted with the rich ornaments so profusely lavished upon the creations of the middle ages, was a more beautiful and picturesque object, and assimilated much better with the rural landscape. But although I secretly agreed with my cousin, that my paternal home was certainly more adapted for comfort, nay even for happiness, than the grand cold mansion which spread its proud marble columns upon the green-sward, yet I could not repress a sentiment akin to envy when I thought of the possessor, and of his power to choose a partner for life, without reference to any thing beyond her virtues and her charms. My fair companion loved to expatiate upon the calm joys of retirement, the comparatively light responsibility of a private station, and the felicity of being able to retain such a home as that which I had quitted for the tented field. Sometimes, indeed, when a herd of deer swept bounding by, or the queen birds arched their stately necks as they floated gracefully over the still waters of a lake which formed the centre of a wide and richly wooded amphitheatre, she would smile, and say, that though she did not covet wealth, she could not deny its power to purchase much of innocent and rational delight. The swan, as it "floats double, swan and shadow—" the stag at gaze, or springing forward like the wind, or couchant in its green lair—are accessories to woodland scenery which the rich alone can command.

I now began to reflect seriously upon my future prospects. My father was extremely urgent for me to quit the army and devote myself to the church; and, no longer the self-willed boy, thinking only of his own gratification, I perceived the amazing advantage of this measure for my sisters. The living had been vested in our family by purchase; and, besides the pleasure which it would afford my parents, I should be much better enabled to support these dear girls by taking orders, than by any other means. Still, even if I were to relinquish the profession of my choice, under the present circumstances I hardly dared to think of marriage; on the other hand, if I could

prevail upon the woman I loved to share the toils and anxieties of a military life, a long peace might intervene, in which I should have no possibility of obtaining promotion. I scarcely knew how to resolve, there seemed so little chance of my having it in my power, for many weary years, to support a wife. I wavered, hesitated; but at length my father's earnest intreaties, my mother's tears, the supplicating looks of my sisters, and above all, the soft persuasions of my cousin, decided me, and I resigned my commission. It seemed as if this act of duty would meet with more than its reward. There came a rumour of the death of a distant relation in Canada; and in the event of there being no subsequent will, I must succeed as the heir. Visions of paradise floated before me; but while this accession of property was doubtful, I felt compelled to conceal my transports. I said enough, however, quite enough for my cousin to understand that I only awaited the certainty of independence to throw myself at her feet; and though she turned her eyes away, and told me that I must not speak upon the subject, she smiled and blushed, and did not look displeased. In the mean time we continued our walks, and our dissertations upon the vanity of all the gew-gaw trappings attached to pomp and splendour. One day, on our return home, we found the whole family in high glee, discussing the merits of the rich owner of Abbeyville. He had, it appeared, suddenly quitted the Continent, and arrived at his splendid ancestral seat. Lucy, the loveliest of my sisters, had seen and conversed with him at the house of a friend, and all the female tongues were rallying her upon the impression which she had made. Lucy reported her new acquaintance to be exceedingly handsome, and particularly courteous in his manners. He furnished a topic for the whole evening, and the next day my cousin and I were fortunate enough to be able to judge for ourselves. While resting as usual upon our favourite seat, the gnarled trunk of a prostrate oak, in a part of the grounds of Abbeyville, in which there was a path open to the public, though little frequented, and which, consequently, prevented all unpleasant fears of being thought intrusive, she, warbling one of those sweet wild ditties, to which, as so peculiarly suited to

the greenwood shade, I loved to listen, the lord of the soil passed on horseback at a very convenient distance. Screened from observation, we could indulge our curiosity without scruple. I was not displeased to hear my cousin's remark, that Lucy had overrated his attractions. His beauty was of too coarse and common a kind to suit her somewhat fastidious taste; and she observed that he sat awkwardly in his saddle. I had not perceived these blemishes; but I gave her credit for superior discrimination, and looked upon him and his ample fields with an unprejudiced eye. In the course of a few days I was summoned to London, by one of the executors of my deceased relative's will; and though informed that the property bequeathed to me was considerably embarrassed, I commenced my journey, filled with joyful hope that I should return in possession of such a competence as would gratify the moderate wishes of my beloved. The letters which I received from home were very cheering: it was the opinion of all the family that Lucy had made a conquest of the lord of the manor: he distinguished her by the most flattering attentions, and her sisters had made her promise to advance me to a bishopric in the event of her becoming mistress of Abbeyville. I rejoiced at the expectation of this dear girl's good fortune, but confess that I was selfish enough to be more gratified by the information that my cousin practised all my favourite songs. Ah! those songs, their gentle warblings thrilled for ever in my ears. These delightful communications lightened my task, as I laboured through dry, tedious, irksome forms of law, the more annoying as I was thoroughly ignorant of all business. I was detained for more than a week at the country-house of one of the executors, and, expecting to return to town every day, I did not give orders for my letters to be forwarded: to my surprise I found that one only awaited me at my hotel—it was brief, mysterious, and distressing. Lucy was very ill, and my cousin had gone home. Home—what home had she but the rectory? I could not endure the agony of suspense; and, leaving every thing unsettled, I ordered a chaise and four and quitted town immediately. My worst fears were realized, Lucy had found a too successful

rival in her cousin; the ungrateful girl procured a reconciliation with her mother, and sought a roof where she might receive her new lover without reproach. Her marriage with our rich neighbour followed very quickly: it nearly broke two hearts. I would have given worlds for the power of quitting the kingdom, and plunging into the depths of interminable wastes, untrodden by the foot of man; but the situation of my family chained me to the scene of my bitterest disappointment. The anxiety which my father sustained during Lucy's dangerous illness brought on a nervous fever, and we soon lost all hope of his recovery. My unhappy sister, sinking under the wound inflicted on her young heart, had, in endeavouring to conceal the frenzy of her despair from every human eye, passed several hours stretched upon the damp earth of a neighbouring wood. Her existence long hung upon a thread; and she survived with the total loss of beauty, and the dismal prospect of being a helpless cripple for life. My father sank rapidly into the grave; and, though the trump of war blew a spirit-stirring blast, and I longed to rush into the thickest part of the fight, duty obliged me to suppress the wish. I took orders, portioned four of my sisters in marriage, and endeavoured to teach Lucy a lesson of resignation, which it was very long before I could practise myself. Had I re-entered the army I should either have perished in action, or in all probability, amid constantly changing scenes, forgotten my faithless cousin—now every thing around me nursed the remembrance

of my passion. I heard her voice in the breath of spring, in the summer gale, and in the sighing of the autumn wind. I knew, too, that she was unhappy, and a sentiment of pity softened my heart towards her, and subdued every thing like resentment. The loss of their children, who dropped the moment they beheld the light, like blighted blossoms to the grave, embittered the lot of those who had built their felicity upon the wreck of the happiness of others. Apprehensive that his large estates would fall to a distant branch of his family, the once-idolizing husband became cold and negligent. Tears and reproaches produced recrimination; and one day, wrought up to fury, he cursed the hour of his marriage, and told his wretched wife that he had long desired her death. This unfeeling speech, although it did not inflict a mortal wound, was fatal to the peace of one whom I, the man she had deserted, would have cherished like a treasure sent from heaven. She never looked up again, and misery was stamped upon every feature of her fading countenance. A separation ensued, and the husband and the wife still live to lament over the loss of their brightest hopes. Lucy, a model of rational piety, far from brooding over her early sufferings, has set her affections upon another, and a better world; and I am thankful that my sorrows have conducted me to the paths of religion, and that I can also say,

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Yet bears a precious jewel in its head.”

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.*

(From the German.)

Agreeably to my request, Maria, in a confiding tone, thus commenced:—

“It is now two years since we first became acquainted. After the death of my good mother, I came into this valley to live with my relations, who received me in the kindest manner, and treated me

with the same affection as their own daughter. My cousin Barbara and I divided the in and out-door work between us; and when the season came for taking the cattle to pasture, I undertook the charge of the goats. One fine summer's evening (it will be two years next July) as I was driving my flock down the mountain, one of the young goats went browsing the green

* Vide page 196.

herbs close to the edge of a great chasm filled with snow; when, all at once, the loose stones gave way, and the poor little creature fell down the precipice. The sides of the abyss were so steep and slippery, that all its efforts to climb up again were useless; and, if it had been left there, it must have been starved to death. In sad trouble and dismay, I ran round the edge of the chasm to see if there were any possibility of getting down into it, but all in vain;—when, at that very moment, Bernard, who had been hunting the chamois, up amongst the rocks, happened to approach the spot. Seeing my distress, he asked me what I was crying for; and when I had told him the cause of my grief, he instantly threw down his gun, and, before I knew what he was going to do, he seized his pole, and, with the quickness of lightning leaped into the hollow. Whilst he was at the bottom, he fastened on his crampons, tied the little creature's feet together, hung it over his shoulders, and, after many efforts, succeeded in clambering out again. 'Poor little beast, thou art trembling sadly,' said he, as he unloosed it—'when thou art older, thou wilt better know how to take care of thyself.' So saying, he picked up his gun, saluted me with a God-bless-you, and was going away; but suddenly turned back, and asked me my name, and, when I had answered, walked slowly from me. I gazed after him for a long time in astonishment, and then made haste to drive down my flock.

"As I watched the goats bounding merrily before me, and carried the poor little trembler in my arms, it all at once occurred to me that I had never asked the name of its preserver."—Here the maiden suddenly uttered a piercing shriek, seized hold of my hand almost convulsively, and cried out, "Hark! do you hear nothing?—Sir! sir! do you hear nothing?"—Her eyes straining, her mouth half open, and her finger pressed to her lips, she stood for some moments like a statue. All was still—"Oh, God!" cried she, at last, letting go my hand; and I could then distinguish the rattling of loose stones at a distance—the noise was repeated,—came nearer,—and, by degrees, I could plainly hear the sound of footsteps,

and the clicking of an iron-pointed pole. Swiftly as a young roe, my companion flew to the spot whence the sound proceeded. "Bernard, Bernard!" cried she, in a voice of ecstasy; while the name of Maria resounded amongst the heights, every moment heard more distinctly. It was, indeed, the lost lover; who, rushing precipitately round a projecting rock, in breathless agitation clasped the affectionate girl to his bosom. "And have I, indeed, found you again, and are you really safe?" asked Maria, with streaming eyes. "Yes, *now*, all is well with me," answered the hunter, in a hoarse and hollow tone, which contrasted powerfully with the gentle accents of his destined bride. His appearance was such as to excite no common degree of interest. His figure was tall, and so slender as to seem almost emaciated, though apparently strong and muscular; and a dark red handkerchief, bound round his forehead, gave a singular expression to his finely formed and sun-burnt features. When the first happy greetings were over, I approached the delighted pair, to express my joy at their meeting; when, to my utter amazement, the impetuous hunter instantly recoiled, and glances, fierce as lightning, flashed upon me from his fine dark eyes. With lips compressed and hands clenched, he turned first to Maria, and then to me, without the power of uttering a word. At length he broke out with a convulsive effort, and fixing on me a fearful gaze, "What, Sir!—How have you?"—Then, with a wild and furious look at the maiden, groaned out "Maria!" and pushed her violently away from him. At the same moment he tore his handkerchief from his forehead, and blood ran streaming down his pallid face. His voice became feeble—he stood trembling from head to foot, clasped his hands together, and murmured, as if in inward agony, "Oh God! forgive her!"—He tried to say something more, but his voice entirely failed him; he staggered and fell to the ground—pale, stiff, and senseless.

At this very moment the last ruddy glow vanished from the peaks, and a still and solemn gloom spread gradually over the whole face of Nature. Every thing seemed ready for slumber; and only here, —here amidst a wild chaos of rocks and

ice—the Fates appeared busy in preparing a sad and terrible catastrophe.

Maria and I stood, for some time, paralysed with alarm and consternation. At length, the poor girl broke out into bitter lamentations—“Is there, then, no hope, no mercy, and must we leave this beautiful world so soon? Bernard, dear Bernard, awake once more!” cried she, with sobs of anguish, as she kissed his bleeding forehead, and clasped his hand to her throbbing heart.

I roused myself from the stupor into which this extraordinary scene had thrown me; recollected that I had about me a flask of cordial, and poured a few drops of it down the throat of the fainting man. Maria, meanwhile, busied herself in rubbing his temples; and at length, he began to breathe with difficulty, and slowly unclosed his eyes. Instantly, as if seized with convulsive agony, he sprang up with the quickness of lightning, and, brushing away the tear which hung on his dark eye-lids—“Poor wretch that I am!” cried he, with a scornful smile—“Tears in my eyes!—weeping!—this is all that was wanting to complete my misery. Oh! what a reward for all my toils!” uttering these words in a tone of bitterness, he picked up his chamois and his broken gun, and putting out his hand, “Farewell, Maria,” cried he, with suppressed feeling: “forget the rude hunter, who had but few friends in the world, and who looked to you alone for comfort and happiness: forget everything—it is best you should.”—So saying, and casting upon me a look of ineffable contempt, he was about to descend the mountain. “Halt,” cried I, burning with indignation, “you shall not stir from this spot till you have explained your outrageous conduct to this innocent being, and repented of your folly and extravagance.” With apparent coolness, and in a firm and haughty tone, the youth replied, “Who is it that dares cry halt to Bernard, the chamois hunter? All this comes over me like a dream—but to show you that I know no fear, even in the wretched state in which you see me, torn and bloody as I am, and more like a skeleton than a man (for I have not tasted meat or drink for three days)—to show you this, I say, I *will* stay where I am.” With

these words, he threw down his chamois, and the fragments of his gun, and placed himself before me in a posture of defiance. “What explanation is required,” asked he, “and who is the innocent person you speak of? and what more, Sir, have you to command?” I now saw that, to gain influence over this lofty spirit, a very different chord must be struck. “Listen to me, quietly,” said I, “for only a few moments. We three have met to-day for the first time. I am a stranger, and a painter, who came here to make drawings of your wild mountains and glaciers, and to whom chance gave an opportunity of affording assistance to this poor girl. Weak and exhausted as she appeared, and almost distracted with grief and alarm, I should have thought it inhuman to leave her; and I staid here to wait for you, or else to conduct her home in safety.”—“And was it for this you gave him the handkerchief?” asked he, turning to Maria with an air of distrust. At that instant, I first discovered that, in the hurry of the moment, I had stuck into my breast a coloured silk handkerchief, which must accidentally have remained in my hand at the time I disengaged myself from Maria and the dwarf. All was now explained to me; and this little circumstance, I found, had created the storm of jealousy in Bernard’s breast, and overwhelmed him in doubt and despair. Maria now eagerly recounted the story of her alarm, of my coming to her assistance, and the interest I had taken in her distress; on hearing which, he became all gentleness and affection, and put out his hand to each of us with the frankness of a child. He sat down quietly beside Maria, on a fragment of rock; and it was a pleasing sight to see this impetuous and turbulent spirit softened down, by love and gratitude, into all that was mild and tender.

At this moment the moon rose in full splendour from behind the mountains, shedding her fine lustre over the silent scene; and I proposed, that, as we were all harmony and happiness, we should begin our descent into the valley, where Bernard should relate to us, over a flask of wine, the dangers and adventures of his chase. He stood up cheerfully, and shook me by the hand; Maria took from him all his hunting equipments; I threw the chamois

over my shoulder, and thus loaded, we began our journey downwards. When we reached the hunter's little cottage, we found his aged mother praying before a crucifix. I would not intrude on the first joys of the meeting, but hastened to the Pastor's house, begged my good host to supply me with a few flasks of his rosy wine, and carried them with me to Bernard's cottage. The mother, not without some embarrassment, placed on the table her little store; and when we had filled our glasses, Bernard began to relate to us how he had set off, prepared for a two days' absence, and had soon reached a particular height, where he had often before been fortunate in the chase. "Here," continued he, "I was in hopes of again succeeding; for, scarcely had I crossed the snowy plain, and climbed cautiously up a few projecting rocks, before I saw a chamois keeping watch, on the top of a crag just above me. It gave the signal for flight, and instantly disappeared. I got up the rock as quickly as I could; but the whole troop were, by that time, out of my reach, and I saw them leaping, swiftly as lightning, over an immense chasm. A sudden change in the wind had made the animals aware of my approach, so that all my hopes of success were, for this day, put an end to, and all I could do was to go round to the other side of the chasm, and lie in wait for the re-appearance of my prey. As night approached, I betook myself to sleep in the cleft of a rock; and, having taken a sound nap for some hours, I was suddenly awakened by a tremendous storm. The cold was intense, and I was obliged to keep myself in violent motion, by jumping and leaping, to avoid being frozen. At length the wished-for dawn appeared—I set out on my day's work, and discovered traces of the game. But the appearance of the morning augured badly for my success—on all sides there were symptoms of a gathering storm; the air became heavy and sultry, and my labours were toilsome and disappointing. The chamois kept leaping about, now on this side, now on that, then disappearing behind the rocks, and always eluding me as I approached them. I was determined, however, not to give up the pursuit; till, at length, downright exhaustion compelled me to repose myself, and

an unconquerable drowsiness completely overpowered me. How long I may have slept I do not know; but certain it is, that, but for the refreshment of this sleep, I should never have been able to support the trials yet in store for me.

"A loud peal of thunder awoke me from my slumbers;—I sprang up, began to reconnoitre the spot, and discovered three or four chamois standing together at the top of a rock. All my fatigues were now forgotten—I levelled my piece, and, in an instant, one of them was killed, and came tumbling down the precipice, rattling away over the loose stones. I began to look about me for some way of getting down into the valley: but this I found to be utterly impracticable. Meanwhile, tremendous masses of clouds were rolling over the mountains; thunder, with a deafening roar, echoed amongst the rocks; fiery lightnings burst through the dark sky, and glided down the snowy heights; while a thick hail-storm rattled furiously upon the frozen surface around me. Oh! what an awful scene was this! All nature seemed to have risen up in rebellion; thunder and lightning pealing and flashing, as if to announce that the end of the world was approaching. At length I reached, in safety, the shelter of a rock, which protected me from the sharp pelting of the hail. By degrees, the hurricane abated; I commended myself to God, threw my chamois across my shoulders, and sallied forward again with a thankful heart. Though the descent grew more and more dangerous at every step, I arrived safely at the edge of the Black Scalp; but to cross this seemed absolutely impossible. The waters, which were now let loose, came roaring down furiously over the slippery surface of this immense flat rock, and tearing along with them great masses of stone and crag. The thoughts of Maria and my mother, and of all their anxiety about me, gave me resolution for every thing. It began to grow dark—Courage, courage, said I to myself—on with it—He who rules over the winds and hails, and watches over the safety of millions, will keep me free from harm.—So saying, I set my foot on the Black Scalp, and began to cross with cheerfulness and caution—but when I had about half accomplished this perilous passage, an immense mass of snow came rushing from

above, and at once overwhelmed me in its course. Good God! what a tremendous moment!—I lay senseless the whole night, and it was not till the dawn began to break that I became conscious of the danger I had run, and the escape I had experienced, and discovered that the sharp rugged rocks, against which I had been whirled, stood on the very brink of a tremendous precipice, and had saved me from the inevitable destruction of a fall down the abyss. To my great chagrin, I perceived that my gun was shattered to pieces; but, very fortunately, my pole, which I had strapped to my hand, my iron crampons and hammer, remained uninjured. This was not a moment for much consideration; I had nothing to do but to try and climb up again as well as I could. In many places, I was obliged to knock away pieces of the rock with my hammer, to get some support for my hands and feet; and, sometimes, I had to crawl, with no small difficulty, through narrow chinks and holes. At length, after hovering, as it were, between heaven and earth, for at least two hours, I reached a spot sufficiently secure to serve as a resting-place; and here, thankful for having accomplished, in safety, thus much of my arduous undertaking, I reposed myself, for a few minutes, beneath the bright early sun. Several times, in the course of the morning, I had heard a harsh kind of cry, different from any I was familiar with, and, at the moment I was getting up to pursue my clambering, it pierced through my ears again more sharply than ever. I hurried to the spot it seemed to proceed from; an instant afterwards I heard a loud rustling, and a huge eagle darted out of a cleft in the rock, circling in the blue air above me, clapping its wings violently, and repeating its shrill and anxious cries. All the stories I had ever heard of eagles and lammergeyers attacking men and animals amongst the rocks, and, by the force of their great pinions, throwing them over precipices, now came into my mind. I thought it most likely that there must be an eagle's nest somewhere near the spot; and, on looking attentively into the cleft, I distinguished two young ones by their beaks.

"The idea that, if I could make myself master of these two rapacious birds, I should gain almost as much by them as by a

couple of chamois, made me, for a few minutes, undecided as to whether I should attempt taking them or not; but the increasing screams of the old one, and the likelihood of its assailing me, where my path might, perhaps, be more dangerous than ever, at length induced me to leave the young robbers unmolested. Continuing my course, now climbing, now descending, toiling over loose stones and pointed crags, I, at length, reached the summit. My wounds, burst open by over-exertion, began to bleed afresh, and I sank on the ground, exhausted with pain and fatigue. Burning heat, and shivering cold, came over me by turns; and, as the day was already on the decline, I found it impossible to think of getting down into the valley that night. By degrees, my limbs began to grow stiff, and, at last, I became quite senseless, in which state I must have remained for some hours. I was suddenly roused by a blow on the head, and, mustering all my strength to rise, I discovered that my chamois had been dragged away to several paces' distance. I had now, indeed, good cause for alarm; and the certainty that I must be in the neighbourhood of some beast of prey, made me strain to the utmost the little strength I had left. The only means I had of protecting myself, were to pass the remainder of the night in shouting, striking fire, and throwing stones, to scare away so hideous an intruder. At length the blessed morning dawned, and I found myself, once more, in the well-known path; but I was too weak and exhausted to accomplish the descent in as few hours as I was wont to do. You will now, I am sure, my good sir, forgive my extraordinary behaviour, when you consider, that, at the very moment when I saw Maria again, and, in seeing her, forgot all my toils and dangers, I thought myself assailed by a new calamity, a thousand times worse than any of them. No! it is impossible for any man living to have ever felt a bitterer pang than the one which then overwhelmed me. But now, thank heaven! it is all over, and, with the blessing of God, it shall never happen again; and so, sir, if you still bear me any grudge, let us drown it in this glass of wine." So saying, he shook me heartily by the hand. "I cannot bear," continued he,

"to hurt or vex a creature; and if a word slips out in haste, that can give pain to any one, I am always more unhappy about it afterwards than any one else—but it drives me half mad, if I own to have been in the wrong, and put out my hand to make it all up again, and the person I have offended refuses to be friends with me. When this happens, it is as much as ever I can do to contain myself; and my only resource is to take my gun and go off to the mountains—and there I soon come round again."

During this narration, Maria had gradually been drawing closer and closer, and she now, in an affectionate tone, began conjuring her lover to relinquish, for a while, the toils and dangers of the chase.

"Maria," said the hunter, with an earnest air, "you know that, of late, I have applied myself to my business more diligently than ever, solely for the purpose of putting an end to all the foolish gossip about our long engagement; for that we do not keep our wedding till all my poor father's debts are paid, is what I am fully determined upon; so if you are as much in earnest as I am, you will say no more about the matter." This harangue was concluded by a kiss; after which Bernard replenished our glasses, and proposed as a toast, "Success to the chase;" while Maria, to hide her starting tears, busied herself with various little household arrangements about the room. "It was bravely spoken, my fine fellow!" said I. "With a head and a heart as stout as yours, you cannot fail, in time, of being as happy as you can desire. Patience is all you want."—"Ay, sir," said Bernard, glancing at his wounds, and at his broken gun, "I shall have time enough to learn patience—with a witness. Only if the good Pastor should happen to lose his patience—then, what is to become of us—Heaven only knows!"

"What, then, is it the Pastor you are indebted to?" said I.—"Yes, sir," replied the hunter: "and it grieves my heart to think I am obliged to keep the good man so long out of the money, which he kindly advanced us in the hour of need. But, however, I am still alive and healthy, and, with God's blessing, all may yet be well."

"And now," said I, "I am sure the thing you most want is rest, of which you

have been so long deprived; so I will bid you adieu until to-morrow." On the following morning, after some conversation with the Pastor, I returned to the cottage, and found Maria and his mother busied in dressing Bernard's wounds. I paused for a moment at the threshold, and heard him saying—"This is a sad piece of work, indeed; I have never been so badly hurt before; and many a long week shall I have to go hobbling about here, doing nothing."

"Patience, patience, dear son," said the mother, affectionately: "you will find plenty of work about the house and garden, they have been wanting you this long time; and when you are able to stir about a little, it will be very pretty amusement for you to set them to rights."—"And, then, there is the little arbour wants to be set in order," said Maria, coaxingly.—

"To be ready for the wedding," said I, making my appearance from behind the door, and walking into the room. "There is nothing in the world I should enjoy so much, as to partake of your wedding-dinner in that arbour on the hill, looking out upon the mountains." They all three looked at one another with an air of embarrassment, and without uttering a word. At length Bernard broke silence, on first observing a gun which I had slung over my shoulder. "So you are going to hunt the chamois, too, sir, said he? "but you must, first of all, let me give you some instructions, or else you will be breaking your neck before you can fire a shot."

"There is no danger of that," said I—"this gun deserves to be placed in worthier hands than mine. It is now my property, and I make it over to you as a wedding present, hoping it may sometimes recal my visit to your recollection. As to the wedding, the Pastor says, it now only remains with yourselves to fix the day—the rest is all settled upon this piece of paper." With these words, I put into his hands the discharged bond, and took my departure. Scarcely was I out of the house, before Maria rushed after me, and with tears in her eyes, and unable to speak, endeavoured to drag me back again.

"Let me go, now, my good Maria," said I, gently disengaging myself—"On Sunday I will be with you in the arbour;—and I kept my word."

SKETCHES FROM MY DIARY.—No. IV.

JUNE 13th.—I was putting the finishing touches to a drawing this morning, when Mr. Hamilton was announced. It was a view of Glenfinnan, which I had sketched last summer, while visiting in the western highlands. Mr. Hamilton looked at the drawing, and exclaimed, "many a happy day have I spent in that wild glen. The minister and I were playfellows in our early days, and I pay him a yearly visit at Glenfinnan. The last time I was there he related to me some strange circumstances which had occurred in his parish; and as you, Margaret, are a lover of the strange and the mysterious, I will tell you the story. I had gone," continued Mr. Hamilton, "one evening with my friend to visit some of his parishioners: it was a summer evening, and the breeze swept past, balmy with the odours of the birch trees and the mountain heather. In the midst of that romantic solitude stood a cottage, the tasteful simplicity of which corresponded well with the wild and interesting scenery. That cottage, said my friend, was once the residence of no common men: it was in the summer of 17—that two brothers came to dwell in it; their names, their rank, were alike a mystery. They called themselves Fitz Clare; but it was understood that such was not their real designation, and the rustic dwellers of the glen knew too little of names or heraldry to have felt interested in the matter. I, however, felt a deep and searching interest; for the bearing of those two brothers was like that of kings: they wore the highland dress—they were inseparable—they shunned all social intercourse, and sought only the society of each other. And when those brothers walked together in our lonely glens, with their black plumes mingling with their blacker hair, they looked as though they had been born to sceptres. There came with them a fair and dying girl. The tie which bound her to their fortunes was like all connected with them, mysterious and unknown. A wife she was not; and even had not the name of the English maiden differed from that of the brothers, her southern accent would have said she was the native of a different land, for the Fitz Clares were evidently of Scot-

tish birth. And yet the breath of censure never lighted upon the pure and gentle creature: and when she wandered among our woods, in her melancholy beauty, the rustic turned aside from his path that he might not disturb the English lady. Every Sunday she came, leaning on the arm of the elder Fitz Clare, and humbly seated herself in the house of God. I never shall forget that English girl, as she sat there in her pale loveliness, with her calm eyes raised to the heaven to which she was hastening. Sometimes I thought, when I saw her of a Sabbath morning, that a healthier bloom was beginning to glow upon her cheek. Alas! that bloom was but the fearful brightness of disease. Summer passed away, and autumn came, and not so fast did the yellow leaves fade upon the branches as faded the face of the fair English girl. At last, I was one evening called hurriedly to the cottage, of the strangers, and I was led to the chamber of the lady. She lay upon a couch, supported by pillows; and it was evident that the hand of death was heavy upon her. The elder of the brothers leaned against the bed: his face was hidden by his hands, and by the thick masses of his black and disordered hair; but the convulsive groans that shook his giant strength betrayed the agony of his sorrow. The younger brother, too, was in the room; but his grief was quiet and composed. "You must now leave me," said the dying sufferer, extending to each of the young men a fair pale hand. The younger brother pressed his lips often and fondly on that little hand; but the elder threw himself passionately upon the couch, and flooded the face of the English maiden with his tears. "You must go, my beloved," she softly whispered, "else time will not be allowed me to reveal"—"Yes! yes!" exclaimed the young man, "it must indeed be so;" and, imprinting one more frantic kiss upon her pale brow, he rushed from the apartment. The lady turned her eyes upon him with a long and eager gaze: then her lips moved a little space in prayer—a smile passed over her face—and she was dead! When I told the melancholy event to the

brothers, the younger bent his head and said, "It is the will of God!" but the elder fell down in a fit, like a weak woman, at my side. We placed him on a couch, and I opened a vein, and then I left him to his brother's care. When I next saw the strangers, it was at the funeral of the fair creature they had lost. The brow of the elder brother had assumed an air of stern and hopeless desolation; and when he heard the earth rattle on the coffin, the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. His brother hurried him from the scene. On the following morning they had left the glen; and now the only remembrance of those mysterious people is the green grave of the English maiden."

15th.—It is but sunrise, and yet there is Chrissy rolling on the grass; and how she is covering Dido with showers of cowslips! And who is Dido? Dido is the merriest and prettiest of spaniels: moreover, she is Chrissy's very dear companion. I am not sure that she does not sometimes rival even myself. Ah! Chrissy sees me now; and she claps her little hands, and points to the blue sky—it is bright and beautiful, my Chrissy; and yet, methinks, I better enjoy the morning breeze from this open casement than if I were out in all that glare of sunshine. How I wish I had one I loved to sit with me at this window, and to look out on that fair landscape! Dear, lazy Lucy is still in bed; and even were she here, she would care little for this glorious prospect; but it would be very sweet to have one beside me who could enjoy, as I do, the lovely scenery that now surrounds me.

Yonder is the cottage in which I spent the days of my happy childhood; and what

a picturesque and pretty cottage it is! It stands on the brow of a green hill, the verdure of which is as smooth and bright as velvet; and below is the mountain-burn, with all its romantic linns—those linns which, in my childhood, I used to regard as the most wonderful of nature's wonders. On the left rises the majestic mountain of Benaan. How often, when a child, have I, with my brother Willie, climbed even to its summit; and then with what delight did I look on the bright world below! Yes! often escaping from my governess and my lessons, I have climbed, with Willie, to the top of those terrific rocks, that rise like towers from the rough bosom of Benaan; and I have stood and watched, with childish wonder, the gleams of sunshine breaking through the clouds that rolled beneath us; while Willie, with the agility of a young deer, scaled the still loftier cliffs, and robbed the nest of the eagle. It was most cruel pastime; and many a time I wept when I heard the cries of the parent bird; and yet I had such delight in those mountain wanderings. I was a happy little madcap then; but soon my father went to reside in the lowlands, and then our cottage passed into other hands. Far and wide are scattered the friends who watched over my childhood; and my mother, the dearest and the best—alas! alas! she lies low in her narrow bed.—I must no longer gaze upon those scenes of painful beauty—I must go out into the sunshine. Chrissy beckons to me, and Dido shakes her silken tail, and raises her soft sleepy eyes to where I sit. Yes! yes! I will go and join those happy playfellows—they are better companions for me than my own thoughts.

A SKETCH OF THE OLDEN TIME.

TOWARDS the close of an evening in the autumn of the year 1345, a knight and his squire were seen riding rapidly towards the grey towers of St. Philip's monastery, in the county of Somerset, that they might gain its hospitable shelter before the storm, which had been long gathering, burst on them in all its fury. Just as the few fast heavy drops of rain were heard pattering

on the leaves, they sounded the great bell at the portal, and asked and obtained shelter for the night. The abbot and the monks, who were of the Benedictine order, were about taking their evening repast, and the knight was invited to join in their refreshment. The abbot was placed at the head of the table, seated in a curiously carved oaken chair, while the monks were ranged

on stools on each side. There were three long windows to the apartment, filled with stained glass, representing various occurrences in our Saviour's life, and the lives of the Apostles, through which the vivid flashes of lightning were distinctly seen, followed by long and heavy peals of thunder; so that the knight felt he had reason to congratulate himself on being safely sheltered.

The stranger was clad in complete armour of polished steel, and now he had removed his helmet, his age seemed to be about six-and-twenty; but his whole appearance indicated his having seen service in the wars of that period.—"Are you from London, sir knight?" inquired the abbot of his guest. "I am from France," answered the knight, "and on my way to the castle of Lord Roger de Lisle, to break a lance at the tourney about to be holden there in honour of the beauty of his ward, the Lady Isidore de Courcy."

"We have heard little," said the abbot, "of the intended festival at the castle; for the Lord de Lisle is not over fond of submitting himself to the discipline of our holy church, and its sacred professors are therefore but little welcomed by him. It was otherwise in the time of his brother."

"He died, as I have heard, of a wound received in battle?"—"You have been rightly informed; and his lady survived him only six months, leaving only one child, a son, to the guardianship of his uncle, Lord Roger."

"He lives, then?"

"Holy Mary, no!" said the abbot; and he crossed himself: "the poor child, one dark and tempestuous evening, was drowned in the lake adjoining the castle; and from that time Lord Roger has been uncontrolled master of the castle, estates, and vassals."

"Report speaks of him as a brave knight, and hospitable entertainer?"—"It becomes not me to speak evil of any man," said the abbot; "nathless, this will I say, it would be well for the soul of the Lord de Lisle if a small portion were spared from his profane festivals and tournaments, as an offering to the shrine of St. Philip in our holy house. The Holy Virgin knows we want not his bounty; but for the sake of his own peace I say this."

"I crave your pardon, holy father; but I have travelled long and hard to-day, and would fain seek repose, that I may prepare me for the tourney to-morrow."—"Your wish shall be complied with," said the abbot; and he made a sign to one of the monks to conduct their guest to his dormitory. "May I crave your name, Sir Knight?"

A cloud passed over the stranger's brow, but he replied—"I am called Sir Amaury of Bretagne, and am of the household of the Duke of Brittany, who is now at the English court." So saying, he bowed low to the Abbot, who gave him the customary *benedicite*, and followed his conductor to his place of rest for the night.

The morning appointed for the tourney the sun shone with unclouded brilliancy; and its bright beams were reflected from the polished haubergeons of the knights, as they rode on gallantly, their plumes waving in the wind, to combat for the prize before the Lady Isidore. The place appointed for the encounter was a level plain, near the castle of the Lord de Lisle; and a gallery was erected above the lists for spectators, in the centre of which sat the beautiful Isidore, attended by her guardian, and many high-born and lovely ladies, with their maidens and pages of their household. The trumpets sounded, and the three knights who were to keep the field against all comers prepared for the encounter; and, bending gracefully before the Queen of the Field, with lance in rest, took their respective stations. They found many noble knights prepared to contest the prize with them; various courses were run, in which the greatest skill and bravery were displayed; and two of the knights were disabled from any further effort on account of the hurts they had received in the sharp encounter. One of the challenging knights, Sir Hugo de Mowbray, remained as yet the triumphant possessor of the field; but the clarions sounded, and forth from the opposite entrance came the stranger knight, Sir Amaury of Bretagne, and challenged Sir Hugo to the combat for the beauty of the Lady Isidore. He bore for his device on his shield that day the moon partially veiled by clouds. Sir Hugo, being a muscular man, of uncommon strength, while

his adversary, though well made, was of a tall and slight form, the chances appeared in the eyes of the spectators entirely in favour of the former. A little time, however, served to undeceive them. Sir Amaury evidently possessed the utmost knightly skill, and a coolness and intrepidity which enabled him, in the three courses he ran with his adversary, to withstand the violence of his attacks; and in the last, by the judicious direction of his lance, Sir Hugo was unhorsed, and fell senseless to the ground. The air immediately rang with—"Honour to the sons of the brave!" and the acclamation of the stranger-knight, who, none being found willing to encounter the conqueror of Sir Hugo, was declared the victor of the tourney, and received from the fair hands of the Lady Isidore herself the meed of valour.

The same evening the Lord de Lisle gave a banquet in the grand hall of his ancient castle, to the distinguished strangers and knights who had been present at the tourney. A table was spread on the dais for the lord of the festival and his equals in rank, while at two side-tables in the lower part of the hall sat those of an inferior station. The tables were covered with the coarse but substantial food of the period; and the drinking vessels were of silver, richly chased. The minstrels tuned their harps, and sang of the deeds of some valorous knight, or of the misfortunes of some beautiful and peerless lady. In the midst of this merriment, however, the Lord de Lisle seemed ill at ease; and when his looks rested on Sir Amaury of Bretagne, a cold shudder passed over his countenance, which he in vain attempted to disguise. But the knight observed it not: he was too intently watching the bright eyes and blushing cheek of the Lady Isidore, who, he fancied, did not turn away in displeasure from his earnest gaze; and the glances of her guardian were entirely disregarded by him. The banquet at length concluded by drinking to the health of all knights who fought in the cause of honour or of beauty; and the guests departed to their respective homes, or to the apartments prepared for them in the castle. Among the latter was Sir Amaury of Bretagne.

The Lady Isidore had left the banquet rather earlier than her guardian; and in

her way to her chamber she dismissed her maidens, and lingered awhile to view the effect of the moonlight on the trees, upon the sweet landscape around, and upon the lake beside the castle, which seemed one solid sheet of silver. We will not say that Sir Amaury had no share in her thoughts as she seated herself on the large window seat, and looked out on nature in repose. She started suddenly on hearing voices approaching, which she recognized as those of her guardian and his confidential servant, Guiscard. Their angry tones caused Isidore to tremble; and, knowing the severity of Lord Roger, she resolved to screen herself from observation until they had passed behind a statue of the virgin, which stood at one end of the apartment. She had scarcely time to conceal herself ere they entered. "How knowest thou this, Guiscard?" said the Baron. "Too well, my lord, to be mistaken. I marked, this evening, as he sat with the guests at banquet, the very arrow on his ungauntleted hand which was stamped there in infancy."—"Destruction to our hopes!" said the Baron; "I fear me thou sayest truly; but is there no way to evade the ruin and exposure which will fall on us should he be recognized?"—"I know but of one," said the villain: "it has served me before now"—and he grinned maliciously, and held up before his lord a short dagger.—"Thy comrade played thee false," said the Baron.—"I paid him well for that," replied Guiscard; "but, when dying by my hand, he told me, in revenge, that thy brother's child, whose death he promised to effect, was safe in France; and that, won by its infant smiles and caresses, he could not murder him, but left him near the castle walls of a noble and hospitable baron, in whose hands he knew he was safe. Now he is returned, and in the very castle of his ancestors, in the person of this Sir Amaury of Bretagne."

Isidore clasped her hands in silent terror, as she listened in breathless agitation to this tale of treachery.

"His face and person wrought most strangely on me at the banquet," said the Baron; "indeed the likeness which he bears to his mother can scarcely fail of being remarked by those who knew her."—"To add to this," said the wily attendant,

"I have had speech of his 'squire, who, when somewhat overcome with wine, made mention of the finding of his master in infancy by the Duke of Brittany, who has conceived a great affection for him, and at whose hands he has received knighthood."—"This is increased proof," said the Baron; "but is there no other way—must blood be shed?" he murmured to himself—"Away with these scruples," said Guiscard; "there is no other way—either your death and mine, or his—fear not me—all shall be done secretly; and when the clock sounds the hour of two, you shall have no longer a kinsman to fear."—"No! no! I cannot walk in safety, nor feel a moment's peace while *he* lives," said the Baron; "so to thy work, my good Guiscard, and be speedy. Take this," and he threw him a weighty purse of gold, "as an earnest of the reward that shall be thine. Come nearer, Guiscard; attend thou to this."—Here their whispers became so low and indistinct, that Isidore could no longer hear their converse; but, after conferring together for a few moments, they left the apartment by opposite doors.

Isidore listened cautiously until she heard the last faint sound of their retiring footsteps, when she came forth from her hiding-place, and, falling at the feet of the image, she raised her clasped hands, and bowed her head for a few moments in prayer. Then rising, she said, "Oh that I could but prevent this deed of blood! I will at least attempt it, or perish; and do thou, holy mother, prosper my endeavours." She glided then with soft and cautious steps from the apartment.

Sir Amaury of Bretagne had dismissed his 'squire—the lamp was yet burning in his chamber—but as he felt no inclination for sleep he threw himself into a chair, and thought with pleasure of the angelic form and face which he had that day seen. Suddenly he thought he heard a slight noise at one end of the chamber. He listened—all was still. Thinking it must be the murmuring of the wind, he gave no further heed to it. In a few moments, however, it was repeated. He rose from his seat, and how great was his astonishment to behold a division in one part of the arras with which his chamber was hung, and a veiled

female, bearing a lamp in her hand, come forth from a sliding panel which he saw behind! His surprise was still greater when she raised her veil, and he beheld the Lady Isidore.

The knight bent his knee to the ground; but she motioned him to rise, and, in a low voice, she said: "Pardon, sir knight, the seeming boldness of this visit, which weighty reasons have compelled me to make. Your life is in peril. Follow me instantly, or you are lost." She then, in a few words, related to him the scene she had witnessed, and the plan laid for his death. The knight stood motionless with surprise, not with terror. That he, an orphan, ignorant of his kindred, dependent on the bounty of the Duke of Brittany, should be in truth the rightful owner of the castle in which he stood, with all its fair domains, and above all, the blissful hope which thrilled through his soul, that he might one day aspire to the hand of the beautiful being beside him, filled him with unspeakable rapture; and he resolved to remain, and brave the malice of his enemies. "Be not so rash, sir knight, I entreat you," said Isidore; "your single arm, however powerful, would be unavailing, and if you died not, imprisonment would be your lot in the dungeons beneath the castle, from which few have ever come with life. The holy virgin," she continued, "grant that I may find the place I wish, of which I am not certain, but it is at least worth the attempt."—"But you, lady," said the knight, "beautiful and angelic being, shall I be so selfish as to expose you to harm on my account? No! I will rather perish."—"Think not of me," she said; "I am safe, and can regain my chamber unobserved. But time presses, sir knight; your enemies will be here—I pray you linger not! Follow me, and you will escape them—at least for the present. Come!" she said, and motioned with her hand for the knight to follow. He obeyed the summons of his fair guide; and, after carefully closing the panel, the knight found himself in a large but decayed apartment, which, from the rich hangings around, seemed to have been once of some state. A door led out of this into a long gallery, which they traversed until they came to a small door. Here Isidore paused, and listened for a moment; but, finding all

still, she applied a key to the door, unlocked it, and descended a flight of stone steps, which led into a low square stone room. In that room, after searching a considerable time, Isidore found a trap-door; but the bolts were rusty, and required their united efforts to loose them. At length they succeeded; and a long, dark, and dreary way presented itself to their view, after descending the steps from the trap-door. Here Lady Isidore paused, and addressed the knight. "This," she said, "is your only chance of escape: the passage is only a mile-and-a-half in length, and leads into the chapel of the convent of St. Catherine, of which my aunt is the lady abbess. Shew this ring to her; make known the dangers you are in from my guardian; and she will assist and save you. Guard well your lamp, for the passage has been long disused; and may our lady and all good angels protect and preserve you!"—"And part we thus, lady?" said the knight. "Yet this is no time for words of love; but if I live, and succeed in regaining the inheritance that is mine by right, I will boldly proclaim thy beauty, and maintain my adoration of thee, against the bravest knight on earth. Until then, sweet lady, believe me that my thoughts

and prayers shall be ever thine." He bent low, and ventured to press her hand to his lips. Lady Isidore clasped her hands fervently, as in prayer; and, murmuring the word "farewell!" she ascended the steps, and after carefully closing the trap-door, she regained her own chamber without interruption.

The knight passed the gloomy passage in safety; and, through the assistance afforded him by the lady abbess, he gained the court of King Edward III., where, laying his claims and circumstances before that prince, he obtained his consent to prove the truth of his allegations against his treacherous kinsman by single combat. The day was appointed; but heaven's justice overtook the oppressor before the time. The agitation of his mind brought on a fever; and, under the fears of death, he made a true confession of his crimes, and acknowledged Sir Amaury his rightful nephew, and lawful owner of the castle and domains which he had so long usurped. The espousals of Sir Amaury and the Lady Isidore took place soon after. The ceremony was celebrated with the utmost magnificence, and was graced by the presence of King Edward, attended by the principal part of his brilliant and chivalrous court.

Mrs. H——.

WANDERINGS IN THE LAND OF HAFIZ.

(Continued from page 118.)

THE WILD ASS, AND ITS TAMER SONS.

"Wild tenant of the waste! Who sent him there,
'Mongst rocks, and clouds, to breathe in freedom's air?
Where'er the mountain waves its hoary wood,
A boundless range, to seek his verdant food!
Unyoked of man, untouched by goad, or rein,
Still does he tread the trackless hill, and scour the unfettered plain!"

BOTH far to the east and in the nearer regions, commonly called the Levant, the curious traveller may see sufficient specimens of the whole family of that useful animal, the ass, to satisfy him it comprises almost as many tribes as the human clanships of the Arabian deserts. One race of those aboriginal people, under the appellation of Bedouins, will traverse their native wilderness from east to west, leading their flocks

and herds to pasture plains, limited only by the distant belt of civilization. Others may be found, settled, either stationary in villages of mud hovels, or *pro tempore*, in their black tents, in the expected route of pilgrims or merchants, for the usual objects, traffic and advantage, by the halting of strangers. These are considered, by their more wandering brethren, as a race too nearly resembling the Felahs, or indige-

nous husbandmen of the neighbouring countries, and their contempt falls on them accordingly. These, the boldest of all again, the literally wild Arabs, grasp their spear, or gird their quiver on their thigh, their arms against every man! Yet, all are descended from the same parent stock, the posterity of Abraham, in Ishmael, Esau, and the sons of Keturah.

So, in like manner, may be traced every one of the different branches of the species of ass to the original stem of the wild ass or ghour; the inheritor, from time immemorial, of all the desert lands in and about the Persian dominions, according to the ancient and modern extreme lines of the empire. History assures us, and deduction demonstrates it, that in that country was "the cradle of mankind;" and hence this noble animal, being carried with migrating man, amongst the mountains, valleys, or down to the far-stretching plains of Central Asia, and even yet further away, spreads its posterity also, east and west, north and south; varying its appearance and its habits, in equal *ratio*, as the new regions were found desolate or tameable, and population increased, or the reverse. Climate, too, had its effect; and from the various modes of breeding domestic animals, would also naturally proceed much peculiar modification, differing from the original state. Thus we find cause for the distinguishing titles annexed to the different races of the ass.

First, the ghour, or ghorkur, or gu-aggah—the wild ass of Persia, and other parts of Asia, also of Africa, and the Levant; where it is certainly considered untameable, by any at present known means. This is the object of chase, is eaten as a fine kind of venison; and its beautiful proportions, deer-like, and formed for speed, have already been described. Its tail, tufted at the end, and in its head only resembling its humbler brethren of the yoke; but there the fire of its eye, and the snort of its nostrils, blazed, and swelled with the pride of a bold defiance. These fleet creatures, heirs of the waste, are sometimes descried in herds; but oftener in small groups, or quite solitary, standing, as it were, against the burning sky, on some barren sweep of hill—and then, in a moment, vanished!—as if the ether had

received the airy form; ravished it from earth, to draw the dewy chariot of the morning sun, or rival Pegasus, in his thirsty flight to Helicon. No pen describes this singularly fine animal with half the truth and sublimity of Holy Writ; and to that every reader may immediately refer himself, particularly to the pages of Job, and the Prophets. But Xenophon, one of the most observing and correct of heathen writers, one who had travelled the East himself, thus mentions the subject: "There, in a plain level as the sea, and barren of trees, but every where fragrant with aromatic shrubs, I observed the wild asses, which the hunters of these countries are accustomed to chase, flying with an unequalled speed; but often stopping in their course, and gazing round till the horsemen seemed to approach too near, and then with a bound they absolutely appeared to become invisible. They can hardly ever be taken, unless the pursuers weary them by planting relays in successive pursuits."

Next comes the race called the para, or orud; of a similar vigour and spirit, but yet of a tameable nature, and considered of infinitely greater beauty than the former, possessing an equally graceful form, and with a smooth glossy coat of dazzling whiteness. Its mouth, though hard as bone, can be made to obey the bridle of a rider; but, too often, like the Bucephalus of Alexander, to the peril of him who mounts. Hence the so eminently beautiful *white ass*, or para, was reserved, of old, by the heroes and princes of the Asiatic nations, for their own guidance alone; the very management of such proclaiming at once the resolution and the dexterity of the rider. These animals, bought at a great price, were generally kept by the sovereigns, in those vast forest enclosures to which they gave the name of parks, where beasts of chase also, as well as of more domestic use, were preserved, with due regard to the common security, in something like their original freedom. It is supposed, and justly I would deem, that in such a park, near his palace, on the luxuriant banks of the Euphrates, Nebuchadnezzar, when withdrawn from public life to the necessary discipline of his estranged mind, passed his season of seclusion, the

companion of these half-tamed animals; wandering in their haunts, drinking like them the cool stream alone, and feeding like them on the fresh herbs that grew under every green tree.

The third distinction appears to be the aton, or atonath, the most generally serviceable of the species for uses of strength, whether in performing long journeys, or drawing with the yoke, attached to the greater operations of husbandry, or even carriages of state. Individuals of this race may be seen, in all these various occupations, portrayed in finely executed bas-relief, on the ancient marble remains of Persepolis. And it is the aton which is intended to be understood, on two occasions, especially, in the Scriptures; the original language in both bearing the same exposition. First, in the Old Testament, where Balaam maltreats the beast he rode, in his rebellious journey; and, in the New Testament, where the Saviour of the world enters Jerusalem, "meek, sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass." The accurate translation would mean, instead of a foal or colt, a young he-ass, full of natural ardour, unbroken to the bit; "and on which man had never sat!" therefore, not likely to be guided by a meek rider, if he were not one who could command nature. The mother, its companion, was the atonath, the strong and vigorous beast, so called, because well disciplined to the curb.

Perhaps it may not be irrelevant to point out, that this latter tribe of the ass is notoriously sagacious in discerning difficulties, and adapting itself to overcome or avoid them; and that on discovery of any danger out of its power to elude, it utters a cry of more piercing distress than can easily be imagined. Even such a voice of remonstrance to his obstinately persevering master, when, in spite of the interdict of heaven and the reproaches of his own conscience, Balaam would persist in his rebellious journey; surely that cry alone, of a discerned hovering peril, invisible at first to the disobedient Prophet himself, might have suggested to him that something more than ordinary was before the starting eyes of the faithful animal. Even that natural sound of alarm, in such a situation, ought to have been received equally expressive as uttered words to

have warned him from the path; at the end of which, visible or invisible, he must have been conscious the wrath of God would await him. Hence, then, whether there were a double miracle performed, in the appearance of the angel to the dumb animal, and in giving it human language; or that, on its actually perceiving the sacred opposition, the force of human language was only understood by the extraordinary crisis of its ordinary cry; the supernatural agency is the same; the delinquency of the obdurate Prophet, equally obstinate; and man's irrepressible idolatry of gain, proved beyond excuse of reason.

But to return to the animal itself: its race may yet be found in prime vigour, and adequate respect, throughout the eastern parts of the world, and where their colonies have chiefly gone. Its colour is generally dun inclining to bay, with black stripes down its back and athwart its shoulders. Its bulk large; clean-limbed; of a strong, nimble, and stately pace; perfectly fitted to all the uses of the saddle, or the drawing of any vehicle of great weight, or pomp of grandeur. This tribe are managed like the most domestic order of Asiatic horses, and often most splendidly caparisoned. Many may be found answering to this description, not only east of the Archipelago, but in Spain, Barbary, and South America; to which latter place in the new world they were introduced by the Spaniards.

But the lofty-crested aton has not yet been seen in England. There, the poor, hard-worked donkey, that crops the thistle on our moors; patient, and plodding onward, on its, often, miry, weary way; burthened with heavy paniers, or loaded with teeming sacks; that creature is the humblest of the numerous family of the ass—and, like the lowliest degrees of men, who put their arm to the spade, and their shoulder to the wheel, may, perhaps, be considered the very race which most truly fulfils its commission here on earth!—shewing "content in toil, and gratitude for rest!"

This smaller bodied animal, rough in coat, slow in pace, docile in aspect, and enduring under all suffering; the common servant of the laborious poor; the ready vehicle for the wayfaring poor, almost all

over the world; this is what the Arabs call the chamora or hamar; the Jews, the chamor; and the Turks, the hymar: a term evidently derived, in the language of all those people, from its reddish colour. On such a lowly animal "the flight into Egypt" most probably was performed; most probably "the recal to Jerusalem" obeyed! To this unresisting, despised creature, in our more modern times, the eye of fainting nature has turned; and from its healing udder drawn the peculiarly balmy nutriment, long considered the only specific against consumptive mortality; and, to which many a happy family (neglectful, alas! of the poor dumb medium of the mercy!) owe, under heaven, the recovery from premature decay, of the young, the noble, the beloved!

I had scarcely made myself acquainted with the natural and traditionary history of

the Asiatic tribes of this animal, when I beheld one of them, bearing a large panier on each flank, with something lying across them, heaped highly, and covered with a white woollen blanket. It stumbled over some loose stones in the path, and fell, just before me. The blanket dropped on one side, when a coffin was discovered, braced to the paniers. At the same instant, a shriek issued from the wife of the deceased, seated, under her veil, on the back of another chamor; and one cast herself headlong on the other prostrate animal. It lay, without a struggle, as if tenderly conscious of the grief, then mourning over the burthen it had sunk under; and so impressed, I stooped, and called my attendants to assist in raising both.

P. J.

(To be continued.)

THE MISER.

THE sole survivor of the wreck, Harold gazed the next morning on the scene of desolation with feelings more easily imagined than described. The waves had washed back some of the bodies of the unfortunate beings which the ocean had the night before engulfed. Harold stooped to recognize them. Here lay one, lately full of rude health and ever-joyous spirits, pale, cold, and distorted; there another whose few grey hairs told of many winters—he had seen his last—the few remaining sands had been rudely shaken from the glass. Not far from him lay stretched a youth of seventeen; and Harold, who had as yet shed no tears, felt *one* drop as he relinquished the cold hand of the boy, and saw it fall heavy and powerless on the rock. He remembered the gay anticipations in which he had so lately indulged, as the approach to England brought the hopes of home still closer to his heart. "Poor lad!" cried Harold, "would I could give thy heart the warmth of mine, and send thee to joy the eyes, that now are doomed to weep for thee! I could have lain in thy place without costing any in the world a pang. He turned away, and just then a burst of sunshine mocked his heart with its

brilliancy. When all is desolate within, how vain the lustre of external objects: there is no chord that can be touched in unison with them; the violent contrast creates a jar, a discord, abhorrent to the soul.

They had been wrecked on the coast of Scotland, Harold's native place. He had left it in the flush of youth, impelled by necessity and allured by hope. The former had again brought him back, but the latter had long flown away, with all her fairy-colours, and left his barren fortune such as she first found it. Time had been still more unkind, and one by one had robbed him of all that makes country precious. The mother, whose clinging arms circled him in a last embrace the day he quitted home, had soon after ended her weary sojourn here: his father had gradually shrunk from all his early friends after the loss of his wife, sought a new scene, and died among strangers; while the few who were Harold's playmates in his little native village were scattered or dead.

Such were the tidings time had brought him. Having been an only child he was brotherless, and all the fond affections which grow out of the relations of life were want-

ing to his heart, which, like a country denied the blessing of fertilizing streams, now felt parched and desolate. Nature had given him the quickest sensibilities, and by a singular chance, the circumstances and changes of his fortune had increased them; he was therefore particularly alive to the isolation of his fate. The homeless man—he who has none to love, to hope, to fear for him—is the most pitiable object in creation. To him the future is a matter of indifference; no eye will brighten at his prosperity, or glisten with a tear at his distress. He grows reckless of all around him, and the chance is that he becomes a bad man. From this Harold's better angel had preserved him, and perhaps few men had reached nine-and-twenty with less of error to bemoan. The sensibilities which betray so many had preserved him; his heart readily attached itself to the unfortunate, and thus he had in turn united himself to many as a friend and benefactor. But an unkindly fate had still pursued him, and in looking back on the past he had to mourn the ingratitude of many, and the death of *ONE* who was never to be replaced in this world; with whose gentle nature blended the firmest virtues, and who endured sorrow and suffering *here* with the mildest patience, in the bright hope of a transition to *that* place where they are unknown.

The common, and it is said the strongest principle that actuates the heart of man—self-preservation—led Harold on. The tempest had only paused as if to gather new strength; the winds appeared to have returned with fresh forces to tear the few stunted pines that remained from the rocks; again the waves came on with their high crest of foam, as if indignant that nature should have placed *any* barrier to their impetuous course, and broke with redoubled violence against the opposing rocks. The skies grew denser every moment, and Harold felt that his exhausted strength could not long bear the buffet of another storm. His soul looked up to the tremendous author and director of all; and, in the midst of all the horrors that surrounded him, felt the good man's hope. On the inscrutable and resistless power that directed all he threw himself.

The wind again fell, and, cheered by

the view of a distant light, Harold renewed his course and re-assured his heart. The day just served him to discern the habitation he approached, and as soon as he had gained it he knocked loudly at the door. No answer was returned. Again he knocked, and convinced by the marks of footsteps outside, as well as the light within, though the latter was now extinguished, at least no longer visible, he raised his voice in supplication for shelter and relief. Alas! the waves that beat the distant rocks were not more powerless to impress them, than was the voice of Harold to move the flinty heart that he appealed to. Avarice had left no room for any feeling but the love of gold; that which had been bestowed as a blessing, was perverted to a curse; instead of forming and increasing his means of communication with his kind, it served as a barrier against them; and the wretched miser beheld, in every fellow-being who approached him, the open marauder or the secret plunderer. A good office was looked upon as a covert attack upon his purse, and induced suspicion instead of gratitude; the very commonest interchange of general salutation seemed to threaten him with leading to an acquaintance which might involve disbursements, and they were consequently avoided. Thus had the old man been suffered to become a complete recluse, seldom seen in the wretched hamlet near which he had fixed his abode, and as seldom thought of.

Among the circumstances of Harold's unpropitious fortune, perhaps this was the worst. The inhospitable door was immoveable. As the winds grew louder his fainting voice became wholly inaudible—probably as much from that sickness of the soul at the callousness of the being he implored, as from the effects of physical suffering. Crouching himself at the door, he waited till the last vital drop should stagnate, the last pulse of agony cease. He did not wait long; that heart, so warm with sympathy for others, at last grew cold; the languid pulses fluttered for a moment, and then ceased for ever! He died, and there were none to close the glazed eye, to compose the shrunken limbs, or wipe the last tear of agony from his hollow cheek.

Again with the returning morning the

sun looked forth upon him, as powerless to reanimate his heart, as to thaw the frost in which every limb was bound. The bright icicles hung from his black hair; his hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, or imploring; probably the former, for having proved that, howsoever near, it was vain to hope for human aid, he would naturally turn to that power which he could not appeal to in vain, and in the hope of whose mercy only we can dry the tear that falls to Harold's fate.

With morning, too, the many bars of the miser's door were removed. He listened between every one; no sound arose to alarm his fears, and at length the door slowly turned upon its hinges: it opened, and the stiffened corpse fell in! As its cold heavy weight rolled at his feet, even the miser shuddered! The unreproaching silence, the passive helplessness, was more eloquent than its living tones of supplication, and with some feelings of compunction he bent to raise it. The matted and frozen hair had fallen over the face; he pushed it aside from the pale cold brow, and, as he did so, discovered the features of his son—his only son! The unconscious corpse fell from the arms that had

too late been stretched forth to sustain it, while a groan, such as never issued before from mortal lips, spoke the horrid compunction and wordless agony of his father's heart.

After the departure of his son and the loss of his wife, chance had thrown some portion of wealth into the old man's hands. At first he treasured it up for his child, and fed his fancy with the hope of making him rich; but he gradually began to love his gold for itself, and when report told him he was childless, he abandoned himself wholly to the passion of avarice, and made his wealth the only object of his contemplation, the only idol of his worship.

With a delirious yet despairing hope, the wretched old man dragged the remains of his ill-fated child into the house. A few hours sooner, that act would have preserved to him a son to solace his closing years, and an inheritor of his now useless wealth. "Too late—too late!" he gasped, at intervals, as he madly tried to call back the life he had refused to save. "Too late! Oh! all too late!" he murmured, as he sank and expired on the corpse of Harold.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

"Can it be?" exclaimed Isabel, as she glanced her eye over the title-page of Ackermann's Forget-me-Not, bearing the advanced date of 1827; "is another year so near its close? In how different a light is the same subject viewed at different periods of life! In childhood—gay and happy childhood—the close of the year was regarded as the boundary of all care and sorrow—for even childhood has its sorrows—and beyond that boundary all was bright and glorious. What plans were not laid for our future conduct—what improvements were we not to make—what studies were we not to pursue—what pleasures were not to be crowded into the approaching new year! Now, the waning months serve but to remind us of the lapse of time—which, but for their silent warning, would steal by us all unheeded—serve but to re-

call the memory of joys departed! Last year! Can I look back with calmness on the changes which have been wrought since last year? Then friendship—friendship the deepest and most intense—engrossed my whole being. Then every thought, every action, had but one object—her in whom my soul confided. Now, the hand which was wont to cling to mine returns no answering pressure—the heart I reposed in is cold—and to my bosom happiness may never again be restored! Ah! too true are the words of song—

'And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep?
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!'

Thus thought Isabel; but the thought was founded in error—the friend of her heart was faithful.

Original Poetry.

TO L—E—R.

My lip a smile of pleasure wears,
 And joy will from my eye-beams dart;
 Thou canst not guess how many tears
 Are gushing ever in my heart!
 My path seems blessed with sunny light,
 For me the flowers of summer wave;
 But all within is wreck and blight,
 My only hope an early grave.
 Oh, had we parted when I heard
 (How could it urge the cruel theme!)
 Thy lip pronounce the fatal word
 'That woke me from my blissful dream—
 I had been free to weep;—but now,
 Though this fond heart is still the same,
 I must wear calmness on my brow,
 And call my love by friendship's name;
 See thee—converse with thee—nor dare
 Recall those hours, when to thy breast
 I rushed, and found my haven there—
 My home of peace, and joy, and rest!
 Oh, when on me thy melting eyes
 Were fondly bent, how could I fear—
 When on my lip I felt thy sighs—
 That all was false and insincere!
 I was too confident—but still
 Deserved not such a bitter fate;
 To nurse, against my wish—my will—
 The love that cannot turn to hate.
 Each jealous pang I must conceal,
 Each probed and outraged feeling hide;
 Nor, stricken to the soul, reveal
 The throbbings of my wounded pride.
 No word, no look of thine betrays,
 While gaily speaking of the past,
 Remembrance of those cherished days,
 For me too sweet, too bright to last.
 Dost thou forget—canst thou not see,
 Beneath the smiling mask I wear,
 The wreck of my felicity—
 The with'ring blight of my despair?
 I strive to soothe my bosom's pain,
 I struggle with the rising sigh,
 Try to forget—but all in vain—
 And loathe my life, but cannot die. AMY.

TO A LADY IN BORROW.

Those weeping eyes, those weeping eyes,
 The paleness of thy cheek;
 Those frequent sighs, those frequent sighs,
 A tale of woe bespeak:
 Oh, if the tears thou shedd'st can drown
 Despair and grief—weep on, weep on!

If they can wash away each line,
 That cankering care has traced
 Too deep in that fair brow of thine
 Ever to be erased—
 If they can call back only one
 Bright joy that's gone—weep on, weep on!
 E. M. P.

A MOTHER'S WISH.

STANZAS TO MY INFANT BOY.

(Born June 20th, 1821.)

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

SWEET smiling Cherub! if for thee
 Indulgent Heaven would grant my prayer;
 And might the threads of Destiny
 Be woven by maternal care;
 No golden wishes THERE should twine,
 If thy life's web was wrought by me;
 Calm, peaceful pleasures should be thine,
 From grandeur and ambition free!

I would not ask for courtly grace
 Around thy polish'd limbs to play;
 Nor Beauty's smile to deck thy face,
 Giv'n but to lead some heart astray:
 I would not ask the wreath of Fame
 Around thy youthful brow to twine;
 Nor that the Statesman's envied name,
 And unsold honours, should be thine!

Ne'er may War's crimson'd laurels bloom,
 To crown thee with a Hero's wreath;—
 Like roses smiling o'er a tomb,
 Horror and death lie hid beneath!
 Nor yet be thine his feverish life,
 On whom the fatal Muses smile;
 The Poet, like the Indian wife,
 Oft lights his own funereal pile!

No!—I would ask that Virtue bright
 May fix thy footsteps, ne'er to stray;
 That meek Religion's holy light
 May guide thee through life's desert way;
 That manly sense, and purest truth—
 A breast Contentment's chosen shrine—
 May through the slippery paths of youth,
 Unstain'd, untarnish'd, still be thine!

That Love's chaste flame—that Friendship's
 glow—

May kindle in thy gen'rous breast;
 That Peace, which greatness ne'er can know,
 Be thy calm pillow's nightly guest.
 Sweet smiling Infant! if for thee
 Indulgent Heav'n would hear my prayer—
 Thus, should the web of Destiny
 Be woven by a Mother's care!

June 29th, 1821.

ELEGIAC STANZAS
TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN.
(Died Oct. 12th, 1826.)

By the same.

SWEET smiling Cherub! well, I ween,
With truth I now may call thee so;
Since thou hast left this earthly scene,
This pilgrimage of grief and woe!
All the fond wishes I could twine,
Had thy Life's web been wrought by me;
Full, pure, and perfect, now are thine,
Young Heir of Immortality!

How have I wish'd, as day by day,
I watch'd thy outward form decline,
And saw thy beauties fade away,
That lengthen'd life might yet be thine!
Mistaken love! a better lot
Than earthly Parent could provide,
Where sorrow, sin, and care are not,
Is thine, beyond Life's changing tide!

As Israel's royal mourner knelt
Before the Temple's sacred shrine,
And all a Parent's anguish felt,
Such heart-wrung sorrow has been mine,
When by thy restless couch I've pray'd,
Unhear'd! by all—save ONE alone;
And knew that Hope's last-fleeting shade,
That ev'ry thing, save Life, had flown!

But, when I saw thy closing eye
Disturb'd by no convulsive start;
And heard thy last-drawn, gentle sigh,
How swell'd with gratitude my heart!
Heaven, that had tried my faith so long,
Repaid me months of anguish past,
Spared me the worst, the keenest pang,
To see thee suffer at the last!

They best can tell who, round thy bed,
Gaz'd in mute reverence on the scene;—
Nor deem'd the happy soul had fled,
So all unalter'd was thy mien—
How lovely was the smile that play'd
O'er thy pale cheek and forehead fair:
No with'ring look—no dark'ning shade—
All, all, was heavenly radiance there!

Why should we paint the mighty King,
DEATH!—in such terrible array?
A spectre form—a grisly thing,
Before whose look all shrink away?
A Minister of vengeance! sent
To blight, to conquer, and destroy,
Heav'n's fierce and dreaded instrument,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy?

Ah! such he may be, when he stands
To strike the Sinner in his way;
Waiting in wrath to loose the bands
That chain him to his house of clay!

FO THEE, in sunshine, not in storm,
He came;—of all his terrors riv'n;
Taking a kindred Seraph's form,
To bear a Brother back to Heav'n!

And, as I bent me down to kiss
Thy placid and unalter'd brow,
How did I yearn to share thy bliss,
To share thy Paradise e'en now!
But, though the "iron's in my soul,"
I still must hold my journey on;
A pilgrim to that heavenly goal,—
Where thou, brief space before, art gone!

Thy BROTHER claims a Mother's love,
Thy SISTERS ask a Mother's care;
And I must rise this grief above,
Or learn with fortitude to bear!
Yes! I must seek the World again,
And mingle with its busy crowd,
Though anguish racks my throbbing brain,
And grief to earth my soul has bow'd!

But few will say, in after-years,
That smiles upon my cheek they see;
Though none may guess the secret tears
These streaming eyes must shed for thee!
Sweet smiling Cherub! well, I ween,
With truth I now may call thee so,
May I so pass this troubled scene,
This vale of shadow here below;

That when these wearied eyes shall close,
And sleep the last, long, dreamless sleep;
When my wormheart shall find repose,
Where Care and Sorrow cease to weep;
I may have stemm'd each stormy wave
Of Life, from its pollutions free;
And feel assured beyond the Grave,
Thou wait'st to ope Heaven's gate for ME!
14th Oct. 1826.

STAR OF THE MORN.

STAR of the morn! I have watched thy ray,
When the white clouds round as a coronal lay;
I have watched them vanishing one by one,
Melting in air 'neath the rising sun;
And I thought of the joys that mortals know—
How like those clouds they come and go!

I saw thee alike shining brightly on,
When the clouds were there, when the clouds
were gone;
Guarding and lighting the azure expanse—
Mingling thy light with the morning's glance—
And I thought of the friendship that nought
destroys,
As the morning star of our future joys.

E. M. P.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1826.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the Persian lilac, trimmed down each side of the bust, and of the skirt in front, with ornamental foliage, embossed, of the same material, representing trefoil, depending from stems formed of *rouleaux*. The pelisse fastens close down the skirt, with springs concealed under a full *rouleau*. The body fits close to the shape, and is girt round the waist with a gold buckle. The sleeves are of a moderate fulness, with double *mancherons*, of a very simple kind, shaped in scalops: the wrists are adorned by bracelets of hair, with a red cornelian clasp set in gold. A quadruple ruff of Urling's lace encircles the throat, and the pelisse is trimmed round the border with light grey fur of the American squirrel. This border is very broad, and a muff of the same is worn with the dress. The bonnet is of black velvet, lined with the red of the pomegranate rind, and is trimmed with black velvet, and satin of shaded yellow and pomegranate red. The shoes are black kid, and the gloves of fine doe leather, lined with squirrel skin.

No. 2.—EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS, of Japanese-rose-colour, either of *gros de Naples*, satin, or gauze, with a very broad festoon flounce of white blond. Over this flounce is an embroidery of foliage in branches, and beautifully raised in black floize silk. The body made slightly *en gerbe*; the sleeves of white *tulle*, short and full, and trimmed next the elbow with blond set on full. Over these sleeves, at the shoulder, commence *mancherons*, which appear like a divided short sleeve, as they descend nearly as low as the blond frill round the arm, and the division discovers the sleeve of *tulle* underneath. These *mancherons* are trimmed round with narrow blond, but they are of the same colour

and material as the dress. A falling ornament of very broad blond surrounds the bust. The hair is arranged in very large curls, and ornamented with full blown Japanese roses. The jewellery ornaments consist of a necklace of pearls, in festoons, with a Greek patriarch's cross, formed of large pearls and rubies; below that is a long gold chain; and the ear-pendants are of wrought gold. The bracelets, of white and gold enamel, are fastened by a ruby brooch, set in gold.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

FASHION, as soon as the gloom of November appears, generally arrays her votaries in the most brilliant attire; as though, by casting a cheering splendour through that dreary period of short days, she were desirous of making us forget the privations endured by us in the wintry season, and thus to cause the long evenings of its icy reign to wing their way in the contemplation of beauty, aided by all the pageantry of dress, as she steps forth, arrayed by the hands of the graces, to the late dinner party or the midnight festival.

Mantles are again decidedly the fashion for out-door costume; even in walking they are seen, but they are best fitted for the carriage. The newest and most admired are of royal blue lined with amber; and next in favour to these are black, lined with ruby, pomegranate red, or bright rose colour. Since writing, or rather while writing this statement, we have had one brought for our inspection: it is of a rich *gros de Naples*, lined throughout with slight satin; the outside a beautiful slate colour; the lining, bright rose. It is capacious, wrapping well over the form; and the capes terminate with an elegant *fichu* point in front, falling nearly as low as the fingers. The entire cloak, made

by a very eminent *marchande de modes*, is extremely elegant.

Pelisses, however, both of silk and cloth, are yet worn, but there is little new in their make, as to general fashion: the specimen given in our engraving of a walking dress is the only novelty, at present, in these articles. Cachemire shawls are now much in use; as are fur mantelets over high dresses; and these are dark. The fine, black, glossy lynx is much in favour for this article of dress, and also for muffs.

Bonnets of pink *gros de Naples* are much admired. The crown is ornamented with a scroll of the same, placed *en fers de cheval*, and the hollows filled up by full-blown roses; one of which lies at the edge of the brim; and under the brim, at the part that lies next the hair, are points of *gros de Naples*, edged round with narrow blond. Leghorn hats (for though black velvet begins to prevail, many ladies yet wear Leghorn, especially for walking) are trimmed in a very whimsical manner: the *rûche* at the edge of the brim is always of two colours; and the ribbons on the crown are of different colours: a star with six points, of the most conspicuous colour of the two ribbons, is placed on the very summit of the crown, which is far from a tasteful ornament, and, certainly, quite useless. The new black velvet bonnets are of a beautiful shape: they are small in the brim, short at the ears; the crown rather high, and in the yeoman shape, surrounded by puckerings of velvet, and black satin ribbon: an *esprit* feather, formed of heron's plumage, is tastefully placed on each side of the crown; the strings are in a very long loop. A carriage hat, of cornflower-blue *gros de Naples*, or satin, is trimmed in the same style; and the *esprit* feathers on this hat are also black. The hat is wide in front, and of longer dimensions in the brim than the bonnet. Another favourite bonnet for the carriage, is of white *gros de Naples*, with a very broad blond at the edge; and is ornamented with gauze and marabout feathers.

Home dresses are generally of *gros de Naples*, of a tea-colour, celestial-blue, or some such light tint. They are trimmed at the border, either with four broad bias folds, falling over each other, or several *rouleaux* placed very close together, and

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forming a rich border in scalops, reversed. It is not unusual also, to see them trimmed with two flounces of a moderate breadth, the edges pointed, and bound round with narrow bias of the same material as the dress. These flounces touch each other, yet so that the points are relieved. The bodies are *en gerbe*, and long white sleeves of muslin or crape are worn with these dresses. The *mancherons* are plain, of the same colour and material as the dress, and are in the Persian style: the sleeves are clasped at the wrists by bracelets of dark, braided hair, fastened by a cameo. Red sarcenets, chequered with black, are favourite materials for dresses during this long season of candle-light, and look well for half-dress. Over gowns of this description, *fichu-pelerines* are often worn, of muslin beautifully embroidered, or trimmed round with lace in fluted plaits. When these pelerines are worn in home costume, a narrow frill falls over from the throat; though some ladies prefer the genuine make, which is with a very full triple ruff of lace, incircling the throat, and standing up behind, like a French frill. This should depend entirely on the beauty or form of the throat. There is little new in the shape of the *corsages*; those of dress-gowns are made low, and for half-dress they are crossed over the bust, in drapery, *à la Circassienne*. Evening dresses of crape, are often seen trimmed at the border with full *rûches*; they have short plain sleeves, with a very broad blond kind of ruffle round the arm, set on almost straight. Many evening dresses are ornamented with flounces of very broad blond: if there be only one flounce, it is put on in the same manner as that represented in our engraving of an evening dress; and rosettes of satin, placed at equal distances, sometimes are substituted for the floize silk embroidery.

Turkish turbans of figured gauze, often gold and *ponceau*, or Spanish *toques* of two gauzes of different colours, are the most fashionable head-dresses for evening parties. They are laid in alternate folds, and for the Spanish *toques*, the favourite colours are green and murrey: they are ornamented with a bird-of-paradise plume. Caps of blond, the cawls open, and composed of *rouleaux* of coloured satin in treillage work,

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are much in favour. Across this open crown, in bias, is a broad blond, disposed *en crêtes de coqs*, interspersed with full-blown damask roses. The border is also arranged in the same manner as the bias ornament across the crown; and under it, all round, are placed damask roses, lying on the hair, at separate distances from each other. When ribbons are now worn on the hair they are beautifully mingled among the tresses, and have a very pleasing effect. Diamonds are much worn on the hair of married ladies, and flowers of all kinds on the young. Feathers are worn only at full dress, or very distinguished parties, and then they are by no means very prevalent. Few dress-hats have yet appeared, but it is expected they will grace the evening and dinner-party, this winter, as usual. The caps for morning and for home-costume are very simple: they are of plain *tulle*, with very little ornament, except gauze ribbon, tastefully disposed; and they are generally lined with pink satin: long, broad strings float over the shoulders behind.

The favourite colours are Neptune-blue, drake's-neck-green, pink, light fawn-colour, slate, mahogany-brown, Japan-rose, and ethereal-blue.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

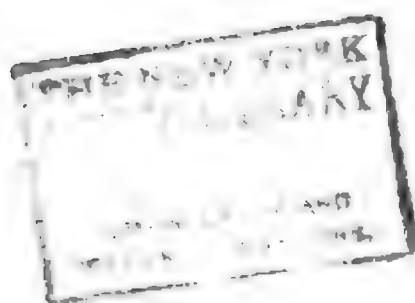
COSTUME OF PARIS.

WE begin now to feel the truth of the old adage, that "summer does not last for ever, any more than love." Chilly fogs and damps have succeeded to the charming weather we have so long enjoyed; and the long and warm mantle is now displayed in out-door costume. The variety in these articles consists in the different materials of which these envelopes are composed; for it would be a difficult task to give any novelty to their form. Those of Scotch tartan seem most in favour. On a very elegant woman I saw a mantle of Haiti-blue, the material of which was fine merino: it was chequered with double lines of black and red, forming very

large diamond chequers. It was lined with white satin, and had a narrow collar, standing-up, and two large pelerine capes, bordered, as was the mantle all round, by a layer of moderate breadth, formed by bias folds of blue, red, and black satin. Pelisses of *gros de Naples* are trimmed with *ruches*, about three fingers in breadth. Some pelisses fasten down the front by four broad *languettes* lined and bound. A young lady recently married has paid her morning visits in a pelisse of white poplin, trimmed with a quilling of blond: a quantity of narrow blond covered all the pelerine, and appeared like a moss, light as the down of the marabout. The sash was a broad satin ribbon, tied on one side, and the ends falling as low as the knee. A quilling of narrow blond formed the bracelet round the wrist. Those mantles, which can be worn only by the wealthy, are of rich velvet, or of white satin, on which ground are large chequers of various colours. Their lining is of some rich silk of one colour; they have a standing-up collar of plain velvet, and two or three pelerine capes of the same material as the mantle. The most fashionable riding-habit is of fine cloth, of a claret colour, with Brandenburgs braided across the breast in black.

Many ladies wear hats of barbel-blue, chequered with black, in diamonds. They are of *gros de Naples*, and are trimmed with bows of figured ribbon, black and blue, with several black puff feathers placed about the crown. Bonnets of coloured figured sarcenet, lined with a different colour, and of a different pattern; for instance, the bonnet is, perhaps, of pink, chequered with black, in diamonds, and lined with yellow spotted with black. These bonnets are among the admired whims of the day. The crowns are high, and made very full; somewhat in the shape of the undress cap of a cardinal: from the middle of the crown's summit a puffing, of the same material as the bonnet, is carried down to the right side; and the edge of the brim is bound with yellow; the strings are also yellow, and tie on one side. The most approved carriage-hat is of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with Haiti-blue ribbon and white marabouts, *à l'Inca*. Hats of black velvet or satin take their accustomed pre-eminence, according to the person.

THE



Several are bound with a broad Scotch tartan ribbon; the bows are also of tartan, and are placed between broad bias folds of satin or velvet, which cover the front of the crown. Sometimes instead of bows are placed *aigrettes* of black feathers. This however depends on fancy; one is as fashionable as the other. One very beautiful hat of black velvet has been seen on a lady of fashion: the crown was ornamented by a long branch of foliage, formed of small white feathers. Sometimes we see a black hat ornamented with feathers of fire-colour: these are long, and though flat, they droop over the shoulder in the weeping willow style. Bonnets of black satin, lined with yellow satin, and trimmed with yellow ribbon, shaded with fire-colour, are very fashionable. When feathers are adopted on black satin hats, they are often party-coloured; orange-colour, blue, and green. Bows of different ribbon of the same colours as those of the feathers, complete the trimming of these hats. Satin and velvet hats of different colours, trimmed with tartan ribbon, though not so prevalent as black velvet hats, are yet much worn.

A gown for half-dress, of drake's-neck-green merino, is much admired. It is trimmed at the border with two rows of *jabots*, of *gros de Naples*, beautifully fluted: these are placed across the border of the skirt in bias, and produce a very elegant effect. The body is made almost high, but has no collar, and is surmounted next the throat by a narrow lace frill: a pelerine cape terminates in front by a point, just beneath the girdle, gradually sloping from each shoulder, till it forms a stomacher before the bust, and imparts a fine breadth to the chest. This cape is trimmed round with a narrow fluting of *gros de Naples*. A dress, also, of willow-green *gros de Naples* is equally in favour: it is embroidered at the border in a festoon of spots in black, surmounted by foliage, over a very broad flounce of black lace, which is also festooned. The body is made partially *en gerbe*, and quite high, with a pelerine cape, fastening behind, and embroidered in the same pattern as the skirt: the sleeves moderately full, and confined at the wrists with enamelled bracelets. Another elegant dress is of grey *gros de Naples*; with a full puckering at the border, on

which, by means of a narrow blond, is formed a beautiful pattern, in bias, representing cockle-shells. The body is made low, and *en gerbe*, with a headed falling tucker of blond; the sleeves long, and of white crape, with *mancherons* of the same colour and material as the dress: these *mancherons* are formed of two scalops, and are edged round with blond: the sleeves are fastened at the wrists by enamelled bracelets, with a large clasp formed of a turquoise stone set in wrought gold.

Our balls now begin to take place. I have seen a dress just completed for a lady of rank: it is of pink satin, with two very broad flounces of white blond; the upper flounce festooned, and the points surmounted each by a *bouquet* of white marabouts: the body made quite plain, with a broad falling tucker of blond, in front of which is a diamond brooch, set round with rubies; the sleeves short and very full, trimmed with blond.

The hair, for the ball-room, is dressed in the Chinese style: on one side of the face is a plain band of hair, on the other a full cluster of curls. The Apollo's knot is very much elevated on the summit of the head, and appears full in front: among the tresses is mingled white and coloured gauze, with marabouts and ears of corn, in diamonds. A white dress-hat has appeared at an evening party, of *gros de Naples*; with white flat feathers, tipped and edged with pink, and playing over the hat in every direction. Some *toques* are half of velvet and half of coloured gauze; they are laid in folds on each side, on the temples, and in the front is a *bouquet* of marabouts or an *esprit*. The dress-caps are made with double wings, and are of black and white blond: between the wings is a wreath of geranium, the flowers of which alternate with a plait of blond. Turkish *toques* are ornamented with two crescents, which support two *aigrettes* placed on in a V. Spanish *toques* consist of a gold net, and are ornamented with a plume and a gold tassel on the right side. A wreath of white roses is sometimes all the ornament on the hair, and is placed on the summit of the head; while others place a wreath of red-and-white daisies on one side. Pinks, pomegranates, and ranunculuses are also favourite flowers for the head. These are

detached, and not in wreaths. On some evening head-dresses is a white *esprit*, in the form of a diadem, with the Apollo's knot fastened by a diamond comb. *Berets* of *ponçeau*-coloured *barège*, striped with black, are ornamented with two *esprits*; one over the right ear, that on the other side placed much higher. Another head-dress is a *toque* of rose-coloured satin; the border turned up all round, and the crown formed of *rouleaux* of satin, *en treillage*: six or seven rose-coloured feathers, curled, are placed in bias, from one side of the *toque* to the other. A dress-hat of *tulle*, lined with blue satin, is hollowed out in two places to shew the hair; two *languettes*, placed in these hollows, are turned up, and two bows sustain them, and serve to support two *esprit* feathers.

They now give the name of *beret* to almost every kind of turban invented by the milliners, though nothing is more unlike the primitive simplicity of the Bearnese cap, than those preposterously broad *coiffures* of the present day, which are cut about, and turned all manner of ways. Some of the newest are of three or four different coloured gauzes jumbled together, with a large bow on the top of the crown; whence depend two long ends, fringed, falling as low as the shoulder. It is not possible to describe all the various sorts of *berets*. These innovations, however, render them not an unbecoming head-dress, and our fashionables are anxiously looking forward for some more novel changes in this favourite covering for the head.

The most approved colours are blue, rose-colour, lilac, yellow, fire-colour, violet, orange-colour, and laurel-green.

EGYPTIAN COSTUME IN 1826.

THE female dancers of Egypt, although they disfigure themselves horribly in dyeing their cheeks with orange-colour, and staining their eyelids with black, are not destitute of attractions. Their forms are elastic and graceful. They are loaded with ornaments of silver and brass; they wear rings round their legs and arms, and smaller ones

on their toes, and in their nostrils. Their fondness for dress also evinces itself in the abundance of their necklaces of different coloured Venetian beads, which they wear round their necks.

The Nubians, who are far from having the grace or the coquetry of these dancing girls, anoint their hair with a very disgusting composition. They make use for this purpose of an oil extracted from a plant called *palma-christi*, which is cultivated with great care. They then divide their hair into innumerable little tresses, braided so tight, that they generally last in that state during their whole lives.

The following is a description of the dress worn by a wealthy female of Damietta:—Her petticoat was of gold Indian tissue in stripes; her robe was long, and of green velvet, richly embroidered in gold, and worked at Stamboul; it was open in front, and discovered her petticoat, and part of her pantaloons, which were of muslin embroidered with gold. Her foot was delicately small, and had no other ornament than a gold ring round her ankle. She wore no chemise, and her neck was covered by so transparent a gauze, that the contour of her bust was entirely exposed. As for her head, it could not be looked at without the beholder experiencing some fear lest the weight of it might be dangerous to her, at least that of her grotesque head-dress. She had a turban formed of heavy folds, twisted, of muslin of every colour that was ever seen, and crowned with an enormous quantity of flowers, besides diamonds and trinkets of every kind, which made her appear like a walking *magazin de modes*. A long veil of India muslin, powdered over with spangles, was fastened to all these valuable articles, and concealed innumerable tresses of hair and black silk, which descended just below her waist, and to those were attached a quantity of small gold coin, which at the least motion of her head, jingled like the bells on the team of a waggon. Her complexion was fresh and blooming, assisted by rouge; and her eyelids and eyebrows were blackened.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the 4th edition of "*The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth: comprising the Political History of the Commencement of the English Reformation; by Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S. &c.*" To announce the appearance of the work, however, is all that our time and limits will now permit us to do: it is probable that, in our supplementary sheets we may resume its notice. By an indefatigable laboriousness of search, and by commensurate judgment, skill, and impartiality, Mr. Turner has rendered this volume of his history eminently valuable. On many circumstances and incidents he throws an entirely new light; and, in particular—what is exceedingly important at this season—he incontestibly shews that the Popish clergy who perished by execution in the reign of Henry VIII., were engaged in practices connected with insurrection and treason—that they were convicted and punished, not on account of their religious tenets, but because they were pursuing those insurrectionary and treasonable practices.—The character and conduct of Henry, especially in the early part of his reign, are here seen in a more favourable light than we had been accustomed to view them: Wolsey's portrait, on the other hand, is drawn in darker colours. The proceedings of the celebrated Duke of Bourbon are in this volume very strikingly illustrated. It appears that this personage actually swore allegiance to Henry VIII., engaged to make him King of France, and invaded the kingdom for that purpose! No lover of history—history as it ought to be written—will omit the perusal of this work.

Another volume of considerable interest presents itself in "*The History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the Time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand VII.; Abridged and Translated from the Original Works of D. J. A. Llorente, formerly Secretary to the Inquisition, &c.*" We

cannot enter upon an analysis of this production, which, in its original form, has been some time known upon the Continent; but, for the purpose of shewing the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition, even in our own time, we shall quote one very striking passage.

**** was present when the inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the orders of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was: some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the nature of the crime of which he was accused. One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be death by the *pendulum*. The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows:—The condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer; at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on till life is extinct. It may be doubted if the holy office in its mercy ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy, or incurring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the secret tribunal, A. D. 1820!!!

For the year 1827, "*The Literary Souvenir, or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance, edited by Alaric A. Watts,*" maintains its high station in the elegant class of annuals. In graphic embellishment and literary merit, it is equally brilliant. "Many distinguished artists and collectors," observes the editor, "who would have scrupled to allow of their pictures being engraved in an inferior style, have willingly favoured me with the loan of paintings and drawings of first-rate excellence for the present publication; and have thus enabled me to include the most splendid series

of prints ever introduced in any work of the same class ; a series which will, I confidently anticipate, as a whole, be found even more attractive than that of the preceding year." With equal justice, too, Mr. Watts remarks, that "with regard to the literary portion of the volume, a reference to its table of contents will shew that it has been supplied by such a phalanx of distinguished writers, as has never before been embodied in any similar publication." If all the ladies and gentlemen with great names have not done full honour to their own celebrity, that, we conceive, is not the editor's fault. In general their fame will not suffer from the effusions before us ; but it is due to many of the anonymous contributors to this volume to say, that their productions proudly contest the palm with those of even the first pretension.

Exclusively of the external decorations and the engraved title-page, we find ten plates:—1. A Girl in a Florentine Costume, of the year 1500, the original of which, painted by H. Howard, R.A., must have been seen by most of our readers, either at the Royal Academy some years ago, or at the British Institution, in, we believe, the season of 1824. The engraving of this gem is by C. Heath.—2. Portrait of Lord Byron, painted by W. E. West, the American artist, and engraved by E. Engleheart. This was the last portrait for which his lordship sat. It differs from all others that we have seen ; and is handsomer, if not more strikingly characteristic. Lord Byron, Mr. Hobhouse, and others, have considered it to be the most correct likeness.—3. Alexander and Diogenes ; a beautiful design by Martin, exquisitely engraved by E. Finden. Small as the figures are, their distinctness, delicacy, and expression, are surprizing.—4. A Spanish Lady ; engraved by J. H. Robinson, from a picture by G. S. Newton. This is much less to our taste : it may be regarded as about the 101st of Mr. Newton's imitations of himself. The drawing of the hands is very objectionable ; and, in the plate, the blackness of the lady's hair is rather muddy than glossy.—5. Buckfastleigh Abbey is engraved by R. Wallis, from a sweet drawing of Turner's.—6. The Contadina is a beautiful design of Eastlake's,

engraved by E. Mitchell.—7. Rosalie, in the costume of Berne, painted by J. Green, and engraved by E. Finden, is quite a creation of loveliness.—8. Auld Robin Gray, is engraved by J. Romney, from a painting of Farrier's. The design is not from the popular ballad, but from the supposed original story—a tale of guilt and suffering—inserted in the volume. The figures are respectively disposed in accordance with the description ; but, as a whole, the group is deficient in vitality and pathos. The engraving has great merit.—9. Cupid and Psyche is a sweet design by E. West, engraved by W. Humphrys.—10. Goodrich Castle, on the Wye, is from a beautiful painting by Copley Fielding, in the best manner of that delightful artist : the engraving, by E. Finden, is worthy of the design.

The literary compositions in this volume, prose and verse, amount to more than one hundred in number : amongst their authors we are again gratified to observe many of the contributors to *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. Amongst the prose pieces, Elizabeth Woodville, an autographic sketch of the 15th century, by Miss Benger—The Witch, by John Galt, Esq.—The Queen of the Meadow, a country story by Miss Mitford—The Peasant of Portugal, an Episode of the Peninsular War—Clough na Cuddy, a Killarney Legend, by T. C. Croker—Parthian Darts, a Traveller's Tale, by the author of the "Lovers' Quarrel"—and, A Scottish Tradition, a Leaf from a Winter's Journal in London, by Miss (J.) Porter, are all—especially the Peasant of Portugal and the Scottish Tradition—excellent. In the poetry, we find so many beauties, that it seems almost invidious to particularize : we must, however, mention the Grey Hair, by Alaric Watts—the Better Land, Ivan the Czar, and the Distant Ship, by Mrs. Hemans—Stanzas for Music, by the Rev. T. Dale—To a Dead Eagle, by Delta—Night in Greece, by Miss A. M. Porter—Lines Written upon the Lid of a Coffin, by J. Bird—To-morrow, a Dramatic Scene, by Edwin Atherstone—The Sword of Wallace, by Delta, &c.

We now hasten to put our readers in possession of some specimens from the *Souvenir*, confirmatory of our judgment. The first shall be the Witch, by Mr. Galt.

It is introduced for the purpose of illustrating the position that pretensions to witchcraft originated rather in a love of deference paid to mental superiority, than in the phantasma of superstition.

About the end of the reign of King James the First of Great Britain, a matronly woman of the name of Rebecca Swarth came to reside in the village of Stoke-Regis. Her appearance was rather, but in no remarkable degree, above her apparent condition. Some said she had surely been a gentlewoman; others were of opinion that her husband had been an apothecary; and the whole community of the village were somewhat surprised that she did not practise as a midwife. She lived, however, among them many years, avoiding the observation which she was evidently conscious of having attracted. During the whole period her manners were mild but reserved, and her conduct and deportment singularly unexceptionable.

This friendless and forlorn person at last became old; her means, from whatever source derived, whether from the industry with which she plied her own distaff, or from any undivulged source, gradually diminished, till she became almost a mendicant. She was not entirely so, because her wasted form, and the variety of wretchedness exhibited in her patched and unrenewed attire, attracted the charity she required without any solicitation on her part. She did not beg, she was only helped.

One day, it was in January, and after many stormy days of sleet and shower, she came to the door of Alice Thorwald, a neighbour, and requested the loan of a little meal or flour. Alice at the time was busy fondling her child, and answered the request—which was modestly enough made—harshly. Rebecca repeated it, and received a still more ungracious reply. Rebecca a third time begged the little loan of which she stood, as she said, really in great need; but the third answer was still less kind than the former two, and she was told to apply elsewhere; “for,” said Alice Thorwald, “I have something else to do with my dear child than to heed such applications.”

Rebecca Swarth made no immediate reply, but drawing her cloak close around her, she looked sternly at Alice for a short space of time, and then replied—“Well as you love, or think you love, that darling, beware of the harm you are doomed to do to it!”

When the old woman had retired her words recoiled upon Alice, and when Eben Thorwald returned home in the evening Alice mentioned to him the occurrence and the malediction, for so she had felt it, of Rebecca Swarth.

Eben was of a gloomy frame of feeling, strong in resolution, and withal disposed to the worship of superiority, however constituted. He was naturally suspicious, and not untinctured with envy; hence, either from antipathy or from the effect of some experienced slight, he at once disliked Rebecca Swarth, and was awed by her sagacity.

He caused Alice, his wife, to repeat to him the malediction; he pondered on its intimation; he thought he could discern in it something of more than met the ear:—he stripped the child naked,—carefully examined all its body,—could find no mark of scathe upon its skin; and he finally concluded that if there were any power in the bodement, the evil thereof was to fall upon Alice.

Alice laughed at this conclusion, and for some time afterwards no change was observable in her conduct; but in the end Eben saw, or thought he saw, that she did not treat the child with her wonted affection, and chided her for the neglect, reminding her at the same time of Rebecca Swarth’s prophecy.

Alice, disturbed by his exhortations, affected to fondle and caress the baby ten times more than she would otherwise have done, till her anxiety grew to habitude, and all her neighbours spoke to her, and marvelled at the inordinate and foolish fondness for the child with which she embittered both her own life and that of her husband.—Eben himself became impatient at her exclusive endearments, and one day bethought, as a remedy to check the morbid affection of Alice, to apply to Rebecca Swarth for advice.

“Your wife,” said Rebecca, “has had a dream or an omen, that has told her she is ordained to do mischief to the child.”

From that moment Eben felt himself irresistibly drawn to watch the conduct of Alice. The hand of fate had indeed laid hold of him;—he felt it—he trembled;—but he could not shake it off.

One night, while he was observing Alice watching the baby as it lay asleep in its cradle, he saw, or fancied he saw the fondness with which she was hanging over it suddenly change, and a ghastly and haggard expression supplant the wonted maternal benignity of her countenance.

“You so worship that child,” said he, as if willing to be disenchanted from the impression which her agitation had produced,—“you so worship it, that one might think you make much of it in order to hide some intent to do it harm.”

Alice burst into tears, and wept with im-

passioned grief over the child, who, awakened by her sobs, smiled at her sorrow.

Eben was overawed at the effect of his remark, and endeavoured to soothe her with all his kindness; but his feelings received an irrecoverable shock when she informed him that she had one night dreamt a dream, in which she saw Rebecca Swarth come to her bedside with a knife in her hand, and heard her say—"cut the thread!" "From that hour," continued the comfortless Alice, "I have often seen a shadowy hand, holding a bloody knife, hovering over the cradle,—and the hand is like my own hand—"

These strange circumstances, after the execution of his infatuated wife, Eben Thorwald told to the rector, who caused Rebecca Swarth to be apprehended as a witch.—She was cast into prison, and several times examined; but no proof could be produced that she was in any way concerned in the murder of the child for which Alice had suffered;—Alice had confessed, when seized with the knife in her hand, that she had done the deed herself, from the instigations of a power whose dominion she knew not, and whose influence she could not resist. But the poor old, forlorn, and wretched Rebecca's strength was soon exhausted. On her third examination she confessed herself a witch, and the worthy clergyman interrogated her as to the manner of her intercourse with the devil, and piously inquired what benefit she had derived for having sold to him her eternal jewel. "The end of my sufferings," was her only answer.

The Better Land, by Mrs. Hemans, shall form our next extract:—

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! Oh, where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

Lines written upon the lid of a Coffin, by Mr. Bird, are as follow:—

Sleep on!—sleep on!—The world and all
Its hopes and fears, its grief and glee,
Man's weal and woe, his rise and fall,
Are sealed, for ever sealed to thee!
I deemed—too early knew—that thou
Wouldst fade in youth;—I marked the cold,
Pale hand of death pass o'er thy brow;—
I knew thy transient days were told!

Oh! when thy smile hath beamed most bright,
And when thy lips have breathed of pleasure,
I marked the deadly withering blight
Steal from thy cheek its rosy treasure!
Yet thou hast fondly wished, nay, planned,
In future scenes to bear thy part;
So bright the seraph Hope had spanned
Her bow of promise o'er thy heart!

Oh! loved, lost Alice!—Thou no more
Behold'st the burning tears I shed:
How vain the grief that lingers o'er
The coffin of the dreamless dead!
Yet I must weep,—no fate can stay
The waves of woe that o'er me roll;
No hand can pluck the veil away
Which hides the light that blessed my soul!

Still, Alice! since I know thee blest,
For thee I must not, dare not weep;
I only long to share thy rest,
Thy peaceful couch, thy envied sleep.
Though my soul's hope hung on thy breath,
Thou to so bright a world art gone,
I would not 'wake thee, sweet, from death,
Though loved in life;—sleep on!—sleep on!

Introduced by two lines from Campbell—

The sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand—

the Sword of Wallace, by Delta, is at once spirited and beautiful:—

The patriot's sword!—A talisman thou art,
That conjurest up the old heroic years,
When Wallace, leading forth the Scottish spears,
To bravery fired the veriest coward's heart.

What men are we in these degenerate days!—
The blade which his terrific arm could wield,
As, Titan-like, he swept the carnaged field,
Sinews of modern strength can barely raise.—
Oh, Wallace, Wallace! champion of our rights,
Preserver of our land, there is no name,
From Thule to far Tweed, which so delights
The common ear: thine is a household fame,
To wondering youth carolled by grey-haired
dame,
And thrilling shepherds on the thymy heights.

We have received "*Friendship's Offering; a Literary Album, edited by Thomas K. Hervey*," another of those beautiful annuals which have recently acquired so much deserved celebrity in the literary and fashionable world; but, from the late period of the month at which it reached us, we are reluctantly under the necessity of postponing a detailed notice of its merits until the commencement of our succeeding volume. Those who purchased the volume for the year 1826, will, of course, be glad to know that the volume for 1827 will be found to possess at least an equal portion of interest.

If we were delighted with the first volume of "*Our Village; Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery, by Mary Russell Mitford, author of 'Julian', a Tragedy, &c.*," we have been still more delighted with the second volume, which has recently come before the public. In its perusal, we recognized the admirable sketches of the Two Gypsies, which we had previously read with extraordinary satisfaction, some months ago, in that greatly improved, and now truly respectable periodical, the Monthly and European Magazine. We have in this place no room for extract; but, for its characteristic truth and freshness, we are happy in the opportunity of awarding to the volume our unqualified recommendation. In the commencement of the ensuing volume of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, we hope to be able to devote to Miss Mitford one of our papers on "Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction." Upon that occasion we shall not fail to revert to the work before us.

Miss Mitford, the lady whose volume of "*Our Village*" we have here mentioned in terms of cordial approbation, has just had the extraordinary good fortune of producing a successful tragedy; a tragedy

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which, under the title of "*Foscari*," has, at the time of preparing this sheet for the press, been performed ten nights at Covent Garden Theatre, and is likely to remain a favourite on the boards. By our theatrical critic its representation is duly noticed in a succeeding page: here we shall only add that, if not transcendant in power, it is distinguished by a general knowledge of stage effect—many excellent "situations," as the players have it—considerable pathos—and much graceful beauty of expression. Into its dramatic and poetic merits we shall enter more fully, in our promised paper on "Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction," of which Miss Mitford and her numerous works will constitute the subject.

We are pleased to see "*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany; by the Author of 'Recollections in the Peninsula,' 'Sketches of India,' 'Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy,' and 'Story of a Life.'*" It would, however, be committing a foray on this little casket of precious jewellery—gems of the mind and heart, struck in the most interesting views of social life, or amongst the lone depths of storied solitudes—were we to break into the beautiful arrangement of the whole, by holding one or other up to public admiration. We recommend the reader of nature here to open for himself, and he will find all the *scenes and impressions* of Germany, like those of "Egypt" and the "Peninsula," full upon his fancy, deep upon his soul. It is a book to brighten the soldier's heart; to cheer men in every profession, with a grateful consciousness of the powers of happiness which heaven hath dealt to all; and when women look into it, they ought to see their own faces, for it reflects them, lovely, and tender, like ministering angels!

We are glad to find that, in conformity with the impression made upon us some months ago, on reading "*Brambletye House*," by one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*—Mr. Horace Smith—the productions of that gentleman, in the field which has been so long occupied, or, to speak more correctly, usurped by one who, according to the *dicta* of certain Northern critics, has long since "tipped Billy Shakspeare the go-by," are rapidly rising

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in the estimation of the public. Mr. Smith's new romance, "*The Tor Hill*," will, we are perfectly aware, be more than sufficiently nibbled at by the small ones; but we are quite sure that its stamina are such as will enable it to outlive the petty attacks of prejudice and malignity. The time of action is that of Henry the Eighth; and that sovereign, Wolsey, Essex, and many other personages of note, are amongst the characters introduced. In sketching the manners of the times, Mr. Smith has displayed extensive reading and great skill. By some, perhaps, it will be thought, that he has devoted too much of his attention to antiquities, and to general manners; too little to individual character. Admitting this to be in some manner correct, still the work is rich in interest, and will abundantly repay the labour of the mere novel reader, as well as that which seeks for more substantial gratification. To trace the plot of this performance, would be a task for which we have neither room nor inclination; nor, if we had, would the effort be productive of much delight to the reader. One short extract, however, may serve as a specimen of the author's capability of delineating old manners and customs. The scene is the interior of an ale-house kept by a widow of the name of Sib Fawcett, who, as was usual at that period, dealt out the contents of her barrels upon pledges, in the spirit of a modern pawnbroker. The rough material, if we mistake not, is supplied by Skelton, the laureat.

In this room were collected a bevy of women, who attested the heat of the weather by their disordered dresses and red faces, not less unequivocally than by the eagerness with which they were seeking a supply of good ale, to alleviate their thirst, and carry home to their houses. For this purpose, each vaunted the value of her proffered pledge as she put it forward; while Sib Fawcett, with a voice and look that savoured not a little of the shrew, was equally anxious to depreciate the property, with the obvious motive of limiting her liquid advances. "Gramercy! neighbour Hogmore," she exclaimed, "why thrust ye this rosary in my face? Ods-precious! would ye sell heaven for a pottle pot of malt liquor? and what will Father Barnabas say when ye come to confession? and call ye this string of black marbles a rosary? Beshrew me an I have not seen

a better made of bored hazel-nuts and oak-apples."—"Cogswounds, Sib!" replied the person thus addressed, "leave your jeering and look again: is not this paternoster a large false garnet as bright as amber? this ave-mary a real rock crystal, or glass that is as good? this credo a true Bristol pebble, and all the rest as honest black beads as ever were prayed to; and sure ye will not boggle at filling the pottle pot upon the pledge, even an I asked it twice over?"—"With lees and vat washings, perhaps," quoth the hostess, "but not with Sib Fawcett's ale at twopence a gallon. Howbeit, give me the baubles: the credo is a pretty pebble; so, Dickon, set down a quart to Gammer Hogmore; put her tally on the rosary, and lock it up.—By fuckins, Gossip Delves, this is rare! what gear have we here, I marvel? an old iron ring to hang arras upon, or pulled, mayhap, by some restive horse out of a barn door; and upon this blacksmith's rubbish I am to fill yonder black jack with good ale? Marry! what sort of a gull do you take me for?"—"For a blind buzzard, Sib, rather than a gull; for, by the rood, this ring is well worth golden royals of any man's money, aye, or woman's either, seeing it is a true and genuine cramp-ring, touched and hallowed by King Henry on a Good Friday, after himself and the queen, and the lords and ladies of the court, had all crept to the cross; and I wish ye might be this instant drawn double by the cramp, that ye might see how clean and clever it shall be driven away by a single touch of this holy relic."—"And yet, Gossip Delves, thou hadst rather trust to a pottle of Sib's making: and, mass! thou'rt in the right, for no church ale that ere was brewed was more sovereign for the quack, the pose, and the cholic; though the cramp, I grant ye, takes a stubborn grip, and will not away with any thing weaker than *rosa solis* or *aqua vitæ*, which is sixteen-pence the quart. Is there sure warrant for this being a real Good Friday and King Harry cramp ring?"—"Ay, marry is there, Sib; warrant of foot, leg, and stomach, all of which have been well indebted to it. Was it o' Saint Helen's day, or at Lammas, that I was last seized with the cramp, as I was —" "Slid, Gossip, it matters not, for your black-jack shall be filled; so, Dickon, write it down, and put a label on the ring, and hang it in my cupboard, for I am apt to be queasey and qualmy o' nights, and feel sometimes a strange twitching in the calf of my left leg.—Why, how now, Goody Tapps, am I to fill your skillet with strong and nappy ale for this old furred flocket and hood of Lincoln green, which has been worn and turned till it shews the threads

like so much withered hay? No, by the mass! I will not warm the stomach for gear that will leave the back cold; so go thy ways, goody, and keek thy skillet, that Gaffer Tapps may have boiled porridge for his supper.—What, neighbour Stiles, pawn thy wedding-ring to fill the twygen bottle! here will be a rare coil when the good man sees the white mark on thy finger! but gold's gold; so, Dickon, fill her pottle-pitcher, and set her name to the yellow hoop, and away with it to the cupboard.—What's next, I wonder? a spinning wheel with flake and hackle! I' fackins! neighbour mine, not a drop upon this gear, for there's so much more drinking than spinning o' this hot weather and gleaming time, that I might empty my vats of good beer, and fill them, an I would, with old rocks and distaffs.”—“Sib, Sib, ye are in the right o'nt,” said an old woman, bustling forward, “for ye may have that in pledge which is ready money, ay, and better than money, all the world over.” So saying, she took a parcel from under her arm, and unrolling a succession of wrappers, in which it was carefully folded, exhibited a little wooden box fashioned like a casket, and displayed its contents with an air of great pride and confidence. “By cock and pie! Granny Stiles, this is rare foolery!” cried Sib; “beshrew me, an I looked not for jewels at the least, and here we have withered camomile flowers, or dried senna, or some such flummery, fit only for the doctor's shop. And they were good hops now—” “God pardon us all! and amen!” ejaculated Granny Stiles, crossing herself and curtseying; “are ye turned pagan, that ye venture thus profanely to gibe the real blossoms of the Glastonbury thorn, with this holy certificate that they are genuine?”

In “*Honor O'Hara, a Novel in three volumes, by Miss A. M. Porter,*” that lady has abandoned her usual style of writing, and in compliance with the wishes of her friends, has attempted a lighter species of composition—that of embodying the manners of fashionable life. The scene lies in Northumberland. Honor O'Hara, the heroine of the tale, is an orphan, who resides with her uncle, the rector of Edensfell, and his termagant wife, to the violence of whose temper she is constantly exposed. Yielding in beauty and fascination to no heroine of past or present times, she is a general favourite throughout the neighbourhood, particularly with Sir Everard Fitz-Arthur, the owner of the fine estate of Arthur's Court. On the return of that

gentleman's eldest son, Captain Fitz-Arthur, from India, he immediately falls in love with Honor; who, in search of some “faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,” remains most cruelly indifferent to all his virtues. The universal esteem in which Honor is held by the first families in the vicinity of Edensfell, excites the envy of Mrs. Shafto, the lady of an M.P., who, with five unmarried daughters, and an income of £5,000 a year, is jealous of any attention paid to her in preference to her own family: she therefore insinuates that Honor is actuated by mercenary motives. The pride of the latter is aroused, and when she receives a formal tender of Fitz-Arthur's hand, she decidedly rejects it. No sooner is the decisive “no” uttered, than she discovers that she is desperately in love with him; and after having rendered herself and Fitz-Arthur sufficiently miserable, having a fortune of £15,000 left to her, and having fully justified her character from the aspersions of Mrs. Shafto, she at length consents to their union. Such is the main plot of *Honor O'Hara*, subservient to which are no fewer than four minor love stories, all of which end in the marriage of the parties concerned. The work is written throughout in a light, playful, and amusing style; many of the characters are very sweetly drawn; and the interest is ably sustained unto the close.

Making due allowance for the coarseness of German feelings and of German manners, “*Liesli, a Swiss Tale, by H. Claren, translated from the German by J. D. Haas,*” is a very simple, pleasing tale, carrying with it an excellent moral.

To those who are fond of dramatic and theatrical chat, “*Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe, written by Himself,*” will afford a fund of agreeable and lively amusement.

We can hardly say so much for the second volume of “*Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, by J. Cradock, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.*” Really we think the old gentleman's friends ought to have persuaded him to allow this gossiping affair to remain on the shelf, where, we are informed, it had lain in MS. for more than forty years.

As a poet of considerable merit, and as a man of superior taste, the Rev. John Mit-

ford, of Benhall, in Suffolk, has long been well known in the literary world. Under the title of "*Sacred Specimens, selected from the Early English Poets, with Prefatory Verses,*" he has just compiled a neat volume, which to numerous readers will prove eminently acceptable.

A very respectable school-book presents itself, under the title of "*Select Specimens of English Poetry, from the Reign of Elizabeth to the present Time; with an Introduction by George Walker, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity Colledge, Cambridge, and Head Master of the Grammar School, Leeds.*" The introduction is not greatly to our taste, but the selection is unusually good.

We have read "*The Shadow of Life, a Sermon occasioned by the lamented Death of Lucy Louisa Fitzgerald, briefly the Wife of Captain George Lyon, R.N., preached at Weston Green Chapel, by the Rev. James Churchill;*" and we doubt not that it will be deemed a valuable memorial by the numerous surviving friends of the amiable and estimable deceased.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Before Breakfast,*" an operatic piece, composed by John Barnet.—Cramer and Co. 1. "*Hush, I prythee,*" trio sung by Miss Boden, Mr. Bland, and Mr. Mathews;—2. "*The Merry Flageolet,*" sung by Miss Boden;—3. "*The Banks of the Tweed,*" by Mr. Bland;—4. "*Oh Fate, relieve,*" Trio by Miss Boden, Messrs. Bland and Mathews;—5. "*Sir William Buffer,*" and "*Country Sports,*" by Mr. Mathews;—6. "*Hoot Major,*" Solo and Trio, by Mr. Mathews, Miss Boden, and Mr. Bland;—7. *Finale,* "*Since all agree.*"

Mr. Barnet's *début* in the theatrical line of composition has been a most favourable one; we say his *début*, for though several of his songs had previously been heard on the boards, they were written without any idea to stage effect. Of the seven pieces before us, the two comic songs, No. 5, and the trio, No. 6, scarcely come under the title of original music. "*The Merry Flageolet*" is a light airy movement, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, with a flageolet accompaniment, adapted to Miss Boden's capabilities. "*The Banks of*

the Tweed," a very elegant Scotchese, free from common-place, which is the prevailing defect in the generality of this class of songs. "*Oh Fate, relieve,*" a trio, rather passes our comprehension: on the stage it may be effective, as far as the nonsense of the verbiage will permit; but in private it is perfectly unintelligible. The "*Finale,*" though light and unpretending, is effective: the two old-fashioned changes in the harmony give to it a pleasing relief. "*Hush, I prythee,*" a trio, is certainly the *bijou* of the collection. We may say that, for its length, it is the most perfect piece of concerted music of the comic class which the English stage can boast of. The style of it is extremely *Mozartish*; the accompaniment in several instances brings the song of "*Madamina il catalogo,*" from Giovanni, very forcibly to our recollection: Mr. Barnet could not have chosen a more beautiful model. Considering that Miss Boden and Mr. Bland were the principal singers on the occasion, there must have been no ordinary degree of merit in the composition to have procured so favourable a reception from the public. We hope soon to find Mr. B. engaged in a work of more consequence.

"*The Charm of Love,*" a Scottish Air, sung by Mr. Sapio, adapted by W. F. Collard.—Clementi and Co.

Surely Mr. Collard might have discovered some unappropriated air of a serious cast, amongst the multitude of beauties which Scotland possesses, without converting so spirited and characteristic a song as the Highland Laddie into a sentimental love-sick ditty. The poetry and accompaniment are pretty, but the adaptation we disapprove *in toto*.

"*Lovely Rose,*" a Cavatina, sung by Mr. Sinclair, composed by J. Blewit.—Clementi and Co.

This air is pleasing, rather florid, and contains a number of very elegant passages; but there is a want of design. If we were believers in the atomic system of creation, this is just the sort of combination that we might imagine from the accidental resolution of particles of melody into a song. The two bars of Rossini, introducing the flat ninth in his favourite manner, are almost too palpable; but were we inclined to pass over the plagiarism, we could not

possibly pardon the passage as it occurs with the voice at the bottom of page 2. The progression is positively forbidden by all treatises we ever met with; and certainly the *appoggiatura* on "Rose" (for such the note in reality is) does not redeem it. Mr. Blewit has a particular talent for pleasing melody, which if he had studied in the sober old English school, would have produced great effects: as it is, there is a frothiness about it which tickles the ears, without reaching either the heart or understanding. The accompaniment is brilliant, and evidently proceeds from a skilful pianiste.

PIANO-FORTE.

"*I've been Roaming:*" the popular Cavatina, arranged as a Rondo, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte, by T. A. Rawlings.—Welsh and Hawes.

The opening movement, *à la chasse*, is pleasing and simple, and the arrangement of the air, though not so highly wrought as most of this composer's pieces, is well contrasted: the general style of the lesson is well adapted for juvenile performers.

The Minstrel's Harp, by Dr. Clark, arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, by T. A. Rawlings.—Clementi and Co.

This is a piece of more pretension, though of the same class. The lesson consists of an introduction of three pages, very brilliant and well written; Dr. Clarke's song, adapted as the principal movement, and an original allegretto $\frac{3}{4}$, by way of conclusion. Though the melody of the leading subject is not either the most elegant or original in the world, it has the advantage of a shewy *arpeggio* accompaniment, of which Mr. Rawlings has availed himself very ably. The various passages interspersed throughout the lesson lie well under the hand, and the whole effect is brilliant without difficulty. The flute accompaniment is trifling: we consider it an addition rather than an improvement.

Select Melodies, from the Oracle, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute *ad lib.*, by Rophino Lacy. Nos. 1. and 2.—Welsh and Hawes.

Mr. Lacy's arrangements of the Freischütz for these instruments, we considered by far the best that had appeared, and the present work gives us only a more decided

opinion of the gentleman's talents as an adaptor. The flute can scarcely be considered as *ad libitum*, though the leading passages are given in small notes to the piano-forte part; yet, in many other instances, it forms a very essential part of the author's design. The selection is excellent, and the work will prove interesting both to flute players and pianistes.

Select Melody from the Interrupted Sacrifice, arranged as Duets for the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault.—Cramer and Co.

This is a fairly-executed, and useful, mechanical sort of work; but we confess we cannot at all compare it with the arrangements of Novello, or even of Bruginere. We should recommend Novello's adaptation of "Fauchon" to all dabblers in this style of composition, as the most beautiful model we know; the harmonies are so sweetly sprinkled. The author seems to have studied how to place every chord, from beginning to end, in the most harmonious position.

Hommage aux Dames, a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, composed by Camille Pleyel.—Cocks and Co.

We are generally admirers of the works of this gentleman, but we cannot consider this as one of his most successful efforts. The romance is flat and unmelodious, and some of the embellishments seem to us excessively awkward and ungraceful. The waltz is pretty, but of a common-place description; and we cannot say that we are admirers of any class of waltzes, with the exception perhaps of one or two of Beethoven's.

Are you angry, Mother? a Divertissement, by T. A. Rawlings.—Goulding and Co.

Do. with Variations, by G. Kjalmark.—Do.

The Sun is o'er the Mountains, a Rondeau, by Do.—Do.

Mr. Rawlings's arrangement of this sweet little air is tasteful and appropriate: the introduction, *alla marcia*, is brilliant. The subject is arranged in the rondo style; the returns to the theme after the discursive matter are particularly pleasing. We wish we could speak as favourably of the two productions—we cannot call them compositions—by Mr. Kjalmark. It would really be an act of kindness in that gentleman to us if he would leave off his eternal steam-

engine variations : we have regularly two or three of these unfortunate pieces before us every month ; and what can we say of them ? If Mr. K. would but favour us with two or three bars of any thing like originality, how eagerly should we catch at them, to relieve the *semper cadens* of dullness ; for we do really admire his performance on the instrument, estimate his character, and approve his industry. The arrangement of both these airs is calculated for a much younger class of performers than that of Mr. Rawlings.

HARP.

A Collection of Popular Melodies, arranged in a familiar Style, by T. P. Chipp.—Welsh and Hawes.

The term “familiar style” always seems to us ominous : there is an old saying that “familiarity breeds contempt,” to which we most cordially agree. Messrs. Welsh and Hawes are both men of a refined musical taste : we should not have expected such trivial productions to emanate from their establishment.

FLUTE.

Mozart's Twelve admired Airs, with Embellishments by Raphael Dresler ; Books 1 and 2.—Cocks and Co. Sacrifice Interruptu, with Embellishments, by C. Saust ;—Dame Blanche, with Embellishments, by Do. ;—Twelve National Airs, with Embellishments, by R. Dresler ; Books 1 and 2.

The same character—a very favourable one—will apply to all these arrangements. The taste of both Messrs. Saust and Dresler is universally acknowledged. The airs are generally given in the most simple form, with the marks of expression and a few appropriate embellishments. Mr. Dresler sometimes, in his beauties of Mozart, extends his plan to admit a simple variation or two ; but there is nothing throughout all these little works which requires more proficiency than most amateurs attain to. *Napoleon's Grand March and Quick Step, with Accomp. ad. lib. for Flute : A Wiesbecker. Slow and Quick Marches of the 4th Dragoon Guards. E. Hull.—Willis and Co.*

The first of these marches was (according to the title) performed at the coronation of Napoleon ; of course, it is not a new

composition, but has been lately republished in England. We have been informed that amongst the amateurs of marches it is an immense favourite : we are sorry to differ in opinion from them ; but if this be verily and truly Napoleon's Grand March, he must have had a marvellous lack of good musicians. In the first three bars are two glaring instances of sevenths ascending. On the whole, we much prefer our English march ; which, if not very original, is bold and spirited, and at least correct.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

DRURY-LANE.

MANY novelties have been presented here since our last, but few have survived for us to descant on. All we shall do will be merely to record the deaths of those pieces, and ambitious attempts of actors and actresses, which have persecuted the town for the last four weeks.

First we have *A Trip to Wales*, which matter was a perfect nondescript in the world of dramatic literature : it had neither plot, incident, nor language. Some of its music was pretty, but as dullness and absurdity predominated, *A Trip to Wales*, after an ignoble career of two or three nights, was banished to make one of the countless condemned. Some say that the production emanated from Mr. Parry : that gentleman, however, has put in no claim for the renown of authorship.

In a very pretty divertissement called the *Spectre, or Love's Stratagem*, by Noble, there was some graceful and spirited dancing, by himself (Mr. Noble) and a Miss Macdonald.

Douglas presented Mr. Wallack as *Norval*. It was, throughout, a melo-dramatic shepherd boy. Where he should have discovered mental animation, he displayed rant ; indeed, throughout the character, Mr. Wallack appeared to trust more to his lungs than to any other aid. The *Glenalvon* of Bennet was very respectable, as was also the *Old Norval* of Mr. Cooper. Mrs. West, however, cannot play *Lady Randolph* ; indeed, we are wholly at a loss to account for the production of *Douglas*, unless we are to attribute it to the intemperate ambition of the stage-manager, Mr. Wallack, who would, doubtless, if the town were passive enough, stand forward as the rival of Mr. Charles Kemble.

The Duenna has been excellently played. The *Isaac* of Dowton is extremely cunning and wily, although not equal to the inimitable dapperness with which poor Knight used to endow the part. Braham's *Don Carlos* was,

as ever, delightful. Our readers will doubtless remember a Miss Rosa Corri, who some two or three years since used to bewitch the Haymarket audiences with her sweetly-impressive melody: we are happy in again having the opportunity of praising that lady, who now bears the name of Giesin. Her voice is much improved, in both strength and quality, and she played and sang *Donna Clara* with every possible effect. We must not forget the *Duenna* of Mrs. C. Jones: it is full of whim and originality; it never degenerates into farce, yet is replete with the most quaint and relishing humour. Her scene with *Isaac* is admirable.

Dryden's highly immoral production, *Amphitryon*, has been produced at this theatre, it having been previously curtailed and purified, although, we think, not with sufficient consideration for the taste of the present day. The principal attraction was the *Sosia* of Mons. La Porte, the French actor, who has, among our volatile neighbours, gained the greatest fame. His pronunciation of the English, although not of the purest kind, is sufficiently correct to prevent the escape of whatever comedy may belong to the character he represents, and his features are to an extraordinary degree flexible and animated. He played with much humour, and was very earnestly applauded. Harley's *Mercury* was also extremely talented; and Cooper endeavoured to make *Jupiter* respectable. Mrs. West played *Alemena* with ability. On the whole, however, we do not think either the revival of *Amphitryon* or the engagement of Mons. La Porte will be very productive to the management.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE production of Miss Mitford's tragedy of *Foscari* has been the principal novelty at this establishment, and we wish we had every month to record the success of an endeavour, at once so valuable to the drama, and honourable to female talents. The tragedy turns on wholly different incidents from those developed in the tragedy of Lord Byron: it is entirely domestic. *Francesco Foscari* (Charles Kemble), son of the venerable *Doge* (Young) is betrothed to *Camilla* (Mrs. Sloman) daughter of *Donato*, the old companion and friend of the *Doge*. *Erizzo*, a designing and ambitious noble, who aims at the ducal bonnet, fomented a quarrel between *Donato* and the *Doge*, or rather occasions *Donato* to draw off from his old associate, without receiving any real or intended injury. *Erizzo* has, however, but half effected his malice: for on *Francesco* returning conqueror from the wars, he by some means

lays the charge of the murder of *Donato* upon him, a deed which *Erizzo* himself has caused to be effected by one of his instruments. *Francesco* has just quitted the presence of *Camilla* when the cry of murder is heard, and *Erizzo*, craftily subverting evidence, and even turning the incoherent ravings of *Camilla* against her lover, so wiles upon the senate, that they find *Francesco* guilty of the crime of murder, and banish him from their city. *Camilla*, determining to accompany her lover, is about to quit, with him, the shore of Venice, when the lovers are met by *Cosmo*, the brother of *Camilla*, who believing in the guilt of *Francesco*, although his former most devoted friend, demands that he gives back his sister. *Francesco*, conscious of his rectitude, for a long time patiently endures the taunts and obloquy thrown upon him by young *Cosmo*, until stung with the name of coward, he seizes the sword which *Erizzo*—who has witnessed with the satisfaction of a demon the rencontre—places in his hand, and in a moment *Francesco* is overpowered and mortally wounded by *Cosmo*. Ere he dies, however, he learns that the murderer of *Donato* is in the hands of justice, and that he has confessed himself the hired emissary of *Erizzo*, who is straightway led to death.

The acting in the tragedy was worthy of the authoress. Young's *Doge* was meekly venerable; so kind, so wholly passionless and unstained by the peevishness of age, that it was human nature in its most deified character. His parting scene with his son was most animated. Charles Kemble's *Francesco* was the *beau-ideal* of a chivalrous spirit: his method of taunting the senate with the vice of ingratitude, when at the instigation of *Erizzo* they would have deposed the *Doge*, was eminently animated and triumphant. Indeed, we never saw Kemble more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of love and honour. Mr. Warde's *Erizzo* was a fine, judicious piece of acting. Mr. Serle played *Cosmo* with great respectability: his declamation is better than his pathos. Mrs. Sloman, by her acting in *Camilla*, has again proved herself the first tragic heroine of the day.

The tragedy was received with every possible demonstration of applause, and will, we have no doubt, prove strongly attractive throughout the season. As a literary production we cannot speak of it too highly; it is at once nervous, spirit-stirring, and imaginative, and never dwindles down to that whining strain of poetry, that perpetual lisping about singing-birds, dews, and flowers, which the superficial call "fine writing." Many of the situations in the tragedy are highly dramatic.

Oberon has been played: the only novelty was in the *Sir Huon* of Mr. Sapio, and the *Sherasmin* of Mr. Penson. The first of these were respectable, the second very excellent.

Deaf and Dumb, which was some years ago so very popular, has been revived. *De l'Épée* is finely acted by Young. Warde's *D'Arle-mont* is also extremely talented. Miss J. Scott is not capable of the animation and stirring intelligence of *Julia*: it should have been given to Mrs. Vining.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Lodge's Portraits.—We have so often praised, and praised with justice, Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Persons, that to announce the appearance of each successive No. of the work is now all that can be requisite. Part XXII, engraved by T. A. Deane, R. Cooper, J. Jenkins, and W. Hall, contains the portraits, accompanied by illustrative memoirs of:—Frances Howard, Duchess of Richmond;—Sir N. Bacon;—Fulke Greville;—John Powlett, Marquess of Winchester; and John Russell, Earl of Bedford.

Portrait of Talma.—To the admirers of the celebrated French actor, a well-timed lithographic sketch, spirited in its manner and execution, by a friend of the deceased, is offered to the public. That it comes from the press of Engelmann and Co. is no slight recommendation.

C. Kemble and Fawcett.—Every visitor of the Royal Academy will recollect Clint's admirable painting of these excellent performers, exhibited two seasons ago. For fidelity of resemblance and force of general effect, it was one of the best and most impressive dramatic paintings of our time. Lupton has, by a very fine engraving, rendered ample justice to the original.

Death of Botzaris.—The Death of Botzaris, the Grecian patriot, who was killed in battle with the Turks, in the year 1823, from the pencil of Longlois, is altogether one of the

finest specimens we have seen of the lithographic art. It possesses a freedom, a spirit, a brilliancy, a variety of tint, which we had scarcely thought attainable by the stone process.

Indian Scenery, Costumes, &c.—Two parts of a work by Capt. R. Melville Grindlay, have appeared under the title of Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western side of India. Some of the plates illustrate the grand, sublime, and almost appalling mountain-scenery of the Ghauts, with surprising effect. Some exhibit Hill Forts, and other fortifications, the wonderful excavated temple at Elora; and others display the different casts and costumes which prevail in the neighbourhood of Bombay. To all who feel an interest in the country and inhabitants of India, this publication will prove highly attractive.

Scarborough.—A lithographic print, twenty-four inches by eighteen, from the press of Engelmann and Co., exhibits a fine specimen of bold, rocky, coast scenery. The shore—the water—the wreck—the dashing of the waves—the respective figures—are all executed with great spirit.

Waterloo Bridge.—Under this title Engelmann's London press has presented us with another capital specimen of lithography from the pencil of W. Westall, A.R.A.

The Misers.—The lithographic art has here been applied with tolerable success to the celebrated old picture of *The Misers*, by Quintin Matsys, in Windsor Castle.

Passions of the Horse.—A series of spirited designs in chalk, illustrating the passions and emotions of the horse,—love, joy, courage, rage, terror, agony, &c.—have been very successfully sketched by Mr. J. B. Chalon. It is the artist's intention, we understand, to transfer them to stone.

Map of the World.—The new edition of Gardner's Map of the World, embracing all the latest geographical discoveries, will at this time be found highly acceptable. It is carefully, and even beautifully executed.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

THE historical picture of King John signing Magna Charta, painted by Mr. Mather Brown, principal artist to their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Clarence, has been purchased by G. Nedan, Esq.

A letter from Captain Clapperton, dated Hio, 22d February, to a friend in Dumfriesshire, states that he had been well treated in the capital of Youriba, during the two months he had been there;—that the Niger was only

two days' distance, and certainly flowed into the Bight of Benin; that he was about to start for Youri, near which Mungo Park was killed;—and that his travels hitherto had been over new and unknown regions, of considerable interest.

Another Russian Voyage of Discovery is in progress, the objects of which are two: the former to take a survey of the North-west coast of America, and the Aleutian Islands:

the latter of the Eastern Coast of Asia, Behring's Straits, &c. The Coast of Kamschatka, the Caroline Islands, the Sea of Otschok, &c., are all to be examined by the Expedition, for the completion of which four years are allotted.

A bequest of upwards of £10,000 has been lately made to the Royal Institution, Scotland, by a Mr. Spalding; the object of which is to form a fund for the relief of decayed and unfortunate associate artists.

A considerable number of Leicestershire and of South Down sheep have recently been imported into France, for a society in Paris established for the improvement of French wool.

It is in the contemplation of the French Government to establish light-houses upon all the coasts of that country.

A project is now under consideration in France for colonizing about 18,000 square leagues of French Guyana.

An extensive Etruscan sepulchre, containing upwards of 800 vases, equally remarkable for beauty of form and elegance of design, has lately been discovered in Tuscany. The vases were presented to the Grand Duke, who has ordered them to be placed in the Museum of Florence.

There are at this time not fewer than thirty literary and scientific institutions in the United States of America.

Works in the Press, &c.

A volume, containing 100 Fables, original and selected, embellished by 300 wood engravings, is in progress. The head-pieces, invented by the veteran artist, Northcote, are drawn upon wood by Mr. Harvey. The designs of the tail-pieces and ornamental letters are solely by Mr. Harvey. The engravings of the Fables are by Mr. Jackson, and other artists.

A new edition of *Astarte*; also a new edition of *Hours at Home*; both by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, will be published early in December, with a Portrait of the Author, and many additions.

The *Chronicles of London Bridge* are nearly ready. This work will comprise a complete history of that ancient edifice, from its earliest mention in the English annals, down to the

commencement of the new structure in 1825. Its illustrations will consist of fifty-five highly-finished engravings on wood, by the first artists.

The Second Part of Capt. Batty's *Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery* will appear in January next; and arrangements have been made to secure the punctual appearance of the subsequent parts every two months till completed.

The First Part of a Series of One Hundred and Ten Engravings in Line, from Drawings by Baron Taylor, of Views in Spain, Portugal, and on the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan, will appear in December, and be continued regularly every two months. A letter-press description will accompany each plate; and the Tour, in the order of the Author's Journey, commencing at the Pyrenees, will be interted in the last two Numbers. G. Cooke, Goodall, Le Keux, James Pye, Robert Wallis, and others, are announced as the engravers. The work is, in size, to class with Capt. Batty's works of Scenery in Hanover, Saxony, and on the Rhine.

A Second Edition of Mr. Johnson's *Sketches of Indian Field Sports*, with very considerable additions; containing a description of Hunting the Wild Boar, as followed by Europeans and Native Indians.

The *Private Life of Charles the First*, by Mr. D'Israeli. The design of the work is to develop the genius, the character, and the principles of the times, and to form a Supplement to the popular Histories of Tories and Whigs, Republicans and Cromwellians.

The *Scots Worthies*, re-written by a Clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, with Notes, by the Author of the *Protestant*; one vol. 8vo.

Ornithologia, or the Birds, a Poem, in Two Parts; with an Introduction to their natural history, &c., by James Jennings, author of *Observations on the Dialects of the West of England*, &c.

A volume of *Practical Sermons on the Life and Character of David, King of Israel*; by the Rev. Henry Thompson, M.A., Assistant Minister of St. George's, Camberwell.

Le Petit Tyro; or Juvenile Guide to the Piano-forte, containing the First Principles of Music arranged on an entirely new Plan, blending Theory with Practice; composed, selected, and designed by a Member of the Royal Society of Musicians.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—The lady of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart.—Lady Louisa Finch Hatton.—The lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall.—The lady of Captain the Honourable R. Fulke Greville.—The lady of Sir Charles Sullivan, Bart.—The lady of Sir Christopher Smith, Bart.—The lady of Major General Wm. Douglas.—The lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Chalmer.—The lady of Sir S. Stuart, Bart.—The lady of the Right Rev. Dr. Coleridge, Bishop of Barbados.—Lady Lambert.—The Right Hon. Lady Gifford.

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OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of S. T. Keckwick, Esq., M.P.—The lady of the Hon. Major Napier.—The lady of the Hon. W. Cust.—The lady of Colonel Sir G. Cornwall, Bart.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Cavendish.—The Hon. Mrs. E. Cust.—The Lady Mary Stephenson.

MARRIAGES.

At Florence, Edward John Stanley, Esq., eldest son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart., of Alderley Park, Cheshire, to Henrietta Maria daughter of Viscount Dillon.

At Cheltenham, Hurt Sitwell, Esq., of Fer-

2 T

ney, Salop, to Harriet, second daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Harriet Hoare.

At Bothwell Castle, Major Mornay Stirling, of Ardock, to the Hon. Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Douglas.

The Rev. Fred. Vincent, Rector of Hughenden, to Louisa, second daughter of John Norris, Esq., of Hughenden House, Bucks., and of Hawley House, Surrey.

At Alderley, Cheshire, Captain William Edward Parry, R.N., to Isabella Louisa, fourth daughter of Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart., of Alderley.

At Sudbury, Suffolk, Charles Harris Esq., Junior, of Coventry, to Caroline, third daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, M.D., of Sudbury.

At Beverley, Frederick Mainwaring, nephew of Major Gen. Mainwaring, to Catherine, second daughter of the late Colonel S. T. Popham.

The Rev. W. J. L. Casbourne, of Pakenham, to Anne, daughter of the late Capel Lofft, Esq.

Captain Donald Macdonald, to Ramsay, fifth daughter of the Hon W. Maule, Esq., M.P.

The Rev. Robert Downes, A.M., Vicar of Leamington, to Philadelphia, youngest daughter of the late J. T. H. Hopper, Esq., of Witton Castle, Durham.

Edward, only son of the late Edward Howard, Esq., and nephew of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, to Frances Anne, eldest daughter of George Thomas Henage, Esq., of Hainton Hall, Lincolnshire.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lieut. Col. James Tod, to Julia, third daughter of Dr. Clutterbuck.

At Paris, the Hon. Ferdinand St. John, to Selina Charlotte, youngest daughter of Colonel Keating, and niece of the Earl of Meath.

The Rev. W. Stamer, A.B., second son of Sir W. Stamer, of Dublin, Bart., to Ann Margaret, second daughter of the late Col. Lock.

At East Sheen, T. F. Vernon Wentworth, Esq., of Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire, to Lady Augusta Louisa Brudenell Bruce, daughter of the Marquess of Aylesbury.

At Worcester, C. J. Dimsdale, Esq., second son of the late Hon. Baron Dimsdale, to Jemima, second daughter of the Rev. Henry Pye, Prebendary of Worcester.

F. D. Astley, Esq., only son of Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., to Emma Dorothea, fourth daughter of Sir T. B. Lethbridge, Bart.

DEATHS.

Aged 74, Lieut. General Daniel M'Neile.

Aged 75, Mrs. Hare, relict of the Rev. R. Hare, Prebendary of Winchester.

At Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk, aged 72, Ann, relict of the Very Rev. Combe Miller, Dean of Chichester.

At Bath, Mrs. Collbeck, relict of — Collbeck, Esq., and sister of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.

The Hon. Mrs. Green, wife of J. Green, Esq., of Greenmount, Ireland, and sister of the late Lord Massy.

In the East-Indies, aged 38, Henry Oakeley, Esq., second son of the late Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart.

The Dowager Countess of Normanton.

At Beckenham, Sir Wm. Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham, and Dunsany House, Ireland.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Steele.

Aged 86, Anne, relict of James Whyte, Esq., and sister of the late Sir John Lambert, Bart.

At Rolleston Hall, Staffordshire, Elizabeth Goodman Every, eldest daughter of the late Sir Edward, and sister of the present Sir Henry, of Egginton, Bart.

At Blackheath, Eleanor Henrietta Victoria, daughter, and only child of the Right Hon. F. J. and Lady Sarah Robinson.

At Geneva, the Honourable and Rev. Leslie Melville.

Aged 71, Sir Richard Hardinge.

At Edinburgh, Sir Stephen Sharpe, late his Britannic Majesty's Consul General at St. Petersburg.

At Bury St. Edmund's, aged 82, Mrs. Vernon, relict of Henry Vernon, Esq., and sister of Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, Bart.

At Malta, Captain W. Forbes, eldest son of Sir W. Forbes, Bart.

Susannah, wife of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

Aged 88, Colonel Harnage.

Colonel Ponsonby and his lady (daughter of Lord Robert Spencer), drowned in a water excursion at Southampton.

François Joseph Talma, the celebrated French tragic actor, born at Paris, 1766, died October 19, and has since been buried in the cemetery of Père La Chaise.

At St. Petersburg, of a typhus fever, on the 9th of October, Maria Fedorovna (the lady of Sir Robert Ker Porter), born Princess Sherbatoff, of the family of the ancient Czars; and of a race whose names embellish the literature of their country, as well as stand eminent amongst its warriors. She was herself an accomplished and an excellent lady; and will long be remembered "in the temple" of many hearts, for her ever active, but unobtrusive acts of beneficence; to which, mixed with the endeared duties of a beloved wife and mother, she dedicated her exemplary, and chosen, retirement of life. Some little time before the late Emperor Alexander visited England, she had given her hand to Sir Robert Ker Porter, then attached to the British Embassy at the Court of St. Petersburg. After passing the subsequent years together, in mutual domestic happiness, he was nominated by his country to a public service in South America, and during the consequent temporary absence from his family in Russia, he has been thus bereaved; an augmented affliction to an attached husband, by the very circumstance of his absence. But he has an only child left, to be his consolation; a daughter on whom the Emperor of Russia had previously entailed her mother's rights of rank and inheritance; leaving unimpaired, the surviving parent's claims upon the duty of his child.

SUPPLEMENT
TO
La Belle Assemblée,
OR
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.

SKETCH
OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE,
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

HISTORY.

THE historical works which have appeared in the course of the latter half of the year 1826, exclusively of those already noticed, are not numerous; but they are of an important character. Amongst the chief stands, "*The Political History of India, from 1784 to 1823, by Major-Gen. Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.L.S., F.R.S., &c.*," in two octavo volumes. The work is inscribed to his Grace the Duke of Wellington. "I dedicate these volumes to you," observes Sir John Malcolm, "as one who thoroughly understands and appreciates the consequence of the subjects, of which they treat, to the interest and reputation of his country, and who, I trust, will add to his former great services, by employing the force of his abilities, and the weight of his character, to promote the prosperity of an empire in which he obtained his first celebrity, as a commander and a statesman."

Sir John Malcolm is so well known as the author of several works relating to India, that any publication from his pen, and relating to that subject, must be acceptable. The volumes before us, however, are, as they are designated, exclusively political—omitting even all military details; consequently, they afford but little

Supplement to Vol. IV.

in the way of extract that could be deemed suitable for the pages of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. They are full of information for the statesman and for the lover of political history. They embrace, if not a very copious, a very luminous account of the acquisition of British India; of the origin, growth, and power of the East-India Company; and of the respective administrations of Lord Clive, Mr. Warren Hastings, Sir John Shore, the Marquess Wellesley, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Teignmouth, Sir George Barlow, Lord Minto, the Marquess of Hastings, &c.

Perhaps, the most acceptable passage that we can offer by way of extract, is a portion of Sir John Malcolm's narrative relating to the origin of our differences with the Burmese government. It is interesting in itself, and throws light upon events which have been hitherto very imperfectly understood by the public in general in this country.

The recent conquest of that state [Burmah] included the countries of Arracan, Assam, and Cachar; and the consequence was, that, instead of having upon our eastern frontier petty rajahs, who had neither the power nor the disposition to make encroachments, we have had, for the last thirty years, a state, with proud and ambitious rulers, too ignorant of our power, or too vain of their own,

to give much importance to the preservation of friendly relations.

A Burmese general, during the government of Lord Teignmouth, had advanced into the province of Chittagong, in pursuit of three criminals. A force was sent to repel this violation of our territories: but hostilities were prevented by his waiting upon the English officer who commanded, explaining his instructions, and pleading his motives. On his retiring, the criminals were made over to him; two were put to death by the most cruel torture, and the other again effected his escape to the British territories.

A number of persons, of a tribe called Mughs, inhabitants of Arracan, had been long settled in Chittagong: and, during the years 1797 and 1798, a very large colony of this people emigrated to our territories, having been driven from their homes by the insufferable tyranny and oppression of the Burmese government. Alarm was taken at their numbers; the evil consequences of harbouring them were foreseen, and orders were sent to prevent any more crossing the frontier. These orders were, however, but partially obeyed; indeed, the conduct of the emigrants rendered it impossible that it should be otherwise. On one occasion, when a party of these unfortunate people were directed to withdraw, their leader boldly replied, "we will never return to the Arracan country; if you choose to slaughter us here, we are ready to die; if by force you drive us away, we will go and dwell in the jungles of the great mountains, which afford shelter for wild beasts."

About the close of the year 1798, not fewer than 10,000 of the Mughs rushed to the frontier, in a state of the utmost agony and distress. This body was followed by another still more numerous. It is, indeed, believed that two-thirds of the Mughs of Arracan forsook the province, the capital of which was at this period nearly depopulated. The fugitives are described as 'flying through wilds and deserts without any preconcerted plan, numbers perishing from want, sickness, and fatigue.' The road to the Naaf river (which forms the boundary between Arracan and Chittagong) was strewed, we are informed, with the bodies of the aged and decrepid, and of mothers with infants at the breast.

With regard to the numbers of the people, even policy became enlisted on the side of humanity, in dictating that they should obtain at least a temporary asylum, for it would have been rather hazardous to attempt coercive measures, and these, if unsuccessful, would have consigned them to the cruel vengeance of

a barbarous government. When the question came under the consideration of the government of Calcutta, it was resolved to assign to the refugees the waste lands, of which there were extensive tracts in the province of Chittagong. In the meanwhile, constrained as they were to feed upon reptiles and leaves, numbers were daily perishing. The case was urgent, and government determined to relieve their immediate wants, by providing them with food, and with materials for constructing huts, to shelter them from the approaching rains.

In the second volume, we find some valuable remarks upon the Anglo-Indians, usually termed half-castes, who are extensively employed as clerks and accountants in the offices of government, as well as in those of public servants, and private European merchants. It is evident that a kind and considerate policy must tend strongly to attach this increasing, though not yet very numerous portion of our Indian population to British interests.

Some pages are also very judiciously devoted by Sir John Malcolm to the consideration of the great question, which has been so much agitated, respecting the propriety or policy of maintaining and propagating the Christian religion within the limits of our Indian territories. It is the very sensible opinion of Sir John, that it is our duty as a Christian nation, and that it is politic in us, as rulers of India, to support our church in that country on the most respectable footing; but, that in no point beyond this ought the name or authority of government to sanction the propagation of our faith amongst a people, who are attached to the religions transmitted to them from their forefathers, and which, howsoever false, are rendered venerable in their eyes by their connexion with the great principles of morality and social duty.

Equally judicious are Sir John Malcolm's remarks upon the propriety or practicability of allowing the existence of a free press in India. In addition to his observations upon this subject, in the body of the work, Sir John inserts, in the Appendix, the speech relating to the case of Mr. Buckingham, which he delivered at a General Court of Proprietors of East-India Stock, on the 9th of July, 1824.

In a preceding page (265) we briefly

noticed "*The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth, comprising the Political History of the Commencement of the English Reformation, by Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S.L., &c.*" We turn to this important volume again; not, indeed, with the view of analyzing its contents, or of making copious extracts from its pages, for our limits admit not of either; but, chiefly, that it may not be permitted to escape the notice of the historical reader. Speaking of Henry the Eighth—to whose character, as drawn by our author, we briefly adverted in our former notice—Mr. Turner says—and he brings proof that what he says is true—

For the first twenty-seven years of his reign, an extent of time which six only of his royal predecessors since the Conquest had reached, no sovereign ever received from persons of other countries, or of his own, such ardent and undisputed panegyric. So that if Henry had died, after this length of reign, before the act of parliament for abolishing the papal supremacy in England, the mortal, and yet unpardoned offence of this applauded prince, had been carried into resolute execution, no king since Alfred the Great, would have descended to his tomb with such lavish encomiums and universal admiration from the literature of that period. If he had died the day before he signed the death-warrant of Fisher, and decided on that of Sir Thomas More, he would have nearly rivalled our great Saxon benefactor, in his historical praise, and, perhaps, in the public gratitude. In the decline of his life, changes certainly began, which will be noticed in their due place, which have been since applied with undistinguishing confusion to his whole character. But the present age is desirous of rescuing itself from prejudices of every sort, and therefore it will be justice to his real merits to remember, that his reign lasted thirty-seven years, and that for nearly three-fourths of this period his celebrity shone unchallenged and unclouded, and was accompanied through all Europe for that long interval with the harmonious voices, from all parts, of unanimous applause. It was only in the latter ten years, from the forty-fifth to the fifty-fifth year of his life, that the darker and censurable feelings and actions appeared, which have attached to his memory its proverbial reproaches. It is our duty to separate these two unequal portions of his life and reputation from each other.

Wolsey's character, as sketched by Mr. Turner, we believe to be equally just.

When we review the mass of the cardinal's correspondence with so many of the princes, statesmen, ambassadors, and men of business in Europe, and see the active and laborious thought which was continually working within him, and compare this with his ostentatious parade, we can scarcely avoid surprise that such intellectual energies should seek gratification from a laborious and fastidious pomp, which was intended and used only to be a daily voice to mankind, 'what a wonderfully great man this is!' He might have been truly great without this frippery; his station, his power, his influence, his abilities, his honest exertions, if they had not been crossed by his double dealing, were every day silently exhibiting him to be such. By these, without a word or gesture from himself, he rose to be superior to all but his sovereign, and that sovereign was for many years singularly subservient to his secret and magical government. What more was necessary even for his personal exaltation? what could enhance it but the crown upon his own brow? And yet, as if insensible to the sources of his real grandeur, he stepped, as it were, out of them to prevent its attainment, by striving to create a factitious, mocking, and unpopular enlargement, out of the trappings which the labour of the humblest members of society, and their silks, velvets, colours, and metals, could fabricate. He abandoned the indisputable aggrandizement of intellect and virtue, for that deceiving shadow, which artisans, mechanists, and strutting menials are supposed to produce, and which compels the mind to question if he had real claims to any other.

The truth is, that although Wolsey grew up to manhood with powers and faculties that, if rightly used, would have placed him among those elevated and selected characters, whom we agree to call great men, he so soon spoiled and misdirected himself, that he never became such. Pride, arrogance, vanity, and dissimulation, the destroyers of all moral grandeur, diminished him so repeatedly into an egotist, an actor, an hypocrite, a trickster, a tyrant, an ambi-dexter, a coxcomb, and a pantomimical puppet, that the natural giant fell to pieces, like the mighty image whose limbs, half iron and half clay, had no contiguous strength, and no substantial foundation.

The spirit of his administration was peculiarly diplomatic, and always flowing from, and connected with himself.

If the measures to which he led his royal master be considered only in their individual detail, they bear the features of being subtle, inconsistent, entangling, deceptive, interest-

ed, and insincere; and some of his negotiations deserve the worst of these epithets. He was certainly a double-dealer, and neither understood the value of good faith, frankness, honour, probity, and undisguising intrepidity, nor could make them the foundation nor the instruments of his policy. He frequently preferred the wily, the intricate, the secret, the insidious, the selfish, the mysterious, the contradictory—not more, indeed, perhaps not so much, as several other statesmen of his day, and especially those of the Roman court, which, for the last half century, had been repeatedly giving to the world, or at least to the various ambassadors who could detect its meandering, the worst specimens of the worst principles which Machiavel, whether satirically or seriously, has illustrated in his “*Il Principe*”—a work, perhaps, rather meant to reveal, than to teach, what every moral sense and manly judgment can only read to abhor, and which has been declining in human practice ever since his exposure.

His personal objects were to acquire the papacy, to become the talk and wonder of all men, and to be the governing hand of the English power. His public purposes were to keep the ecclesiastical order, to which he belonged, and therefore the Pope, as its head, in the first rank of earthly state—to let no kingdom surpass his own in ruling influence, or by extending its dominion, and to preserve the peace and independence of Europe undisturbed, by creating and maintaining a balance of power between the States that could endanger it.

Another work, which we also very briefly noticed at page 265, is “*The History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the Time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand VII., composed from the original Documents of the Archives of the Supreme Council, and from those of subordinate Tribunals of the Holy Office; abridged and translated from the Original Works of D. Jean Antoine Llorente, formerly Secretary of the Inquisition, Chancellor of the University of Toledo, Knight of the Order of Charles III., &c.*” We perfectly agree with the compiler of this volume—whose object was to give a free and condensed translation of a complex and voluminous history—an object, in the attainment of which he has perfectly succeeded—that, “the curious will be amply gratified by the perusal of the history of the secret tribunal;” that, “the man of leisure cannot

fail in finding occupation and amusement in the pages of Llorente;” and that, “the philosopher will discover in them ample scope for reflection on the aberrations of human reason, and on the capability of our nature, when under the influence of fanaticism, to inflict, with systematic indifference, death, torture, misery, anxiety, and infamy, on the guilty—and the innocent.” At all periods, such a work must possess deep and extensive interest; but, at a time like the present, when the outcry for Catholic emancipation is, from certain quarters, loud and incessant, it is more especially important to be convinced, that “all the records of the fantastic cruelties of the heathen world do not afford so appalling a picture of human weakness and depravity, as the authentic and genuine documents of the laws and proceedings of this Holy Office, which professed to act under the influence of the doctrines of the Redeemer of the world!”

We could make fifty selections from this volume, each of a curious and striking character, were it not that, in general, the statements, to be complete, would occupy too extended a space for our pages. To shew the merciful and liberal feelings of the Holy Office towards the poor converted Jews, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, let it be stated, that an edict was passed which would appear to have been framed for the express purpose of seizing and exterminating its victims, by a second process. The converted Jew, it may readily be supposed, might retain certain habits, acquired in his infancy—habits not contrary to Christianity. The retention of any of these, however, was regarded as a certain sign of apostacy. Thus, in the edict alluded to, amongst the cases in which accusation was commanded, were the following; which, as the historian observes, were of a nature so equivocal, that altogether they would scarcely form, in the present day, a simple presumption.

A convert was considered as relapsed into heresy, if he kept the sabbath out of respect to the law which he had abandoned; this was sufficiently proved, if he wore better linen and garments on that day than those which he commonly used, or had not a fire in his house from the preceding evening; if he took the suet

and fat from the animals which were intended for his food, and washed the blood from it. If he examined the blade of the knife before he killed the animals, and covered the blood with earth; if he blessed the table after the manner of the Jews; if he has drunk of the wine named *caser* (a word derived from *caxer*, which means *lawful*), and which is prepared by Jews; if he pronounces the *ba hara*, or benediction, when he takes the vessel of wine into his hands, and pronounces certain words before he gives it to another person; if he eats of an animal killed by Jews; if he has recited the Psalms of David without repeating the *Gloria Patri* at the end; if he gives his son a Hebrew name, chosen from among those used by the Jews; if he plunges him seven days after his birth into a basin containing water, gold, seed-pearl, wheat, barley, and other substances, pronouncing at the same time certain words, according to the custom of the Jews; if he draws the horoscope of his children at their birth; if he performs the *ruaya*, a ceremony which consists in inviting his relations and friends to a repast the day before he undertakes a journey; if he turned his face to the wall at the time of his death, or has been placed in that posture before he expired; if he has washed, or caused to be washed, in hot water the body of a dead person, and interred him in a new shroud, with hose, shirt, and a mantle, and placed a piece of money in his mouth; if he has uttered a discourse in praise of the dead, or recited melancholy verses; if he has emptied the pitchers and other vessels of water in the house of the dead person, or in those of his neighbours, according to the customs of the Jews; if he sits behind the door of the deceased as a sign of grief, or eats fish and olives instead of meat, to honour his memory; if he remains in his house one year after the death of any one, to prove his grief.

Amongst the curiosities in this volume, less immediately connected with the cruelties of the Inquisition, may be mentioned a copious narrative of the celebrated trial of Don Carlos, Prince of the Asturias. It appears, indeed,—and the fact will be new to many readers—that Don Carlos lost his life in consequence of a verbal sentence approved by his father, Philip II, and that the Holy Office was not concerned in the affair.

In the chapter devoted to an account of the prosecutions of sorcerers, magicians, enchanters, necromancers, &c., is a singularly amusing history of Dr. Eugene Tor-

ralba, a physician of Cuença, mentioned in the romance of Don Quixote, as a famous magician. For this, however, and much other valuable matter, we must refer the reader to the work itself.

It appears from the records of the Holy Office, that, from its commencement to its abolition, the number of persons who were condemned by it, and who perished in the flames, was 31,912; that 17,659 were burnt in effigy; and that 291,450 were condemned to severe penances; forming in the aggregate 341,021 victims! So much for the mild mercies of the Inquisition!

NOVELISTS.

Having disposed of all the works of Biography, and of all the Voyages and Travels which have appeared within the last half-year, in our usual monthly progress, we proceed at once from History to Novels. It is amongst the proofs of reviving trade with the booksellers, that, within the last two or three months, the pens of our novelists have been more prolific than usual. The first production that we shall advert to under this head, is "*Tales by the O'Hara Family, Second Series, comprising The Nowlans and Peter of the Castle,*" in three volumes. It will be recollected that we were amongst the warmest admirers of Mr. Banim's First Series of "*Tales by the O'Hara Family*";* in his "*Boyne Water,*" also, we found much to praise; and sincerely, therefore, do we regret the want of gratification which we have experienced in his more recent efforts. In the first place, the *Tales* now before us are so outrageously Irish in their structure, in their phraseology, in their dialects, in their feeling, and in their affectation of feeling, that it is hardly possible for an English ear—or a Scotch one either, we apprehend—to listen to a page or two without being startled. To a succeeding edition of the work, should it reach one, we recommend the appendage of a glossary; or, perhaps, a few leaves out of an Irish dictionary. Such crowds—such mobs of characters never did we encounter in a work of fiction before. Mr. Banim has introduced almost as many characters in one of his tales, as

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. I. page 217.

Martin has introduced figures in his picture of the deluge; and there is almost as great a difficulty in distinguishing many of the former from one another as there is in the latter. Only think of an Irish family which, independently of father and mother, consists of no fewer than twenty sons and daughters, all of whose amiable and unamiable qualities, personal endowments, &c. are drawn at full length. It is some gratification, however, to know that, whatever might be the case with respect to the young men and boys—

All the matured young ladies were clever. To say nothing of their literary acquirements, which, all things considered, might, however, be called respectable, they made every linen, or muslin, or silk article worn in the family; knitted every stocking; manufactured every bonnet, of every kind, together with straw hats and cloth caps for their father and brothers; mittens, neck and wrist comforters; jean, or Russia duck, or blay-linen trousers;—nay, very little for tailoring even went out of the house; for Miss Adams had a genius for cutting out vests; and shooting, or hunting, or fishing-jackets, and frock-coats, and dress-coats themselves; and Miss Jemima made shoes and boots for her mother and all her sisters, as well or better than they could be bought in the shop. And thus, take them all together, never was a more talented, industrious, and self-supporting large family. While the young gentlemen, each in his own way, kept the table and the board reeking, with very slight assistance from the butcher or spirit dealer, the young ladies, each in her own way too, kept off the milliner, the mantua-maker, the ladies' shoe-maker, the tailor, and many more artizans; in the mean time, what by their fowl-feeding, and their admirable and diversified manufacture of bread, cakes, garden wines, cider and mead, they also contributed their share to the grand process of eating and drinking on the lowest possible terms.

We have, however, to pass censure of a more severe character upon Mr. Banim's work. It furnishes, it is true, some very striking pictures of Irish manners—it evinces great talent in the writer—it displays much power and pathos—it consequently excites, in many parts, a lively interest in the reader; but, unfortunately, it contains so many passages, coarse and vulgar, gross and offensive, that we have been repeatedly under the necessity of

throwing it down in disgust. Such passages are not, of course, within our plan of extract; but, that the reader may not be deprived of an opportunity of forming some estimate of Mr. Banim's less objectionable manner, we subjoin a very amusing and characteristic picture.

John proceeded to fill himself some tea, out of a tea-pot, once, and very recently too, of a good kind of English china, but that now had a wooden lid, and only half a spout; and he poured into a saucer which was no match to his cup, and added to it some rich but dabbled cream, found in an ewer, the remnant of a suit differing from every other article of tea equipage on the table, as each individual article differed from the other. He required some water for his tea-pot, and discovered it in a tin saucepan, covered down with a wooden platter, by the hearth, "for the copper kettle wanted a bottom, and the tin kettle a handle this half-year:" his eye rested on the table cloth; it was full of holes and rents, though not of an old texture; stained and creased; and yellow, out of the last wash. His tea tasted weak, after the dilution of greasy water, but the remedy was at hand, in a saucer full of black-and-green, lying on the mantel-piece; more than a pound of dirty butter was scattered on scraps of dirty plates over the table; more than four pounds of bread served upon nothing at all; a silver spoon was left to boil away in an egg saucepan, on the fire; while a leaden one (the pig having eaten more than half a dozen of the silver set in her mess from time to time) served for his cup; and, to finish the pleasing display, five or six cups and saucers, or (in the same service) bowls and plates, together with as many dinner plates and dishes, knives and forks, were huddled together at the far end of the table, all still at variance in size, shape, or pattern, and all shewing slops, or half-picked bones and egg shells, that told what a breakfast had been despatched, partly by their agency, at an earlier hour that morning. John looked around him. The parlour was of a good size and shape, but, though begun twenty years ago, had never been finished. The walls, smoothly prepared for painting or papering, remained bare. The surfaces and door frames were just as the carpenter had nailed them up, except that the deal had turned brownish from time and smoke; the furniture, once of a good, substantial, and not inelegant fashion, was covered with dust; some of the chairs wanting a leg, some a back, some a bottom; yet none thus reduced from regular service, but rather from hard usage in the

kitchen, or up stairs, or when the "company" knocked them about, or played "leap frog" over them of an evening; or when the dog scratched the hair out of them; or Mrs. Nowlan's pet raven picked it out; and ever since, although promising to send them to be mended, or to send for some one to mend them, the "masher" had let them stand, or totter rather, as they were, with abundance of means, and facilities too, to attend to their reduced condition. And then the carpet, of an expensive description, had not been nailed down, and was always crumpled at the door, so that every one who went in or out should stoop, with a curse, to arrange it; and the holes scraped in it by the dogs, or by the hob-nails of many brogues, ran riot for want of a darn, and the dust came up through it for want of a shaking. In a word—all was expensive waste, indolent wreck, and miserable mismanagement.

If Mr. Banim's production be as we have described it, outrageously Irish, Mr. Galt's new work, "*The Last of the Lairds, or the Life and Opinions of Malachi Mailings, Esq. of Auldbiggings*," is almost as outrageously Scotch. The latter, however, consists of only one volume; and we confess that from some of the Scotch novels, and the thousand-and-one imitations of those *improvements* on English style, we have become so accustomed to Northern idioms and dialects, that they offend our ears less, and are more intelligible to them, than are those from the sister island.

As a man of genius, we have always greatly admired and respected Mr. Galt. If not a more powerful writer than the Scotchman, he has infinitely more originality, and he draws far more largely from his own resources. In his English writings, as they may be termed, he is often very eloquent and very beautiful; but, frequently, also, it must be allowed, that he is very dull. It is in such of his writings as are chiefly devoted to Scotch scenery and Scotch manners—especially the manners of the middling and lower classes—that Mr. Galt excels. Even into those, however, he admits much that is crude, and tame, and heavy. "*The Last of the Lairds*" may sustain his fame; but, although it contains many fine scenes and fine passages—much humour and much pathos—it certainly will not increase it. The story is in

its outline very simple. Malachi Mailings, the last and childless remnant of his race, is reduced to the extreme of poverty; his family estate is deeply mortgaged to Rupees, a wealthy nabob from India, who is on the point of foreclosing; and nothing remains for the hapless owner of Auldbiggings, to rescue him from his impending fate, but a detested marriage with a withered old maid of the house of Barenbraes. Yes, we should have stated that the old gentleman had conceived the improbable and romantic idea of raising a sum of money by turning auto-biographer. The marriage, however, is the grand scheme, and that is to be brought about by Mrs. Soorocks, a famous match-maker—a restless, active creature, who is never so happy as when engaged in other people's business. We have stated thus much—for we have no intention of going into the details of the story—for the purpose of enabling the reader to enter into the full spirit of the following scene. It is picturesque and dramatic, humorous and pathetic, in a high degree. In fact it is a capital *morceau* of its kind. It is, let it be remembered, a friend of the Laird's who speaks.

At the same moment I happened to turn round, and discovered the Laird walking to and fro in the garden, with his hands behind, his eyes perusing the grass of the walks, and his whole figure, by the bend and by the solemnity of his air, indicating the perplexity of his spirit.

I went immediately towards him, none displeased at that moment to be relieved from the presence of Mrs. Soorocks. I put on the blithest face I could assume, and tuned my voice to cheerfulness as I drew near to the dejected old man. But although he saw me coming, and nodded in his wonted familiar manner as I approached the walk which he was pacing, he soon relapsed into his reverie, and moved along unconscious of being so observed.

I stopped some ten or fifteen yards from him; I looked forward, and the distress of his mind, though visibly mingled with a strong ingredient of absurdity, was yet such as could not be seen without sympathy.

As he walked along the dark unmowed grass, he paused suddenly, and stooping forward, he pulled a rose.

"It's my ain yet," said he with a smile, as

he turned round, and smelling it, held it out towards me.

"It has grown in my forefathers' land," he added; "I set it myself—I made the hole for't wi' my ain very fingers—I watered it wi' the china jug, that was my father's punch porringer, as I hae heard my kind mother say—and what can be a man's ain, if that bush and bud be na mine?"

Then he moved some four or five paces, and tearing the flower into pieces, he scattered the petals around, and knitting his brows and clenching his hands, he rushed with his left hand extended, as if he intreated and deprecated some afflicting power, revealed in form only to himself. It is the peculiar characteristic of all grievous emotions to move and gesticulate with the left arm, as in like manner it is for those of power and exertion to indicate their predominance by the energy and emphasis of the right.

When that brief paroxysm had subsided, he returned leisurely and sedately towards the spot where I was standing.

"Is there no a possible o' ony kind, by the which this may be eschewed?"

He seemed to think by the expression, that I must of course be acquainted with the cause and sources of his trouble, and had his perturbation been less obviously painful, perhaps I might have played a little with his perplexities; but his look was so vacant and infantine, that it was impossible to regard him with any other sentiment than pity.

"I understand," said I, "that the Nabob has resolved to follow out his determination. I am sorry for it, but his own condition half pleads in extenuation of his rigour."

"It was a luckless day," was the answer, "when the thread of my life was ravelled wi' his knotty thrums—my lot and station, though lanerly, was lown—I had nae law fashin' me, but only an uncertainty about a bit heritable bond, that in a sense wasna worth the speaking about.—Noo, I'm driven to desperation.—There's that limb o' Satan, Caption, greetin' in the king's name—there's John Angle, the surveyor, demanding a compensation—and there's that goolden image o' Nebuchadnezzor, Rupees—Oh, oh, and alas! if I wasna preserved, I wud droon mysell.—My book I canna write—to work I'm no able—the curse o' Gilbert, when he was a beggar man, has overtaken me; and when the three pound in the desk-head is spent and gone, I'll no hae a penny left for a morsel—I'm a destitute creature—I'm a forlorn auld man—I'm a verra object—Oh, I'm an object!"

I endeavoured to console him as well as I

could, but the sense of desolation was so strong upon him that the endeavour was ineffectual.

"It's a terrible thing," cried he, "for a man to be miserable.—O, Adam and Eve, ye hae muckle to answer for.—If I was young, I would be a sodger. Were my mind composed, I could write an instructin' book. Had I been bred a tailor, I could have made claes; but I canna even sing ballats; for Heaven in its displeasure made me wi' a timmer tune. I can do naething but beg. I'll no can lang even gang frae door to door; for I'm auld, and I hae an income in my leg—I'll hae to sit on a stane on the road side, wi' a rugged hat on my knee, and my bare grey head in the shower—Heaven preserve me, will I be sittin' beggin' at my ain yett!"—

The last sentence was uttered with a tone of horror that made me shudder, and I said,—

"Mr. Mailings, do not give way to such frightful presentiments; I beseech you to be more composed."

"I'll be put in a prison," cried he—"I'll be fastened doon wi' an aim chair in the debtor's-hole—but what will they mak' by that! for I hae nothing—the dyvor's bill can do nae gude to a failed and broken-hearted auld beggar man.—To be sure, I might steal cocks and hens, and be sent to Botany Bay; but what could I do there?—O dear, I wish I was in another world, for my use and part in this world is done now."

He then walked away from me, and continued for several minutes pacing another part of the garden. Sometimes he halted and raised his hand, as if he were arguing with himself; anon he quickened his pace, and at last he turned briskly round, and came rushing towards me with exultation in his countenance.

"I hae found a redemption," he exclaimed. "I'll marry Miss Shoosie Minigaff. She has goold in goupens. I hae heard my mither say there wasna sic a plenished napery-kist as the ane at Barenbraes in a' the west o' Scotland; and if I dinna like her, ye ken, she'll hae the means of providing herself wi' a separate maintenance."

So intense had been the distress of the old man, that I really felt as it were relieved, when he proposed to adopt this sinister and sordid expedient; and in consequence—it may be not in a spirit of the purest morality—I applauded his resolution, and began to commend the merits and qualities of the lady with many a magnifying augmentative.

At this juncture, Mrs. Soorocks joined us; it was evident by her manner as she approached,

that the servants had very sensibly affected her compassion, and her exhilaration was at least equal to mine, when I told her that the Laird had resolved to marry Miss Shoosie.

"It's a wark—" said he, however, with a sigh.

"And of mercy to yoursell, Laird, that ye'll allow. But no to mak mair clishmaclaver about it, I expect my friend Baillie Waft frae Paisley in the afternoon; so ye'll come over, and tak your tea and a crack wi' him, and I'll send for the leddies, and we'll soon ge a' settled."

Foreseeing that, in our notice of "*Almack's, a Novel*," in the January number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, we shall have no room for extract; we insert a passage here, to shew the general character of that amusing work:—

The tedious hours devoted to dinner and the refreshment of the evening nap were at length over; ten of the clock had struck, and at many an up-stairs window in the fashionable streets and squares were seen lights, which marked where perchance some youthful maiden was trying her own and her abigail's patience, in pursuit of beauty. Half-past ten!! and carriages were to be seen in waiting at doors innumerable;—a little before eleven, and the streets leading to Willis's Rooms were all in commotion; coachmen whipping-in from all directions; great was the hubbub,—it was almost like the noise of distant war. How was the *éclat* of many a Parisian dress this night eclipsed by the fair complexion of the lovely wearer! Flowers of every hue shone forth in motley groups, and well-imagined wreaths, setting off to the best advantage the pretty little feet which peeped below, bright as the whitest satin could make them; or else lending their aid to illustrate braids, or give fresh charms to clustering curls.

"Hail! fairest of creation, last and best!"

And where, I pray you, can a better specimen of the sex be seen than at Almack's! I will venture boldly to pronounce 'no-where;' and to defy Lord Byron, and all his sect of southern worshippers, to produce, in any country, in any latitude or longitude they may choose to mention, a set of finer creatures than "our Almack's belles."

"Eyes which, no matter what their hue,
Are sure to beat you black and blue;
Or shapes, as if by sculpture moulded,
In shining drapery unfolded."

After such an opening, how shall the historian of Almack's be able to descend to common prose—how, in ordinary language, ven-

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ture to describe these sons and daughters of Terpsichore, the flower of Britannia's children? Yet it must be attempted.

"Heavens! mamma!" exclaimed Miss Charlotte Augusta Carlton, "would you believe it? we are really the very first: not a soul in the room!"

"So much the better," replied Lady Margaret; "I am quite of the Duke of Clanalpin's opinion, that, after all, there is nothing like a comfortable seat on one of the sofas; and you and Apollonia can walk about with Adolphus Frederick, while I rest myself;" and her Ladyship yawned behind her fan.

"But not there, mamma! not on that sofa: that is the ladies patronesses' seat, sacred property!" said Apollonia.

"Well!" said Mr. Carlton; "I hope to goodness you'll believe what I tell you another time, and not come so confounded early; its monstrous disagreeable to see nothing but empty benches before one."

"Hush! hush!" said Lady Margaret; "there's somebody coming in now, and there were plenty of carriages close behind us: tell me, Adolphus, who are these?"

"Oh! only that tiresome Mrs. Bucannon, and her niece, the long, forlorn Miss Leslie! she shan't take me in to dance though to night, as she did last week, I can promise her"

"Oh! but you must not quarrel with Mrs. Bucannon; for she's such a useful person about opera tickets, and ball invitations, and all those sort of wants you know, that it would be literally quarreling with one's own comfort."

"Yes! Macdonald says he depends upon her for his nightly bread; but hang her, she is always plaguing me to get her off tickets for subscription concerts, for some of those signors who sing gratis at her house. I'm sure I owe her nothing, for one!"

"See, see, brother!" said Miss Carlton: "here are the beautiful Lady Beaulieus, Lady Agnes, and Lady Madeline."

"Lady Olivia, I suppose, stays at home with my Lord," observed Lady Margaret; "and so Miss Bevil is their constant chaperon now: upon my word, vastly well managed. I wonder what my brother the Duke will say to that arrangement. Apollonia, who is that girl on the other side of Miss Bevil, in white?"

"That handsome girl, do you mean, mamma?"

"Rather showy than handsome; what Clanalpin would call a glorious galley of a woman!"

"That is Miss Trecosey," said the son; "the great Cornish beauty, and a d—lish fine creature too."

"And look! here are Mrs. and Miss Sydenham: both dressed alike, I declare!" said Miss Charlotte Augusta.

Lady Margaret immediately put up her glass.

"And nothing like them after all; there'll not be two handsomer women in the room," said Mr. Carlton, who was consoled for the appearance of so much beauty and fashion, and forgot it was so dreadfully early.

The plot now began to thicken, and grandees and fair *distinguées* came pouring in apace, followed by dandies of every degree. The majestic Lady Plinlimmon was the first of the ladies patronesses who made her *entrée*. She was attended by a train of men, her usual body-guard, as she took her seat on the sofa, with the utmost dignity of manner.

"Certainly," observed Colonel Leach to his friend Trefusis, "nothing in nature can be finer than the air with which our Cambrian princess stalks up a room. Boadicea herself could not look more haughty."

The round, fat, jolly, laughter-loving Duchess of Stavordale, with her scarlet turban as usual, which had gained her the nick-name of the *bonnet rouge*, came next. She seemed always canvassing for popularity; and as far as shakes of the hand, 'nods, becks, and wreathed smiles,' were available, she was eminently successful in her endeavours.

But for celebrity, and that kind of popularity which is conferred by general admiration, none could compete with Lady Hamilton: she bore away the bell; and was, by general opinion, proclaimed the leader of fashion, and the Queen of Almack's. While her colleagues were debating, she decided: hers was the master-spirit that ruled the whole machine: her's the eloquent tongue, that could both persuade and command: and she was never idle; her restless eye pried into every thing, she set the world to rights, her influence was resistless, her determination uncontrollable.

Then appeared the smart and flippant Lady Rochefort, with a knot of admirers; to each of whom she appeared to have something *caustique* or *spirituelle* to say, for every *petit mot* produced a burst of laughter; and whenever she held her fan before her face, she was sure to be more than commonly ill-natured. She was plump and fair, and very pretty; mischief was her passion; and an incessant love of ridicule rendered her ladyship, in general opinion, a very formidable character.

Great, bony Lady Bellamont, who possessed height without dignity, and affectation without grace, now made her *entrée*, followed by two of the gawky, white-faced Lady Hares. They were all staring, first on one side, then on the

other, yet seeing nothing; bowing to people they did not know, and stumbling over their dearest friends.

"Awkward enough, in all conscience!" said Frank Trefusis; "but still Lady Bellamont looks like a forlorn woman of fashion."

"No, no," replied his friend, Colonel Leach! "a forlorn woman without fashion, if you please. But who are these coming next, I wonder?—first-rates I take it?"

Every head was turned towards the door, a general movement of curiosity seemed to take place, much whispering, all the near-sighted glasses hoisted at once.

"What is the matter? Who can it be?"

A subdued murmur of admiration now proclaimed the arrival of the new lady patroness—the Austrian ambassadress.

Conscious of her powers, the little Baroness entered with all the ease of one long practised to public effect. Every thing that the toilette could do, had been tried, and not in vain; for the extreme of wit appeared so like nature as to deceive not one, but all.

She was alike free from the stiffness of English reserve and the *hauteur* of English ton. Perhaps the characteristic of her manner was her perfect self-possession: she could be rude or courteous, distant or intimate, as occasion required; for the world was her theatre, and she was an accomplished actress upon its stage. The turn of Madame de Wallestein's head had been pronounced, by the old Marquis de Cendrillon, to be very like that of poor Marie Antoinette's: like her, too, she could boast of a foot and ankle which defied criticism, and which she also had no objection to exhibit for the admiration of the public.

The six ladies patronesses were thus characterized by Colonel Leach:—

The Duchess of Stavordale,	Good-humoured vulgarity.
Lady Plinlimmon,	Pride and prejudice.
Lady Hauton,	Power and patronage, or, <i>veni, vidi, vici</i> .
Lady Bellamont,	Dry, dull, and disagreeable.
Lady Rochefort,	Captious and <i>caustique</i> .
Madame de Wallestein,	Graceful art, or <i>fashion à la Française</i> .

A long train of foreigners entered immediately after the Baroness. All who in any way appertained to the embassy, were of course in her suite, and many French and Italian *merveilleux* chose to consider themselves as her *attachés*. What fragrant perfumes issued from these ball-room heroes, as they fluttered their sweetly-scented handkerchiefs, to assist the grace of their first *entrée*! Striking, indeed,

is the difference between a true John Bull and a Continentalist, in a ball-room. The first generally looks as if he could not help himself: he has adjourned to Almack's from the House of Lords, the House of Commons, or the Inns of Court; and business, with recollection sad, still pursues him at every step. Such a man must, of course, require the strongest excitation to rouse him to action: for, otherwise, pleasure in every form may dance around him, but, ah! as the old song tells us,

"She'll never touch his heart."

What excitation, then, will move his apathy? Why, that of vanity alone:—a pretty woman must make love to him. And this is the best explanation that can be given why, in England, the women always make the first advances to the men: and if they did not, there would, I believe, be no love at all in the fashionable world.

But mark the Continentalist! how is he armed for conquest when he enters the ball-room?

Ambition's kindling flames his soul invite,
To be the constellation of the night;
Much must the hero exercise his skill
In dire array to range the plaits of frill;
To trim the neckcloth's labyrinthian fold,
In line of battle the mustachios hold,
Prepare his eyes' artillery, hearts to storm,
And teeth's white ranks in open order form.

So accomplished a creature, so bewitching and bewitched, must, of course, consider himself quite irresistible. Yet have all these Continentalists, and particularly the sons of France, the art of annihilating themselves before the fair; their obsequiousness and humility are unbounded: hence their rapid execution among the female sex. To be herself admired by an all-conquering Adonis, is so much more pleasing to a young woman than the having only to admire him.

Such is the difference between a French and English dandy: the first is an impertinent, affected coxcomb; who makes love to every woman as a matter of course; it is his vocation. The second is a cold, contemptuous, conceited creature, intrenched in a double armour of selfishness, *blasé* upon every thing.

In the same predicament with respect to "*Paul Jones, a Romance, by Allan Cunningham, Author of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, Traditional Tales, &c.*" that we were with respect to the novel of "*Almack's*," we must have recourse to the

same expedient for putting our readers in possession of a clearer view of the work by the extract, than we shall be enabled to do, in our commencing Number for the ensuing year.

Introductory to a very impressive scene, we give the portraits of the mother and sister of Paul Jones in their cottage.

In an old chair of carved oak, enjoying the fresh air of the twilight, Prudence Paul was sitting; her white mutch, bordered with broad lace, and her gown of shining gray, long and wide, and glistening, descended not so low as to conceal two neat feet, with glossy shoes and little buckles of solid silver. In her hands she held a hank of the finest woollen yarn, mixed purple and white, smooth and fitted for hose, such as the young men then were fond of wearing. Her looks were staid and touched with sorrow; her eye, dark and sparkling, had in her youth given lustre to district verse; and the fastidious neatness of her dress, and the purity of her dwelling, brought that charge of personal and household pride upon her, which has been urged against the Dutch; she wiped the seats upon which strangers had sat,—she wiped the floor on which they walked,—and of the well out of which they had drunk would she not taste, till it had freed itself from all suspicion of impurity, by running an hour, or more.

At her side there sat a softer vision of herself,—her daughter Maud, in the opening bloom of maiden beauty,—dark-eyed, dark-tressed,—as pure as the spring out of which she drank: and as healthy as the lily that flowered on its margin. Her white shoulders and round neck were flooded by the dark clustering abundance of her locks, and her eyes large, moving in liquid light, and of a deep hazel hue, were every now and then lifted up from the task on which her hands were engaged, and fixed on her mother with a glance expressing duty and awe. Her dress was a boddice of brown, with an open and expanding collar, which allowed the breeze free circulation,—with a little shawl of the finest silk, and ornamented with curious skill, but laid aside to admit the sweet fresh air of the twilight, and a petticoat of that glossy beautiful cloth, known by the homely name of linsey-wolsey, which rivalled in lustre much of our modern silk. A string of Solway pearls enclosed her neck, and massy bracelets of pure gold, her brother's present, encircled her wrists, adding little by contrast to her loveliness; but rather from their value bringing an imputation of personal vanity against

her, from which she was free. In truth, though conscious of the beauty of her person, and skilful in the female art of adding to her natural allurements, she loved her only brother with such intense and elevated affection, that the richness of the metal of her bracelets did not at all increase their value in her estimation—had they been of tin, or brass, or horn, she would have worn them, and glanced her eye as often upon them in sisterly pride and satisfaction.

On the same evening, by a little sparkling fire of wood and coal, a small cruse filled with oil, adding its more steady light, we find the party increased by the presence of Lord Thomas Dalveen. A quarrel had arisen between his Lordship and Paul. Maud was engaged in the task of spinning:—

While Lord Dalveen spoke, the little foot of Maud Paul pressed with redoubled speed the foot-board of her ebony wheel. The yarn-hack revolved with fairy rapidity,—the thread, at first slenderly and evenly drawn, grew lumpy and gross,—the eye through which the thread is conveyed from the rock to the roller was soon choked up, and in seeking to disentangle it with a light in her hand, she kindled the flax on the distaff. She snatched it from the wheel, wrapt it on her little linsey-woolsey apron, and extinguishing it, rose and addressed Lord Dalveen.

“ You have talked, my Lord, of my brother’s ignorance and of your own knowledge—of your rank and his dependence, and said that such a thing as a duel between you was contrary to the etiquette of birth and rank. I shall answer you plainly. The insulting language and unprovoked insolence of your lordship have levelled all distinctions. Free by birth, free by situation in life,—of unblemished honour and of unquestioned talent, and with knowledge such as becomes a gentleman, he is at least your peer. The charmed circle of etiquette, in which you suppose yourself placed, can only avail you when you act according to the dignity of your station. As a man surely, at least, my brother is your equal; and since you condescend to thrust your sword against his bosom, you can claim no benefit from your proud pedigree. Talk no more, Thomas Lord Dalveen, of your noble ancestors; you have dishonoured them all. I know you—I have proved you, and deeply and devoutly do I despise you.”

The looks of Lord Dalveen during the utterance of this bold speech were as dark as

the grave. He set his teeth,—the foam slightly whitened upon his quivering lip,—his eye glanced from side to side, and the elegant and manly figure which but a little before the spirit of courtesy seemed to possess, seemed now animated by a demon. This was, however, only like a summer cloud passing over the moon; the darkness flew over him rather than stayed with him, and the sounds of the maiden’s words had not well died away when he shone out again as brightly as ever.

Other feelings were at work with Prudence Paul. She hastened to unlock a little oaken cabinet, out of which, from among letters and other matters of her maiden days, she brought an antique signet-ring, set round with diamonds of such lustre, that the dark corner where the cabinet stood was lightened by their radiance. Her eyes glistened as she unrolled it from its covering of velvet, and, turning round to Lord Dalveen, she said,—“ See you this, my Lord; a signet ring as old as the days of De Bruce, and given by his honoured hand to a bold and gallant soldier on the bloody field of Bannockburn.” She held it up, sparkling with its numerous gems, and proceeded,—“ Look yet more closely, Lord Dalveen,—see you nothing more about the massy gold than these fragments of glittering stone?”

“ I see something,” said the young nobleman, “ nay, I see the cognizance of my own house—the hand, the sword, and the star at its point,—it is dimmed, yet it is quite visible. I have heard of such a signet, but I never saw it before.”

“ Yes, my Lord, it is dimmed—dimmed with the blood of that girl’s ancestor, spilt freely to save the life of thine. It was given on the gory field of Sark, and for a noble purpose. Take this ring, John Paul, my good and devoted friend, said Halbert Lord Dalveen; and once to every lord of my blood let thy descendants present it, and ask a boon, and have it, and be happy. Not once, my Lord, has this signet been shewn to one of thy name since. I hold it to thy face now, my Lord, and I beg my boon.”—“ And willingly do I grant it before it is asked. This cottage I make thine, Prudence,—I give it to thee and thine for ever and ever.” “ That is not my boon, my Lord, that is not my boon,” said the widow. “ I have not done,” said his Lordship; “ I add to it the little garden, and as much good land as thou canst run round in fifteen minutes from this moment.” “ Nor is that my boon,” answered Prudence; “ world’s gear I want not—I ask not. Draw not your sword on my child—present no weapon against him—that is my boon; in another world you

will know why I ask it, and it may do your soul good, that you had the grace to grant it."

"It is a boon," said Lord Dalveen, "that I would gladly grant, but something in my bosom tells me it would be given in vain. Thy son loves me not; and every hour he lives, his hatred waxes stronger against me, his bearing grows more insolent, and his language more provoking and bitter. Me he hates from principle, and detests from personal motives. Every one with a better coat than himself he regards as his enemy; he hates the natural lords of his native land, and thinks that all honour and wealth should be showered like pearls amongst the mob, that the clever, the strong, and the cunning, might pick them up. Think, good woman, of some more serviceable boon; for, did I grant what you ask to-night, before mid-day to-morrow it might be as useless as the proud man's prayer, or the vain man's humility."

The widow drew herself back, and looked on him with an eye of mingled disdain and sorrow.—"Do you refuse me my boon, my Lord, while your ancestor's token is glittering before you? Did John Paul endure the bloody dint of black Lord Howard's war-axe for this?" "I tell thee, wilful woman," said Lord Dalveen, "that such a boon cannot be given, such a boon ought never to be asked. Ask land, ask gold, ask aught but the command of my sword,—a matter of pure honour must be left to my own bosom." "Thy land I scorn, and thy gold I despise,—I ask thee to spare my child. There is thy forebear's token, and cursed be he who redeems not the promise of his ancestor."

Lord Dalveen paced the floor, deeply moved at heart, but stubborn as the tempered steel. "It is strange," he thought, "that she should be haunted with such horror lest her son's blood should be spilt by me. Paul has fought abroad, and fought bravely,—yet she dreads not the bullet of his foes,—she has no terror lest he fall on a foreign shore. There must be some superstitious feeling or some mysterious motive for her alarm, which I have not the skill to discover."

"Well, good Prudence," said the young nobleman, "if thy son bandies no haughty words or lofty looks with me, he is safe and skaitless,—so far I grant thy boon." "I take no boons with such reservations," answered the widow.—"There is thy ancestor's signet-ring—thou knowest my boon,—and may thy bones never be borne to an honoured grave, nor man nor woman speak of thee but to thy shame, if thou leavest it unredeemed." The temper of the young nobleman now fairly for-

sook him; his whole frame was agitated, and that dark spirit which man imagined belonged to his family, and which entered into them when they transgressed, might now be fairly said to have mastery over him.

"Foul beldame!" he exclaimed, "dost thou dare to throw thy curses on me? Down on thy knees and thank me, that I put not that light under the thatch of thy house, and destroy this nest which shelters such a venomous brood. Nay, since thou lookest so disdainfully, what hinders me from giving thee light to see thy folly by? It will cast a pretty light upon the Solway; and as Maud loves the picturesque, I shall oblige her and do it." He snatched up the lighted cruse, and went towards the door to execute the threat. Maud Paul stepped before him, and said,—"I care not for the house, though in it I was born. When I see it blaze in the night air, I shall only say, the house which sheltered my early sorrows will shelter me no more. But I am here, proud and evil man, to tell thee, that even in this little matter thou shalt not have thy will. Carry that light but one step nearer the roof of my mother's house, and, as sure as there's a God in heaven, thou diest."

As she uttered this, she stood before him like a personification of courage and despair,—her eyes dilating, her nostrils expanding, and her long abundant locks moving and curling as if each tress had a life of its own. He looked on her for a moment, dashed the burning cruse on the floor, and, without a word, departed.

The succeeding description has great merit:—

The sun had not yet risen; but his ascent was announced by innumerable quivering lines of golden light, which, gathering strength with every moment of time, began to illuminate sea and land with that refreshing and dewy lustre, visible only to those who rise from sleep, and see the hares retiring to the cover, and the wild birds stretching their wings and pluming their bosoms, rejoicing in the returning day. A grey-haired shepherd might be seen gazing from his dwelling towards the glowing east—the glance of a half-dressed girl might be detected at the opening door, or the half-shut casement: while the sedate matron, emerging wholly on the little green before her cottage, blessed the sweetness of the summer morn. A most inquisitive eye might have detected the lover gliding homeward by some unfrequented path, from visiting his mistress; or observed the solitary bird of the

lake, the long-necked heron, alighting on his accustomed stone, and, with a sluggish wing, but an active eye, watch the startings of the trout, or the windings of the eel. Another glance, and the bird might take the eye, as he snatched his victim with a dart and a plunge, and soared into the air to feed his twin young ones, in some old and inaccessible tree.

There was one little solitary spot on which the morning light seemed always willing to break, where a small cottage stood, the thrifty smoke of which rose into the morning air before the smoke of other houses. A small window, too, facing the eastern sun, wreathed about with honeysuckles, white round the border as winter snow, and shining like polished silver, might meet the eye at the same moment that it met the sun. For those who looked through it on this morning with the sun, there was a sight so fair, so composed, so entirely innocent, and so inexpressibly lovely, as might justify the lingering love of the luminary. This was the home of Maud Paul, and the window gave light to a little chamber where the maiden lay.

Those who see beauty attired in all the attractions of dress, her person adorned according to the fashionable humour of the day, with her patches, paint, and jewels on, see but half of her loveliness. Those who had seen Maud on this summer morning, would have felt in a moment how surpassingly lovely simple beauty is. She was in her chamber slumbering on a bed, with curtains of brown, and sheets like unsunned snow. Pressing the downy undulation lay the maiden herself, a smile dawning on her parted lips, her dark tresses gushing in clustering masses over her heaving bosom and naked shoulder, and lying in an armful around, while one of her feet, small and plump and white, and formed at once for beauty and activity, escaped from the sheets, and revealed an ankle such as visits Chantrey in one of his happy moments.

The disarray of the bed, the disorder of her head-gear, and the glowing agitation of her face, shewed that her sleep had been broken and restless. The sun at first glimmered faintly on the wall, and she covered her eyes with her arm; but when he came broader and lighter, and filled all the little room with light, she arose and opened the window; while the sunny air, smelling of flowers, ran round the room. She sat down on the bed-side, and thus communed with herself:

"Was it a dream, or was it a vision, or was it the voice of man, which came crying in the

dark and dead hour of the night, saying, 'Beware, Maud Paul, beware!' I saw, or rather thought I saw, a strange light in my chamber. my window seemed to open, and an aged man looked in and said, 'Beware, Maud Paul, beware!'" She sat for a minute's space, then, falling on her knees and holding her hands over her face, she said, "God of my fathers, I thank thee for this warning voice; thou hast sent one of thy blessed spirits to say that evil awaits me. I humble myself in thy presence, and I ask thy aid. A courage which comes but from thee has hitherto sustained me in sore trials; nature was strengthened and never quailed for a moment. Save me from vanity of heart, from pride of understanding, from self sufficiency, which deceives the more the greater that our trust is. If it be thy will that danger shall overtake me, let it not overcome me. Take, O take not from me, in the moment of peril, that presence of mind and firmness of purpose which preserves the body from abasement and keeps the mind free." And arising and binding up her locks, and attiring herself, she sought her mother, and found her busied by her in-door arrangements; and, assisting her with a ready and a dexterous hand, the house was soon set all in morning order.

The above scene is supposed to have occurred immediately before Maud was forcibly carried off from her home, by a pirate captain, a creature of Lord Thomas Dalveen's. The "warning voice," of course, refers to that event. Who it was that then beheld the beautiful Maud, in her night array of beauty, we are not told.

The discovery of Maud in America, by Lord Thomas Dalveen, and by her brother Paul, as the ruler or lady patroness of a Scotch colony, forms another very interesting passage; but we have not room for its insertion. Lord D. offers her marriage—an offer which she mysteriously, but peremptorily rejects.

A scene of a light kind, but abounding in spirit, occurs in one of the forests of Russia, after the fall of Ockzacow; where Paul and Lord Dalveen encounter the Empress Catherine; whom they pretend to take for a private individual—or, at the best, for one of the ladies of the court—engaged in a hunting party. The adventurers make very free with the royal person; but their gallantry and spirit secure their safety and pardon.

The reader will, probably, recollect a brief notice in our preceding volume (page 130) of a little work, edited by the celebrated Goëthe, under the title of "The Adventures of a Young Rifleman, in the French and English Armies, during the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1806 to 1816; written by Himself." Recently, a companion to this work, from the same editor, entitled, "*The Young Rifleman's Comrade: a Narrative of his Military Adventures, Captivity, and Shipwreck,*" has appeared. In some respects, the two resemble each other; but the latter abounds with scenes and incidents of a more tragic and horrible character than the former. They should, however, go together.

"*The Story of a Wanderer, founded on a Recollection of Incidents in Russian and Cossack Scenes,*" is another volume of an amusing and even an instructive nature. Many of the scenes are very vivid and characteristic.

The last work we have to notice under this head, is entitled "*Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Regions,*" in three volumes. This is the production of a very clever writer. His book associates admirably with the narratives of our recent polar navigators; describing the scenery of the Arctic Regions with the liveliest and most impressive effect, and furnishing, from the stores of imagination, many tales of wild and extraordinary interest. The connecting vehicle is an account of a whale-fishing expedition to the north seas; the account purporting to be written by an invalid, who had undertaken the voyage for the recovery of his health; and the stories are related, in turn, by the invalid himself, and by the captain, the surgeon, and the first and second mates of the ship, round the cabin stove, to while away the Arctic evenings.

Not having room in which to notice the fictions of the work, we must confine ourselves to one or two passages of description. The difficulty of writing on board a Greenlander is thus depicted:—

During the last three days, the motion of the Leviathan was as trying to the temper as the humours of a scolding wife. Standing or walking, unsupported by some immoveable

stay, was as impracticable as progression to an infant, and even the consolation of sitting at rest was denied us. More than once, when, during a deceitful truce, we had arranged ourselves round the stove, to dry our mittens and renew our warmth, has a sudden lift on one side unshipped us all, and tumbled us, men and chairs, cats, mittens, mugs, pots and fire-irons, to the lowest level. Woe to him thus caught in an unlucky position, for bumps and bruises, and a thousand little inexplicable miseries, were the punishment of being surprised off guard. He who sat himself down to write without precaution, would perhaps, in half a second, behold his inkstand roll, pouring out its sable fluid into the farther corner of the cabin,—his paper gliding after it, as if eager to wipe up the black streams which should have been its own—his knife leap into the fire—his pen whisked off, heaven only knows where, and his patience—but who can talk of patience on such occasions? He may hurry to repair these mischances, if he will, and when he has managed to resettle himself, in hopes of continuing his occupation, an ominous shout, followed by a long shrieking groan of yards and cordage, bursts upon his ear, and announces that the ship is put upon another tack,—a fact which the immediate elevation of that side on which he had humbly seated himself, as being the lowest and least liable to inconvenience, confirms. Then, while he rides leaning over the upper edge of the table, as if balanced on the ridge of a house, and endeavours to improve every momentary lull, by inscribing a word or a line, comes one of those horrid kicks beneath the weather-quarter, and almost jerks his eyes out of their sockets, or at least runs his pen, as if in forced contempt, through all his graphic labours. What at first might pass for Arabic or Persian, or for an arrow-headed manuscript from Persepolis, then appears, not only far less intelligible, but as if intentionally scratched out; or, should he be in the act of delineating a bird or beast, or mass of ice, he will find himself compelled to mark down sundry outlines, which convert his sketch into some fearful object of non-existence. Those whom curiosity has tempted to inspect my MSS. indited under such ease-destroying circumstances, will comprehend the reality of what I here describe; but those who have attempted to read them, have indeed partaken of my sufferings.

The approach of the ice is thus described:—

We could, however, see to a few ships' lengths around; and it was well we could, for

vast quantities of loose ice came pouring along, like troops charging over an immense field of hillocks, rising and falling with the waves, appearing and vanishing in every direction. There was much both of the sublime and beautiful, as well to the ear as to the eye, in the apparent approach and retreat of huge masses of ice. At first they are heard buffeting with the billows, whilst wrapt in mist, though close before the vessel. Suddenly they appear upon the sight, like giant spectres, gliding over the blue, foam-crested hills of ocean's fancied regions, sinking their white heads to the surface, and again mounting upon a broad swell of water, bared even to their very bases. It is then that their gaunt and craggy figures, armed at all points with gleaming spikes, and tusks of sparry lustre, dripping with spray, and crowned with wreaths of vapour, seem, like sea-monsters risen from the deep, to leap into the air. For a time they are stationary, as if stretched at full length to gaze about for enemies; the waves break and froth among their feet, and the wind whirls the rising mist around their summits. The water appears to sink from beneath them, and in an instant they plunge deep into its bosom, wallowing in its angry surges, and are again shrouded behind the haze.

Sometimes a slender pillar supports a broad slab, like a vast table, or an enormous fungus floating on the sea, and the strange image reels along, revolving with the waves, and sinking to their level, perhaps again to rise; but often a heavy billow rushes up beneath the platform, the table dives and disappears, but the basement that supported it starts above the surface, and presents some new chimera in shape and motion to the eye.

A heavy fall of snow in the evening rendered our watch towers of little use, for the eye could not distinguish a ship's length distance from the deck. This obliged us and our companions to lie to, sailing at this time being dangerous among heavy ice, and it afforded us an opportunity for a merry meeting of the different captains on board the *Leviathan*, whether they were invited by our commander. Could Hogarth have occupied my bed, while the party enjoyed their merriment in the cabin, he might have enriched his sketch-book with a variety of costumes and disguises, more grotesque and laughable than even his imagination could have supplied. Every man in "the country" arrays himself in such accumulation of dress as he feels requisite, to withstand the effects of wind and weather, and the results produced by this necessity are as humorous

as varied. Slender men swell out to a size of limb and body, to which gout and dropsy would never have increased their dimensions; and those whose proportions seemed to emulate those of the animals of these regions, now appear, when attired in fur and flannel, the greatest monsters of the seas.

But the ornamental portions, or "outrigings" of their habiliments, presented the most ludicrous appearance to a landsman. The chief part selected for the employ of this burlesque taste was the head, and the variety of wigs, and caps, and comforters, around and upon the strong hold of the senses, was enough to make a superficial observer conclude that the senses themselves had been driven from their keep, or were too closely imprisoned to know the insane appearance of its exterior.

The sailors, however, exceeded their superiors in the incongruousness of their dresses, for their means did not allow them to make use of materials so costly, and they supplied their wants from the skins of bears and seals, to the utter banishment of all rule and precedent in the fashions of civilized life. To see a boat's crew of these masqueraders, one might suppose them arrived from Crusoe's Island, in the livery of their liege lord; and, certainly, no canoe full of barbarians, whether from the north or south, would present a more barbaric outfit.

POETS.

Of genuine poetry—poetry of a high and commanding order—there has been for a long time a sad dearth. All that has appeared of real consequence, within the past half year, with much of minor note, has received due attention in our monthly pages. One little volume, however, which has just reached us, is, as a provincial publication, entitled to more than usual praise: not, indeed, for depth of sentiment, grandeur of expression, or force of imagination, but for the truly feminine virtues which it displays—the kind and tender, the gentle and good feeling—by which it is pervaded. Some faults of rhythm may be occasionally selected in several of its pieces; but, with those exceptions—and they are not numerous—the versification is smooth, easy, and elegant. We are happy in the opportunity afforded us, of introducing a few specimens to the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*; which

otherwise from the circumstance of the volume having been published by subscription, and in the country, they might perhaps never see.

The first piece that we shall select is addressed "To Anna"—a sister, if we mistake not, of the writer's:—

Think of me, dearest! when the western star
Sheds o'er the soft heav'n its lovely light;
For know, that I, though near thee, or afar,
Gaze on it ever with a still delight.

Think of me, dearest! when the op'ning spring
Show's her young buds of beauty round thy feet,
And early violets to the breezes fling
The rich pure perfume, which I lov'd to greet.

Think of me, dearest! when the summer flow'rs
Give to the wandering wind their fragrant sighs:
Remember, I, in home, or foreign bowers,
Bend o'er their blossoms with enchanted eyes.

Think of me, dearest! when the calm waves flow
All tranquilly beneath the moon-light beam;
For I have oft, with pleasure's warmest glow,
Watched silently their sweet, and silv'ry gleam.

Think of me, dearest! if thy ling'ring gaze
In far-off years upon this page shall rest:
Then may rekindling thoughts of "other days"
Waken love's kindest beatings in thy breast!

The next derives its title from its initial words:—

Forgive thee!—yes—when ev'ry cord
Which binds my soul to earth, is broken;
When scarce I hear the whisper'd word,
By gentlest tongues around me, spoken.

Forgive thee!—yes—thy once-loved name
Shall mingle with my faltering breath,
When, fainter still, this languid frame
Shall bend, before the touch of death.

Forgive thee!—yes—when paler still
This cold and fading brow shall be,
And o'er my heart the latest chill
Comes on, of mortal agony.

Forgive thee!—yes—but rest awhile,
Till mem'ry of the past hath perish'd;
Till from my mind that voice, that smile,
Have passed, as though they ne'er were cherish'd.

Supplement to Vol. IV.

Come, when each hope is rais'd to heav'n,
Which wither'd in the world's cold shade;
And thou—e'en thou—shalt be forgiven
The wretchedness which thou hast made.

Another piece, without a title, is of a different character, and still more beautiful:—

To those who have few ties to bind the soul
To earth, it must be sweet to steal away
Gently, from life to death; with calm decline,
Painless but sure, to feel their pow'rs decay;—
To know that they shall leave th' unkind and cold,

Who made existence joyless to them here,
Soon, and *for ever*—though they deem not so,
Who are around them, nor behold the change
Of the pale cheek, and whitening lip, to hues
More bloodless yet; nor mark the falt'ring frame
Which daily bends more faint and languidly;
Nor see the visible beatings of the heart,
Which hastens to its rest. I would not die
When Spring hath wak'd the thousand melodies
Of young birds mounting joyously to heaven,
And o'er the earth her emerald vest is thrown,
Starr'd with bright blossoms, fresh and beautiful—

'Tis sad to be the only withering thing
Amidst reviving nature!—I would fade
With the last ling'ring flow'rs, whose dirge is sung
By the wild voices of th' autumnal winds!

The following is entitled "The Last Song":—

'Tis ruin all!—but o'er my heart
A deeper change is hast'ning on;
Its ev'ry dream will soon depart,
Its ev'ry hope from earth be won.

A little space—and o'er my breast
The Spring's young flow'rs may freshly bloom,
For I shall then in peaceful rest
Repose within the silent tomb.

Then come to this lone spot, and say,
The roses which she lov'd, are gone;
The violet wreaths have died away;
And e'en the minstrel birds are flown.

The sparkling waters move no more
With murmuring music through the vale;
The sacred cedar's grace is o'er,
For leafless now it greets the gale.

Yet dear to her was this still scene,
Where desolation's seal is set,
As if its beauty ne'er had been
So wildly by destruction met.

At the close of this volume are about eight-and-twenty or thirty little pieces, en-

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titled, "Cards of Fortune;" the design of which is, that they should be inscribed on cards, and formed into a pack, for the amusement of an evening circle. Many of them are characterized by delicacy, taste, and sweetness.

EDUCATION.

With the exception of one valuable little volume, entitled "*Thoughts on Domestic Education; by a Mother, Author of 'Always Happy,' 'Claudine,' 'Hints on the Sources of Happiness,' &c.*" we are not aware of any production in this important branch of literature, within the last half-year, that has not been duly noticed in our monthly progress. This, indeed, would have received attention in the December number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, had it reached us at a sufficiently early period of the month. The author is well known as a judicious, intelligent writer for youth, by several former efforts; but we do not hesitate to pronounce the volume before us as her highest achievement. It is at once sound in principle, practical in character, and unusually comprehensive in its range of subject. The chief—almost the only—objection we find is in the style: *that is too verbose, somewhat too flippant*—what may be termed a talking style. It will be seen however, by the subjoined remarks on female associates and friends in early youth, that the author's views and feelings are distinguished by excellent sense:—

By kindness, frankness, and forbearance, a mother can obtain the confidence of her children, and gradually and imperceptibly become the trusted friend. Had girls no other, from fourteen to twenty, the fate of many of them would wear a more smiling aspect than it too often does, when youthful confidantes share the heart and fancy. Intimates and social companions may be selected for them, in as great a number as the mother can judiciously encourage. Perhaps, by having numerous associates, the risk of forming a sickly sentimental friendship is avoided. Mystery and secrecy cannot subsist among numbers, and mystery and secrecy are the corner-stones of sentimental connexions. By enlarged communion, more liberal feelings are induced, and the glow of affection, so natural and so delightful in youth, runs no hazard of being chilled by being diffused. Surely the more we mingle with our fellow creatures, the

more warm and kindly are our feelings. The system of confidential letter-writing is, perhaps, the most pernicious indulgence which a young lady can allow herself with a friend of her own age. The length and frequency of these epistles form their principal charm and their chief merit. They are not written, because there is something to be said, but something must be said, because they are to be written. In youth, the imagination is the most busy of our faculties, and furnishes the principal supply for these missives. Girls of ordinary character fill the page with idle gossipings; and, as life seldom yields sufficient variety of anecdote and character for these indiscriminating observers, fancy is called in aid, and facts are mingled with fictions, 'after what flourish *their nature will.*' Hence the mischiefs of false representation and petty scandal are propagated and prolonged; and the mind, tainted in its prime, loses its delicate distinction of truth and falsehood. With girls of superior talent, the imagination is equally busy and equally hurtful, though in a different way; for these, soaring above the incidents and personages of real life, indulge themselves in all the hyperbole of romance, the refinements of feelings, and the wild and deluding visions of irrational hope. With such as these, every thing is exquisite or detestable, loved or hated, lauded to the skies or trampled to the earth; a medium is unknown, for the very word moderation is expunged from their vocabulary. The mischiefs arising from such mental dereliction can be easily imagined, though not easily calculated; rather than risk so fearful a hazard, a young lady had better never write a letter during her minority. To think a little wildly and fantastically is natural to youth; but as thoughts perish, the evil is, as a summer cloud, slight and fugitive. But when these idle fancies are committed to paper, a sort of permanency is given to them, and a feeling of pride is generated on re-perusing the high-sounding period; added to which, thoughts are brief and changeable; a vision of fancy may be succeeded by a reflection of good sense: but in writing, the fugitive fancies are fixed, and dilated, and pursued, so that, out of one passing folly, many branch forth; truth and common sense are put aside; and the taste for romance is cherished, and the distaste for reason is augmented.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For some time we were strangely puzzled to determine under what head we should place our notice of a volume, entitled "*Whims and Oddities, in Prose and*

Verse, with Forty original Designs, by Thomas Hood, one of the Authors of 'Odes and Addresses to Great People': and the Designer of the 'Progress of Cant.'" First, we resolved negatively: it could not belong to history, for it was all fiction and no fact; with biographical composition it had nothing in common; though some of the adventures which it described were very extraordinary, they were altogether of a different class from those which we are accustomed to meet with in voyages and travels. Forty original designs! Why, then, should we not place it under the head Fine Arts? We doubted whether the connoisseurs would consider the designs *fine* enough to be so classed. Besides, Mr. Hood himself says, it will be seen from the illustrations of the work, that "the inventor is no artist; in fact, he was never 'meant to draw any more'—than the tape-tied curtains mentioned by Mr. Pope." The designer, he observes, further on in his preface, is quite aware of their defects; but, says he, "when Raphael has bestowed seven odd legs upon four apostles, and Fuseli has stuck in a great goggle-head without an owner;—when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective; he does hope that his own little enormities may be forgiven—that his sketches may look interesting, like Lord Byron's *Sleeper*,—'with all their errors.'" However, we could not make up our minds to place Mr. Hood's "Whims and Oddities" amongst the Fine Arts; nor could we term the volume poetry, for it contains, we believe, nearly as much prose as verse.

A novel, like an epic poem, *should* have a beginning, a middle, and an end; but as we found that we might begin at the end, or in the middle, and finish at the beginning, or any where else that we chose, with equal propriety, we did not feel that, whatever *novelty* Mr. Hood's "Whims and Oddities" might be thought to possess, they could, critically speaking, be regarded as a *novel*. At length, finding the respective pieces—designs and all, which, by-the-bye, we cannot transcribe—to be every thing that is whimsical and queer, and droll and odd, it was settled in full conclave that the volume should

stand at the head of the miscellaneous department.

Two or three extracts will convey to the reader a better idea of the work, than any thing that we could offer by way of description. We commence, therefore, with some stanzas upon love—a subject with which most people are tolerably well acquainted.

O LOVE! what art thou, Love? The ace of hearts,

Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;

A player, masquerading many parts

In life's odd carnival; a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;

A gardener pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;

The Puck of passion—partly false, part real—
A marriagable maiden's "beau idéal?"

O Love! what art thou, Love? A wicked thing

Making green misses spoil their work at school;

A melancholy man, cross-gartering?

Grave ripe-fac'd wisdom made an April fool?

A youngster, tilting at a wedding-ring?

A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?

A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,

Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? One that is bad

With palpitations of the heart—like mine—

A poor bewildered maid, making so sad

A necklace of her garters—fell design!

A poet, gone unreasonably mad,

Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?

O Love!—but whither now? forgive me, pray;

I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

The above by way of a whet: now for more substantial fare. "The Prayse of Ignorance; an Extract from an Oration delivered before the most grave and learned Faculty of Padua, by the admirable Crichton," has about it a sort of freshness and *naïveté*, which are very pleasant:—

Now your clowne knoweth none of the Booke-man's troubles, and his dayes be the longer; for he doth not vault upon the fiery Pegasus, but jumpes merrilye upon old Ball, who is a cart-horse, and singeth another man's song, which hath, it may be, thirty and six verses, and a burthen withal, and goes to a tune which no man knowes but himself. Alsoe,

he wooes the ruddye Cicely, which is not a Muse, but as comely a maide of fleshe as needes be, and many daintye ballades are made of their loves, as may be read in our poets, their pastoralls; only that therein he is called Damon, which standes for Roger, and Cicely, belike, is ycleped Sylvia, as belongs to their pastorall abodes. Where they lead soe happye life as to stir up envye in the towne's women, who would fain become shepherdesses by hook and by crook, and get green gownes, and lay down upon the sweet verdant grass. Oh, how pleasauntly they sit all the daye long under a shady tree, to hear the young lambes; but at night they listen to the plaintive Philomell, and the gallaunts doe make them chappelets: or, if it chance to be May, they goe a Mayinge, whilst the yonge buds smell sweetlye, and the littel birdes are whistlynge and hoppinge all about.

Then Roger and Cicely sit adowne under the white hawthorne, and he makes love to her in a shepherd-like waye, in the midst of her flocke. She doth not minde sheepe's-eyes. Even like Cupid and Psyche, as they are set forth by a cunning Flemishe limner, as hath been my hap to behold in the Low Countrey, wherein Cupid, with his one hand, is a toyinge with the haire of his head; but with the other, he handleth the fair necke of his mistresse, who sitteth discretlye upon a flowerie bank, and lookes down as beseemes upon her shoone; for she is vain of her modesty. This I have seen at the Hague.

And Roger sayth, O Cicely, Cicely, how prettye you be; whereat she doth open her mouth, and smiles loudly; which when he heares, he sayth again, Nay but I doe love thee passing well, and with that lays a loud buss upon her cheek, which cannot blushe by reason of its perfect ruddynesse. Anon, he spreadeth in her lap the pink ribbands which he bought at the wake, for her busking, and alsoe a great cake of ginger-brede, which causeth her heart to be in her mouthe. Then, quoth he, the little robins have got their mates, and the prettye finches be all paired, and why sholde not we? And, quoth she, as he kisseth her, O, Robin, Robin, you be such a sweet billed bird, that I must needes crye 'Aye.' Wherefore, on the Sundaye, they go to the Parish Church, that they may be joined into one, and be no more single. Whither they walk tenderlye upon their toes, as if they stepped all the way upon egges. And Roger hath a brave bow-pot at his bosom, which is full of heart's ease; but Cicely is decked with ribbands, a knot here, and a knot there, and her head is furnished after a daintye fashion, soe that she wishes, belike, that she was Roger to see herself all round about; and

content her eyes upon her own devices. Whereas, Roger smells to his nosegaye; but his looks travel as the crabbe goeth, which is side-wayes, towards Cicely; and he smiles sweetlye to think how that he is going to be made a husband-man, and alsoe of the good cheer which there will be to eat that daye. Soe he walks up to the altar with a stout harte, and when the parson hath made an ende, he kisseth Cicely afreshe, and their markes are registered as man and wife in the church bokes.

After which, some threescore years, it may befall you to light on a grave-stone, and, on the wood thereof, to read as followeth:—

"Here I bee, Roger Rackstrawe, which did like at Dipmore Ende, of this parishe—but now in this tomb.

"Time was that I did sowe and plough,
That lies beneath the furrowes now;
But though Death sowes me with his graine,
I knowe that I shall spring againe."

Now is not this a life to be envyde, which needeth so many men's paynes to paint its pleasures? For, saving the law clerkes, it is set forth by all that write upon sheepe's skins, even the makers of pastoralls: wherein your clown is constantly a figure of poetry,—being allwayes amongst the leaves. He is their Jack-i'-the-Green.—Wherefore, I crye, for my own part, oh, that I were a Boore! Oh, that I were a Boore! that troubleth no man, and is troubled of none. Who is written wherein he cannot read, and is mayde into poetry, that yet is no poet; for howe sholde he make songs that knoweth not King Cadmus, his alphabet, to pricke them downe withal?

Seeing that he is nowayes learned,—nor hath never bitten of the apple of life knowledge, which was but a sowre crabbe apple, whereby Adam his wisdom-teeth were set on edge. Wherefore, he is much more a happye man saying unto his lusty yonge dame, we twaine be one flesh. But the poet sayth to his mate, thou art skin of my skin, and bone of my bone; so that this saying is not a paradoxe,—that the boke man is a dunce in being wise, and the clowne is wise in being a dunce.

With a third piece, in verse, by way of desert, we close. It is entitled "The Mermaid of Margate."

On Margate Beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—

Like the ocean—to cast her weeds.

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gale at Sadler's Wells;
And the chandler for watery dips.

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as Sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crown'd with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose,
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;—
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell;
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
And clasp'd him by the hand:—
"Come, love, with me: I've a bonny house,
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honey-comb e'er was sweeter:
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter!

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept—
But she hopt like a Kangaroo!

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they gallop'd across the tide;
At last, on the bank, he waked in his mind,
And the beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen;
For, when he look'd where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail of a Dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak:
At last, she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:—

"You crimpt my father, who was a skate;
And my sister, you sold—a maid;—
So here remain for a fishery fate,
For lost you are, and betray'd!"

And away she went, with a sea-gull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail:
In a moment, he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back!

Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water hillocks all seem'd to him
Like those in a church-yard ground.

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be;—
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroach'd on every hand,
And the ground decreas'd,—his moments of life
Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand.

And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank,—
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;—
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
The pinchers of scalded crab!

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
Gnaw'd into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And day, getting black in the face, as tho'
Of the night-shade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift,
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, not a yawl, or a mackarel boat,
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And call'd "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
Why, thou art a sea-gull too!

And lo ! the tide was over his feet,
 Oh ! his heart began to freeze,
 And slowly to pulse :—in another beat
 The wave was up to his knees !

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain tops,
 And the salt-spray blinded his eyes,
 And wash'd away the other salt drops
 That grief had caused to arise.

But just as his body was all afloat,
 And the surges above him broke,
 He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
 Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
 And chafed his shivering skin ;
 And the angel return'd, that was flying away
 With the spirit of Peter Fin !

We wish that some of our bookselling friends would be a little more attentive to their own interests, if not to our's—for which, in point of fact, we know they do not care a rush, though we very often subject ourselves to much inconvenience for the sake of obliging them. This was the case, in November, with "*Friendship's Offering, a Literary Album, edited by Thomas K. Hervey*:" had it been sent to us in proper time, it would have been noticed at length in our December No., as was Mr. Watts's "*Literary Souvenir*;" and as were, in the November No., "*The Forget-me-not*," and "*The Amulet*."

Now, however, we proceed. The embellishments, this year, ten in number, exclusively of the title-page, are certainly superior to those of last ; though, in this department, much, very much yet remains to be done to elevate "*Friendship's Offering*" to the rank which it ought to sustain amongst our literary annuals. We must be allowed to remark, too, *en passant*, that, in point of improvement, the literature of the volume has not kept pace with its embellishments : though many excellent pieces appear, the mass of contributions, both in prose and verse, are obviously inferior to those of the preceding volume.

First, of the embellishments. 1. The Bower Scene, is a pretty, moonlight, lackadaisical sketch, drawn by J. M. Wright, and engraved by C. Heath.—2. The Brigand Chief and his Wife, is admirably engraved by W. Humphrys, from Eastlake's well-known charming picture : the execution is altogether fine.—3. The Precipice, a

Norwegian mountain scene, engraved by Romney, from an original painting by Danby, is not without its good points ; but with the composition, as a whole, we are by no means satisfied. Danby's delightful genius has not here been employed with all its accustomed effect.—4. Alpine Scenery, from a drawing by W. Harding, engraved by E. Finden, may in some respects be termed beautiful ; but its distinguishing characteristics are coldness and tameness.—5. Fading Flowers, from a picture by W. M. Wright, engraved by E. Finden. The design is pretty and pleasing, almost sweet ; the engraving is flat and spiritless.—6. The Lyrist, engraved by J. W. Cook, from a picture by W. Haines, is, on the contrary, very firm, bold, and spirited, as well in the engraving as the design : the former, however, is somewhat deficient in mellowness and tone.—7. The Meeting of Alexander and Diogenes, engraved by E. Finden, after a painting by Martin, is the same subject as one that we noticed in "*The Souvenir*." It is beautiful, but far inferior.—8. The Contadina, dictating a love-letter to a wandering scribe in the streets of Rome ; by Davis, engraved by W. Humphrys. This is one of the most charming productions in the volume : it is indeed a picture—a picture of great merit.—9. A view of the Castle of Monaco, on the shore of the Mediterranean ; painted by W. Harding, engraved by E. Finden. This, though of a character similar to that of the Alpine Scene by the same artists, is, in merit, greatly superior.—10. Coquetry between Gaiety and Gravity, from a picture by W. M. Wright, engraved by C. Heath, is a clumsy piece of Dutch uniformity ; usurping, if we mistake not, the place of a composition infinitely its superior.

The list of literary contributors to this year's "*Friendship's Offering*" boasts many respectable names and signatures. Amongst others—L. E. L., the author of *Gilbert Earle*, T. K. Hervey, Mrs. Hemans, the author of *Sir John Chiverton*, the Rev. T. Dale, J. Bird, H. Neele, J. Montgomery, B. Barton, T. Hood, J. Bowring, Miss Roberts, Horatio Smith, Miss M. G. Lewis, Lord Porchester, Miss Mitford, the author of the *Subaltern*, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, H. S. Van Dyk, the Rev. R. Polwhele, D. L. Richardson, T. Gent, the

Rev. G. Croly, J. Galt, the author of the *Chronicles of London Bridge*, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, J. Clare, &c.

We shall not waste either our own time, or that of our readers, in analyzing, or in criticizing, the respective productions of these writers; but, in proof that, as we said before, many of them are excellent, we shall offer three or four extracts. In executing this portion of our task, we are not aware that we can commence better than by introducing Mrs. Hemans's illustration of Eastlake's picture of the Brigand Leader and his Wife:—

Dark chieftain of the heath and height !
Wild feaster on the hills by night !
Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow,
Flung back by glancing spears below ?
Now for one strife of stern despair !
The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood,
Hath risen from rock and lonely wood,
And in whose dreams a moan should be,
Not of the water, nor the tree ;
Haply, thine own last hour is nigh,
Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one, that pale beside thee stands,
More true than all thy mountain bands !
She will not shrink in doubt and dread,
When the balls whistle round thy head ;
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye
No longer may to her's reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her soul and face ;
And many a thought, the fitting guest
Of woman's meek, religious breast,
Hath perished, in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests, by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall,
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast,
Of lovely ones to be the last ;
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And, oh! not wholly lost the heart,
Where that undying love hath part ;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong :
Yet, may its depths by Heaven be stirr'd,
Its prayer for thee, be pour'd and heard !

Our next quotation, of a much lighter character, shall be a Serenade, by Mr. Bird:—

Love, art thou waking or sleeping?
Shadows with morning should flee:—
Love, art thou smiling or weeping?
Open thy lattice to me!—
Sunlight each sorrow beguiling,
Youth should be fearless and free:—
Oh! when all nature is smiling,
Wilt thou not smile upon me?

Think on our last blissful meeting,
Sunshine dissolving in tears ;
Oh! when love's pulses are beating,
Moments are precious as years !
Think on the hope that, soft-wiling,
Lured me, unbidden, to thee:—
Oh! when all nature is smiling,
Wilt thou not smile upon me?

Roses, thy temples once wreathing,
Now on my bosom lie dead;—
In their pale beauty still breathing
Fragrance of hours that have fled !
Thus, through my heart, sweetly thrilling,
Memory whispers to me:—
Oh! when all nature is smiling,
Ella will smile upon thee !

Changing from verse to prose, we shall select a portion of the piece which illustrates Danby's picture of the precipice: it is by the author of *Gilbert Earle*. It was in a Norwegian village, situated amongst the wild and desolate mountains of the country, that, on a winter's night, a party of goatherds and hunters was assembled round the fire of the little inn—whiling away the hours with tale, and song, and jest, to give a zest to their liquor. After several of the young men present had related their exploits and adventures of danger amongst the mountains, a veteran hunter, having finished his pipe and knocked the ashes out, addressed the circle, and gave the following account of an accident which had occurred to him in early life:—

It is now about twenty years ago that I was one day out hunting, as usual. I had got sight of a chamois, and was advancing upon him, when, having almost got within shot, I sprang across a chasm a few yards wide, upon a ledge of snow opposite. The outer part of this was, alas! only of snow—it was frozen hard;—but, as I came upon it with considerable force, I felt it giving way beneath me. The man, who says that he never felt fear, never was in a situation such as this. The agony of terror—and what agony is greater?

rushed throughout my frame. My first impulse was to spring forward to reach the firm ground; but the very effort I made to save myself, accelerated my fate,—the mass broke short off—and I fell!

I have since been to view that spot, and, standing in safety on its brink, my nerves have shivered as I have looked down the awful precipice. How I escaped being dashed into as many atoms as there are pebbles at its base, it is impossible to divine. The height is upwards of seventy feet—there was no projecting rock, no jutting tree, to break my fall. Perhaps the snow, which fell along with me in vast quantities, and which crumbled as it fell, served to protect me. When I perceived my footing yield, the earth, as it were, to sink from under me, I felt the common hyperbole, “that my heart, sprang to my throat,” almost ceased to be one; one gasp of mortal agony, as it burst from my lungs, gave me the sensation of choking, which the phrase I have mentioned strives to express. The feelings of my mind may be all summed in the exclamation which, I believe, escaped me—“Oh, God! I am gone!” My next thought was one momentary appeal to that God’s mercy,—and then I thought no more.

When I recovered my senses, day was beginning to close. I lay enveloped in snow. My hunting spear was beside me, broken; and stretched upon my bosom lay my faithful dog,—spread out, as it were, to protect me from the cold, and breathing upon my face, as if to communicate his life to bring back mine. “Poor fellow,” the old man continued, and the tear glistened in his eye as he spoke—“poor fellow, he is dead, long since; and his son,” stooping and fondling the dog at his feet, “is old now;—but, if I had but one crust of bread, and one cup of water in the world, old Thor should share them with me for his father’s sake.”

The dog looked up, as though he understood his master’s meaning; for he smiled in his face, with that expression of thankful fondness which the countenance of his race alone shares with that of the human species.

I felt, continued the hunter, I felt numbed and stiffened, and in considerable pain all over; so much so, that I could not distinguish any one particular hurt, as being more severe than the rest. I endeavoured to rise, and that soon shewed to me where my chief injury lay; I fell back again instantly; my thigh was broken. In addition to this, two fingers of my right hand, and one of my left, were broken also; and I was bruised in almost every part. But I was alive!—As I

looked up to the pinnacle from which I had fallen, I could scarcely believe that to be possible.

The spot where I lay was in a narrow cleft between two cliffs, which diverged for each other, as they advanced, leaving a sort of triangular platform open between them as a third. A torrent threw itself, like a wild horse’s mane, from the rock above me; but in the numberless eddies which whirled in the hollow, it was dispersed into air before it reached the place distant—through its depths—where I lay.

Night now began to thicken fast—the fast on account of the deep den in which I was. The wind blew as though all the quarters of the heaven sent forth their blasts at once, and that they all met and battled there. I had escaped one dreadful death, and I now began to fear another more dreadful still, because more slow and more felt—I feared that I should die through cold and hunger, and untended hurts. The cold, too, I now felt more severely, for, shortly after I had given up, in despair, all attempts to extricate myself from my situation, my dog, after whining and yelping piteously for some time, went off: as he turned the corner of the rock, which hid him from my sight, I felt as if my last hold of life had gone from me—as though the friend of my bosom had left me to die—He, too, abandons me! I exclaimed, and, I blush to confess it, I burst into tears. Being forsaken by that which I thought faithful, cut me to the heart. Who, indeed, can bear *that*!

The world now seemed to have closed upon my sight for ever;—my wife, my children, my dear home,—I should see them no more. I figured to myself all the delights and charities of that home, and I felt how bitter it is to be torn from life while life is yet strong—all its ties firmly knit,—all its affections glowing. As darkness settled around me, I thought of my wife anxiously listening for my step,—or rather for the well known step of Thor preceding me,—and the bright fire gleaming upon smiling children’s faces,—the fairest ornament and the dearest comfort of a fire-side,—and the rosy lips held up for a father’s kiss;—and the little hands clinging round the knees, to attract a father’s notice,—and their mother’s gladsome smile of welcome home, and unchiding reproof to them;—such was the picture I drew mentally,—such was the group which I knew was awaiting me. I looked around me, and the contrast of the reality flashed upon me, in all its horrors. The wind raged and howled, through the darkness, and, in the lull, the spray of the torrent bedewed my face, and froze there. I was en-

compassed by awful precipices, here and there visible only by being covered with snow. Snow, also, was the bed on which I lay, the bed on which I was to die. And to die, oh God! to die thus!—Alone, through pain and famine,—through cold and the exhaustion of suffering nature! The terrors of tempest and of night were the precursors of the terrors of death. From hence I was never to stir more; this was to be my end!

We often forge for ourselves causes of unhappiness, and allow slight things to mar our quiet. But he who has undergone—not what I underwent that night, for who *has* done so? but—circumstances of peril and of despair, in kind, if not in degree, like unto these,—he only can know the agony which a few short hours can crowd upon the human spirit;—he, only, can know to what extent our nature can suffer!

I lay, in pain of body and anguish, for a space of time, which, from these causes, seemed endless. At length hope dawned upon me: along the top of the cliff, to which I had leaped, and from which I had fallen, passed, as I knew, a path which led from the village in which I lived, to another about two leagues off. This had not appeared to me as a chance of escape, for, by night, it was but very rarely traversed, and morning I never expected to see again. On a sudden, however, I saw a light gliding along this path, as though borne by some one, and I conjectured it to be, as in fact it was, the lanthorn of a villager returning homewards. I shall be saved yet!—was the idea which thrilled through my heart, and I shouted with the whole strength of my voice, to realize the hope which had arisen. At that moment, a furious gust of wind swept throughout the chasm, and hurled back my cry against me, like the smoke of Cain's rejected sacrifice. I could *feel* that my voice did not ascend twenty feet above my head; the light glided onwards. Again I shouted with that desperate strength which none but the despairing own. The light did not stop—no answering shout gladdened my ears—the light disappeared!

The agony of that moment who can conceive? The drowning man, as he struggles his last effort, and feels the waters closing round him—the criminal, as he mounts the scaffold, and sees his last hope melt from his grasp—such persons may have experienced what I felt then, and such persons only.

My despair now became fixed and total. I felt that my last hour was come; I endeavoured to turn my thoughts from this world, and fix them on the next; but the effort was dreadful. As I strove to prepare myself for

death, the hope of life would flash across me again, and interpose between me and my prayer. If a sound caught my ear, I raised my head to listen; if the variation of a shadow passed over the surface of the rock, I strained my sight to look; but the sound would cease, and the sight would pass away—and I sank again upon the snow, and again I prepared myself to die.

At length,—(to my dying-day I shall recollect that moment)—at length, a gust of wind bore to me a sound, which I thought I recognized—I raised myself with an anxiety which almost choked me—I listened—all was still—the wind rose and made me doubtful whether I heard it a second time or not;—a third—all doubt was over!—It was the honest voice of faithful Thor, coming at speed, and barking as he came, to shew, doubtless, the path to the spot where I lay. Again his deep-mouthed bay seemed loud and distinct, as it approached the top of the precipice. There he paused, and continued barking, till, at length, several lights flashed upon the path, along which he had come, and advanced rapidly towards him. A halloo came upon the wind: I strove to answer it as loudly as I could: this time, it mattered little whether my voice reached the summit or not, for as soon as the lights seemed at the spot where the dog stood, he dashed down the cliff, clinging to the irregular surface as he came, now holding by a stone, now sliding down with the rolling earth and snow, till he sprang into my bosom,—and, almost smothering me with his caresses, made the echoes of the cliffs ring again with his loud and ceaseless baying.

My companions now perceived where I was. They made a circuit of some little extent, and descended to me by a less precipitous, but still a difficult path. My young friends, unless you have experienced the transition from despair to safety—from abandonment to kind friendship—from death to life—you can form to yourselves no idea of the flood of feelings, both rapturous and gentle, which then poured upon my soul. The chosen of my heart was now no widow!—my children were now not fatherless!—I was restored to life, to the world, to hope, to happiness—and I owed all this to the loyalty and love of a poor hound! When your hand is next raised to strike your beast, in anger, pause—and think upon the service which old Thor rendered to *his* master. That master had been a kind one.

Two more scraps of poetry, and we have done. The first is entitled "A Father's Grief," by the Rev. T. Dale.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast
 From a fair daughter's cheek ;
 To read upon her pensive brow
 The fears she will not speak ;
 To mark that deep and sudden flush,
 So beautiful and brief,
 Which tells the progress of decay—
 THIS is a Father's grief.

When languor from her joyless couch
 Has scared sweet sleep away,
 And heaviness, that comes with night,
 Departs not with the day ;
 To meet the fond endearing smile,
 That seeks, with false relief,
 Awhile to calm his bursting heart—
 THIS is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
 Its welcome music shed,
 And find within his lonely halls
 The silence of the dead ;
 To look, unconsciously, for *her*,
 The chosen and the chief
 Of earthly joys—and look *in vain*—
 THIS is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
 While life is ebbing fast ;
 To mark that once illumined eye
 With death's dull film o'ercast ;—
 To watch the struggles of the frame
 When earth has no relief,
 And hopes of heaven are breath'd in vain—
 THIS is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
 And life is pain no more—
 Not when the dreary tomb hath clos'd
 O'er her so lov'd before ;
 Not then does kind oblivion come
 To lend his woes relief,
 But with him to the grave he bears
 A Father's rooted grief.

For, oh ! to dry a mother's tears,
 Another babe may bloom ;
 But what remains on earth for him
 Whose last is in the tomb ?
 To think his child is blest above—
 To hope their parting brief ;
 These, these may soothe—but death alone
 Can heal a Father's grief.

We close with " A Contrast," by Mr. Hervey :—

I sit in my lonely mood ;—
 No smiling eyes are near,
 And there is not a sound in my solitude,
 Save the voice in my dreaming ear.
 The friends whom I lov'd, in light,
 Are seen through a twilight dim,
 Like fairies beheld in a moonlight night,
 Or heard in a far-off hymn !
 The hopes of my youth are away,
 My home and its early dreams,—
 I am far from the land where I used to play,
 A child, by its thousand streams !
 Yet now, in my lonely hour,
 What visions of bliss are mine !
 For my spirit is ruled by a spell of power,
 And the spell and the power are thine !
 I have mixed in the courtly throng,
 And smiled with the smiling crowd,
 When the laugh was light, and the revel
 long,
 And the mirth was high and loud !
 I have watched the lightning-flash
 Of beauty's playful eye,
 As it gleamed beneath the long, dark lash,
 Like a star in a moonless sky !
 I have been where gentle tones
 Grew gentler for my sake,
 And seen soft smiles—those lovely ones
 Which make young bosoms ache !
 Yet, in those brightest hours,
 What lonely thoughts were mine !
 For, the heart has but *one* spring of flowers,
 And my heart and its flowers were thine !

A SUMMARY OF THE FASHIONS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

WHERE is the nation on the face of this habitable globe, that does not acknowledge the empire of Fashion ? Savages, in almost impenetrable wilds, in far distant and but newly discovered countries, pay homage to her ; and, though their modes of dress may not change so often as those of more refined kingdoms, yet they are regulated by the laws of the motley deity, and follow the style of dress

adopted by their queens, or rival beauties.

Commerce and a free intercourse between polished nations, cause the changes of Fashion and her court to be incessant : these changes it is our duty to watch, and in this investigation we find the subject of dress to be of more classical importance than is generally believed : for, exhaustless as may seem to be the powers of

invention, we often see that the priestesses of the toilet resort to the costumes of ancient Greece and Rome, and also to those of England and France, when at the dawn of polite refinement, when dress became a serious care. In these our researches we have been encouraged to record the fashions, in the half-yearly Supplementary numbers of our work, devoted, in other respects, exclusively to polite literature.

The fashions for JULY were peculiarly beautiful, forming, as it were, a charming epitome of the delightful summer weather which marked the progress of that month. The carriage costume, which we represented in our engraving, was truly elegant and tasteful: one slight defect, however, we found in it, as nothing is absolutely perfect, which was, that the beautiful pelisse of the delicate colour of the Persian lilac, had neither cape nor collar, nor frill of lace, nor *colerette*; the throat was literally left bare, and being encircled with one row of valuable and immensely large pearls, this want of ornament on the collar of the pelisse became yet more conspicuous. Otherwise the pelisse was charming: it was of *gros de Naples*, and fastened close down the front; on each side of which was a pointed facing bound round with narrow *rouleaux*, with a *tire-bouchon* ornament all round the border next the feet. The body was made quite plain; the sleeves easy and moderately full, but not *en gigot*. The hat was of that new white cotton manufacture resembling chip, again introduced with some little success, but the fashion soon dying away; the manufacture is durable but not becoming. A rich white ribbon, the edges trimmed with narrow blond, was fastened in a loop under the hat; an unmeaning fashion imported from France, which we cannot say we admire. The hat, however, was elegantly ornamented with scrolls of white Japanese gauze, and one large full-blown Provence rose; under the brim was placed on each side a smaller rose of the same species, with two green leaves.—*Vide* a Carriage Dress, represented in the first engraving of Fashions for July, page 28.

The Afternoon Home Dress was beautifully simple; of fine jaconot muslin with five narrow pointed flounces, set on very full; the sleeves full and of the *chemisette*

kind, with the fullness confined all the way up the arm by bands of embroidered muslin, at equal distances from each other. A pelerine, of an entire novel kind, of the same material as the dress, and richly ornamented with lace, had the appearance of a French *caneton* spencer without sleeves: it was left partially open in front, whence a falling collar, turning back on each side, formed a sort of *lapelle*, trimmed also with lace; and this appendage entirely concealed the *corsage* of the dress. The hair for this style of costume is beautifully arranged in clustered curls; and a small cap of rich blond, with a large full-blown rose on one side, and very long lappets depending over each shoulder, completed the dress, with ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets of rubies and pearls, *set à l'antique*.—*Vide* a beautifully finished engraving of an Afternoon Dress for July, page 28.

The durable and always elegant fashion of trimming the skirts of the gowns with flounces, was still the most prevailing mode. Simplicity in the state of dress began to be observed; we wish it had lasted; but we have relapsed into gaudiness. Of this, however, more in its proper place. Nothing for half-dress was now reckoned more elegant than silks, remarkable for the beauty of their colour and patterns. When figured they were made up as plain as possible. Evening gowns were of *tulle*, or white *barège*, trimmed with four or five very full *rûches*, at separate distances; the bodies made in the frock style. Printed muslins, and those all of one colour, were favourite materials for *dejeuné deshabille*: the sleeves *en gigot*.

The pelisses, which were of *gros de Naples*, were made to fasten imperceptibly down the front, and appeared like high dresses. They were made as plain as possible. Though we are advocates for simplicity of attire, this sudden extreme foretold the relapse into finery, which has since taken place. *Barège* scarfs, with the ends drawn through the sash, were a favourite out-door covering over high dresses, or sometimes only a handsome silk handkerchief was tied round the throat. Pelerines, with long ends of embroidered muslin, or other light materials, were much worn by young persons.

The white cotton hats, in imitation of

chip, obtained a partial favour this month: their dead whiteness, and cloth-like unbecoming appearance, are certainly against them, and, beautiful as they are, we despair of seeing them in general request. The light white chips for the carriage were elegantly ornamented round the crown with blue corn-flowers and field daisies. Transparent bonnets of pink crape were worn, both for the carriage and the promenade: the addition of a veil rendered them more suitable for the latter, and was generally adopted. The trimming consisted of bows of crape bound round with satin *rouleaux*. Leghorn and fine Dunstable bonnets were still in favour: they were ornamented with ribbons and summer flowers. White watered *gros de Naples* hats and bonnets were every where seen, and in every style of dress.

Small caps of blond were high in favour for home costume; but turbans were preferred for half-dress: they were very large. Some of them of elastic materials of the most brilliant colours, and wound, in the Asiatic fashion, round and round the head, with two rich tassels depending over the left shoulder. Another sort of turban was of coloured crape and made in the *beret* style. The dress hats, worn by matronly ladies, were very wide and too large for evening head-dresses. Many were of white crape, ornamented with a double plume of feathers; part rising above the crown, the others placed lower, and falling in every direction over the brim. Ball head-dresses for young ladies consisted of a few sweet peas, or other summer flowers, scattered slightly over the curls and braids. Small blond caps, with the crowns *en squellettes*, ornamented with rosettes and small flowers, were much worn at the theatres.

In PARIS, the new summer pelisses were made with a pelerine cape. Nothing, however, was so much in favour as a tasteful and expensive muslin, or Organdy *canzou* spencer, profusely ornamented with embroidery or lace. A gown of summer colours and materials, worn under these appendages, constituted the dress of all the most fashionable females. Deshabille pelisses, of cambric or muslin, were worn in the morning walks, and were fastened down the skirt on one side, by bows of coloured ribbon. It was not unusual to see these dresses made of gingham.

Ribbon and straw mingled formed a favourite trimming on straw hats. The Leghorns had full wreaths of flowers, grouped together round the crown; and *bouquets* of tulips made of feathers, were favourite ornaments on hats. The Sparterie hats were trimmed with damask gauze ribbon, fluted and puckered round the crown. Transparent hats of coloured crape were adorned with ears of maize, and *rouleaux* of satin of a different colour to the hat. Bonnets of sarcenet, the bird-of-paradise-yellow, with large black chequers, were much admired; and these bonnets, as well as those of white *gros de Naples*, with coloured stripes, were made very short at the ears.

Organdy dresses were ornamented with an embossment of a novel kind, appearing like raised embroidery. It consisted of small silk, flat *cordons*, if the term be allowable, or, better to express it, narrow silk lacing, of various colours, sewn on in different patterns, and producing a very charming effect. Some Organdy dresses were also seen embroidered in coloured worsted, rows of which were worked between the flounces round the border; and the edges of the flounces were also finished by coloured embroidery. The sleeves of these dresses were *en gigot*, and were trimmed downwards in scalloped stripes, in lace of an elegant pattern; the sleeves were fastened at the wrists with broad gold bracelets, clasped by a brooch of white cornelian. A new evening dress appeared this month of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed at the border with flounces, cut in cocks-combs: these were made so to stand out from the dress that no part but the top of the flounce seemed to adhere to the gown. The charitable *fêtes* given for the distressed Greeks was the cause of some novelties in gowns being displayed. One was of rose-coloured satin, with *bouffant* trimmings of the same colour, of satin and crape; these trimmings were held up by a *bouquet* of roses, ears of wheat, and oats, of silver. Short sleeves were worn with dresses of this kind, very short and full. The sashes were of shaded ribbons with long ends, and fastened with a buckle, but no bow. The buckles, and most of the jewellery ornaments, were *à l'antique*. Pelerines of

black lace were much worn over white dresses: and, at the concerts and other evening amusements, the pelerines were of fine lace or embroidered *tulle*, and were pointed: they had an elegant effect over dresses of coloured *gros de Naples*. Morning dresses were of printed cambric in a pattern of small sprigs.

Caps of blond, adorned with flowers, now took place of the long-cherished *berêts*. Coloured turbans were worn at the theatres with a treillage-work of satin on the crowns, the colour of the crape or gauze which composed the turban. Small dress hats prevailed at evening parties, and were placed very backward. The borders *en coquilles* both before and behind. Basque caps of Scotch tartan were in much favour at the theatres. For the ball-room a wreath of blue flowers, with green foliage, encircled the hair. Caps for the morning *deshabille* were made short at the ears, and whether of muslin or gauze they were ornamented with much ribbon; the crowns were rather high; and though this kind of cap was placed backward it discovered the nape of the neck.

Among the most admired novelties in the jewellery line, were bracelets formed of three rows of Egyptian pebbles; they were cut in the shape of a lozenge, and united by little chains of gold.

In August our fair countrywomen thronged, as usual, to the different summer haunts, to the different watering-places and the sea-side: the costume for the latter excursion was truly elegant, consisting of a dress of fine East-India muslin, with a broad trimming at the border of lace *en jabots*, between which was worked on the muslin the most elegant embroidery. The body was made partially low *en gerbe*, and encircled round the waist with a belt of celestial blue ribbon; a *chemisette* tucker drew round the neck, nearly as high as the throat. The sleeves were not very wide; and were surmounted with *mancherons, à la Psyche*: these were formed of muslin edged with lace. The wrists were encircled by broad gold bracelets, fastened with an emerald. The hat worn with this dress was of white *gros de Naples*, fancifully ornamented with gauze and blond, with tulips of different colours. The strings of the hat were of celestial blue ribbon, and

floated loose.—*Vide* an engraving of a Sea-side Dress for August, page 74.

The most approved morning dress was of jaconot muslin, beautifully embroidered down the sides, in front, and round the border; with a double pelerine cape falling over the shoulders, worked in a correspondent manner: the sleeves made almost close to the arm. A *cornette* was worn on the head, shewing very little of the hair, with lappets left loose: between the hollows made by the serpentine wavings of the lace were bows, or rather large puffs, of broad pink satin ribbon.—*Vide* an engraving of a Morning Dress for August, page 74.

Coloured muslin and Italian net were favourite materials for gowns this month: they were of bright summer colours, and worn over white satin. These dresses prevailed chiefly at friendly evening parties; they were generally trimmed with bias folds of satin, the colour of the dress. A favourite half-dress was of light fawn-coloured taffety, with two flounces, pinked at the edges in scallops; the sleeves long and of white crape, or leno; the body made low, and the tucker part surrounded by a very full frill of the same material as the sleeves, edged by a quilling of *tulle*. This ornament gave an unpleasing breadth to the bust and shoulders, and did not continue long in favour. Coloured muslin dresses were much worn, even by ladies of the first distinction. Some of these dresses were trimmed with three flounces; between the flounces were patterns worked in beautiful embroidery, in silk: the bodies were made plain, and the sleeves *en gigot*. A muslin pelerine, with a double collar, and trimmed with lace, rendered this sort of dress an elegant out-door costume for this summer month. For morning dresses and for home costume, printed muslins, particularly in chequered patterns, were prevalent. For evening parties, the gowns were chiefly of coloured gauze, with satin stripes: they were trimmed with *crêpe bouillonne*, of the same colour as the dress. The bodies were of white satin, made very low at the back and shoulders, with draperies of gauze across the bust and back, and a tucker of blond in large plaits; with a sash of satin ribbon, the colour of the gown.

White pelisses of embroidered muslin

were much in favour in the country, for morning walks. Scarfs of lace or blond were very much in request in the public walks and in carriages: they were pointed behind like a handkerchief, and triple peleries of blond, both white and black, were among the elegant novelties of the day. The borders worked on these beautiful summer articles were of the most rich and varied patterns: they had long ends, which were drawn through the sash, and they fastened at the throat with a bow of coloured ribbon. Cachemire shawls, and those of silk, of a corn-flower blue, with a splendid border of palm-leaves in different colours, were much in favour; and pelisses of *gros de Naples*, the colours of every shade of light summer tints were seen in great numbers. They were chiefly trimmed with bias *rouleaux*, but the modes in which these were disposed were so various, that it is not possible to say which was most in favour, except that the manner of placing them seemed most prevalent, which gave to the pelisse the appearance of a tunic robe. When the pelisses were of striking and refulgent colours, they were made quite plain. Over high, and half-high white dresses, *barège* scarfs, of beautifully variegated shades, were universally adopted. During the intense heat experienced this month, many ladies wore only as an out-door covering over their dresses a simple *fichu* of this light and delicate material.

The Leghorn hats were very large, quite round, and simply trimmed with a band of ribbon, with a bow on one side of the same. A few dress hats of that becoming material, the open straw, made their appearance this month; but though much admired, did not become general. They were lined with pink, and ornamented with white gauze and satin *rouleaux*, with a few small roses and palm-leaves elegantly disposed among the puffings of gauze. Hats of light-coloured *gros de Naples*, with the strings left untied, prevailed, both in carriage and walking costume: they were ornamented with crape or gauze, and flowers were added when for the morning ride or the public walk.

Deshabille head-dresses consisted of *tulle cornettes*, with bows of coloured satin ribbon. Caps of this kind were often worn

through the day, when at home, with the addition of a few flowers; and the pendant lappets, confined under the chin at the breakfast table, floated loose the remainder of the morning. Turbans of richly striped gauze, both white and coloured, were more in favour for half-dress than caps. Young ladies wore only their own hair in plaits, ringlets, and large curls, as might best suit their features. Flowers, when worn either on caps or on the hair, were but sparingly scattered. Diadem combs of pearls were much admired for dress evening parties. At Vauxhall, dress hats were the prevailing mode amongst the most distinguished classes. They were also worn at dress parties in the country. They were of *gros de Naples*, the colour a French white, and were adorned with roses and hedge foliage of different colours. They were placed very backward, discovering all the face; which, if rather broad, was by no means embellished by these round-brimmed hats; while the small thin visage looked like an oblong spot in the middle of a full moon.

PARIS experienced the same degree of heat as the city of London; even the light *canzou* spencer of muslin or Organdy was found too heavy for the delicate females of France; and elegant scarfs of black lace or white blond were preferred in out-door costume. When the weather varied a little, the pelisse of Parma violet-coloured *gros de Naples* was adopted; and this elegant envelope was trimmed down the front of the skirt and round the border with a *rûche* of mingled violet-colour and amber.

Leghorn hats were often ornamented with five or seven long feathers; and others of the same material were trimmed with a *cordon* of different flowers with a few blades of grass. White chip and white cotton hats were prevalent: the favourite mode of ornamenting the latter was by branches of foliage without flowers. A hat appeared this month of celestial blue *gros d'Été*: it was trimmed with straw-colour of the same material in long puffs, and ears of corn. Many of the Leghorn hats were trimmed with two ribbons, each of different colours, in bows; they were ornamented with a plume of cocks' feathers, part of which was green, the other

part of some contrary and dull colour. These hats were in the Swiss shape, and were sometimes trimmed with two different coloured ribbons, sewn together. Sparterie hats were trimmed with bias folds of Scotch tartan sarcenet.

Dresses of coloured muslin were ornamented with a broad border, formed of narrow flounces reversed. A muslin *canezou*, with a richly embroidered belt, was worn with this kind of dress. Light coloured summer silks, spotted with black, prevailed this month. White dresses continued in favour, trimmed with three broad muslin flounces, cut in sharp scallops. Some of these flounces were seen bound with colours. The antique ornaments on the wrists were too long; so much so, that the points reached half way up the arm: they were *en rûches*, in embroidery or lace, and were fastened down by a beautiful button.

Embroidered *tulle* was the favourite material for long sleeves, which imparted elegance to the most simple dress; especially when such sleeves appertained to a *canezou* of *tulle*. Short sleeves, which were sometimes worn at evening dress parties, were finished round the arm by a quilling of *tulle*. Bracers, the same as the sash, were a prevailing mode with these dresses. A favourite evening dress was of white crape trimmed with *rûches*, with which were worn bracers of richly shaded ribbon. Ball dresses were often seen of rose-coloured muslin, embroidered with white cotton.

Coloured gauze ribbons were mingled among the hair in so ingenious a manner, that they formed a sort of *béret*, and made a very pretty summer evening party head-dress; on which occasions married ladies wore dress hats of coloured crape with white marabout feathers. Small caps, almost covered with roses, formed the favourite *coiffure* at the theatres; and for full dress the *toques* were of *tulle* embroidered with pearls, with leaves of coloured satin, to which were attached a flower formed of pearls. The *bérets* were flat on the summit of the head; on the right temple was an *aigrette* of marabouts; on the left a bird-of-paradise.

In SEPTEMBER, the elegance of fashion at the commencement of the autumnal

season, was now conspicuous in every article of female attire. Round dresses of *gros de Naples*, made partially high, with no additional out-door covering, except a double Vandyke *colerette-pelerine*, of clear muslin richly embroidered, formed a beautiful summer costume. These dresses were generally of brown, or some other unobtrusive colour, and were trimmed at the border with three flounces fluted, and set on in scallops. The *corsage* was laid in small plaits, and fitted exactly to the shape; the sleeves *en gigot*, and laced down the most visible part of the arm, with silk *cordon*, *en carreaux*, each diamond finished by a silk button. A transparent hat of white crape, bound with sarcenet the colour of the dress, and ornamented with puffs of the same, was finished by two superb ostrich white feathers, waving over the left side: the hair, which was much discovered on one side, was in full clustered curls. Evening dresses were of coloured *crêpe-lisse* over white satin; the flounces, of which there were three falling over each other, and beautifully embroidered at the edges, cut in points shaped like a strawberry, or vine leaves. The body was laid in small plaits very far from each other, forming only a pleasing fullness, especially to ladies who might be wanting in *en bon point*: the sleeves short and very full, terminating with a narrow frill of blond about the middle of that part of the arm which is above the elbow, where they were confined by a band of satin the colour of the dress. A falling tucker of very broad blond surrounded the bust. The hair, with this style of dress, was often arranged in the Egyptian manner, with only a handsome sprig of pearls in front.

The dresses for the promenade, or for home costume, were of *gros de Naples*, usually of some summer colour; and a spencer of white jaconot muslin was often worn with them. Flounces on all dresses seemed to be preferred to every other sort of trimming, except the dress was striped, then bias folds produce a very charming effect by the disposition of the stripes, and rendered such dresses, when the colours were rich and varied, truly deserving of the favour they enjoyed. We cannot say much for the beauty of the

corsages this month; they were chiefly à l'enfant, in plain English, like that of a child's drawn frock, which does not set off the shape to advantage; it cannot even conceal an ill-formed waist, nor add any grace to a slender and well-turned *contour*. Ball-dresses were simple, generally of coloured crape, trimmed with gauze puffings, caught up, sometimes by a small *bouquet*, in that unmeaning fashion, on one side. Striped muslins and gingham were worn at the breakfast-table, but no longer in the day; they were made like wrapping pelisses. The summer was a long one, the weather mild and delightful, and white dresses yet prevailed in *demi-parure*, and for receiving friendly parties at home.

The hats and bonnets were still large, but their shape was very becoming: they were much shorter at the ears; so that small faces and delicate features did not appear buried in those enormous slouches which prevailed during the spring and a great part of the summer. The hats for the public walks were often transparent, and formed of crape and stiffened net. Bonnets of white *gros de Naples* were also seen in the same style of dress, and in carriages; when they were profusely ornamented with flowers. Bonnets of a close description were worn in the retired, and morning walk, and these, if white, had generally a falling trimming of blond at the edge: if of Leghorn, they were too large to render this appendage requisite, or, indeed, convenient.

The general mode of dressing the hair was in full clustered curls; though some ladies, and those of distinction, preferred the arranging of their tresses à la Madonna. Young ladies, this month, were seldom seen with any other ornament than their own lovely tresses, the gift of all-bountiful Nature; and these were arranged in the most elegant and diversified manner. If, however, on a ball-dress, flowers composed a part of the trimmings, then a few of the same kind were scattered sparingly on the head, and always mingled with the little blue flower "Forget me not;" which is peculiarly becoming to auburn or light hair. Turbans were again highly in favour with matronly *belles*, and surely there is no head-dress so suitable or becoming to them. They were large, rather too much so; but

when put on well, they were becoming, and being of coloured crape, if the tint that suited the complexion was studied, they were universally admired. The feathers added to these head-dresses at evening parties, were white, and tipped with the colour of the crape which formed the turban. Blond caps were worn in half dress, and ornamented with full blown roses, and other large flowers. The *Cornettes* for morning costume were, as usual, of thread lace and *tulle*.

In Paris, Scotch tartan was still in high estimation; particularly in scarfs, which were made with a *fichu* point behind. These scarfs, when worn over a high dress, were, in general, the sole out-door covering, even if the weather was chill. A few pelisses, however, of *gros de Naples*, of the most bright summer colours, appeared, and were trimmed in a most tasteful and novel manner: they fastened imperceptibly down the front, so that, being often flounced round the border, they had the appearance of a high dress. The newest mode of trimming them, however, was by a very rich festoon *en ruche*, which was carried down each side in front, and went all round the pelisse: next the shoe was a full *rouleau*, concealing the hem, of crape, the colour of the pelisse; which gave so much of dress to this envelope, as rendered it fit only for carriage costume. Silk and satin spencers partially displayed themselves; but though the fashion-mongers of Paris endeavoured again to introduce this smart and convenient part of dress for walking, they almost despaired of its ever holding the place of favour it once possessed. The spencers that did appear were well made, and formed a very attractive costume over an India muslin dress, with broad flounces finished by exquisite embroidery.

The chip hats, which have been in high estimation during the whole summer among the Gallic *belles*, were ornamented with flowers or feathers of two different colours. The Leghorn hats were chiefly trimmed with Scotch tartan ribbons, very rich in their kind, and bearing an enormous price. The manner of employing these ribbons in the ornamenting of Leghorn hats, was in large bows, of which there were so many that they completely covered the crown,

and a very great part of the brim. When Leghorn hats were worn in carriages, they were trimmed with white satin ribbon and long white ostrich feathers; these hats were not large, though somewhat in the shape of those enormous head-coverings called the pilgrims' hats. When ladies among the higher classes wore straw hats in the morning walks, they were very simply adorned only with ribbon. These hats were more in vogue for that style of dress than Leghorn: the ribbons were composed of two, of different colours, sewed together, and generally striped; so that the two ribbons, which were of a striking contrariety to each other, formed, by being so united, a most curious and dazzling variation of colours. Blue, or other light-coloured crape *capotes*, with a very full *ruche* at the edge of the brim, were worn only by those fantastical ladies of fashion, who wish to be singular, called by the French, *les Merveilleuses*. They have for ornaments ribbons of yellow gauze and two *bouquets* of flowers, placed various ways, as whim or fancy may direct.

Ball dresses were of light-coloured crape, or of flock gauze. They were elegantly made, and much labour was bestowed on their trimming, which rendered them more fit for dancing parties in town, than for the *fête champêtre*, where simplicity of dress is generally more conspicuous. Dresses of white crape, ornamented with six rows of satin, were worn at evening parties, where full dress was requisite. White dresses, worked in coloured embroidery, prevailed much: some were finished in this manner with festoons of branches, all in one colour: the festoons were double, and in four rows; they were separated from each other, about a hand's breadth, and in this space were worked detached *bouquets* of flowers. Three very narrow flounces, close together, were placed next the shoe: these were of plain muslin, but were caught up in different places with *cordon*, the colour of the embroidered festoons.

The head-dress for *grand parure*, was either a Mexican tiara of white marabout feathers, or three or four white feathers placed on one side of the head, very short, and generally of the light marabout kind. Young ladies, on the same splendid occasions, adorned their hair with Glauvina

pins, flowers, and pearls: the heads of these pins, which form a crazy looking head-dress, at best, were of wrought gold, and very large. In half-dress, bows of ribbon formed a favourite ornament on the heads of young females, either married or single; in which style of costume small dress caps, ornamented with field flowers, were *prévalent*.

In OCTOBER, the sombre tint which generally prevails in the mornings of that month, began to hang over our metropolis. Partial arrivals set the *marchandes de modes* in agitation; and though they could produce nothing very decisive, they began to prepare appropriate articles for that period which, with its accompanying gloom and cold, was about to visit us.

It was, however, still mild; and the fashionable fair one, as she reclined on her sofa, felt a languor that forbade the winter clothing. The declining season, however, warned her of the etiquette of fashion, which no longer allowed her to adopt the thin garment of summer. For such, an elegant Asiatic kind of home costume, a medium between winter and summer, was invented. Of this we have given an engraving in our records of fashion for October. A robe of celestial blue taffety, without sleeves, was in the Circassian style, and discovered a muslin dress beneath, plaited *en chemisette*; finished at the throat by a quilling of thread *tulle*: the sleeves of white muslin, confined by gold bracelets studded with valuable gems. The muslin skirt of this dress was about a hand's breath longer than the coloured robe. The head-dress was an Oriental turban of crape or sarcenet, the colour of the outward dress: it had no ornament, and discovered but little of the hair. The turban was fastened by a narrow frill of plaited *tulle* under the chin.

The weather, as we observed above, was nevertheless so mild, that even our watering places were not entirely thinned. A new marine dress appeared; but it was of striped *gros de Naples*, and well lined. The body was made close to the shape, and, on some days which were particularly warm, ladies were seen on the sea beach with white muslin sleeves to these dresses, and a pelerine of muslin. All this, however, is very wrong in a climate like ours; fog

and chill easterly winds come on, before we are aware, and nip the fair flower of youth and beauty before its time. We cannot refrain from calling this an *indiscreet* dress. We speak our minds, because we are the fervent admirers of the fairer part of the creation, and wish to see them in health; for health is the greatest auxiliary to beauty; and we, who make fashion our study, for the sake of the fair, know that every season has its proper costume, which serves to add grace and attraction to that beauty. But on a deceitful morning in October, when a lady returns after a sea-side walk, with her skin puckered up into what is *vulgarly*, yet not *unaptly*, termed *goose-skin*, does she then look beautiful? O, no! *au contraire*. This is digression, remarks the reader. Granted; for we write from the impulse of strong feelings of interest in the cause of beauty.

The hat then generally worn with this *indiscreet* dress was appropriate enough to the season: it was of white *gros de Naples*, or Leghorn, and ornamented with coloured sarcenet, and large double garden poppies. Muslin dresses were yet worn in half dress, and they were richly embroidered. Three full flounces were worked at the edges, in the most elegant pattern: over the upper one was a row of splendid embroidery. The bodies were made partially low, and ornamented round the bust with points *à l'antique*. The sleeves wide at the top, but not *en gigot*; and coronet bracelets of pure gold confined them at the wrists. The bodies of some gowns were made very full, the fulness confined all round the waist by narrow straps across. White sleeves were usually worn with coloured dresses, with pointed *mancherons* of the same colour as the gown. These sleeves were *en gigot*, and had antique points at the wrists with a bracelet of dark hair fastened by a cameo. A low dress of *tulle* over white satin was seen at a dress dinner party, superbly ornamented round the border with *ruches* and embroidery: the *corsage* was of white satin made quite plain, and fitting close to the shape: the sleeves were long and lined throughout with satin. On the outside of the arm, the whole length of the sleeve, was let in a very broad lace, of the finest texture and most beautiful pattern, which was set off by having under it a broad pink satin rib-

bon. Winter silks, among ladies advanced in life, but who yet mingle in stylish parties, made their appearance: the colours were not dark, but cheering, and looking well by candle-light; such as ruby, or bright geranium, with rich stripes of a different colour. Young persons, at evening parties, wore dresses of gauze, trimmed with a broad puckering of the same, on which were placed bows of ribbon: white, if such were the dress, but if it were of coloured gauze, then the ribbon bows were of the same hue.

In London, the outdoor costume was determined by the weather. At one time might be seen the smart and elegantly made pelisse of *gros de Naples*, which, though its summer hue was cheering, seemed by its close envelopment of the female form to mark approaching winter: then, on another day, would the bright beams of an autumnal sun present the "Cynthia of the minute" with only a light *barège* scarf over a high dress, or the muslin pelerine, more judiciously chosen, because it is warmer than it appears, over a dress of *gros de Naples*.—In open carriages we were happy to see, howsoever mild the weather, that the fair were provided with their warm opera cloaks, to be ready for immediate adoption, should the weather turn chill, or should the different avocations of visits or shopping keep them out to a later hour than they had intended. Many of these useful and elegant cloaks appeared this month in all the freshness of new fashion: they were not made with mantelet capes, but the more useful hood predominated.

Leghorn hats prevailed; and had, for the promenade, only a simple band of ribbon round the crown, with strings of the same, tying the bonnet close under the chin: at the edge of the brim was a *rûche* of silk pinked in scallops, the *rûche* alternately blue and white. Crape bonnets of lemon-colour were worn in carriages, trimmed with pink and purple shaded ribbon; with very full and large pink flowers of the Turk's-cap kind: the shape of these bonnets was peculiarly becoming, and the size moderate. The ribbons forming the strings were left untied. Bonnets of *gros de Naples* were not made separate from the lining, but were doubled over the shape, the lining and outside being of one piece, so that they appeared slightly fluted.

They were ornamented with puffs, of the same material, divided by *bouquets* of single hollyhock blossoms of various colours. Open straw hats and bonnets were trimmed with ribbons of two different colours.

The head-dresses for evening parties were not very suitable or becoming to females of a certain age, whom we saw adopting such. The hair, next the face, was arranged in full, large curls; and on the summit of these curls was placed a wreath of full-blown roses, larger than nature, one red, the other white, alternately, till they more than encircled half of the head; at the back of which was a small *fichu* of some conspicuous colour, worked in gold. Younger ladies placed near the back of the head a splendid comb of diamond-cut polished steel. Turbans of Japanese gauze, satin, and blond, of a French white, were much in favour at friendly dinner parties; as were dress caps of blond and *tulle*, tastefully ornamented with flowers and pink ribbon. Dress turbans were of coloured gauze, and were ornamented on each side with white marabout feathers.

Bracelets were never so much worn: they were of macao, gold, or plaited hair. The ear-pendants were of wrought gold. Trinkets of all sorts were too prevalent; three or four bracelets sometimes on each wrist, and the fingers, if the hand were ever so ill formed, were loaded with rings.

In PARIS, this month, another benefit was given to the unfortunate Greeks, which drew together a brilliant crowd, arrayed in the most fashionable and elegant costume.

The out-door covering, during the succession of mild days this month, was but slight. A handsome *fichu* of the *barège* kind was worn over a white dress: this handkerchief was finished all round by a border of points of some very striking colour, answering to, but not of the same tint as the *fichu*. A sash of broad, shaded ribbon, confined the ends, and hung in long streamers on one side. Square shawls of white *barège*, trimmed round with ribbon, were also much worn over coloured dresses of *gros de Naples*. Pelisses of green levantine were the most novel of that kind of covering, but of these there were but few seen. Cachemire shawls, when the weather was chill, were more prevalent;

and the *canezous*, either of muslin or Organdy, declined only with the warmth of the weather.

Many carriage hats were of Leghorn, trimmed with white sarcenet, in bows, and ornamented with a bird-of-paradise plume; the strings in a loop, of white sarcenet ribbon. White chip hats, also, were yet seen in carriages, with broad, pink, brocaded ribbon; a plume of marabouts ornamenting each side of the crown. These hats were wide, and appeared more so by a bow of ribbon, placed on each side, at the extremity of the brim. Chip and Leghorn hats were generally of a round shape. The fronts of the bonnets were square, and discovered much of the face: at the ears they were so very short, that a portion of the cheeks was seen. The close *capotes* were of a light-coloured silk, trimmed with bows of Scotch tartan ribbon. White crape hats were much in favour, trimmed at the edge with three bias folds; two of satin, with one of crape between: their ornaments consisted of feathers and flowers.

White dresses were yet prevalent this month: they were of jaconot muslin; and the most admired mode of trimming them at the border, was with three rows of muslin bands, in horizontal puffs, edged with narrow lace: over the upper row of these ornaments was a strait band, finished in the same manner; the *corsage* square and low. White long sleeves were all the rage, even with coloured dresses. Ball dresses were simple; generally white, and the bodies made *à la Vierge*, with narrow lace plaited round the tucker part. Transparent dresses of gauze, or *tulle*, were worn over bright colours at evening parties.

Berêts, still favourite head-dresses, were composed of *tulle*, puffs of which, mingled with ribbon, were placed all round, so that they were rendered by this ornament much too large to be becoming: they were placed very much on one side. This head-dress, when unornamented by flowers or feathers, was rendered somewhat novel by being tied under the chin with broad ribbon. White *toques* of blond, with silver *bandeaux*, were worn in full dress. The plumes added to these *toques* were of the most elegant kind. Young persons ornamented their hair with wreaths

of jessamine, or with bows of ribbon. The small dress caps were formed of blond, with long lappets of broad coloured ribbon, edged round with narrow blond; the ribbon the same colour as the flowers on the cap. The dress hats were of white chip, slightly turned up all round; with two rows of marabouts placed one above the other; these feathers apparently fastened by two rosettes of gauze ribbon.

At the commencement of NOVEMBER the pelisses, though close-made, were still of light colours, and chiefly of *gros de Naples*: rich braiding or embossments, either in embroidery or of raised foliage, of delicate workmanship of the same material as the dress, ornamented each side of the bust, and of the sides of the skirt, in front. A pelerine cape, elegantly ornamented round with a full *rûche*, fell over the shoulders, and this was surmounted by a double *colette* of India muslin trimmed with lace. Mantles were, however, more in favour for out-door costume than pelisses; they were chiefly of *gros de Naples*, but those of levantine certainly hung best over the form. The favourite colour for these useful carriage envelopes was brown or slate-colour, lined with bright geranium, or with rose-colour. A few pelisses of vermilion-coloured velvet, trimmed with ermine, were seen in carriages towards the latter end of this month.

White muslin dresses, though laid aside with some reluctance, were seldom seen except at the breakfast-table; they were profusely ornamented with lace; and pelerine capes, adorned with the same expensive material, were worn with them; the capes temporary, to be adopted or thrown off at pleasure. Dresses of *gros de Naples*, of some light and beautiful colour, such as pink or canary-yellow, checquered with narrow lines of black, in diamonds, were much in fashion, especially in *demi-parure*. Evening-dresses were of coloured *crêpe-lisse*, trimmed in various modes. One favourite ornament was a full puffing of the same material as the dress round the border, the puffs confined by bias straps of gauze bound with satin. Ball-dresses were in the form of Arcadian robes, edged round with *rouleaux* of satin and narrow white blond. The bodies of all evening-dresses were made low at the shoulders,

but high across the bust: this gives a most disproportionate breadth to the female chest, while the fine *contour* of the bust was totally concealed; and the appearance given to a delicate female was that of a brawny-chested Hercules. Black dresses, as is generally the mode at this season of the year, were much worn both at dinner and evening parties: satin, velvet, and *gros de Naples*, were the materials of which these sombre garments were made. They were, however, appropriate to the season, and well calculated to set off the innumerable articles of jewellery which, of late, had been the rage: when dresses were of velvet, whether black or coloured, they had much white satin about the *cor-sage*; which was well judged, as the early part of the winter season caused such dresses to look heavy if all black. Gowns for full dress had the sleeves made very short and full.

Large black velvet bonnets without any ornament were, as last winter, deemed most elegant for the promenade. Coloured satin bonnets, especially violet-colour, with a black blond at the edge of the brim, were much in favour for the carriage. They were ornamented with puffings of the same material as the bonnet, and with detached *bouquets* of flowers, of rich bright colours, suitable to winter. Black satin bonnets, also, trimmed in the same manner, were seen both in carriages and in walking costume. A few white bonnets, for paying morning visits of ceremony, were yet seen in carriages; but they were fast declining to give place to the tasteful hat of the same colour as the rich winter pelisse; or the still more admired black velvet, with elegant plumage, either black, white, or variegated.

Small dress caps of blond, if caps they might be called, formed an elegant head-dress for those ladies who had fine hair. They consisted of two bias pieces of satin, either white or coloured, according to fancy: these joined together made a sort of caul, open at the top, through which the hair appeared in curls, or upheld by a handsomely ornamented comb. A rich Venetian blond border, of a Vandyke pattern, constituted the border; and bows of striped gauze ribbon, with various hedge-flowers, and a few palm-leaves, were scat-

tered over the head-piece; two long lap-pets of broad blond depended from each side. The breakfast *cornettes* were plain, and their shape not becoming: they were made with peaks in front, in the Mary Queen of Scots style, which requires the hair to be well dressed: the plain morning *chevalure* is by no means suited to this sort of cap. Turbans of bright geranium gauze, mingled with folds of gold gauze, were much in favour for the theatres. This head-dress looks particularly well by candle-light. Dress-hats, ornamented with pearls and drooping white ostrich feathers, were often seen at evening parties, as were black velvet *toques* of the Caledonian kind, adorned with full plumage. The home caps were trimmed tastefully with ribbons, but few with flowers: the ribbons were generally gauze, in variegated stripes, among which black and crimson predominated. The plumage worn on white satin dress-hats was very splendid; the hat itself adorned with pearls. Elegant blond caps, with a substitute for a caul, of treillage-work formed of coloured satin, were favourite head-dresses at dinner-parties: on these, flowers, in detached *bouquets*, were scattered with unsparing hand; yet they were elegantly disposed, and looked well. *Béret turbans*, extremely, wide flat on the head, and most unbecoming, were nevertheless in high estimation. Unless these *outré* head-dresses were placed very much on one side, and tastefully ornamented, they looked almost preposterous; for their breadth was beyond that of the shoulders.

In PARIS, the warm and useful mantle was as much in favour this winter as with the English ladies. An excellent invention was, however, resorted to by the French *marchandes de modes*, which we should do well to copy. Under the mantle is a kind of half-pelerine, which, buttoning down in front, forms a sort of under-waistcoat, and preserves the chest from cold, when the cloak accidentally flies open. The mantles for walking were made of what the French call royal tartan, in very large diamond checquers. The loose Polonese sleeve, lined and trimmed with fur, was worn with Witzchouras: the sleeve underneath fitted close to the arm. Shawls were worn over silk pelisses, over which was brought the collar of the pelisse. Pelisses of pop-

lin, the colour pink or blue, lined with white satin, were much admired for the carriage; they were ornamented with a broad trimming of swansdown.

Hats of plush silk, the colour of the bird-of-paradise, were worn in morning walks. They were trimmed with Talma ribbons. Black satin spotted with the same colour as the hat. Veils of black lace were worn with black satin, or with black velvet hats. Bonnets of rose-coloured satin were finished at the edge by black blond; and velvet flowers of black and rose-colour were placed over the crown. A very pretty material for black hats was prevalent; it was black satin, checquered in large diamonds with black velvet: these velvet checquers were also seen on hats of the bird-of-paradise yellow: the strings were very long, and were half of plain satin, the other half the colour of the hat. A blond of a moderate breadth surrounded the brim, and formed a double row where the strings were fastened.

On coloured dresses the French ladies wore a novel kind of *canexou* formed of bands of plaited blond, separated by letting-in of embroidered blond: these *canexous* were trimmed round the neck by a full *raûche*. Most of the winter gowns for half-dress had standing-up collars; some formed of *bouillons* of tulle, or in *raûches*. Dresses of black *barége*, with flounces ornamented by narrow *rouleaux* of satin, forming elegant patterns in bas-relief, were a favourite costume at the theatres. The *corsage* of these dresses was *à la Grecque*. Merino dresses of *Caroline* increased in favour. Some merinos were embroidered with silk, the same colour as the dress. Checquered calicos and cambrics were worn as morning dresses; the ground *ponçeau* checquered with black, or blue, with orange-colour. Dresses of white tulle were adopted for the ball-room, trimmed at the border with small bands of coloured satin, of about a finger's breadth. The drapery of the *corsage* was marked out by three coloured bands, which crossed over the front like a handkerchief, and terminated under the sash. Two broad bias folds often constituted the trimming on the borders of gowns for half-dress: over each of these were three *cordons*, the same colour as the dress. Poplins were trimmed with satin

in two *rouleaux*, whence proceeded an ornament like the teeth of a saw. A dress of rose-colour crape was a favourite *parure* for the evening party: it was trimmed at the border with two broad bias folds, at some inches distance from each other, above which was a full *rouleau* of rose-coloured satin, round which were entwined two other narrow *rouleaux*, one black, the other rose-colour. A *rouleau* of the same kind was placed at the edge of the draperies of the *corsage*, and trimmed also the short sleeves, which were formed by three broad points, brought together by one *rouleau*, that encircled the arm. This mixture of black and rose-colour was observed in the ribbon which composed the sash.

A rose-coloured *béret*, with a bird-of-paradise plume, was a favourite evening head-dress. Flowers of gold and silver were often seen ornamenting the hair, with ball-dresses: the effect was more brilliant than becoming. Combs, adorned with amethysts, had a better effect, especially on light hair. Black velvet *bérets* were turned up on one side in a net-work, forming a diadem, composed of narrow gold lace: this side, which was cleft in the middle, was finished by two small gold acorns. On each side was a black gauze ribbon, figured over with large leaves of gold, and of immense breadth. The *chapeau bérets* were a novel head-dress for the evening; they were of black velvet surmounted with very short rose-coloured feathers, and two long lappets of the same coloured satin hung gracefully over the left shoulder, behind. Here we beg leave to refer the reader to a beautiful winter-pelisse of pomegranate-red, engraved in a superior style, in the November Fashions; page 214.

In DECEMBER, the new pelisses were an improvement on the wrapping German Witzchoura. The colour, however, especially for the carriage, was light: the make of the bust was not so loose as the Witzchoura, but sat close to the form, and was ornamented down each side with embossed trefoil. These trefoil ornaments were carried down the front of the skirt till they met a very broad trimming round the border, of light grey fur of the American squirrel. A belt was fastened round the waist by a gold buckle. The sleeves were only of a moderate fulness, with *mancherons*:

which, though double, were of a very simple kind. The wrists were adorned with hair bracelets, clasped by a large red cornelian. A beautiful specimen of Urling's lace, in a triple ruff, encircled the throat. The bonnet was of black velvet, lined with the colour of the pomegranate-red; apparently a dull red, but becoming to every complexion. The bonnet was trimmed with black velvet and yellow satin, shaded with pomegranate-red.—*Vide* a Walking Dress for December; page 260.

The Japanese rose, that beautiful winter candle-light colour, promised this winter to be as much in favour as it has been for the last two years. It was of satin gauze, its brilliant colour for evening dresses finely relieved by a broad festooned flounce of white blond. The sudden contrast was, however, tastefully checked by an embroidery over the flounce in black floize silk, beautifully raised. The short sleeves were of white *tulle*, with a full quilling of blond round the arm, and over these sleeves were *mancherons à la Perse*, which hung over so as but partially to discover the *tulle* sleeve beneath. The *mancherons* were of the same material as the dress; and a falling ornament of very broad blond encircled the tucker part of the *corsage*.—*Vide* an engraving of an Evening Dress for December; page 260.

The home dresses were of *gros de Naples*, generally of some light but unobtrusive colour. They were trimmed at the border with either broad bias folds, or with narrow *rouleaux*, placed very close together, and forming a rich border in scalops, reversed. Another favourite trimming on dresses of *gros de Naples* were two pointed flounces, bound with narrow bias, and falling over each other. The bodies of gowns for half-dress were made *en gerbe*, and the long sleeves were often of white crape or muslin. Over home dresses *fichu-pelerines* were generally worn; they were of white muslin, beautifully embroidered. Evening-dresses of crape were trimmed at the border with full *ruches*; but many gowns for dress-parties were ornamented with flounces of very broad blond.

Mantles are decidedly preferred to pelisses, even in walking: the newest and most admired of these envelopes, which are fit only for the carriage, evening visits,

and the theatres, is of royal-blue lined with amber; and next in favour is one of *gros de Naples* of slate-colour, lined with satin of bright rose-colour. The capes of this cloak terminate in a *fichu* point, that comes as low as the tip of the fingers. Cachemire shawls, and fur mantelets, were much in request over warm high dresses.

Bonnets of coloured *gros de Naples* are now seldom seen except in carriages: they are ornamented usually with full blown roses; but the black velvet hat and bonnet have borne away the palm; except that many ladies yet prefer the large Leghorn bonnet for walking, trimmed at the edge with a variegated *ruche*, and the crown ornamented with ribbons of two different colours. The new black velvet bonnets were beautiful in shape; short at the ears, the crowns rather high, and in the yeoman's form: an *esprit* feather, formed of herons' feathers, is often tastefully placed on one side of the crown. Carriage hats, of cornflower-blue satin, trimmed in the same style, are also much admired: the ornaments and feather on these hats are also black.

Turkish turbans, a favourite evening head-dress for matrons, are of gold and *ponçeau* gauze. The Spanish *toques* are made of gauzes of two different colours, and these also prevail at evening parties: they are ornamented with a bird-of-paradise plume: caps of blond, the cauls open, and formed of treillage work, were much in favour. Across the open caul was a blond, disposed in cock's-combs, interspersed with full-blown roses; the border arranged in the same manner, and the damask roses lying on the hair at detached distances. The hair, as may be seen in our engraving of evening costume, we are sorry to say, still continues to be arranged in those ugly, large, unbecoming, and artificial-looking curls, which have prevailed so much of late. Some ladies, however, will not adopt them, but beautifully mingle among their charming tresses a few ribbons, in a most tasteful and elegant manner. Diamonds, and all sorts of jewellery, are worn by married ladies, and flowers by the young. Feathers are worn only in *grand-parure*. A few dress-hats have appeared, and, no doubt, will prevail much now the Opera season has commenced; to which place of

amusement, we know not why, they seem exclusively to belong. We have been informed by those who recollect the grand commemoration of Handel, in Westminster-Abbey, that *feathers* and *hats* were expressly forbidden, as not being favourable to the "concord of sweet sounds."

The ladies of PARIS, now experiencing the effects of fog and cold, are wrapping themselves up in warm mantles of tartan. The chequers of these were enormously large, and unlike, we believe, any ever worn by a Caledonian chieftain: for instance, a lady was seen in the Thuilleries with a *tartan* mantle, the ground whereof was *Haiti-blue*; the chequers were immoderately large, in diamonds of black and red: yet do the French, on all occasions, style themselves particularly *classical* in their fashions. The pelisses were fastened down the front by broad *languette* straps, lined and bound; and newly married ladies returned their morning visits in a pelisse of white poplin trimmed with blond. The mantles worn by the great and wealthy, at evening dress parties, and at the theatres, were of satin or velvet, the ground vermillion or white, chequered over with two different colours. The riding-habits were now finished across the bust in Brandenburgs.

Hats of barbel-blue *gros de Naples*, chequered with black, were very fashionable. They were ornamented with several puff-feathers scattered over the crown: these were black, and the ribbons were blue, figured with black. The bonnets of coloured figured sarcenet were lined with silk of a different colour and different pattern: if the bonnet were pink, chequered with black, the lining was yellow, *spotted* with black: the crowns were high, and very full; and these bonnets were among the most admired whims of the day. The most approved hat for the carriage was of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with *Haiti-blue* ribbon, and white marabouts, *à l'Inca*. Hats of black velvet or satin were, as usual, pre-eminent in favour: several were trimmed with broad ribbon of Scotch tartan. A new sort of plume appeared on a lady of high fashion, forming a long branch of foliage; each leaf composed of a number of very small white feathers. Black hats were often ornamented with feathers

of fire-colour; the plume long, and drooping over the shoulder, in the weeping-willow style. Bonnets of black satin, lined with yellow, and trimmed with yellow ribbon, shaded with fire-colour, were much admired. Party-coloured feathers were often seen on black satin hats, orange-colour, blue, and green: these hats have also bows of ribbon, of the three different lours.

Gowns for half dress were frequently seen of coloured merino: they were very elegantly trimmed with *gros de Naples*, in two rows of *jabots* at the border, in full flutings. The bodies were made almost to the throat; but without any collar, and were surmounted by a narrow lace frill. A pelerine cape terminated in a point in front, and fastened under the girdle; and, gradually sloping from each shoulder, it formed a sort of stomacher, and gave a fine breadth to the chest. A dress of light grey *gros de Naples* was in high favour for dinners of ceremony: it had a broad puckering of gauze at the border, over which were cockle-shells in bias, formed of *rouleaux* of white satin, on which was quilled very narrow blond: the sleeves were long, of white crape, with *mancherons* of the same colour and material as the dress: the body was made low, and *engerbe*. Ball-dresses were often of pink satin, with broad flounces of blond; the upper flounce festooned, and surmounted by a small *bouquet* of marabouts at each point. The body was made quite plain, with a falling tucker of blond, in the centre of which was a diamond brooch set round with rubies; the colour of the latter gem very incongruous with *pink*; but there is no accounting for the taste of Frenchwomen.

The hair for the ball-room was arranged in the Chinese style. At other times, on one side of the face was a plain band of hair, on the other a full cluster of curls. We wish our ladies, for whom we procure the earliest French fashions, would not take them up when the Gallic *belles* lay them down: Those large, long curls, now so much in favour in London, are at this time scarcely ever seen in Paris. By our last accounts we find the hair drest very ele-

vated; by the Apollo's knot being brought very forward, and being quite visible in front, on the summit of the head. Among the tresses are sometimes mingled white and coloured gauze, marabouts, and ears of corn, in diamonds. White dress hats are ornamented with flat white feathers, tipped with pink. Dress caps are made with double wings, and are of black and white blond: between the wings is a wreath of geranium. Turkish *toques* are ornamented with two crescents, and two *aigrettes*. Spanish *toques* are of gold net, with a plume and a gold tassel on the right side. A wreath of white roses, placed on the summit of the head, is sometimes all the ornament on the hair; or a few detached *bouquets* of other flowers. The *berêts* are ornamented by two *esprits*, one over the right ear; that on the other side placed much higher: but the name of *béret* is now given by the French to almost every sort of turban. A dress hat of *tulle*, lined with coloured satin, is hollowed out in two places to shew the hair: two *languettes*, placed in these hollows, are turned up, and appear to support two *esprit* feathers.

We are now arrived at the close of that December which ends the year 1826! Years succeed each other, and fashions pass away, after changing their aspect as often as the moon. Seasons keep *their* course, with but little variation; but Fashion speeds along in her roving flight, ardently catching, like the Athenians of old, at "something new;" and it will be found by those who peruse our pages with attention, that she has, every month, some novelties to offer. On these changes we keep a watchful and scrutinizing eye, and, we trust, to the satisfaction of our fair readers; while we recommend them to adorn their native beauty, in what may best become, and add to it by its elegance, simplicity, and taste.

To these, our indulgent patronesses, we, at the conclusion of this year, present our grateful acknowledgments for their kind support; and take our leave for the present, assuring them that we shall, at the commencement of the year 1827, resume our pleasing task of contributing to their information and amusement.

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